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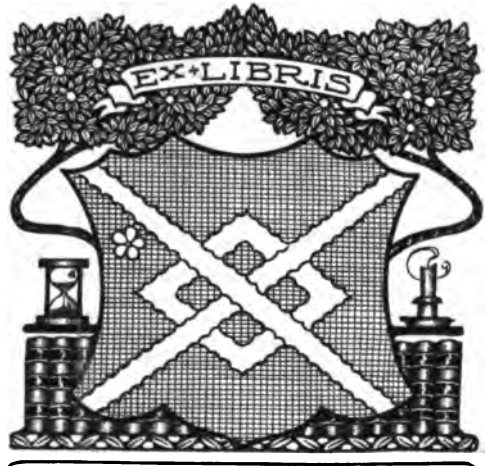

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CHAMBERS'S

CYCLOPÆDIA

OF

ENGLISH LITERATURE

A HISTORY, CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL, OF BRITISH AND AMERICAN AUTHORS, WITH SPECIMENS OF THEIR WRITINGS,

ORIGINALLY EDITED BY ROBERT CHAMBERS, LL.D.

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REVISED BY ROBERT CARRUTHERS, LL.D.

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CYCLOPÆDIA
OF
ENGLISH LITERATURE.

SEVENTH PERIOD.
(1780—1830)

REIGNS OF GEORGE III. AND GEORGE IV.

THIS period presents several illustrious names, and accelerated progress in every department of literature. In poetry, the period was pre-eminently distinguished, and is the only one which challenges comparison, in any degree, with the brilliant Elizabethan age. In fiction, or imaginative invention, the name of Scott is inferior only to that of Shakspeare; in criticism, a new era may be dated from the establishment of the 'Edinburgh Review;' and in historical composition, if we have no Hume or Gibbon, we have the results of valuable and diligent research. Truth and nature have been more truly and devoutly worshipped, and real excellence more highly prized. It has been feared by some that the principle of utility, which is recognised as one of the features of the present age, and the progress of mechanical knowledge, would be fatal to the higher efforts of imagination, and diminish the territories of the poet. This seems a groundless fear. It did not damp the ardour of Scott or Byron, or the fancy of Moore, and it has not prevented the poetry of Wordsworth from gradually working its way into public favour. If we have not the poetry and romance of the Elizabethan age, we have the ever-living passions of human nature and the wide theatre of the world, now accurately known and discriminated, as a field for the exercise of genius. We have the benefit of all past knowledge and literature to exalt our standard of imitation and taste, and a more sure reward in the encouragement and applause of a populous and enlightened nation. 'The literature of England,' says Shelley, 'has arisen, as it were, from a new birth. In spite of the low-thoughted envy which would undervalue contemporary merit, our own will be a memorable age in intellectual achievements, and we live among

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such philosophers and poets as surpass beyond comparison any who have appeared since the last national struggle for civil and religious liberty. The most unfailing herald, companion, and follower of the awakening of a great people to work a beneficial change in opinion or institution, is poetry. At such periods there is an accumulation of the power of communicating and receiving intense and impassioned conceptions respecting man and nature. The persons in whom this power resides may often, as far as regards many portions of their nature, have little apparent correspondence with that spirit of good of which they are the ministers. But even whilst they deny and abjure, they are yet compelled to serve the power which is seated on the throne of their own soul. It is impossible to read the compositions of the most celebrated writers of the present day, without being startled with the electric life which burns within their words. They measure the circumference and sound the depths of human nature with a comprehensive and all-penetrating spirit, and they are themselves perhaps the most sincerely astonished at its manifestations, for it is less their spirit than the spirit of the age. Poets are the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present; the words which express what they understand not; the trumpets which sing to battle, and feel not what they inspire; the influence which is moved not, but moves. Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world.'

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

'It is not Sir William Jones's poetry,' says Southey, 'that can perpetuate his name.' This is true: it was as an oriental scholar and judge, an enlightened lawyer and patriot, that he earned his laurels. His varied learning and philological researches—he was master of twenty-eight languages—were the wonder and admiration of his contemporaries. Sir William was born in London in 1746. His father was an eminent mathematician, but died when his son was only three years of age. The care of educating young Jones devolved upon his mother, who was well qualified for the duty by her virtues and extensive learning. When in his fifth year, the imagination of the young scholar was caught by the sublime description of the angel in the tenth chapter of the Apocalypse, and the impression was never effaced. In 1753 he was placed at Harrow School, where he continued nearly ten years, and became an accomplished and critical classical scholar. He did not confine himself merely to the ancient authors usually studied, but added a knowledge of the Arabic characters, and acquired sufficient Hebrew to read the Psalms. In 1764 he was entered of University College, Oxford. Here his taste for oriental literature continued, and he engaged a native of Aleppo whom he had had discovered in London, to act as his preceptor. He also assiduously perused the Greek poets and historians.

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In his nineteenth year, Jones accepted an offer to be private tutor to Lord Althorp, afterwards Earl Spencer. A fellowship at Oxford was also conferred upon him, and thus the scholar was relieved from the fear of want, and enabled to pursue his favourite and unremitting studies. An opportunity of displaying one branch of his acquirements was afforded in 1768. The king of Denmark in that year visited England, and brought with him an eastern manuscript, containing the life of Nadir Shah, which he wished translated into French. Jones executed this arduous task, being, as Lord Teignmouth, his biographer, remarks, the only oriental scholar in England adequate to the performance. He still continued in the noble family of Spencer, and in 1769 accompanied his pupil to the continent. Next year, feeling anxious to attain an independent station in life, he entered himself a student of the Temple, and, applying himself with his characteristic ardour to his new profession, he contemplated with pleasure the 'stately edifice of the laws of England,' and mastered their most important principles and details. In 1774, he published 'Commentaries on Asiatic Poetry,' but finding that jurisprudence was a jealous mistress, and would not admit the eastern muses to participate in his attentions, he devoted himself for some years exclusively to his legal studies. A patriotic feeling was mingled with this resolution. 'Had I lived at Rome or Athens,' he said, 'I should have preferred the labours, studies, and dangers of their orators and illustrious citizens—connected as they were with banishment and even death—to the groves of the poets or the gardens of the philosophers. Here I adopt the same resolution. The constitution of England is in no respect inferior to that of Rome or Athens.' Jones now practised at the bar, and was appointed one of the Commissioners of Bankrupts. In 1778, he published a translation of the speeches of Isæus, in causes concerning the law of succession to property at Athens, to which he added notes and a commentary. The stirring events of the time in which he lived were not beheld without strong interest by this accomplished scholar. He was decidedly opposed to the American war and to the slave-trade, then so prevalent, and in 1781 he produced his noble Alcaic Ode, animated by the purest spirit of patriotism, and a high strain of poetical enthusiasm. He was appointed one of the judges of the supreme court at Fort William, in Bengal, and the honour of knighthood was conferred upon him. He married the daughter of Dr. Shipley, bishop of St. Asaph; and in April 1783, in his thirty-seventh year, he embarked for India, never to return. Sir William Jones entered upon his judicial functions with all the advantages of a high reputation, unsullied integrity, disinterested benevolence, and unwearied perseverance. In the intervals of leisure from his duties, he directed his attention to scientific objects, and established a society in Calcutta to promote inquiries by the ingenious, and to concentrate the knowledge to be collected in Asia.

In 1784, his health being affected by the climate and the closeness

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of his application, he made a tour through various parts of India, in the course of which he wrote 'The Enchanted Fruit, or Hindu Wife,' a poetical tale, and a 'Treatise on the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India.' He also studied the Sanscrit language, being unwilling to continue at the mercy of the Pundits, who dealt out Hindu law as they pleased. Some translations from oriental authors, and original poems and essays, he contributed to a periodical established at Calcutta, entitled 'The Asiatic Miscellany.' He meditated an epic poem on the discovery of England by Brutus, and had matured his design so far as to write the arguments of the intended books of his epic, but the poem itself he did not live to attempt. In 1789, Sir William translated an ancient Indian drama, 'Sacontala, or the Fatal Ring,' which exhibits a picture of Hindu manners in the century preceding the Christian era. He engaged to compile a digest of Hindu and Mohammedan laws; and in 1794 he translated the 'Ordinances of Menu,' or the Hindu system of duties, religious and civil. His motive to this task, like his inducement to the digest, was to aid the benevolent intentions of our legislature in securing to the natives, in a qualified degree, the administration of justice by their own laws. Sir William died April 27, 1794. Every honour was paid to his remains, and the East India Company erected a monument to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral. The attainments of Sir William Jones were so profound and various, that it is difficult to conceive how he had comprised them in his short life of forty-eight years. With respect to the division of his time, he had written in India, on a small piece of paper, the following lines:

Sir Edward Coke:

Six hours in sleep, in law's grave study six,
Four spend in prayer—the rest on nature fix.

Rather:

Seven hours to law, to soothing slumber seven,
Ten to the world allot, and *all* to heaven.*

An Ode, in Imitation of Alcæus.

What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement or laboured mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No: men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake, or den,

* As respects sleep, the example of Sir Walter Scott may be added to that of Sir William Jones, for the great novelist has stated that he required seven hours of total unconsciousness to fit him for the duties of the day.

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As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
Men who do their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:
These constitute a state,
And sovereign Law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill;
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend Discretion like a vapour sinks,
And e'en the all-dazzling Crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks."

Such was this heaven-loved isle,
Than Lesbos fairer, and the Cretan shore!
No more shall Freedom smile?
Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards, which decorate the brave,
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

A Persian Song of Hafis.

Sweet maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck enfold:
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bokhara's haunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say:
Tell them, their Eden cannot shew
A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

Oh! when these fair perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
Their dear destructive charms display,
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest,
As Tartars seize their destined prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow:
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
New lustre to those charms impart?
Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
Where nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrowed gloss of art?

Speak not of fate: ah! change the theme,
And talk of odours, talk of wine,
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom:
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream;
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power,
That even the chaste Egyptian dame
Sighed for the blooming Hebrew boy:
For her how fatal was the hour,
When to the banks of Nilus came
A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear—
Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage—
While music charms the ravished ear;
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay, and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard?
And yet, by Heaven, I love thee still:
Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
Yet say, how fell that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which nought but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung:
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say;
But oh! far sweeter, if they please
The nymph for whom these notes are sung!

The Concluding Sentence of Berkeley's Siris Imitated.

Before thy mystic altar, heavenly Truth,
I kneel in manhood as I knelt in youth:
Thus let me kneel, till this dull form decay,

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And life's last shade be brightened by thy ray:
Then shall my soul, now lost in clouds below,
Soar without bound, without consuming glow."

Tetrastic—From the Persian.

On parent knees, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled:
So live, that sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep.

NATHANIEL COTTON.

NATHANIEL COTTON (1721–1788) wrote 'Visions in Verse,' for children, and a volume of poetical 'Miscellanies.' He followed the medical profession in St. Albans, and was distinguished for his skill in the treatment of cases of insanity. Cowper, his patient, bears evidence to his 'well-known humanity and sweetness of temper.'

The Fireside.

Dear Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance;
Though singularity and pride
Be called our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbour enters here;
Nor intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut—our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
That safe retreat, the ark;
Giving her vain excursion o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explored the sacred bark.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;
If tutored right, they'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise:
We'll form their minds, with studious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs:
They'll grow in virtue every day;
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrowed joys, they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs! we envy not your state;
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humbler lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed;
But then how little do we need!
For nature's calls are few:
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our power;
For, if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

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* The following is the last sentence of the *Siris*: 'He that would make a real progress in knowledge must dedicate his age as well as youth, the latter growth as well as the first-fruits, at the altar of Truth.'

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To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favours are denied,
And pleased with favours given;
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part;
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.

We'll ask no long-protracted treat,
Since winter-life is seldom sweet;
But when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons with envious eyes
The relics of our store.

Thus, hand in hand, through life we'll go;
Its checkered paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead:

While conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel, whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

WILLIAM COWPER.

WILLIAM COWPER (1731–1800), 'the most popular poet of his generation, and the best of English letter-writers,' as Southey has designated him, belonged emphatically to the aristocracy of England. His father, the Rev. Dr. Cowper, chaplain to George II., was the son of Spencer Cowper, one of the judges of the court of Common Pleas, and a younger brother of the first Earl Cowper, lord chancellor. His mother was allied to some of the noblest families of England, descended by four different lines from King Henry III. This lofty lineage cannot add to the lustre of the poet's fame, but it sheds additional grace on his piety and humility. Dr. Cowper, besides his royal chaplaincy, held the rectory of Great Birkhamstead, in the county of Hertford, and there the poet was born, November 15, 1731. In his sixth year he lost his mother—whom he tenderly and affectionately remembered through all his life—and was placed at a boarding-school, where he continued two years. The tyranny of one of his school-fellows, who held in complete subjection and abject fear the timid and home-sick boy, led to his removal from this seminary, and undoubtedly prejudiced him against the whole system of public education. He was next placed at Westminster School, where he had Churchill and Warren Hastings as schoolfellows, and where, as he says, he served a seven years' apprenticeship to the classics. At the age of eighteen he was removed, in order to be articled to an attorney. Having passed through this training—with the future Lord Chancellor Thurlow for his fellow-clerk—Cowper, in 1754, was called to the bar. He never made the law a study: in the solicitor's office he and Thurlow were 'constantly employed from morning to night in giggling and making giggle,' and in his chambers in the Temple he wrote gay verses, and associated with Bonnel Thornton, Colman, Lloyd, and other wits. He contributed a few papers to the 'Connoisseur' and to the 'St. James's Chronicle,' both conducted by his friends. Darker days were at hand.

Cowper's father was now dead, his patrimony was small, and he was in his thirty-second year, almost 'unprovided with an aim,' for the law was with him a mere nominal profession. In this crisis of his fortunes his kinsman, Major Cowper, presented him to the office

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of clerk of the journals to the House of Lords—a desirable and lucrative appointment. Cowper accepted it; but the labour of studying the forms of procedure, and the dread of qualifying himself by appearing at the bar of the House of Lords, plunged him in the deepest misery and distress. The seeds of insanity were then in his frame; and after brooding over his fancied ills till reason had fled, he attempted to commit suicide. Happily this desperate effort failed; the appointment was given up, and Cowper was removed to a private madhouse at St. Albans, kept by Dr. Cotton. The cloud of horror gradually passed away, and on his recovery, he resolved to withdraw entirely from the society and business of the world. He had still a small portion of his funds left, and his friends subscribed a further sum, to enable him to live frugally in retirement. The bright hopes of Cowper's youth seemed thus to have all vanished: his prospects of advancement in the world were gone; and in the new-born zeal of his religious fervour, his friends might well doubt whether his reason had been completely restored. He retired to the town of Huntingdon, near Cambridge, where his brother resided, and there formed an intimacy with the family of the Rev. Morley Unwin, a clergyman resident in the place. He was adopted as one of the family; and when Mr. Unwin himself was suddenly removed, the same connection was continued with his widow. Death only could sever a tie so strongly knit—cemented by mutual faith and friendship, and by sorrows of which the world knew nothing. To the latest generation the name of Mary Unwin will be united with that of Cowper, partaker of his fame as of his sad decline:

By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light.

After the death of Mr. Unwin in 1767, the family were advised by the Rev. John Newton—a remarkable man in many respects—to fix their abode at Olney, in the northern division of Buckinghamshire, where Mr. Newton himself officiated as curate. This was accordingly done, and Cowper removed with them to a spot which he has consecrated by his genius. He had still the river Ouse with him, as at Huntingdon, but the scenery is more varied and attractive, and abounds in fine retired walks. His life was that of a religious recluse; he ceased corresponding with his friends, and associated only with Mrs. Unwin and Newton. The latter engaged his assistance in writing a volume of hymns, but his morbid melancholy gained ground, and in 1773 it became a case of decided insanity. About two years were passed in this unhappy state. The poet, as appears from a diary kept by Newton, would have been married to Mrs. Unwin but for this calamity. On his recovery, Cowper took to gardening, rearing hares, drawing landscapes, and composing poetry. The latter was fortunately the most permanent enjoyment; and its fruits appeared in a volume of poems published in 1782. The sale of the work was slow; but his friends were eager in its praise, and it received the approbation of

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Johnson and Franklin. His correspondence was resumed, and cheerfulness again became an inmate of his retreat at Olney. This happy change was augmented by the presence of a third party, Lady Austen, a widow, who came to reside in the immediate neighbourhood of Olney, and whose conversation for a time charmed away the melancholy spirit of Cowper. She told him the story of John Gilpin, and 'the famous horseman and his feats were an inexhaustible source of merriment. Lady Austen also prevailed upon the poet to try his powers in blank verse, and from her suggestion sprung the noble poem of 'The Task.' This memorable friendship was at length dissolved. The lady exacted too much of the time and attention of the poet—perhaps a shade of jealousy on the part of Mrs. Unwin, with respect to the superior charms and attractions of her rival, intervened to increase the alienation—and before 'The Task' was finished, its fair inspirer had left Olney without any intention of returning to it. In 1785 the new volume was published. Its success was instant and decided. The public were glad to hear the true voice of poetry and of nature, and in the rural descriptions and fireside scenes of 'The Task,' they saw the features of English scenery and domestic life faithfully delineated. '"The Task,"' says Southey, "was at once descriptive, moral, and satirical. The descriptive parts everywhere bore evidence of a thoughtful mind and a gentle spirit, as well as of an observant eye; and the moral sentiment which pervaded them gave a charm in which descriptive poetry is often found wanting. The best didactic poems, when compared with "The Task," are like formal gardens in comparison with woodland scenery.' As soon as he had completed his labours for the publication of his second volume, Cowper entered upon an undertaking of a still more arduous nature—a translation of Homer. He had gone through the great Grecian at Westminster School, and afterwards read him critically in the Temple, and he was impressed with but a poor opinion of the translation of Pope. Setting himself to a daily task of forty lines, he at length accomplished the forty thousand verses. He published by subscription, in which his friends were generously active. The work appeared in 1791, in two volumes quarto. In the interval the poet and Mrs. Unwin had removed to Weston, a beautiful village about a mile from Olney. His cousin, Lady Hesketh, a woman of refined and fascinating manners, had visited him; he had also formed a friendly intimacy with the family of the Throckmortons, to whom Weston belonged, and his circumstances were comparatively easy. His malady, however, returned upon him with full force, and Mrs. Unwin being rendered helpless by palsy, the task of nursing her fell upon the sensitive and dejected poet. A careful revision of his Homer, and an engagement to edit a new edition of Milton, were the last literary undertakings of Cowper. The former he completed, but without improving the first edition: his second task was never finished. A deepening gloom settled on his mind, with occasionally bright intervals. A visit to his friend

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Hayley, at Eartham, produced a short cessation of his mental suffering, and in 1794 a pension of £300 was granted to him from the crown. He was induced, in 1795, to remove with Mrs. Unwin to Norfolk, on a visit to some relations, and there Mrs. Unwin died on the 17th of December 1796. The unhappy poet would not believe that his long-tried friend was actually dead; he went to see the body, and on witnessing the unaltered placidity of death, flung himself to the other side of the room with a passionate expression of feeling, and from that time he never mentioned her name or spoke of her again. He lingered on for more than three years, still under the same dark shadow of religious despondency and terror, but occasionally writing, and listening attentively to works read to him by his friends. His last poem was the 'Castaway,' a strain of touching and beautiful verse, which shewed no decay of his poetical powers: at length death came to his release on the 25th of April 1800.

So sad and strange a destiny has never before or since been that of a man of genius. With wit and humour at will, he was nearly all his life plunged in the darkest melancholy. Innocent, pious, and confiding, he lived in perpetual dread of everlasting punishment: he could only see between him and heaven a high wall which he despaired of ever being able to scale; yet his intellectual vigour was not subdued by affliction. What he wrote for amusement or relief in the midst of 'supreme distress,' surpasses the elaborate efforts of others made under the most favourable circumstances; and in the very winter of his days, his fancy was as fresh and blooming as in the spring and morning of existence. That he was constitutionally prone to melancholy and insanity, seems undoubted; but the predisposing causes were as surely aggravated by his strict and secluded mode of life. Lady Hesketh was a better guide and companion than John Newton; and no one can read his letters without observing that cheerfulness was inspired by the one, and terror by the other. The iron frame of Newton could stand unmoved amidst shocks that destroyed the shrinking and apprehensive mind of Cowper. All, however, have now gone to their account—the stern yet kind minister, the faithful Mary Unwin, the gentle high-born relations who forsook ease, and luxury, and society to soothe the misery of one wretched being, and that immortal being himself has passed away, scarcely conscious that he had bequeathed an imperishable treasure to mankind. We have greater and loftier poets than Cowper, but none so entirely incorporated, as it were, with our daily existence—none so completely a friend—our companion in woodland wanderings, and in moments of serious thought—ever gentle and affectionate, even in his transient fits of ascetic gloom—a pure mirror of affections, regrets, feelings, and desires which we have all felt or would wish to cherish. Shakspeare, Spenser, and Milton are spirits of ethereal kind; Cowper is a steady and valuable friend, whose society we may sometimes neglect for that of more splendid and attractive associates,

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but whose unwavering principle and purity of character, joined to rich intellectual powers, overflow upon us in secret, and bind us to him forever.

It is scarcely to be wondered at that Cowper's first volume was coldly received. The subjects of his poems ('Table Talk,' 'The Progress of Error,' 'Truth,' 'Expostulation,' 'Hope,' 'Charity,' &c.) did not promise much, and his manner of handling them was not calculated to conciliate a fastidious public. He was both too harsh and too spiritual for general readers. Johnson had written moral poems in the same form of verse, but they possessed a rich declamatory grandeur and brilliancy of illustration which Cowper did not attempt, and probably would, from principle, have rejected. There are passages, however, in these evangelical works of Cowper of masterly execution and lively fancy. His character of Chatham has rarely been surpassed even by Pope or Dryden :

A. Patriots, alas! the few that have been found,
Where most they flourish, upon English ground,
The country's need have scantily supplied;
And the last left the scene when Chatham died.
B. Not so: the virtue still adorns our age,
Though the chief actor died upon the stage.
In him Demosthenes was heard again;
Liberty taught him her Athenian strain;
She clothed him with authority and awe,
Spoke from his lips, and in his looks gave law.
His speech, his form, his action full of grace,
And all his country beaming in his face,
He stood as some inimitable hand
Would strive to make a Paul or Tully stand.
No sycophant or slave that dared oppose
Her sacred cause, but trembled when he rose;
And every venal stickler for the yoke,
Felt himself crushed at the first word he spoke.

Neither has the fine simile with which the following retrospect closes :

Ages elapsed ere Homer's lamp appeared,
And ages ere the Mantuan swan was heard;
To carry nature lengths unknown before,
To give a Milton birth asked ages more.
Thus genius rose and set at ordered times,
And shot a day-spring into distant climes,
Ennobling every region that he chose.
He sunk in Greece, in Italy he rose;
And, tedious years of Gothic darkness past,
Emerged all splendour in our isle at last.
Thus lovely halcyons dive into the main,
Then shew far off their shining plumes again.

The poem of 'Conversation' in this volume is rich in Addisonian humour and satire, and formed no unworthy prelude to 'The Task.' In 'Hope' and 'Retirement,' we see traces of the descriptive powers and natural pleasantry afterwards so finely developed. The highest flight in the whole, and the one most characteristic of Cowper, is his sketch of

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The Greenland Missionaries.

That sound bespeaks salvation on her way,
The trumpet of a life-restoring day;
'Tis heard where England's eastern glory shines,
And in the gulfs of her Cornubian mines.
And still it spreads. See Germany send forth
Her sons to pour it on the furthest north;
Fired with a zeal peculiar they defy
The rage and rigour of a polar sky,
And plant successfully sweet Sharon's rose
On icy plains and in eternal snows.
O blest within the inclosure of your rocks,
Nor herds have ye to boast, nor bleating flocks;
No fertilising streams your fields divide,
That shew reversed the villas on their side;
No groves have ye; no cheerful sound of bird,
Or voice of turtle in your land is heard;
Nor grateful eglantine regales the smell
Of those that walk at evening where ye dwell;
But Winter, armed with terrors here unknown,
Sits absolute on his unshaken throne,
Piles up his stores amidst the frozen waste,
And bids the mountains he has built stand fast;
Beckons the legions of his storms away
From happier scenes to make your lands a prey;
Proclaims the soil a conquest he has won,
And scorns to share it with the distant sun.
Yet Truth is yours, remote unenvied isle!
And Peace, the genuine offspring of her smile;
The pride of lettered ignorance, that binds
In chains of error our accomplished minds,
That decks with all the splendour of the true,
A false religion, is unknown to you.
Nature indeed vouchsafes for our delight
The sweet vicissitudes of day and night;
Soft airs and genial moisture feed and cheer
Field, fruit, and flower, and every creature here;
But brighter beams than his who fires the skies
Have risen at length on your admiring eyes,
That shoot into your darkest caves the day
From which our nicer optics turn away.

In this mixture of argument and piety, poetry and plain sense, we have the distinctive traits of Cowper's genius. The freedom acquired by composition, and especially the presence of Lady Austen, led to more valuable results; and when he entered upon 'The Task,' he was far more disposed to look at the sunny side of things, and to launch into general description. His versification underwent a similar improvement. His former poems were often rugged in style and expression, and were made so on purpose to avoid the polished uniformity of Pope and his imitators. He was now sensible that he had erred on the opposite side and accordingly 'The Task' was made to unite strength and freedom with elegance and harmony. No poet has introduced so much idiomatic expression into a grave poem of blank verse; but the higher passages are all carefully finished, and rise or fall, according to the nature of the subject, with inimitable

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grace and melody. In this respect, Cowper, as already mentioned, has greatly the advantage of Thomson, whose stately march is never relaxed, however trivial be the theme. The variety of 'The Task' in style and manner, no less than in subject, is one of its greatest charms. The mock-heroic opening is a fine specimen of his humour, and from this he slides into rural description and moral reflection so naturally and easily, that the reader is carried along apparently without an effort. The scenery of the Ouse—its level plains and spacious meads—is described with the vividness of painting, and the poet then elevates the character of his picture by a rapid sketch of still nobler features:

Rural Sounds.

Nor rural sights alone, but rural sounds,
Exhilarate the spirit and restore
The tone of languid nature. Mighty winds
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind,
Unnumbered branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast fluttering all at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighbouring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.
Nature inanimate displays sweet sounds,
But animated nature sweeter still,
To soothe and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The livelong night; nor these alone whose notes
Nice-fingered art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still-repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and even the boding owl
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace forever reigns,
And only there, please highly for their sake.

The freedom of this versification, and the admirable variety of pause and cadence, must strike the most uncritical reader. With the same playful strength and equal power of landscape-painting, he describes

The Diversified Character of Creation.

The earth was made so various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change
And pleased with novelty, might be indulged.
Prospects, however lovely, may be seen
Till half their beauties fade; the weary sight,
Too well acquainted with their smiles, slides off
Fastidious, seeking less familiar scenes.
Then snug inclosures in the sheltered vale,
Where frequent hedges intercept the eye,

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Delight us, happy to renounce a while,
Not senseless of its charms, what still we love,
That such short absence may endear it more.
Then forests, or the savage rock may please
That hides the sea-mew in his hollow clefts
Above the reach of man; his hoary head
Conspicuous many a league, the mariner
Bound homeward, and in hope already there,
Greets with three cheers exulting. At his waist
A girdle of half-withered shrubs he shews,
And at his feet the baffled billows die.
The common overgrown with fern, and rough
With prickly goss, that, shapeless and deform,
And dangerous to the touch, has yet its bloom,
And decks itself with ornaments of gold,
Yields no unpleasing ramble; there the turf
Smells fresh, and rich in odoriferous herbs
And fungous fruits of earth, regales the sense
With luxury of unexpected sweets.

From the beginning to the end of 'The Task' we never lose sight of the author. His love of country rambles, when a boy,

O'er hills, through valleys, and by river's brink;

his walks with Mrs. Unwin, when he had exchanged the Thames for the Ouse, and had 'grown sober in the vale of years;' his playful satire and tender admonition, his denunciation of slavery, his noble patriotism, his devotional earnestness and sublimity, his warm sympathy with his fellow-men, and his exquisite paintings of domestic peace and happiness, are all so much self-portraiture, drawn with the ripe skill and taste of the master, yet with a modesty that shrinks from the least obtrusiveness and display. The very rapidity of his transitions, where things light and sportive are drawn up with the most solemn truths, and satire, pathos, and reproof alternately mingle or repel each other, are characteristic of his mind and temperament in ordinary life. His inimitable ease and colloquial freedom, which lends such a charm to his letters, is never long absent from his poetry; and his peculiar tastes, as seen in that somewhat grandiloquent line.

Who loves a garden, loves a greenhouse too,

are all pictured in the pure and lucid pages of 'The Task.' It cannot be said that Cowper ever abandoned his sectarian religious tenets, yet they are little seen in his great work. His piety is that which all should feel and venerate; and if his sad experience of the world had tinged the prospect of life, 'its fluctuations and its vast concerns,' with a deeper shade than seems consonant with the general welfare and happiness, it also imparted a higher authority and more impressive wisdom to his earnest and solemn appeals. He was 'a stricken deer that left the herd,' conscious of the follies and wants of those he left behind, and inspired with power to minister to the delight and instruction of the whole human race.

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From 'Conversation.'

The emphatic speaker dearly loves to oppose,
In contact inconvenient, nose to nose,
As if the gnomon on his neighbour's phiz,
Touched with a magnet, had attracted his.
His whispered theme, dilated and at large,
Proves after all a wind-gun's airy charge—
An extract of his diary—no more—
A tasteless journal of the day before.
He walked abroad, o'ertaken in the rain,
Called on a friend, drank tea, stept home again;
Resumed his purpose, had a world of talk
With one he stumbled on, and lost his walk;
I interrupt him with a sudden bow,
Adieu, dear sir, lest you should lose it now.
A graver coxcomb we may sometimes see,
Quite as absurd, though not so light as he:
A shallow brain behind a serious mask,
An oracle within an empty cask,
The solemn fop, significant and budge;
A fool with judges, amongst fools a judge;
He says but little, and that little said,
Owes all its weight, like loaded dice, to lead.
His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But when you knock, it never is at home:
'Tis like a parcel sent you by the stage,
Some handsome present, as your hopes presage;
'Tis heavy, bulky, and bids fair to prove
An absent friend's fidelity of love;
But when unpacked, your disappointment groans
To find it stuffed with brickbats, earth, and stones.
Some men employ their health—an ugly trick—
In making known how oft they have been sick,
And give us in recitals of disease
A doctor's trouble but without the fees;
Relate how many weeks they kept their bed,
How an emetic or cathartic sped;
Nothing is slightly touched, much less forgot;
Nose, ears, and eyes seem present on the spot.
Now the distemper, spite of draught or pill,
Victorious seemed, and now the doctor's skill;
And now—alas for unforeseen mishaps!
They put on a damp night-cap, and relapse;
They thought they must have died, they were so bad;
Their peevish hearers almost wished they had.
Some fretful tempers wince at every touch,
You always do too little or too much:
You speak with life, in hopes to entertain—
Your elevated voice goes through the brain;
You fall at once into a lower key—
That's worse—the drone-pipe of a humble-bee.
The southern sash admits too strong a light;
You rise and drop the curtain—now 'tis night.
He shakes with cold—you stir the fire, and strive
To make a blaze—that's roasting him alive.
Serve him with venison, and he chooses fish;
With sole—that's just the sort he would not wish.
He takes what he at first professed to loathe,
And in due time feeds heartily on both;
Yet still o'erclouded with a constant frown,
He does not swallow, but he gulps it down.

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Your hope to please him vain on every plan,
Himself should work that wonder, if he can.
Alas! his efforts double his distress.
He likes yours little, and his own still less;
Thus always teasing others, always teased,
His only pleasure is to be displeased.
I pity bashful men, who feel the pain
Of fancied scorn and undeserved disdain,
And bear the marks upon a blushing face
Of needless shame and self-imposed disgrace.
Our sensibilities are so acute,
The fear of being silent makes us mute.
We sometimes think we could a speech produce
Much to the purpose, if our tongues were loose;
But being tried, it dies upon the lip,
Faint as a chicken's note that has the pip;
Our wasted oil unprofitably burns,
Like hidden lamps in old sepulchral urns.

On the Receipt of his Mother's Picture.

Oh that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smiles I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else, how distinct they say:
'Grieve not, my child; chase all thy fears away!'
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes—
Blest be the art that can immortalise,
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
To quench it—here shines on me still the same.
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidd'st me honour, with an artless song
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief;
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.
My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unseen, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial-day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such? It was. Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting sound shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of a quick return;
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived;
By disappointment every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.

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Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capt,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit or confectionary plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thine own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed:
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interposed too often makes;
All this, still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.
Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin—
And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Would softly speak, and stroke my head and smile—
Could those few pleasant hours again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.
Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast—
The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed—
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that shew
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore
'Where tempests never beat nor billows roar;'*
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life, has long since anchored at thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed—

* Garth.

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Me bowling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
Sails ript, seams opening wide, and compass lost;
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
But oh the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretentions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now, farewell—Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again:
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to sooth me left.

Voltaire and the Lace-worker.—From Truth.

Yon cottager, who weaves at her own door,
Pillow and bobbins all her little store;
Content though mean, and cheerful if not gay,
Shuffling her threads about the livelong day,
Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night
Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light;
She, for her humble sphere by nature fit,
Has little understanding, and no wit;
Receives no praise; but though her lot be such—
Toilsome and indigent—she renders much;
Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true—
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew;
And in that charter reads, with sparkling eyes,
Her title to a treasure in the skies.
O happy peasant! O unhappy bard!
His the mere tinsel, hers the rich reward;
He praised, perhaps, for ages yet to come,
She never heard of half a mile from home;
He lost in errors his vain heart prefers,
She safe in the simplicity of hers.

To Mary (Mrs. Unwin).—Autumn, 1793.

The twentieth year is well-nigh past
Since first our sky was overcast;
Ah, would that this might be the last!
My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow;
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more,
My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary!

But well thou play'dst the housewife's part,
And all thy threads, with magic art,
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language uttered in a dream;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary!

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Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For, could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline,
Thy hands their little force resign;
Yet gently pressed, press gently mine,
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou prov'st,
That now at every step thou mov'st
Upheld by two; yet still thou lov'st,
My Mary!

And still to love, though pressed with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know,
How oft the sadness that I shew,
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last,
My Mary!

Winter Evening in the Country.—From 'The Task.'

Hark! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright;
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spattered boots, strapped waist, and frozen locks;
News from all nations lumbering at his back.
True to his charge, the close-packed load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destined inn,
And, having dropped the expected bag, pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch!
Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears, that trickled down the writer's cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
But oh the important budget! ushered in
With such heart-shaking music, who can say
What are its tidings? have our troops awaked?
Or do they still, as if with opium drugged,
Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave?
Is India free? and does she wear her plumed
And jewelled turban with a smile of peace,
Or do we grind her still? The grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know them all;
I burn to set the imprisoned wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance once again.
Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.
Not such his evening who, with shining face

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Sweats in the crowded theatre, and squeezed
And bored with elbow-points through both his sides,
Out-scolds the ranting actor on the stage:
Nor his who patient stands till his feet throb,
And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath
Of patriots bursting with heroic rage,
Or placemen all tranquillity and smiles.
This folio of four pages, happy work!
Which not even critics criticise; that holds
Inquisitive attention, while I read,
Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break;
What is it but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?
Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge
That tempts ambition. On the summit see
The seals of office glitter in his eyes;
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them! At his heels,
Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
And with a dexterous jerk soon twists him down,
And wins them but to lose them in his turn.
Here rills of oily eloquence, in soft
Meanders, lubricate the course they take;
The modest speaker is ashamed and grieved
To engross a moment's notice, and yet begs,
Begs a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,
However trivial all that he conceives.
Sweet bashfulness! it claims at least this praise,
The dearth of information and good sense
That it foretells us, always comes to pass.
Cataracts of declamation thunder here;
There forests of no meaning spread the page,
In which all comprehension wanders lost;
Whilst fields of pleasantry amuse us there,
With merry descants on a nation's woes.
The rest appears a wilderness of strange
But gay confusion; roses for the cheeks,
And lilies for the brows of faded age,
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
Heaven, earth, and ocean plundered of their sweets,
Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,
Sermons, and city feasts, and favourite airs,
Æthereal journeys, submarine exploits,
And Katterfelto,* with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread.
'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear.
Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
The globe and its concerns, I seem advanced
To some secure and more than mortal height,
That liberates and exempts me from them all. . . .
Oh Winter! ruler of the inverted year,
Thy scattered hair with sleet like ashes filled,
Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age; thy forehead wrapt in clouds,

* A noted conjuror of the day

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A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way;
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art! Thou hold'st the sun
A prisoner in the yet undawning east,
Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west; but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gathering, at short notice, in one group
The family dispersed, and fixing thought
Not less dispersed by daylight and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fireside enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening, know. . . .
Come, Evening, once again, season of peace;
Return, sweet Evening, and continue long
Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
With matron-step, slow-moving while the night
Treads on thy sweeping train; one hand employed
In letting fall the curtain of repose
On bird and beast, the other charged for man
With sweet oblivion of the cares of day:
Not sumptuously adorned, nor needing aid,
Like homely-featured Night, of clustering gems,
A star or two just twinkling on thy brow
Suffices thee; save that the moon is thine
No less than hers: not worn indeed on high
With ostentatious pageantry, but set
With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,
Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.
Come then, and thou shalt find thy votary calm,
Or make me so. Composure is thy gift;
And whether I devote thy gentle hours
To books, to music, or the poet's toil;
To weaving nets for bird-alluring fruit;
Or twining silken threads round ivory reels,
When they command whom man was born to please,
I slight thee not, but make thee welcome still.

Love of Nature.—From the same.

'Tis born with all: the love of Nature's works
Is an ingredient in the compound, man,
Infused at the creation of the kind.
And, though the Almighty Maker has throughout
Discriminated each from each, by strokes
And touches of his hand, with so much art
Diversified, that two were never found
Twins at all points—yet this obtains in all,
That all discern a beauty in his works.
And all can taste them: minds that have been formed
And tutored, with a relish more exact,
But none without some relish, none unmoved.
It is a flame that dies not even there,
Where nothing feeds it: neither business, crowds,
Nor habits of luxurious city life,
Whatever else they smother of true worth

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In human bosoms, quench it or abate.
The villas with which London stands begirt,
Like a swarth Indian with his belt of beads,
Prove it. A breath of unadulterate air,
The glimpse of a green pasture, how they cheer
The citizen, and brace his languid frame!
Even in the stifling bosom of the town,
A garden in which nothing thrives, has charms
That soothe the rich possessor; much consoled
That here and there some sprigs of mournful mint,
Of nightshade or valerian, grace the wall
He cultivates. These serve him with a hint
That Nature lives; that sight-refreshing green
Is still the livery she delights to wear,
Though sickly samples of the exuberant whole.
What are the casements lined with creeping herbs,
The prouder sashes fronted with a range
Of orange, myrtle, or the fragrant weed,
The Frenchman's darling?* Are they not all proofs
That man, immured in cities, still retains
His inborn inextinguishable thirst
Of rural scenes, compensating his loss
By supplemental shifts the best he may?
The most unfurnished with the means of life,
And they that never pass their brick-wall bounds
To range the fields, and treat their lungs with air,
Yet feel the burning instinct; overhead
Suspend their crazy boxes, planted thick,
And watered duly. There the pitcher stands
A fragment, and the spoutless tea-pot there;
Sad witnesses how close-pent man regrets
The country, with what ardour he contrives
A peep at nature, when he can no more.

English Liberty.--From the same.

We love
The king who loves the law, respects his bounds,
And reigns content within them; him we serve
Freely and with delight, who leaves us free:
But recollecting still that he is man,
We trust him not too far. King though he be,
And king in England too, he may be weak,
And vain enough to be ambitious still;
May exercise amiss his proper powers,
Or covet more than freemen choose to grant:
Beyond that mark is treason. He is ours
To administer, to guard, to adorn the state,
But not to warp or change it. We are his
To serve him nobly in the common cause,
True to the death but not to be his slaves.
Mark now the difference, ye that boast your love
Of kings, between your loyalty and ours.
We love the man, the paltry pageant you:
We the chief patron of the commonwealth,
You the regardless author of its woes;
We, for the sake of liberty, a king,
You chains and bondage for a tyrant's sake;
Our love is principle, and has its root
In reason, is judicious, manly, free;

* Mignonette.

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Yours, a blind instinct, crouches to the rod,
And licks the foot that treads it in the dust.
Were kingship as true treasure as it seems,
Sterling, and worthy of a wise man's wish,
I would not be a king to be beloved
Causeless, and daubed with undiscerning praise,
Where love is mere attachment to the throne,
Not to the man who fills it as he ought. . . .
'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume;
And we are weeds without it. All constraint,
Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
Is evil; hurts the faculties, impedes
Their progress in the road of science, blinds
The eyesight of discovery, and begets
In those that suffer it a sordid mind,
Bestial, a meagre intellect, unfit
To be the tenant of man's noble form.
Thee therefore still, blameworthy as thou art,
With all thy loss of empire, and though squeezed
By public exigence, till annual food
Fails for the craving hunger of the state,
Thee I account still happy, and the chief
Among the nations, seeing thou art free.
My native nook of earth! thy clime is rude,
Replete with vapours, and disposes much
All hearts to sadness, and none more than mine:
Thine unadulterate manners are less soft
And plausible than social life requires,
And thou hast need of discipline and art
To give thee what politer France receives
From nature's bounty—that humane address
And sweetness, without which no pleasure is
In converse, either starved by cold reserve,
Or, flushed with fierce dispute, a senseless brawl.
Yet being free, I love thee: for the sake
Of that one feature can be well content,
Disgraced as thou hast been, poor as thou art,
To seek no sublunary rest beside.
But once enslaved, farewell! I could endure
Chains nowhere patiently; and chains at home,
Where I am free by birthright, not at all.
Then what were left of roughness in the grain
Of British natures, wanting its excuse
That it belongs to freemen, would disgust
And shock me. I should then with double pain
Feel all the rigour of thy fickle clime;
And, if I must bewail the blessing lost,
For which our Hampdens and our Sidneys bled,
I would at least bewail it under skies
Milder, among a people less austere;
In scenes which, having never known me free,
Would not reproach me with the loss I felt,
Do I forebode impossible events,
And tremble at vain dreams? Heaven grant I may!
But the age of virtuous politics is past,
And we are deep in that of coloured pretence.
Patriots are grown too shrewd to be sincere,
And we too wise to trust them. He that takes
Deep in his soft credulity the stamp
Designed by loud declaimers on the part
Of liberty, themselves the slaves of lust,

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Incurs derision for his easy faith,
And lack of knowledge, and with cause enough:
For when was public virtue to be found
Where private was not? Can he love the whole
Who loves no part?—he be a nation's friend,
Who is in truth the friend of no man there?
Can he be strenuous in his country's cause
Who slights the charities, for whose dear sake
That country, if at all, must be beloved?

From 'Yardley Oak.' *

Relic of ages!—could a mind, imbued
With truth from heaven, created thing adore,
I might with reverence kneel and worship thee. . . .
Thou wast a bauble once; a cup and ball,
Which babes might play with; and the thievish jay,
Seeking her food, with ease might have purloined
The auburn nut that held thee, swallowing down
The yet close-folded latitude of boughs,
And all thy embryo vastness, at a gulp.
But fate thy growth decreed; autumnal rains,
Beneath thy parent tree, mellowed the soil
Designed thy cradle; and a skipping deer,
With pointed hoof dibbling the glebe, prepared
The soft receptacle in which, secure,
Thy rudiments should sleep the winter through. . .
Who lived when thou wast such? Oh, couldst thou speak,
As in Dodona once thy kindred trees
Oracular, I would not curious ask
The future, best unknown, but at thy mouth
Inquisitive, the less ambiguous past.
By thee I might correct, erroneous oft,
The clock of history, facts and events
Timing more punctual, unrecorded facts,
Recovering, and misstated setting right—
Desperate attempt, till trees shall speak again! . . .
What exhibitions various hath the world
Witnessed of mutability in all
That we account most durable below!
Change is the diet on which all subsist,
Created changeable, and change at last
Destroys them. Skies uncertain, now the heat
Transmitting cloudless, and the solar beam
Now quenching in a boundless sea of clouds—
Calm and alternate storm, moisture and drought,
Invigorate by turns the springs of life
In all that live, plant, animal, and man,
And in conclusion mar them. Nature's threads,
Fine passing thought, even in her coarsest works,
Delight in agitation, yet sustain
The force that agitates, not unimpaired;
But worn by frequent impulse, to the cause
Of their best tone their dissolution owe.
Thought cannot spend itself, comparing still
The great and little of thy lot, thy growth
From almost nullity into a state
Of matchless grandeur, and declension thence,
Slow, into such magnificent decay.
Time was, when, settling on thy leaf, a fly

* A tree in Yardley Chace, near Olney, said to have been planted by Judith, daughter of William the Conqueror, and wife of Earl Waltheof.

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Could shake thee to the root—and time has been
When tempest could not. At thy firmest age
Thou hadst within thy hole solid contents,
That might have ribbed the sides and planked the deck
Of some flagged admiral; and tortuous arms,
The shipwright's darling treasure, didst present
To the four-quartered winds, robust and bold,
Warped into tough knee-timber, many a load!
But the axe spared thee. In those thriftier days
Oaks fell not, hewn by thousands, to supply
The bottomless demands of contest waged
For senatorial honours. Thus to time
The task was left to whittle thee away
With his sly scythe, whose ever-nibbling edge,
Noiseless, an atom, and an atom more,
Disjoining from the rest, has, unobserved,
Achieved a labour, which had, far and wide,
By man performed, made all the forest ring.
Embowelled now, and of thy ancient self
Possessing nought but the scooped rind—that seems
An huge throat calling to the clouds for drink,
Which it would give in rivulets to thy root—
Thou temptest none, but rather much forbiddest
The feller's toil, which thou couldst ill requite.
Yet is thy root sincere, sound as the rock,
A quarry of stout spurs and knotted fangs,
Which crooked into a thousand whimsies, clasp
The stubborn soil, and hold thee still erect.
So stands a kingdom, whose foundation yet
Fails not, in virtue and in wisdom laid,
Though all the superstructure, by the tooth
Pulverized of venality, a shell
Stands now, and semblance only of itself!

The Diverting History of John Gilpin.—Showing how he went farther than he intended, and came safe home again.

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear:
'Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

'To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

'My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we.'

He soon replied: 'I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear;
Therefore it shall be done.

'I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go.'

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin: 'That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear.'

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

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'Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane;
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down-stairs:
'The wine is left behind!'

'Good lack!' quoth he—'yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise.'

Now Mrs. Gilpin—careful soul!—
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, 'Fair and softly,' John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, which never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out: 'Well done!'
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around;
He carries weight! he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound!

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
Of Edmunton so gay.

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And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton, his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

'Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house!'
They all at once did cry;
'The dinner waits, and we are tired!'
Said Gilpin: 'So am I!'

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

What news? what news? your tidings
Tell me you must and shall— [tell;
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?'

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:

'I came because your horse would come
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here—
They are upon the road.'

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,*
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig;
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus shewed his ready wit:
'My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

'But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.'

Said John: 'It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware.'

So turning to his horse, he said:
'I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here.'
You shall go back for mine.'

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig:
He lost them sooner than at first;
For why?—they were too big.

Now Mrs. Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell:
'This shall be yours, when you bring
My husband safe and well.' [back

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain!
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

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* We may add to the poet's text an explanation of the old phrase 'a merry pin' as given in Fuller's *Church History*: 'At a grand synod of the clergy and laity, 3 Henry I. (1102 A.D.) priests were prohibited from drinking at pins. This was a Dutch trick, but used in England, of artificial drunkenness, out of a cup marked with certain pins, and he accounted the best man who could nick the pin, drinking even unto it, whereas to go above or beneath it was a forfeiture. Hence probably the proverb, he is in a merry pin.'

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But, not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done.
The frighted steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels,
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:

'Stop thief! stop thief! a highwayman!'
Not one of them was mute;

And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-man thinking as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long live the king,
And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

WILLIAM HAYLEY.

WILLIAM HAYLEY (1745–1820), the biographer of Cowper, wrote various poetical works which enjoyed great popularity in their day. His principal work is 'The Triumphs of Temper,' a poem in six cantos (1781). He wrote also an 'Essay on History,' addressed to Gibbon (1780), an 'Essay on Epic Poetry' (1782), an 'Essay on Old Maids' (1785), 'Essays on Sculpture,' addressed to Flaxman (1800), 'The Triumph of Music' (1804), &c. He wrote also various dramatic pieces and a 'Life of Milton' (1796). A gentleman by education and fortune, and fond of literary communication, Hayley enjoyed the acquaintance of most of the eminent men of his times. His over-strained sensibility and romantic tastes exposed him to ridicule, yet he was an amiable and accomplished man. It was through his personal application to Pitt that Cowper received his pension. He had—what appears to have been to him a sort of melancholy pride and satisfaction—the task of writing epitaphs for most of his friends, including Mrs. Unwin and Cowper. His life of Cowper appeared in 1803, and three years afterwards it was enlarged by a supplement. Hayley prepared memoirs of his own life, which he disposed of to a publisher on condition of his receiving an annuity for the remainder of his life. This annuity he enjoyed for twelve years. The memoirs appeared in two fine quarto volumes, but they failed to attract attention. Hayley had outlived his popularity, and his smooth but often unmeaning lines had vanished like chaff before the vigorous and natural outpourings of the modern muse. As a specimen of this once much-praised poet, we subjoin from his 'Essay on Epic Poetry' some lines on the death of his mother, which had the merit of delighting Gibbon, and with which Southey has remarked Cowper would sympathise deeply:

Tribute to a Mother, on her Death.

For me who feel, whene'er I touch the lyre,
My talents sink below my proud desire;
Who often doubt, and sometimes credit give,
When friends assure me that my verse will live;

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Whom health, too tender for the bustling throng,
Led into pensive shade and soothing song:
Whatever fortune my unpolished rhymes
May meet in present or in future times,
Let the blest art my grateful thoughts employ,
Which soothes my sorrow and augments my joy;
Whence lonely peace and social pleasure springs,
And friendship dearer than the smile of kings.
While keener poets, querulously proud,
Lament the ill of posey aloud,
And magnify with irritation's zeal,
Those common evils we too strongly feel,
The envious comment and the subtle style
Of specious slander, stabbing with a smile;
Frankly I wish to make her blessings known,
And think those blessings for her ills atone;
Nor would my honest pride that praise forego,
Which makes Malignity yet more my foe.
If heartfelt pain e'er led me to accuse
The dangerous gift of the alluring Muse,
'Twas in the moment when my verse impressed
Some anxious feelings on a mother's breast.
O thou fond spirit, who with pride has smiled,
And frowned with fear on thy poetic child,
Pleased, yet alarmed, when in his boyish time
He sighed in numbers or he laughed in rhyme;
While thy kind cautions warned him to beware
Of Penury, the bard's perpetual snare;
Marking the early temper of his soul,
Careless of wealth, nor fit for base control!
Thou tender saint, to whom he owes much more
Than ever child to parent owed before;
In life's first season, when the fever's flame
Shrunk to deformity his shrivelled frame,
And turned each fairer image in his brain
To blank confusion and her crazy train,
'Twas thine, with constant love, through lingering years,
To bathe thy idiot orphan in thy tears;
Day after day, and night succeeding night,
To turn incessant to the hideous sight,
And frequent watch, if haply at thy view
Departed reason might not dawn anew;
Though medicinal art, with pitying care,
Could lend no aid to save thee from despair,
Thy fond maternal heart adhered to hope and prayer:
Nor prayed in vain; thy child from powers above
Received the sense to feel and bless thy love.
O might he thence receive the happy skill,
And force proportioned to his ardent will,
With truth's unfading radiance to emblaze
Thy virtues, worthy of immortal praise!
Nature, who decked thy form with beauty's flowers,
Exhausted on thy soul her finer powers;
Taught it with all her energy to feel
Love's melting softness, friendship's fervid zeal,
The generous purpose and the active thought,
With charity's diffusive spirit fraught.
There all the best of mental gifts she placed,
Vigour of judgment, purity of taste,
Superior parts without their spleenful leaven,
Kindness to earth, and confidence in heaven,

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While my fond thoughts o'er all thy merits roll,
Thy praise thus gushes from my filial soul;
Nor will the public with harsh rigour blame
This my just homage to thy honoured name;
To please that public, if to please be mine,
Thy virtues trained me—let the praise be thine.

Inscription on the Tomb of Cowper.

Ye who with warmth the public triumph feel
Of talents dignified by sacred zeal,
Here, to devotion's bard devoutly just,
Pay your fond tribute due to Cowper's dust!
England, exulting in his spotless fame,
Ranks with her dearest sons his favourite name.
Sense, fancy, wit, suffice not all to raise
So clear a title to affection's praise:
His highest honours to the heart belong;
His virtues formed the magic of his song.'

On the Tomb of Mrs. Unwin.

Trusting in God with all her heart and mind,
This woman proved magnanimously kind;
Endured affliction's desolating hail,
And watched a poet through misfortune's vale.
Her spotless dust angelic guards defend!
It is the dust of Unwin, Cowper's friend.
That single title in itself is fame,
For all who read his verse revere her name.

DR. ERASMUS DARWIN.

Dr. Erasmus Darwin (1731–1802), an ingenious philosophical, though fanciful poet, was born at Elston, near Newark. Having passed with credit through a course of education at St. John's College, Cambridge, he applied himself to the study of physic, and took his degree of bachelor in medicine at Edinburgh in 1755. He then commenced practice in Nottingham, but meeting with little encouragement, he removed to Lichfield, where he long continued a successful and distinguished physician. In 1757 Dr. Darwin married an accomplished lady of Lichfield, Miss Mary Howard, by whom he had five children, two of whom died in infancy. The lady herself died in 1770; and after her decease, Darwin seems to have commenced his botanical and literary pursuits. He was at first afraid that the reputation of a poet would injure him in his profession, but being firmly established in the latter capacity, he at length ventured on publication. At this time he lived in a picturesque villa in the neighbourhood of Lichfield, furnished with a grotto and fountain, and here he began the formation of a botanic garden. The spot he has described as 'adapted to love-scenes, and as being thence a proper residence for the modern goddess of botany.' In 1781 appeared the first part of Darwin's 'Botanic Garden,' a poem in glittering and polished heroic verse, designed to describe, adorn, and allegorise the Linnæan system of botany. The Rosicrucian doctrine of gnomes, sylphs, nymphs, and salamanders, was adopted by the poet, as 'affording a

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proper machinery for a botanic poem, as it is probable they were originally the names of hieroglyphic figures representing the elements.' The novelty and ingenuity of Darwin's attempt attracted much attention, and rendered him highly popular. In the same year the poet was called to attend an aged gentleman, Colonel Sachevell Pole of Radbourne Hall, near Derby. An intimacy was thus formed with Mrs. Pole; and the colonel dying, the poetical physician in a few months afterwards, in 1781, married the fair widow, who possessed a jointure of £600 per annum. Darwin was now released from all prudential fears and restraints as to the cultivation of his poetical talents, and he went on adding to his floral gallery. In 1789 appeared the second part of his poem, containing the 'Loves of the Plants.' Ovid having, he said, transmuted men, women, and even gods and goddesses, into trees and flowers, he had undertaken, by similar art, to restore some of them to their original animality, after having remained prisoners so long in their respective vegetable mansions.

Extract from 'Loves of the Plants.'

From giant oaks, that wave their branches dark,
To the dwarf moss that clings upon their bark,
What beaux and beauties crowd the gaudy groves,
And woo and win their vegetable loves.*
How snowdrops cold, and blue-eyed harebells, blend
Their tender tears, as o'er the streams they bend;
The love-sick violet, and the primrose pale,
Bow their sweet heads, and whisper to the gale;
With secret sighs the virgin lily droops,
And jealous cowslips hang their tawny cups.
How the young rose, in beauty's damask pride,
Drinks the warm blushes of his bashful bride;
With honeyed lips enamoured woodbines meet,
Clasp with fond arms, and mix their kisses sweet!
Stay thy soft murmuring waters, gentle rill;
Hush, whispering winds; ye rustling leaves, be still;
Rest, silver butterflies, your quivering wings;
Alight, ye beetles, from your airy rings;
Ye painted moths, your gold- red plumage furl,
Blow your wide horns, your spiral trunks uncurl;
Glitter, ye glow-worms, on your mossy beds;
Descend, ye spiders, on your lengthened threads;
Slide here, ye horned snails, with varnished shells;
Ye bee-nymphs, listen in your waxen cells!

This is certainly melodious verse, and ingenious subtle fancy. A few passages have moral sentiment and human interest united to the same powers of vivid painting and expression:

Roll on, ye stars, exult in youthful prime,
Mark with bright curves the printless steps of time:
Near and more near your beamy cars approach,
And lessening orbs on lessening orbs encroach;
Flowers of the sky! ye too to age must yield,
Frail as your silken sisters of the field!

* Linnæus, the celebrated Swedish naturalist, has demonstrated that all flowers contain families of males or females, or both, and on their marriage has constructed his invaluable system of botany.—DARWIN.

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Star after star from heaven's high arch shall rush,
Suns sink on suns, and systems, systems crush,
Headlong, extinct, to one dark centre fall,
And death, and night, and chaos mingle all!
Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the storm,
Immortal nature lifts her changeful form,
Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,
And soars and shines, another and the same!

In another part of the poem, after describing the cassia plant, 'cinctured with gold,' and borne on by the current to the coasts of Norway, with all its 'infant loves,' or seeds, the poet, in his usual strain of forced similitude, digresses in the following happy and vigorous lines, to 'Moses concealed on the Nile,' and the slavery of the Africans:

So the sad mother at the noon of night,
From bloody Memphis stole her silent flight;
Wrapped her dear babe beneath her folded vest,
And clasped the treasure to her throbbing breast;
With soothing whispers hushed its feeble cry,
Pressed the soft kiss, and breathed the secret sigh.
With dauntless step she seeks the winding shore,
Hears unappalled the glimmering torrents roar;
With paper-flags a floating cradle weaves,
And hides the smiling boy in lotus leaves;
Gives her white bosom to his eager lips,
The salt tears mingling with the milk he sips;
Waits on the reed-crowned brink with pious guile,
And trusts the scaly monsters of the Nile.
Erewhile majestic from his lone abode,
Ambassador of heaven, the prophet trod;
Wrenched the red scourge from proud oppression's hands,
And broke, cursed slavery! thy iron bands.
Hark! heard ye not that piercing cry,
Which shook the waves and rent the sky?
E'en now, e'en now, on yonder western shores
Weeps pale despair, and writhing anguish roars;
E'en now in Afric's groves, with hideous yell,
Fierce slavery stalks, and slips the dogs of hell;
From vale to vale the gathering cries rebound,
And sable nations tremble at the sound!
Ye bands of senators! whose suffrage sways
Britannia's realms, whom either Ind obeys;
Who right the injured and reward the brave,
Stretch your strong arm, for ye have power to save!
Throned in the vaulted heart, his dread resort,
Inexorable conscience holds his court;
With still small voice the plots of guilt alarms,
Bares his masked brow, his lifted hand disarms;
But wrapped in night with terrors all his own,
He speaks in thunder when the deed is done.
Hear him, ye senates! hear this truth sublime,
'He who allows oppression, shares the crime!'

The material images of Darwin are often less happy than the above, being both extravagant and gross, and grouped together without any visible connection or dependence one on the other. He has such a throng of startling metaphors and descriptions, the latter

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drawn out to an excessive length and tiresome minuteness, that nothing is left to the reader's imagination, and the whole passes like a glittering pageant before the eye, exciting wonder, but without touching the heart or feelings. As the poet was then past fifty, the exuberance of his fancy, and his peculiar choice of subjects, are the more remarkable. A third part of the 'Botanic Garden' was added in 1792; (he received £900 for the copyright of the whole). Darwin next published his 'Zoonomia, or the Laws of Organic Life,' part of which he had written many years previously. This is a curious and original physiological treatise, evincing an inquiring and attentive study of natural phenomena. Dr. Thomas Brown, Professor Dugald Stewart, Paley, and others, have, however, successfully combated the positions of Darwin, particularly his theory which refers instinct to sensation. In 1801 our author came forward with another philosophical disquisition, entitled 'Phytologia, or the Philosophy of Agriculture and Gardening.' He also wrote a short treatise on 'Female Education,' intended for the instruction and assistance of part of his own family. This was Darwin's last publication. He had always been a remarkably temperate man. Indeed, he totally abstained from all fermented and spirituous liquors, and in his 'Botanic Garden' he compares their effects to that of the Promethean fire. He was, however, subject to inflammation as well as gout, and a sudden attack carried him off in his seventy-first year, on the 18th of April 1802. Shortly after his death, was published a poem, the 'Temple of Nature,' which he had ready for the press, the preface to the work being dated only three months before his death. The 'Temple of Nature' aimed, like the 'Botanic Garden,' to amuse by bringing distinctly to the imagination the beautiful and sublime images of the operations of nature. It is more metaphysical than its predecessor, and more inverted in style and diction.

The poetical reputation of Darwin was as bright and transient as the plants and flowers which formed the subject of his verse. Cowper praised his 'song' for its rich embellishments, and said it was as 'strong' as it was 'learned and sweet.' 'There is a fashion in poetry,' observes Sir Walter Scott, 'which, without increasing or diminishing the real value of the materials moulded upon it, does wonders in facilitating its currency while it has novelty, and is often found to impede its reception when the mode has passed away.' This has been the fate of Darwin. Besides his coterie at Lichfield, the poet of Flora had considerable influence on the poetical taste of his own day. He may be traced in the 'Pleasures of Hope' of Campbell, and in other young poets of that time. The attempt to unite science with the inspirations of the Muse, was in itself an attractive novelty, and he supported it with various and high powers. His command of fancy, of poetical language, dazzling metaphors, and sonorous versification, was well seconded by his curious and multifarious knowledge. The effect of the whole, however, was artificial, and

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destitute of any strong or continuous interest. The Rosicrucian machinery of Pope was united to the delineation of human passions and pursuits, and became the auxiliary of wit and satire; but who can sympathise with the loves and metamorphoses of the plants? Darwin had no sentiment or pathos except in very brief episodical passages, and even his eloquent and splendid versification, for want of variety of cadence, becomes monotonous and fatiguing. There is no repose, no cessation from the glare of his bold images, his compound epithets, and high-toned melody. He had attained to rare perfection in the mechanism of poetry, but wanted those impulses of soul and sense, and that guiding taste which were required to give it vitality, and direct it to its true objects.

Invocation to the Goddess of Botany.—From the 'Botanic Garden.'

'Stay your rude steps! whose throbbing breasts infold
The legion-fiends of glory and of gold!
Stay, whose false lips seductive simpers part,
While cunning nestles in the harlot heart!
For you no dryads dress the roseate bower,
For you no nymphs their sparkling vases pour;
Unmarked by you, light graces swim the green,
And hovering Cupids aim their shafts unseen.
'But thou whose mind the well-attempered ray
Of taste and virtue lights with purer day;
Whose finer sense with soft vibration owns
With sweet responsive sympathy of tones;
So the fair flower expands its lucid form
To meet the sun, and shuts it to the storm;
For thee my borders nurse the fragrant wreath,
My fountains murmur, and my zephyrs breathe;
Slow slides the painted snail, the gilded fly
Smooths his fine down, to charm thy curious eye;
On twinkling fins my pearly pinions play,
Or win with sinuous train their trackless way;
My plumy pairs in gay embroidery dressed,
Form with ingenious bill the pensile nest,
To love's sweet notes attune the listening dell,
And Echo sounds her soft symphonious shell.
'And if with thee some hapless maid should stray,
Disastrous love companion of her way,
Oh, lead her timid steps to yonder glade,
Whose arching cliffs depending alders shade;
Where, as meek evening wakes her temperate breeze,
And moonbeams glitter through the trembling trees,
The rills that gurgle round shall soothe her ear,
The weeping rocks shall number tear for tear;
There, as sad Philome., alike forlorn,
Sings to the night from her accustomed thorn;
While at sweet intervals each falling note
Sighs the gale and whispers round the grot,
The sister woe shall calm her aching breast,
And softer slumbers steal her cares to rest.
'Winds of the north! restrain your icy gales
Nor chill the bosom of these happy vales!
Hence in dark heaps, ye gathering clouds, revolve!
Disperse, ye lightnings, and ye mists, dissolve!

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Hither, emerging from yon orient skies,
Botanic goddess, bend thy radiant eyes;
O'er these soft scenes assume thy gentle reign,
Pomona, Ceres, Flora in thy train;
O'er the still dawn thy placid smile effuse,
And with thy silver sandals print the dews;
In noon's bright blaze thy vermeil vest unfold,
And wave thy emerald banner starred with gold.'
Thus spoke the genius as he stept along,
And bade these lawns to peace and truth belong;
Down the steep slopes he led with modest skill
The willing pathway and the truant rill,
Stretched o'er the marshy vale yon willowy mound,
Where shines the lake amid the tufted ground;
Raised the young woodland, smoothed the wavy green,
And gave to beauty all the quiet scene.
She comes! the goddess! through the whispering air,
Bright as the morn descends her blushing car;
Each circling wheel a wreath of flowers entwines,
And, gemmed with flowers, the silken harness shines;
The golden bits with flowery studs are decked,
And knots of flowers the crimson reins connect.
And now on earth the silver axle rings,
And the shell sinks upon its slender springs;
Light from her airy seat the goddess bounds,
And steps celestial press the pansied grounds.
Fair Spring advancing calls her feathered quire,
And tunes to softer notes her laughing lyre;
Bids her gay hours on purple pinions move,
And arms her zephyrs with the shafts of love.

Destruction of Sennacherib's Army by a Pestilential Wind—From the 'Economy of Vegetation.'

From Ashur's vales when proud Sennacherib trod,
Poured his swoln heart, defied the living God,
Urged with incessant shouts his glittering powers,
And Judah shook through all her massy towers;
Round her sad altars press the prostrate crowd,
Hosts beat their breasts, and suppliant chieftains bowed;
Loud shrieks of matrons thrilled the troubled air,
And trembling virgins rent their scattered hair;
High in the midst the kneeling king adored,
Spread the blaspheming scroll before the Lord,
Raised his pale hands, and breathed his pausing sighs,
And fixed on heaven his dim imploring eyes.
'O mighty God, amidst thy seraph throng
Who sit'st sublime, the judge of right and wrong;
Thine the wide earth, bright sun, and starry zone,
That twinkling journey round thy golden throne;
Thine is the crystal source of life and light,
And thine the realms of death's eternal night.
O bend thine ear, thy gracious eye incline,
Lo! Ashur's king blasphemes thy holy shrine,
Insults our offerings, and derides our vows.
O strike the diadem from his impious brows,
Tear from his murderous hand the bloody rod,
And teach the trembling nations "Thou art God!"'
Sylphs! in what dread array with pennons broad,
Onward ye floated o'er the ethereal road;
Called each dank steam the reeking marsh exhales,
Contagious vapours and volcanic gales;

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Gave the soft south with poisonous breath to blow,
And rolled the dreadful whirlwind on the foe!
Hark! o'er the camp the venomed tempest sings.
Man falls on man, on buckler, buckler rings;
Groan answers groan, to anguish, anguish yields,
And death's loud accents shake the tented fields!
High rears the fiend his grinning jaws, and wide
Spans the pale nations with colossal stride,
Waves his broad falchion with uplifted hand,
And his vast shadow darkens all the land.

Death of Eliza at the Battle of Minden.—From the 'Loves of the Plants.'

Now stood Eliza on the wood-crowned height,
O'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight;
Sought with bold eye amid the bloody strife
Her dearer self, the partner of her life;
From hill to hill the rushing host pursued,
And viewed his banner, or believed she viewed.
Pleased with the distant roar, with quicker tread,
Fast by his hand one lisping boy she led;
And one fair girl amid the loud alarm
Slept on her kerchief, cradled by her arm;
While round her brows bright beams of Honour dart,
And Love's warm eddies circle round her heart.
Near and more near the intrepid beauty pressed,
Saw through the driving smoke his dancing crest;
Saw on his helm her virgin hands inwove,
Bright stars of gold, and mystic knots of love;
Heard the exulting shout, 'They run! they run!'
'Great God!' she cried, 'he's safe! the battle's won!'
A ball now hisses through the airy tides—
Some fury winged it, and some demon guides!—
Parts the fine locks her graceful head that deck,
Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her neck;
The red stream, issuing from her azure veins,
Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom stains.
'Ah me!' she cried, and sinking on the ground,
Kissed her dear babes, regardless of the wound;
'O cease not yet to beat, thou vital urn!
Wait, gushing life, O wait my love's return!'
Hoarse barks the wolf, the vulture screams from far!
The angel Pity shuns the walks of war!
'O spare, ye war-hounds, spare their tender age;
On me, on me,' she cried, 'exhaust your rage!'
Then with weak arms her weeping babes caressed,
And, sighing, hid them in her blood-stained vest.
From tent to tent the impatient warrior flies,
Fear in his heart and frenzy in his eyes;
Eliza's name along the camp he calls,
'Eliza' echoes through the canvas walls;
Quick through the murmuring gloom his footsteps tread,
O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the dead,
Vault o'er the plain, and in the tangled wood,
Lo! dead Eliza weltering in her blood!
Soon hears his listening son the welcome sounds,
With open arms and sparkling eye he bounds:
'Speak low,' he cries, and gives his little hand,
'Mamma's asleep upon the dew-cold sand;'
Poor weeping babe, with bloody fingers pressed,
And tried with pouting lips her milkless breast;

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'Alas! we both with cold and hunger quake—
Why do you weep?—Mamma will soon awake.'
'She'll wake no more!' the hapless mourner cried,
Upturned his eyes, and clasped his hands and sighed;
Stretched on the ground, a while entranced he lay,
And pressed warm kisses on the lifeless clay;
And then upsprung with wild convulsive start,
And all the father kindled in his heart;
'O heavens!' he cried, 'my first rash vow forgive;
These bind to earth, for these I pray to live!'
Round his chill babes he wrapped his crimson vest,
And clasped them sobbing to his aching breast."

Song to May—From the 'Loves of the Plants.'

Born in yon blaze of orient sky,
Sweet May! thy radiant form unfold;
Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,
And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.

For thee the fragrant zephyrs blow,
For thee descends the sunny shower;
The rills in softer murmurs flow,
And brighter blossoms gem the bower.

Light graces decked in flowery wreaths
And tiptoe joys their hands combine;
And Love his sweet contagion breathes,
And, laughing, dances round thy shrine.

Warm with new life, the glittering throng
On quivering fin and rustling wing,
Delighted join their votive song,
And hail thee Goddess of the spring!

Song to Echo.—From the same.

Sweet Echo! sleeps thy vocal shell,
Where this high arch o'erhangs the dell;
While Tweed, with sun-reflecting streams,
Checkers thy rocks with dancing beams.

Here may no clamours harsh intrude,
No brawling hound or clarion rude;
Here no fell beast of midnight prowl,
And teach thy tortured cliffs to howl.

Be thine to pour these vales along
Some artless shepherd's evening song;
While night's sweet bird from you high spray
Responsive listens to his lay.

And if, like me, some love-lorn maid
Should sing her sorrows to thy shade.
Oh! soothe her breast, ye rocks around,
With softest sympathy of sound.

MISS SEWARD.

ANNA SEWARD (1747–1809) was the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Seward, canon-residentiary of Lichfield, himself a poet, and one of the editors of Beaumont and Fletcher. This lady was early trained to a taste for poetry, and, before she was nine years of age, she could repeat the first three books of 'Paradise Lost.' Even at this time she says, she was charmed with the numbers of Milton. Miss Seward wrote several elegiac poems—an 'Elegy to the Memory of Captain Cook,' a 'Monody on the Death of Major André,' &c.—which, from the popular nature of the subjects, and the animated though inflated style of the composition, enjoyed great celebrity. Darwin complimented her as 'the inventress of epic elegy;' and she was known by the name of the Swan of Lichfield. A poetical novel, entitled

* Those who have the opportunity may compare this death-scene (much to the advantage of the living author) with that of Gertrude of Wyoming, which may have been suggested, very remotely and quite unconsciously, by Darwin's Eliza. Sir Walter Scott excels in painting battle-pieces, as overseen by some interested spectator. Eliza at Minden is circumstanced so nearly like Clara at Flodden, that the mighty Minstrel of the North may possibly have caught the idea of the latter from the Lichfield botanist: but oh, how has he triumphed!—*Montgomery's Lectures on Poetry*, 1833.

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'Louisa,' was published by Miss Seward in 1782, and passed through several editions. After bandying compliments with the poets of one generation, Miss Seward engaged Sir Walter Scott in a literary correspondence, and bequeathed to him for publication three volumes of her poetry, which he pronounced execrable. At the same time she left her correspondence to Constable, and that publisher gave to the world six volumes of her letters. Both collections were unsuccessful. The applauses of Miss Seward's early admirers were only calculated to excite ridicule, and the vanity and affectation which were her besetting sins, destroyed equally her poetry and prose. Some of her letters, however, are written with spirit and discrimination.

THE ROLLIAD.

A series of political satires, commencing about 1784, and written by a few men of wit and fashion, attracted much attention, and became extensively popular. They appeared first in a London newspaper, the earliest—from which the name of the collection was derived—being a satire on Colonel, afterwards Lord Rolle. The 'Rolliad'—consisting of pretended criticism on an imaginary epic poem—was followed by 'Probationary Odes for the Laureateship,' and 'Political Eclogues.' The design of the 'Probationary Odes' was probably suggested by Pope's ridicule of Cibber; and the death of Whitehead, the poet-laureate, in 1785, was seized upon by the Whig wits as affording an opportunity for satirising some of the political and literary characters of the day, conspicuous as members or supporters of the government. Pitt, Dundas, Jenkinson (Lord Liverpool), Lord Thurlow, Kenyon, Sir Cecil Wray, Dr. Prettyman (afterwards Bishop of Winchester), and others, were the objects of these humorous sallies and personal invectives; while among literary men, Thomas Warton, Sir John Hawkins, and Macpherson (the translator of 'Ossian'), were selected for attack. The contributors to this gallery of burlesque portraits and clever caricatures were: 1. DR. LAURENCE (called 'French Laurence') the friend of Burke, who was the chief editor or director of the satires: he died in 1809. 2. GENERAL RICHARD FITZPATRICK (1747–1813), a brother of the last Earl of Upper Ossory, who was long in parliament, and held successively the offices of Secretary-at-war and Irish Secretary. Fitzpatrick was the intimate friend of Charles James Fox—a fact recorded on his tomb—and his quatrain on that eminent statesman may be quoted as remarkable for condensed and happy expression:

> A patriot's even course he steered,
> 'Mid faction's wildest storms unmoved;
> By all who marked his mind revered,
> By all who knew his heart beloved.

3. RICHARD TICKELL, the grandson of Addison's friend, and the brother-in-law of Sheridan, besides his contributions to the 'Rolliad,' was author of 'The Wreath of Fashion' and other poetical pieces,

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and of a lively political pamphlet entitled 'Anticipation,' 1778. Tickell was a commissioner of stamps; he was a great favourite in society: yet in a moment of despondency he threw himself from a window in Hampton Court Palace, November 4, 1793, and was killed on the spot. 4. JOSEPH RICHARDSON (1758–1803) was author of a comedy, called 'The Fugitive,' and was partner with Sheridan in Drury Lane Theatre. Among the other contributors to the 'Rolliad' were LORD JOHN TOWNSEND (1757–1833); Mr. GEORGE ELLIS, the poetical antiquary and friend of Scott; SIR R. ADAIR; and GENERAL BURGOYNE, author of some dramatic pieces. All these were gay, fashionable, and somewhat hard-living men, whose political satire and malice, as Moore has remarked, 'from the fancy with which it is mixed up, like certain kinds of fireworks, explodes in sparkles.' Some of their sallies, however, are coarsely personal, and often irreverent in style and allusion. The topics of their satire are now in a great measure forgotten—superseded by other party-men and party-measures; and the very qualities which gave it immediate and splendid success, have sunk it sooner in oblivion.

Character of Mr. Pitt.

Pert without fire, without experience sage,
Young, with more art than Shelburne gleaned from age,
Too proud from pilfered greatness to descend,
Too humble not to call Dundas his friend,
In solemn dignity and sullen state,
This new Octavius rises to debate!
Mild and more mild he sees each placid row
Of country gentlemen with rapture glow;
He sees, convulsed with sympathetic throbs,
Apprentice peers and deputy nabobs.
No rum-contractors think his speech too long,
While words, like treacle, trickle from his tongue.
O soul congenial to the souls of Rolles!—
Whether you tax the luxury of coals,
Or vote some necessary millions more
To feed an Indian friend's exhausted store.
Fain would I praise—if I like thee could praise—
Thy matchless virtue in congenial lays.
Crit. on the Rolliad. No. 2.

WILLIAM GIFFORD.

WILLIAM GIFFORD, a poet, translator, and critic, afforded a remarkable example of successful application to science and literature under the most unfavourable circumstances. He was born at Ashburton, in Devonshire, in April 1756. His father had been a painter and glazier, but both the parents of the poet died when he was young; and after some little education, he was, at the age of thirteen, placed on board a coasting-vessel by his godfather, a man who was supposed to have benefited himself at the expense of Gifford's parents. 'It will be easily conceived,' he says, 'that my life was a life of hardship. I was not only "a ship-boy on the high and giddy mast," but also in the cabin, where every menial office fell to my lot;

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yet if I was restless and discontented, I can safely say it was not so much on account of this, as of my being precluded from all possibility of reading: as my master did not possess, nor do I recollect seeing, during the whole time of my abode with him, a single book of any description, except the "Coasting Pilot." Whilst thus pursuing his life of a cabin-boy, Gifford was often seen by the fish-women of his native town running about the beach in a ragged jacket and trousers. They mentioned this to the people of Ashburton, and never without commiserating his change of condition. This tale often repeated, awakened at length the pity of the auditors, and as the next step, their resentment against the man who had reduced him to such a state of wretchedness. His godfather was on this account induced to recall him from the sea, and put him again to school. He made rapid progress, and even hoped to succeed his old and infirm schoolmaster. In his fifteenth year, however, his godfather, conceiving that he had got learning enough, and that his own duty towards him was fairly discharged, put him apprentice to a shoemaker. Gifford hated his new profession with a perfect hatred. At this time he possessed but one book in the world, and that was a treatise on algebra, of which he had no knowledge; but meeting with Fenning's 'Introduction,' he mastered both works. 'This was not done,' he states, 'without difficulty. I had not a farthing an earth, nor a friend to give me one: pen, ink, and paper, therefore,—in despite of the flippant remark of Lord Orford—were, for the most part, as completely out of my reach as a crown and sceptre. There was indeed a resource, but the utmost caution and secrecy were necessary in applying it. I beat out pieces of leather as smooth as possible, and wrought my problems on them with a blunted awl: for the rest, my memory was tenacious, and I could multiply and divide by it to a great extent.'

He next tried poetry, and some of his 'lamentable doggerel' falling into the hands of Mr. Cookesley, a benevolent surgeon of Ashburton, that gentleman set about a subscription for purchasing the remainder of the time of his apprenticeship, and enabling him to procure a better education. The scheme was successful; and in little more than two years, Gifford had made such extraordinary application, that he was pronounced fit for the university. The place of Biblical Lecturer was procured for him at Exeter College, and this, with such occasional assistance from the country as Mr. Cookesley undertook to provide, was thought sufficient to enable him to live, at least till he had taken a degree. An accidental circumstance led to Gifford's advancement. He had been accustomed to correspond on literary subjects with a person in London, his letters being inclosed in covers, and sent, to save postage, to Lord Grosvenor. One day he inadvertently omitted the direction, and his lordship, necessarily supposing the letter to be meant for himself, opened and read it. He was struck with the contents; and after seeing the writer, and hear-

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ing him relate the circumstances of his life, undertook the charge of his present support and future establishment; and, till this last could be effected to his wish, invited him to come and reside with him.

'These,' says the grateful scholar, 'were not words of course: they were more than fulfilled in every point. I did go and reside with him, and I experienced a warm and cordial reception, and a kind and affectionate esteem, that has known neither diminution nor interruption from that hour to this, a period of twenty years.' Part of this time, it may be remarked, was spent in attending the earl's eldest son, Lord Belgrave, on a tour of Europe, which must have tended greatly to inform and expand the mind of the scholar. Gifford appeared as an author in 1794. His first production was a satirical poem entitled 'The Baviad,' which was directed against a class of sentimental poetasters of that day, usually passing under the collective appellation of the Della Cruscan School—Mrs. Piozzi, Mrs. Robinson, Mr. Greathead, Mr. Merry, Weston, Parsons, &c.—conspicuous for their affectation and bad taste, and their high-flown compliments on one another. 'There was a specious brilliancy in these exotics,' he remarks, 'which dazzled the native grubs, who had scarce ever ventured beyond a sheep, and a crook, and a rose-tree grove; with an ostentatious display of "blue hills," and "crashing torrents," and "petrifying suns."' Gifford's vigorous exposure completely demolished this set of rhymesters, who were probably the spawn of Darwin and Lichfield. Anna Matilda, Laura Maria, Edwin, Orlandi, &c. sunk into instant and irretrievable contempt; and the worst of the number—a man Williams, who assumed the name of Pasquin for his 'ribald strains'—was nonsuited in an action against Gifford's publisher. The satire was universally read and admired. In the present day, it seems unnecessarily merciless and severe, yet lines like the following still possess interest. The allusion to Pope is peculiarly appropriate and beautiful:

Degeneracy of Modern Literature.

Oh for the good old times! when all was new,
And every hour brought prodigies to view,
Our sires in unaffected language told
Of streams of amber and of rocks of gold:
Full of their theme, they spurned all idle art,
And the plain tale was trusted to the heart.
Now all is changed! We fume and fret, poor elves,
Less to display our subject than ourselves:
Whate'er we paint—a grot, a flower, a bird,
Heavens, how we sweat! laboriously absurd!
Words of gigantic bulk and uncouth sound,
In rattling triads the long sentence bound;
While points with points, with periods periods jar,
And the whole work seems one continued war!
Is not this sad?

F.—'Tis pitiful, Heaven knows;
'Tis wondrous pitiful. E'en take the prose:
But for the poetry—oh, that, my friend,
I still aspire—nay, smile not—to defend.

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You praise our sires, but, though they wrote with force,
Their rhymes were vicious, and their diction coarse;
We want their strength; agreed; but we atone,
For that, and more, by sweetness all our own.
For instance—'Hasten to the lawny vale,
Where yellow morning breathes her saffron gale
And bathes the landscape'—
P.—Pshaw; I have it here,
'A voice seraphic grasps my listening ear:
Wondering I gaze; when lo! methought afar,
More bright than dauntless day's imperial star,
A godlike form advances.'
F.—You suppose
These lines perhaps too turgid; what of those?
'The mighty mother'—
P.—Now, 'tis plain you sneer,
For Weston's self could find no semblance here:
Weston! who slunk from truth's imperious light,
Swells like a filthy toad with secret spite,
And, envying the fame he cannot hope,
Spits his black venom at the dust of Pope.
Reptile accursed!—O 'memorable long,
If there be force in virtue or in song,'
O injured bard! accept the grateful strain,
Which I, the humblest of the tuneful train,
With glowing heart, yet trembling hand, repay,
For many a pensive, many a sprightly lay!
So may thy varied verse, from age to age,
Inform the simple, and delight the sage.

The contributions of Mrs. Piozzi to this fantastic garland of exotic verse are characterized in one felicitous couplet:

See Thrall's gay widow with a satchel roam,
And bring, in pomp, her laboured nothings home!

The tasteless bibliomaniac is also finely sketched:

Others like Kemble, on black-letter pore,
And what they do not understand, adore;
Buy at vast sums the trash of ancient days,
And draw on prodigality for praise.
These, when some lucky hit, or lucky price,
Has blessed them with *The Boke of Gode Advice*,
For *ekes* and *algates* only deign to seek
And live upon a *whilome* for a week.

The 'Baviad' was a paraphrase of the first satire of Persius. In the year following, encouraged by its success, Gifford produced the 'Maviad,' an imitation of Horace, levelled at the corrupters of dramatic poetry. Here also the Della Cruscan authors—who attempted dramas as well as odes and elegies—are gibbeted in satiric verse: but Gifford was more critical than just in including O'Keefe, the amusing farce-writer, among the objects of his condemnation. The plays of Kotzebue and Schiller, then first translated and much in vogue, he also characterises as 'heavy, lumbering, monotonous stupidity,' a sentence too unqualified and severe.

Gifford tried a third satire, an 'Epistle to Peter Pindar' (Dr. Wolcot), which, being founded on personal animosity, is more remark-

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able for its passionate vehemence and abuse than for its felicity or correctness. Wolcot replied with 'A Cut at a Cobbler,' equally unworthy of his fame. These satirical labours of our author pointed him out as a fit person to edit the 'Anti-Jacobin,' a weekly paper set up by Canning and others for the purpose of ridiculing and exposing the political agitators of the times. It was established in November 1797, and continued only till the July following. The connection thus formed with politicians and men of rank was afterwards serviceable to Gifford. He obtained the situation of paymaster of the gentlemen-pensioners, and was made a commissioner of the lottery, the emoluments of the two offices being about £900 per annum. In 1802, he published a translation of Juvenal, to which was prefixed his sketch of his own life, one of the most interesting and unaffected of autobiographies. This translation of Juvenal was attacked in the 'Critical Review,' and Gifford replied in a pamphlet, 'An Examination of the Strictures,' &c. which contains one remarkable passage:

A Reviewer Compared to a Toad.

During my apprenticeship, I enjoyed perhaps as many places as Scrub;* though I suspect they were not altogether so dignified: the chief of them was that of a planter of cabbages in a bit of ground which my master held near the town. It was the decided opinion of Panurge that the life of a cabbage-planter was the safest and pleasantest in the world. I found it safe enough, I confess, but not altogether pleasant; and therefore took every opportunity of attending to what I liked better, which happened to be, watching the actions of insects and reptiles, and, among the rest, of a huge toad. I never loved toads, but I never molested them; for my mother had early bid me remember that every living thing had the same Maker as myself; and the words always rang in my ears. The toad, then, who had taken up his residence under a hollow stone in a hedge of blind nettles, I used to watch for hours together. It was a lazy, lumpish animal, that squatted on its belly, and perked up its hideous head with two glazed eyes, precisely like a Critical Reviewer. In this posture, perfectly satisfied with itself, it would remain as if it were a part of the stone, till the cheerful buzzing of some winged insect provoked it to give signs of life. The dead glare of its eye then brightened into a vivid lustre, and it awkwardly shuffled to the entrance of its cell, and opened its detestable mouth to snap the passing fly or honeybee. Since I have marked the manners of the Critical Reviewers, these passages of my youth have often occurred to me.

Never was a toad more picturesquely treated! Besides his version of Juvenal, Gifford, translated Persius, and edited the plays of Massinger, Ford, and Shirley, and the works of Ben Jonson. In 1808, when Sir Walter Scot and others resolved on starting a Review, in opposition to the celebrated one established in Edinburgh, Mr. Gifford was selected as editor. In his hands, the 'Quarterly Review' became a powerful political and literary journal, to which leading

* Farquhar's *Beaux' Stratagem*, Act III.:
SCRUB. What d' ye think is my place in this family?
ARCHER. Butler, I suppose.
SCRUB. Ah, Lord help you! I 'll tell you. Of a Monday I drive the coach, of a Tuesday I drive the plough, on Wednesday I follow the hounds, on Thursday I dun the tenants, on Friday I go to market, on Saturday I draw warrants, and on Sunday I draw beer.

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statesmen and authors equally contributed. He continued to discharge his duties as editor until within two years of his death, which took place on the 31st of December 1826. Gifford claimed for himself

> A soul
> That spurned the crowd's malign control—
> A fixed contempt of wrong.

He was high-spirited, courageous and sincere. In most of his writings, however, there was a strong tinge of personal ascerbity, and even virulence. He was a good hater, and as he was opposed to all political visionaries and reformers, he had seldom time to cool. His literary criticism, also, where no such prejudices could interfere, was frequently disfigured by the same severity of style or temper; and whoever, dead or living, had ventured to say aught against Ben Jonson, or write what he deemed wrong comments on his favourite dramatists, were assailed with a vehemence that was ludicrously disproportioned to the offence.

His attacks on Hazlitt, Lamb, Hunt, and others, in the 'Quarterly Review,' have no pretensions to fair or candid criticism. His object was to crush such authors as were opposed to the government of the day, or who departed from his canons of literary propriety and good taste. Even the best of his criticisms, though acute and spirited, want candour and comprehensiveness of design. As a politician, he looked with distrust and suspicion on the growing importance of America, and kept alive among the English aristocracy a feeling of dislike or hostility towards that country, which was as unwise as it was ungenerous. His best service to literature was his edition of Ben Jonson, in which he successfully vindicated that great English classic from the unjust aspersions of his countrymen. His satirical poetry is pungent, and often happy in expression, but without rising into moral grandeur or pathos. His small but sinewy intellect, as some one has said, was well employed in bruising the butterflies of the Della Cruscan Muse. Some of his short copies of verses possess a quiet, plaintive melancholy and tenderness; but his fame must rest on his influence and talents as a critic and annotator, or more properly, on the story of his life and early struggles—honourable to himself, and ultimately to his country—which will be read and remembered when his other writings are forgotten.

The Grave of Anna.

I wish I was where Anna lies,
For I am sick of lingering here:
And every hour affection cries,
Go and partake her humble bier.

I wish I could! For when she died,
I lost my all; and life has proved
Since that sad hour a dreary void;
A waste unlovely and unloved.

But who, when I am turned to clay,
Shall duly to her grave repair,
And pluck the ragged moss away, [there?
And weeds that have 'no business

And who with pious hand shall bring
The flowers she cherished, snow-drops
And violets that unheeded spring, [cold,
To scatter o'er her hallowed mould?

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And who, while memory loves to dwell
Upon her name for ever dear,
Shall feel his heart with passion swell,
And pour the bitter, bitter tear?

I did it; and would fate allow,
Should visit still, should still deplore—
But health and strength have left me now,
And I, alas! can weep no more.

Take then, sweet maid! this simple strain,
The last I offer at thy shrine;
Thy grave must then undecked remain,
And all thy memory fade with mine.

And can thy soft persuasive look,
Thy voice that might with music vie,
Thy air that every gazer took,
Thy matchless eloquence of eye;

Thy spirits frolicsome as good,
Thy courage by no ills dismayed,
Thy patience by no wrongs subdued,
Thy gay good-humour, can they fade?

Perhaps—but sorrow dims my eye;
Cold turf which I no more must view,
Dear name which I no more must sigh,
A long, a last, a sad adieu!

The above affecting elegiac stanzas were written by Gifford on a faithful attendant who died in his service. He erected a tombstone to her memory in the burying-ground of Grosvenor Chapel, South Audley Street, with the following inscription and epitaph:

Here lies the body of Ann Davies, (for more than twenty years) servant to William Gifford. She died February 6th, 1815, in the forty-third year of her age, of a tedious and painful malady, which she bore with exemplary patience and resignation. Her deeply afflicted master erected this stone to her memory, as a painful testimony of her uncommon worth and of his perpetual gratitude, respect, and affection for her long and meritorious services:

Though here unknown, dear Ann, thy ashes rest,
Still lives thy memory in one grateful breast,
That traced thy course through many a painful year,
And marked thy humble hope, thy pious fear.
Oh! when this frame, which yet, while life remained,
Thy duteous love, with trembling hand sustained,
Dissolves—as soon it must—may that blest Power
Who beamed on thine, illume my parting hour!
So shall I greet thee where no ills annoy,
And what is sown in grief is reaped in joy:
Where worth, obscured below, bursts into day,
And those are paid whom earth could never pay.

Greenwich Hill.

FIRST OF MAY.

Though clouds obscured the morning hour,
And keen and eager blew the blast,
And drizzling fell the cheerless shower,
As, doubtful, to the skiff we passed:

All soon, propitious to our prayer,
Gave promise of a brighter day;
The clouds dispersed in purer air,
The blasts in zephyrs died away.

So have we, love, a day enjoyed,
On which we both—and yet, who knows!—
May dwell with pleasure unalloyed,
And dread no thorn beneath the rose.

How pleasant, from that dome-crowned hill,
To view the varied scene below,
Woods, ships, and spires, and, lovelier still,
The circling Thames' majestic flow!

How sweet, as indolently laid,
We overhung that long-drawn dale,
To watch the checkered light and shade
That glanced upon the shifting sail!

And when the shadow's rapid growth
Proclaimed the noontide hour expired,
And, though unwearied, 'nothing loath,'
We to our simple meal retired;

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The sportive wile, the blameless jest,
The careless mind's spontaneous flow,
Gave to that simple meal a zest
Which richer tables may not know.

The babe that on the mother's breast
Has toyed and wantoned for a while,
And sinking in unconscious rest,
Looks up to catch a parting smile;

Feels less assured than thou, dear maid,
When, ere thy ruby lips could part—
As close to mine thy cheek was laid—
Thine eyes had opened all thy heart.

Then, then I marked the chastened joy
That lightly o'er thy features stole,
From vows repaid—my sweet employ—
From truth, from innocence of soul:

While every word dropt on my ear
So soft—and yet it seemed to thrill—
So sweet that 'twas a heaven to hear,
And e'en thy pause had music still.

And oh! how like a fairy dream
To gaze in silence on the tide,
While soft and warm the sunny gleam
Slept on the glassy surface wide!

And many a thought of fancy bred,
Wild, soothing, tender, undefined,
Played lightly round the heart, and shed
Delicious languor o'er the mind.

So hours like moments winged their flight,
Till now the boatman on the shore,
Impatient of the waning light,
Recalled us by the dashing oar.

Well, Anna, many days like this
I cannot, must not hope to share;
For I have found an hour of bliss
Still followed by an age of care.

Yet oft when memory intervenes—
But you, dear maid, be happy still,
Nor e'er regret, midst fairer scenes,
The day we passed on Greenwich Hill.

THE ANTI-JACOBIN POETRY.

We have alluded to the 'Anti-Jacobin' weekly paper, of which Mr. Gifford was editor. In this publication, various copies of verses were inserted, chiefly of a satirical nature. The poetry, like the prose, of the 'Anti-Jacobin' was designed to ridicule and discountenance the doctrines of the French Revolution; and as party-spirit ran high, those effusions were marked occasionally by fierce personality and declamatory violence. Others, however, written in travesty, or contempt of the bad taste and affectation of some of the works of the day, contained well-directed and witty satire, aimed by no common hand, and pointed with irresistible keenness. Among those who mixed in this loyal warfare was Mr. J. H. FRERE (noticed in a subsequent section), and GEORGE CANNING (1770–1827), whose fame as an orator and statesman fills so large a space in the modern history of Britain. Canning was then young and ardent, full of hope and ambition. Without family distinction or influence, he relied on his talents for future advancement; and from interest, no less than feeling and principle, he exerted them in support of the existing administration. Previous to this, he had distinguished himself at Eton School for his classical acquirements and literary talents. To a periodical work, the 'Microcosm,' he contributed several clever essays. Entering parliament in 1793, he was, in 1796, appointed under-secretary of state, and it was at the close of the following year that the 'Anti-Jacobin' was commenced, Gifford being editor. The contributions of Mr. Canning consist of parodies on Southey and Darwin, the greater part of 'The Rovers'—a burlesque on the sentimental German drama—and 'New Morality,' a spirited and caustic

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satire, directed against French principles, and their supporters in England. In this poem of 'New Morality' occur four lines often quoted:

> Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe;
> Bold I can meet—perhaps may turn his blow;
> But of all plagues, good heaven, thy wrath can send,
> Save, save, oh! save me from the candid friend!

As party effusions, these pieces were highly popular and effective; and that they are still read with pleasure on account of their wit and humour, and also perhaps on account of their slashing and ferocious style, is instanced by the fact, that the 'Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin,' collected and published in a separate form, has attained to a sixth edition. The genius of Canning found afterwards a more appropriate field in parliament. 'As a statesman, 'just alike to freedom and the throne,' though somewhat prone to intrigue, and as an orator, eloquent, witty, and of consummate taste, his reputation is established. He had, however, a strong bias in favour of elegant literature, and would have become no mean poet and author, had he not embarked so early on public life, and been so incessantly occupied with its cares and duties. From a speech delivered at Plymouth in 1823, we extract a short passage containing a fine simile:

Ships of the Line in Port.

The resources created by peace are means of war. In cherishing those resources, we but accumulate those means. Our present repose is no more a proof of inability to act, than the state of inertness and inactivity in which I have seen those mighty masses that float in the waters above your town, is a proof they are devoid of strength and incapable of being fitted out for action. You well know, gentlemen, how soon one of those stupendous masses, now reposing on their shadows in perfect stillness—how soon upon any call of patriotism, or of necessity, it would assume the likeness of an animated thing, instinct with life and motion—how soon it would ruffle, as it were, its swelling plumage—how quickly it would put forth all its beauty and its bravery, collect its scattered elements of strength, and awaken its dormant thunder. Such as is one of these magnificent machines when springing from inaction into a display of its might—Such is England herself: while apparently passive and motionless, she silently concentrates the power to be put forth on an adequate occasion. But God forbid that that occasion should arise. After a war sustained for nearly a quarter of a century—sometimes single-handed, and with all Europe arranged at times against her or at her side, England needs a period of tranquillity, and may enjoy it without fear of misconstruction.

The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-grinder.

In this piece, Canning ridicules the youthful Jacobin effusions of Southey, in which, he says, it was sedulously inculcated that there was a natural and eternal warfare between the poor and the rich. The Sapphic rhymes of Southey afforded a tempting subject for ludicrous parody, and Canning quotes the following stanza, lest he should be suspected of painting from fancy, and not from life:

> 'Cold was the night-wind: drifting fast the snows fell;
> Wide were the downs, and shelterless and naked;
> When a poor wanderer struggled on her journey,
> Weary and way-sore.'

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FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

Needy Knife-grinder! whither are you going?
Rough is your road, your wheel is out of order;
Bleak blows the blast—your hat has got a hole in 't,
So have your breeches!

Weary Knife-grinder! little think the proud ones,
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike-
Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day, 'Knives and
Scissors to grind O!'

Tell me, Knife-grinder, how came you to grind knives?
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
Was it the squire, or parson of the parish,
Or the attorney?

Was it the squire, for killing of his game? or
Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining?
Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little
All in a lawsuit?

(Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom Paine?)
Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story.

KNIFE-GRINDER.

Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir;
Only last night a-drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

Constables came up for to take me into
Custody; they took me before the justice;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish-
Stocks for a vagrant.

I should be glad to drink your honour's health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;
But for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, sir.

FRIEND OF HUMANITY.

I give thee sixpence! I will see thee d——d first—
Wretch, whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance—
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast!

[Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and exit in a transport of republican enthusiasm and universal philanthropy.]

Song by Rogero in 'The Rovers.'

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view
This dungeon that I'm rotting in,
I think of those companions true
Who studied with me at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

[Weeps and pulls out a blue kerchief, with which he wipes his eyes; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds.]

Sweet kerchief, checked with heavenly blue,
Which once my love sat knotting in—

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Alas, Matilda *then* was true!
At least I thought so at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

[*At the repetition of this line, Rogero clanks his chains in cadence.*]

Barbs! barbs! alas! how swift you flew
Her neat post-wagon trotting in!
Ye bore Matilda from my view;
Forlorn I languished at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form! this pallid hue!
This blood my veins is clotting in,
My years are many—they were few
When first I entered at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion grew.
Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen!
Thou wast the daughter of my Tu-
tor, law professor at the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen,

Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu,
That kings and priests are plotting in:
Here doomed to starve on water gru-
el, never shall I see the U-
niversity of Gottingen,
niversity of Gottingen.*

[*During the last stanza, Rogero dashes his head repeatedly against the walls of his prison, finally so hard as to produce a visible contusion. He then throws himself on the floor in an agony. The curtain drops, the music still continuing to play till it is wholly fallen.*]

The following epitaph on his son who died in 1820, shews that Canning could write in a tender and elegiac as well as satirical strain.

Mr. Canning's Epitaph on his Son.

Though short thy span, God's unimpeached decrees,
Which made that shortened span one long disease,
Yet, merciful in chastening, gave thee scope
For mild redeeming virtues, faith and hope,
Meek resignation, pious charity;
And, since this world was not the world for thee,
Far from thy path removed, with partial care,
Strife, glory, gain, and pleasure's flowery snare;
Bade earth's temptations pass thee harmless by,
And fixed on Heaven thine unreverted eye!
Oh! marked from birth, and nurtured for the skies!
In youth, with more than learning's wisdom wise!
As sainted martyrs, patient to endure!
Simple as unweaned infancy, and pure!

* It is stated by Mr. C. Edmonds, editor of *Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin* (1854), that the above song 'having been accidentally seen, previous to its publication, by Mr. Pitt, he was so amused with it that he took a pen, and composed the last stanza on the spot.'

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Pure from all stain—save that of human clay,
Which Christ's atoning blood hath washed away!
By mortal sufferings now no more oppressed,
Mount, sinless spirit, to thy destined rest!
While I—reversed our nature's kindlier doom—
Pour forth a father's sorrows on thy tomb.

A satirical poem, which attracted much attention in literary circles at the time of its publication, was the 'Pursuits of Literature,' in four parts, the first of which appeared in 1794. Though published anonymously, this work was written by Mr. THOMAS JAMES MATHIAS, a distinguished scholar, who died at Naples in 1835. Mr. Mathias was sometime treasurer of the household to her majesty Queen Charlotte. He took his degree of B.A. in Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1774. Besides the 'Pursuits of Literature,' Mr. Mathias was author of some 'Runic Odes, imitated from the Norse Tongue;' 'The imperial Epistle from Kien Long to George III.' (1794), 'The Shade of Alexander Pope,' a satirical poem (1798); and various other light evanescent pieces on the topics of the day. Mr. Mathias also wrote some Latin odes, and translated into Italian several English poems. He wrote Italian with elegance and purity, and it has been said that no Englishman, since the days of Milton, has cultivated that language with so much success. The 'Pursuits of Literature' contains some pointed satire on the author's poetical contemporaries, and is enriched with a vast variety of notes, in which there is a great display of learning. George Steevens said the poem was merely 'a peg to hang the notes on.' The want of true poetical genius to vivify this mass of erudition has been fatal to Mr. Mathias. His works appear to be utterly forgotten.

DR. JOHN WOLCOT.

DR. JOHN WOLCOT (1738–1819) was a coarse but lively satirist, who, under the name of 'Peter Pindar,' published a variety of effusions on the topics and public men of his times, which were eagerly read and widely circulated. Many of them were in ridicule of the reigning sovereign, George III., who was a good subject for the poet; though the latter, as he himself acknowledged, was a bad subject to the king. Wolcot was born at Dodbrooke, a village in Devonshire, in the year 1738. His uncle, a respectable surgeon and apothecary at Fowey, took the charge of his education, intending that he should become his own assistant and successor in business. Wolcot was instructed in medicine, and 'walked the hospitals' in London, after which he proceeded to Jamaica with Sir William Trelawney, governor of that island, who had engaged him as his medical attendant. The social habits of the doctor rendered him a favourite in Jamaica; but his time being only partly employed by his professional avocations, he solicited and obtained from his patron the gift of a living in the church, which happened to be then vacant. The bishop of Lon-

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don ordained the graceless neophyte, and Wolcot entered upon his sacred duties. His congregation consisted mostly of negroes, and Sunday being their principal holiday and market, the attendance at the church was very limited. Sometimes not a single person came, and Wolcot and his clerk—the latter being an excellent shot—used at such times, after waiting for ten minutes, to proceed to the sea-side, to enjoy the sport of shooting ring-tail pigeons !

The death of Sir William Trelawney cut off all further hopes of preferment, and every inducement to a longer residence in the island. Bidding adieu to Jamaica and the church, Wolcot accompanied Lady Trelawney to England, and established himself as a physician at Truro, in Cornwall. He inherited about £2000 by the death of his uncle. While resident at Truro, Wolcot discovered the talents of Opie—

The Cornish boy in tin-mines bred—

whose genius as an artist afterwards became so distinguished. He also materially assisted to form his taste and procure him patronage ; and when Opie's name was well established, the poet and his protégé, forsaking the country, repaired to London, as affording a wider field for the exertions of both. Wolcot had already acquired some distinction by his satirical efforts; and he now poured forth a series of odes and epistles, commencing with the Royal Academicians, whom he ridiculed with great success and some justice. In 1785 he produced no less than twenty-three odes. In 1786 he published 'The Lousiad,' a 'Heroi-comic Poem,' in five cantos, which had its foundation in the fact, that an obnoxious insect—either of the garden or the body—had been discovered on the king's plate among some green peas, which produced a solemn decree that all the servants in the royal kitchen were to have their heads shaved. In the hands of an unscrupulous satirist like Wolcot, this ridiculous incident was an admirable theme. The publication of Boswell's 'Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides' afforded another tempting opportunity, and he indited a humorous poetical epistle to the biographer, commencing:

O Boswell, Bozzy, Bruce, whate'er thy name,
Thou mighty shark for anecdote and fame ;
Thou jackal, leading lion Johnson forth
To eat Macpherson 'midst his native north ;
To frighten grave professors with his roar,
And shake the Hebrides from shore to shore,
All hail ! . . . .
Triumphant thou through Time's vast gulf shalt sail,
The pilot of our literary whale ;
Close to the classic Rambler shalt thou cling,
Close as a supple courtier to a king ;
Fate shall not shake thee off with all its power ;
Stuck like a bat to some old ivied tower.
Nay, though thy Johnson ne'er had blessed thine eyes,
Paoli's deeds had raised thee to the skies :
Yes, his broad wing had raised thee—no bad hack—
A tomtit twittering on an eagle's back.

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In addition to this effusion, Wolcot levelled another attack on Boswell, entitled 'Bozzy and Piozzi, or the British Biographers.' The personal habits of the king were ridiculed in 'Peeps at St. James's,' 'Royal Visits,' 'Lyric Odes,' &c. Sir Joseph Banks was another subject of his satire:

> A president, in butterflies profound,
> Of whom all insect-mongers sing the praises,
> Went on a day to hunt this game renowned,
> On violets, dunghills, nettle-tops, and daisies, &c.

He had also 'Instructions to a Celebrated Laureat;' 'Peter's Pension;' 'Peter's Prophecy;' 'Epistle to a Fallen Minister;' 'Epistle to James Bruce, Esq., the Abyssian Traveller;' 'Odes to Mr. Paine;' 'Odes to Kien Long, Emperor of China;' 'Ode to the Livery of London,' and *brochures* of a kindred description on most of the celebrated events of the day. From 1778 to 1808, above sixty of these poetical pamphlets were issued by Wolcot. So formidable was he considered, that the ministry, as he alleged, endeavoured to bribe him to silence. He also boasted that his writings had been translated into six different languages. In 1795, he obtained from his booksellers an annuity of £250, payable half-yearly, for the copyright of his works. This handsome allowance he enjoyed, to the heavy loss of the other parties, for upwards of twenty years. Neither old age nor blindness could repress his witty vituperative attacks. He had recourse to an amanuensis, in whose absence, however, he continued to write himself, till within a short period of his death. 'His method was to tear a sheet of paper into quarters, on each of which he wrote a stanza of four or six lines, according to the nature of the poem: the paper he placed on a book held in the left hand, and in this manner not only wrote legibly, but with great ease and celerity.'

In 1796, his poetical effusions were collected and published in four volumes 8vo, and subsequent editions have been issued; but most of the poems have sunk into oblivion. Few satirists can reckon on permanent popularity, and the poems of Wolcot were in their nature of an ephemeral description; while the recklessness of his censure and ridicule, and the want of decency, of principle, and moral feeling, that characterises nearly the whole, precipitated their downfall. He died at his house in Somers' Town on the 14th January, 1819, and was buried in a vault in the churchyard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, close to the grave of Butler. Wolcot was equal to Churchill as a satirist, as ready and versatile in his powers, and possessed of a quick sense of the ludicrous, as well as a rich vein of fancy and humour. Some of his songs and serious effusions are tender and pleasing; but he could not write long without sliding into the ludicrous and burlesque. His critical acuteness is evinced in his 'Odes to the Royal Academicians,' and in various passages scattered throughout his works; while his ease and felicity, both of expression and illus-

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tration, are remarkable. In the following terse and lively lines, we have a good caricature sketch of Dr. Johnson's style:

I own I like not Johnson's turgid style,
That gives an inch the importance of a mile,
Casts of manure a wagon-load around,
To raise a simple daisy from the ground;
Uplifts the club of Hercules—for what?
To crush a butterfly or brain a gnat?
Creates a whirlwind from the earth, to draw
A goose's feather or exalt a straw;
Sets wheels on wheels in motion—such a clatter—
To force up one poor nipperkin of water;
Bids ocean labour with tremendous roar,
To heave a cockle-shell upon the shore;
Alike in every theme his pompous art,
Heaven's awful thunder or a rumbling cart!

The Pilgrims and the Peas.

A brace of sinners, for no good,
Were ordered to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
Who at Loretto dwelt in wax, stone, wood,
And in a curled white wig looked wondrous fine.

Fifty long miles had these sad rogues to travel,
With something in their shoes much worse than gravel;
In short, their toes so gentle to amuse,
The priest had ordered peas into their shoes.

A nostrum famous in old popish times
For purifying souls that stunk with crimes,
A sort of apostolic salt,
That popish parsons for its powers exalt,
For keeping souls of sinners sweet,
Just as our kitchen salt keeps meat.

The knaves set off on the same day,
Peas in their shoes, to go and pray;
But very different was their speed, I wot:
One of the sinners galloped on,
Light as a bullet from a gun;
The other limped as if he had been shot.
One saw the virgin, soon *peccavi* cried;
Had his soul whitewashed all so clever,
When home again he nimbly hied,
Made fit with saints above to live forever.

In coming back, however, let me say,
He met his brother rogue about half-way,
Hobbling with outstretched hams and bending knees,
Cursing the souls and bodies of the peas;
His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brow in sweat,
Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet.

'How now!' the light-toed whitewashed pilgrim broke,
'You lazy lubber!'
'Confound it!' cried the t' other, ''tis no joke;
My feet, once hard as any rock,
Are now as soft as blubber.

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'Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear:
As for Loretto, I shall not get there;
No! to the Devil my sinful soul must go,
For hang me if I ha'n't lost every toe!'

'But brother sinner, do explain
How 'tis that you are not in pain—
What power hath worked a wonder for your toes—
Whilst I, just like a snail, am crawling.
Now swearing, now on saints devoutly bawling,
Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes?'

'How is 't that you can like a greyhound go,
Merry as if nought had happened, burn ye?'
'Why,' cried the other, grinning, 'you must know
That just before I ventured on my journey,
To walk a little more at ease,
I took the liberty to boil my peas.'

The Apple Dumplings and a King.

Once on a time, a monarch, tired with whooping,
Whipping and spurring,
Happy in worrying
A poor defenceless harmless buck—
The horse and rider wet as muck—
From his high consequence and wisdom stooping,
Entered through curiosity a cot,
Where sat a poor old woman and her pot.

The wrinkled, blear-eyed good old granny,
In this same cot, illumed by many a cranny,
Had finished apple dumplings for her pot:
In tempting row the naked dumplings lay,
When lo! the monarch, in his usual way,
Like lightning spoke: 'What's this? what's this? what's this?'

Then taking up a dumpling in his hand,
His eyes with admiration did expand;
And oft did majesty the dumpling grapple: he cried
''Tis monstrous, monstrous hard, indeed!
What makes it, pray, so hard?' The dame replied,
Low curtseying: 'Please your majesty, the apple.'

'Very astonishing indeed! strange thing!'—
Turning the dumpling round—rejoined the king
''Tis most extraordinary, then, all this is—
It beats Pinette's conjuring all to pieces:
Strange I should never of a dumpling dream!
But, goody, tell me where, where, where's the seam?'

'Sir, there's no seam,' quoth she; 'I never knew
That folks did apple dumplings *sew*;'
'No!' cried the staring monarch with a grin;
'How, how the devil got the apple in?'

On which the dame the curious scheme revealed
By which the apple lay so sly concealed.
Which made the Solomon of Britain start;
Who to the palace with full speed repaired,
And queen and princesses so beauteous scared
All with the wonders of the dumpling art.

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There did he labour one whole week to shew
The wisdom of an apple-dumpling maker;
And, lo! so deep was majesty in dough,
The palace seemed the lodging of a baker!

Whitbread's Brewery visited by their Majesties.

Full of the art of brewing beer,
The monarch heard of Whitbread's fame;
Quoth he unto the queen: 'My dear, my dear,
Whitbread hath got a marvellous great name.
Charly, we must, must, must see Whitbread brew—
Rich as us, Charly, richer than a Jew.
Shame, shame we have not yet his brew-house seen!'
Thus sweetly said the king unto the queen. . . . .

Muse, sing the stir that happy Whitbread made:
Poor gentleman! most terribly afraid
He should not charm enough his guests divine,
He gave his maids new aprons, gowns, and smocks;
And lo! two hundred pounds were spent in frocks,
To make the apprentices and draymen fine:
Busy as horses in a field of clover,
Dogs, cats, and chairs, and stools were tumbled over,
Amidst the Whitbread rout of preparation,
To treat the lofty ruler of the nation.

Now moved king, queen, and princesses so grand,
To visit the first brewer in the land;
Who sometimes swills his beer and grinds his meat
In a snug corner, christened Chiswell Street;
But oftener, charmed with fashionable air,
Amidst the gaudy great of Portman Square.

Lord Aylesbury, and Denbigh's lord also,
His Grace the Duke of Montague likewise,
With Lady Harcourt, joined the raree show
And fixed all Smithfield's wond'ring eyes:
For lo! a greater show ne'er graced those quarters,
Since Mary roasted, just like crabs, the martyrs. . . .

Thus was the brew-house filled with gabbling noise,
Whilst draymen, and the brewer's boys,
Devoured the questions that the king did ask;
In different parties were they staring seen,
Wond'ring to think they saw a king and queen!
Behind a tub were some, and some behind a cask.

Some draymen forced themselves—a pretty luncheon—
Into the mouth of many a gaping puncheon:
And through the bung-hole winked with curious eye,
To view and be assured what sort of things
Were princesses, and queens, and kings,
For whose most lofty station thousands sigh!
And lo! of all the gaping puncheon clan,
Few were the mouths that had not got a man!

Now majesty into a pump so deep
Did with an opera-glass so curious peep:
Examining with care each wondrous matter
That brought up water!

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Thus have I seen a magpie in the street,
A chattering bird we often meet,
A bird for curiosity well known,
With head awry,
And cunning eye,
Peep knowingly into a marrow-bone.

And now his curious majesty did stoop
To count the nails on every hoop;
And lo! no single thing came in his way,
That, full of deep research, he did not say,
'What's this? hae, hae? What 's that? What 's this? What 's that?'
So quick the words too, when he deigned to speak,
As if each syllable would break its neck.

Thus, to the world of *great* whilst others crawl,
Our sov'reign peeps into the world of *small:*
Thus microscopic geniuses explore
Things that too oft provoke the public scorn;
Yet swell of useful knowledges the store,
By finding systems in a peppercorn.

Now boasting Whitbread serious did declare,
To make the majesty of England stare,
That he had butts enough, he knew,
Placed side by side, to reach along to Kew;
On which the king with wonder swiftly cried:
'What if they reach to Kew, then, side by side,
What would they do, what, what, placed end to end?'
To whom, with knitted calculating brow,
The man of beer most solemnly did vow,
Almost to Windsor that they would extend:
On which the king, with wondering mien,
Repeated it unto the wondering queen;
On which, quick turning round his haltered head,
The brewer's horse, with face astonished, neighed;
The brewer's dog, too, poured a note of thunder,
Rattled his chain, and wagged his tail for wonder.

Now did the king for other beers inquire,
For Calvert's, Jordan's, Thrale's entire;
And after talking of these different beers,
Asked Whitbread if his porter equalled theirs?

This was a puzzling disagreeing question,
Grating like arsenic on his host's digestion;
A kind of question to the man of Cask
That not even Solomon himself would ask.

Now majesty, alive to knowledge, took
A very pretty memorandum-book,
With gilded leaves of ass's-skin so white,
And in it legibly began to write—

MEMORANDUM,

A charming place beneath the grates
For roasting chestnuts or potates.

MEM.

'Tis hops that give a bitterness to beer,
Hops grow in Kent, says Whitbread, and elsewhere.

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QUERE.

Is there no cheaper stuff? where doth it dwell?
Would not horse-aloes bitter it as well?

MEM.

To try it soon on our small beer—
'Twill save us several pounds a year.

MEM.

To remember to forget to ask
Old Whitbread to my house one day.

MEM.

Not to forget to take of beer the cask,
The brewer offered me away.

Now, having pencilled his remarks so shrewd,
Sharp as the point, indeed, of a new pin,
His majesty his watch most sagely viewed,
And then put up his ass's-skin.
To Whitbread now deigned majesty to say:
'Whitbread, are all your horses fond of hay?'
'Yes, please your majesty,' in humble notes
The brewer answered—'Also, sire, of oats;
Another thing my horses, too, maintains,
And that, an 't please your majesty, are grains.'

'Grains, grains,' said majesty, 'to fill their crops?
Grains, grains?—that comes from hops—yes, hops, hops, hops!'
Here was the king, like hounds sometimes, at fault—
'Sire,' cried the humble brewer, 'give me leave
Your sacred majesty to undeceive;
Grains, sire, are never made from hops, but malt.'

'True,' said the cautious monarch with a smile,
'From malt, malt, malt—I meant malt all the while.
'Yes,' with the sweetest bow, rejoined the brewer,
'An't please your majesty, you did, I'm sure.'
'Yes,' answered majesty, with quick reply,
'I did, I did, I did, I, I, I, I.' . . .

Now did the king admire the bell so fine,
That daily asks the draymen all to dine;
On which the bell rung out—how very proper!—
To shew it was a bell, and had a clapper.
And now before their sovereign's curious eye—
Parents and children, fine fat hopeful sprigs,
All snuffling, squinting, grunting in their sty—
Appeared the brewer's tribe of handsome pigs;
On which the observant man who fills a throne,
Declared the pigs were vastly like his own;
On which the brewer, swallowed up in joys,
Fear and astonishment in both his eyes,
His soul brimful of sentiments so loyal,
Exclaimed: 'O heavens! and can *my* swine
Be deemed by majesty so fine?
Heavens! can my pigs compare, sire, with pigs royal?'
To which the king assented with a nod;
On which the brewer bowed, and said: 'Good God!'
Then winked significant on Miss,
Significant of wonder and of bliss,

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Who, bridling in her chin divine,
Crossed her fair hands, a dear old maid,
And then her lowest curtsy made
For such high honour done her father's swine.

Now did his majesty, so gracious, say
To Mister Whitbread in his flying way.
'Whitbread, d'ye nick the excisemen now and then?
Hae, Whitbread, when d'ye think to leave off trade?
Hae? what? Miss Whitbread's still a maid, a maid?
What, what's the matter with the men?

'D'ye hunt?—hae, hunt? No no, you are too old;
You'll be lord-mayor—lord-mayor one day;
Yes, yes, I've heard so; yes, yes, so I'm told;
Don't, don't the fine for sheriff pay;
I'll prick you every year, man, I declare;
Yes, Whitbread, yes, yes, you shall be lord-mayor.

'Whitbread, d' ye keep a coach, or job one, pray?
Job, job, that's cheapest; yes, that's best, that's best.
You put your liveries on the draymen—hae?
Hae, Whitbread? You have feathered well your nest.
What, what's the price now, hae, of all your stock?
But, Whitbread, what's o'clock, pray, what's o'clock?'

Now Whitbread inward said: 'May I be cursed
If I know what to answer first.'
Then searched his brains with ruminating eye;
But ere the man of malt an answer found,
Quick on his heel, lo, majesty turned round,
Skipped off, and balked the honour of reply.

Lord Gregory.

Burns admired this ballad of Wolcot's, and wrote another on the same subject.

'Ah ope, Lord Gregory, thy door,
A midnight wanderer sighs;
Hard rush the rains, the tempests roar,
And lightnings cleave the skies.'

'Who comes with woe at this drear night,
A pilgrim of the gloom?
If she whose love did once delight,
My cot shall yield her room.'

'Alas! thou heardst a pilgrim mourn
That once was prized by thee:
Think of the ring by yonder burn
Thou gav'st to love and me.

'But shouldst thou not poor Marion know,
I'll turn my feet and part:
And think the storms that round me blow,
Far kinder than thy heart.'

Epigram on Sleep.

Thomas Wharton wrote the following Latin epigram to be placed under the statute of Somnus, in the garden of Harris, the philologist, and Wolcot translated it with a beauty and felicity worthy of the original.

Somne levis, quanquam certissima mortis imago
Consortem cupio te tamen esse tori;
Alma quies, optata, veni, nam sic sine vitâ
Vivere quam suave est; sic sine morte mori.

Come, gentle sleep! attend thy votary's prayer,
And, though death's image, to my couch repair;
How sweet, though lifeless, yet with life to lie,
And, without dying, O how sweet to die!

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THE REV. WILLIAM CROWE.

WILLIAM CROWE (*circa* 1746–1829) was the son of a carpenter at Winchester, and was admitted upon the foundation as a poor scholar. He was transferred to New College, Oxford, and was elected Fellow in 1773. He rose to be Professor of Poetry and Public Orator, holding at the same time the valuable rectory of Alton Barnes. Crowe was author of 'Lewesdon Hill' (1786), a descriptive poem in blank verse, and of various other pieces. Several editions of his 'Poems' have been published, the latest in 1827. There is poetry of a very high order in the works of Crowe, though it has never been popular.

Wreck of the 'Halsewell,' East Indiaman.

See how the sun, here clouded, afar off
Pours down the golden radiance of his light
Upon the enridged sea; where the black ship
Sails on the phosphor-seeming waves. So fair,
But falsely flattering, was yon surface calm,
When forth for India sailed, in evil time,
That vessel, whose disastrous fate, when told,
Filled every breast with horror, and each eye
With piteous tears, so cruel was the loss.
Methinks I see her, as, by the wintry storm
Shattered and driven along past yonder isle,
She strove, her latest hope, by strength or art,
To gain the port within it, or at worst,
To shun that harbourless and hollow coast
From Portland eastward to the promontory
Where still St. Alban's high-built chapel stands.
But art nor strength avail her—on she drives,
In storm and darkness to the fatal coast:
And there 'mong rocks and high o'erhanging cliffs
Dashed piteously, with all her precious freight,
Was lost, by Neptune's wild and foamy jaws
Swallowed up quick! The richest-laden ship
Of spicy Ternate, or that annual sent
To the Philippines o'er the southern main
From Acapulco, carrying massy gold,
Were poor to this; freighted with hopeful youth,
And beauty and high courage undismayed
By mortal terrors, and paternal love,
Strong and unconquerable even in death—
Alas, they perished all, all in one hour!*

The Miseries of War.

From 'Verses intended to have been spoken in the Theatre of Oxford, on the Installation of the Duke of Portland as Chancellor of the University.'

If the stroke of war
Fell certain on the guilty head, none else;
If they that make the cause might taste th' effect,
And drink themselves the bitter cup they mix;
Then might the bard, though child of peace, delight

* The *Halsewell*, Captain Pierce, was wrecked in January 1786, having struck on the rocks near Seacombe, on the island of Purbeck, between Peverel Point and St. Alban's Head. All the passengers perished; but out of 240 souls on board, 74 were saved. Seven interesting and accomplished young ladies (two of them daughters of the captain) were among the drowned.

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To twine fresh wreaths around the conqueror's brow;
Or haply strike his high-toned harp, to swell
The trumpet's martial sound, and bid them on
Whom justice arms for vengeance. But alas!
That undistinguishing and deathful storm
Beats heavier on th' exposed innocent;
And they that stir its fury, while it raves
Stand at safe distance, send their mandate forth
Unto the mortal ministers that wait
To do their bidding.—Oh, who then regards
The widow's tears, the friendless orphan's cry,
And famine, and the ghastly train of woes
That follow at the dogged heels of war?
They, in the pomp and pride of victory
Rejoicing o'er the desolated earth,
As at an altar wet with human blood,
And flaming with the fire of cities burnt,
Sing their mad hymns of triumph—hymns to God,
O'er the destruction of his gracious works!
Hymns to the Father o'er his slaughtered sons!

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

Several ladies cultivated poetry with success at this time. Among these was MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH (whose admirable prose fictions will afterwards be noticed). She was the daughter of Mr. Turner of Stoke House, in Surrey, and born on the 4th of May 1749. She was remarkable for precocity of talents, and for a lively playful humour that shewed itself in conversation, and in compositions both in prose and verse. Being early deprived of her mother, she was carelessly though expensively educated, and introduced into society at a very early age. Her father having decided on a second marriage, the friends of the young and admired poetess endeavoured to establish her in life, and she was induced to accept the hand of Mr. Smith, the son and partner of a rich West India merchant. The husband was twenty-one years of age, and his wife fifteen! This rash union was productive of mutual discontent and misery. Mr. Smith was careless and extravagant, business was neglected, and his father dying, left a will so complicated and voluminous that no two lawyers understood it in the same sense. Law-suits and embarrassments were therefore the portion of this ill-starred pair for all their after-lives. Mr. Smith was ultimately forced to sell the greater part of his property, after he had been thrown into prison, and his faithful wife had shared with him the misery and discomfort of his confinement. After an unhappy union of twenty-three years, Mrs. Smith separated from her husband, and, taking a cottage near Chichester, applied herself to her literary occupations with cheerful assiduity, supplying to her children the duties of both parents. In eight months she completed her novel of 'Emmeline,' published in 1788. In the following year appeared another novel from her pen, entitled 'Ethelinde;' and in 1791, a third under the name of 'Celestina.' She imbibed the opinions of the French Revolution, and embodied them in a romance entitled 'Desmond.' This work arrayed

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against her many of her friends and readers, but she regained the public favour by her tale, the 'Old Manor-house,' which is the best of her novels. Part of this work was written at Eartham, the residence of Hayley, during the period of Cowper's visit to that poetical retreat. 'It was delightful,' says Hayley, 'to hear her read what she had just written, for she read, as she wrote, with simplicity and grace.' Cowper was also astonished at the rapidity and excellence of her composition. Mrs Smith continued her literary labours amidst private and family distress. She wrote a valuable little compendium for children, under the title of 'Conversations; A History of British Birds;' a descriptive poem on 'Beachy Head,' &c. She died at Tilford, near Farnham, on the 28th of October 1806. The poetry of Mrs. Smith is elegant and sentimental, and generally of a pathetic cast.

Sonnets.—On the Departure of the Nightingale.

Sweet poet of the woods, a long adieu!
Farewell, soft minstrel of the early year!
Ah! 'twill be long ere thou shalt sing anew,
And pour thy music on the night's dull ear.
Whether on spring thy wandering flights await,
Or whether silent in our groves you dwell,
The pensive Muse shall own thee for her mate,
And still protect the song she loves so well.
With cautious step the love-lorn youth shall glide
Through the lone brake that shades thy mossy nest;
And shepherd girls from eyes profane shall hide
The gentle bird who sings of pity best:
For still thy voice shall soft affections move,
And still be dear to sorrow and to love!

Written at the Close of Spring.

The garlands fade that Spring so lately wove;
Each simple flower, which she had nursed in dew,
Anemones that spangled every grove,
The primrose wan, and harebell mildly blue.
No more shall violets linger in the dell,
Or purple orchis variegate the plain,
Till Spring again shall call forth every bell,
And dress with humid hands her wreaths again.
Ah, poor humanity! so frail, so fair,
Are the fond visions of thy early day,
Till tyrant passion and corrosive care
Bid all thy fairy colours fade away!
Another May new buds and flowers shall bring:
Ah! why has happiness no second Spring?
Should the lone wanderer, fainting on his way,
Rest for a moment of the sultry hours,
And, though his path through thorns and roughness lay,
Pluck the wild rose or woodbine's gadding flowers;
Weaving gay wreaths beneath some sheltering tree,
The sense of sorrow he a while may lose;
So have I sought thy flowers, fair Poesy!
So charmed my way with friendship and the Muse.
But darker now grows life's unhappy day,
Dark with new clouds of evil yet to come;

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Her pencil sickening Fancy throws away,
And weary Hope reclines upon the tomb,
And points my wishes to that tranquil shore,
Where the pale spectre Care pursues no more!

Recollections of English Scenery.—From 'Beachy Head.

Haunts of my youth!
Scenes of fond day-dreams, I behold ye yet!
Where 'twas so pleasant by the northern slopes,
To climb the winding sheep-path, aided oft
By scattered thorns, whose spiny branches bore
Small woolly tufts, spoils of the vagrant lamb,
There seeking shelter from the noonday sun:
And pleasant, seated on the short soft turf,
To look beneath upon the hollow way,
While heavily upward moved the labouring wain,
And stalking slowly by, the sturdy hind,
To ease his panting team, stopped with a stone
The grating wheel.
Advancing higher still,
The prospect widens, and the village church
But little o'er the lowly roofs around
Rears its gray belfry and its simple vane;
Those lowly roofs of thatch are half concealed
By the rude arms of trees, lovely in spring;
When on each bough the rosy tinctured bloom
Sits thick, and promises autumnal plenty.
For even those orchards round the Norman farms,
Which, as their owners marked the promised fruit,
Console them, for the vineyards of the south
Surpass not these.
Where woods of ash and beech,
And partial copses fringe the green hill-foot,
The upland shepherd rears his modest home;
There wanders by a little nameless stream
That from the hill wells forth, bright now, and clear,
Or after rain with chalky mixture gray,
But still refreshing in its shallow course
The cottage garden; most for use designed,
Yet not of beauty destitute. The vine
Mantles the little casement; yet the brier
Drops fragrant dew among the July flowers;
And pansies rayed, and freaked, and mottled pinks,
Grow among balm and rosemary and rue;
There honeysuckles flaunt, and roses blow,
Almost uncultured; some with dark-green leaves
Contrast their flowers of pure unsullied white;
Others like velvet robes of regal state
Of richest crimson; while, in thorny moss
Enshrined and cradled, the most lovely wear
The hues of youthful beauty's glowing cheek.
With fond regret I recollect e'en now
In spring and summer, what delight I felt
Among these cottage gardens, and how much
Such artless nosegays, knotted with a rush
By village housewife or her ruddy maid,
Were welcome to me; soon and simply pleased,
An early worshipper at nature's shrine,
I loved her rudest scenes—warrens, and heaths,
And yellow commons, and birch-shaded hollows,
And hedgerows bordering unfrequented lanes,
Bowered with wild roses and the clasping woodbine.

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MISS BLAMIRE.

Miss Susanna Blamire (1747–1794), a Cumberland lady, was distinguished for the excellence of her Scottish poetry, which has all the idiomatic ease and grace of a native minstrel. Miss Blamire was born of a respectable family in Cumberland, at Cardew Hall, near Carlisle, where she resided till her twentieth year, beloved by a circle of friends and acquaintance, with whom she associated in what were called *merry neets*, or merry evening-parties, in her native district. Her sister becoming the wife of Colonel Graham of Duchray, Perthshire, Susanna accompanied the pair to Scotland, where she remained some years, and imbibed that taste for Scottish melody and music which prompted her beautiful lyrics, 'The Nabob,' 'The Siller Croun,' &c. She also wrote some pieces in the Cumbrian dialect, and a descriptive poem of some length, entitled 'Stocklewath, or the Cumbrian Village.' Miss Blamire died unmarried at Carlisle, in her forty-seventh year, and her name had almost faded from remembrance, when, in 1842, her poetical works were collected and published in one volume, with a preface, memoir, and notes by Patrick Maxwell.

The Nabob.

When silent time, wi' lightly foot,
Had trod on thirty years,
I sought again my native land
Wi' mony hopes and fears.
Wha kens gin the dear friends I left
May still continue mine?
Or gin I e'er again shall taste
The joys I left langsyne?

As I drew near my ancient pile
My heart beat a' the way;
Ilk place I passed seemed yet to speak
O' some dear former day;
Those days that followed me afar,
Those happy days o' mine,
Whilk made me think the present joys
A' naething to langsyne!

The ivied tower now met my eye,
Where minstrels used to blaw;
Nae friend stepped forth wi' open hand,
Nae weel-kenned face I saw;
Till Donald tottered to the door,
Wham I left in his prime,
And grat to see the lad return
He bore about langsyne.

I ran to ilka dear friend's room,
As if to find them there.
I knew where ilk ane used to sit,
And hang o'er mony a chair;
Till soft remembrance threw a veil
Across these een o' mine,
I closed the door, and sobbed aloud,
To think on auld langsyne.

Some penny chiels, a new-sprung race
Wad next their welcome pay,
Wha shuddered at my Gothic wa's,
And wished my groves away.
'Cut, cut,' they cried, 'those aged elms;
Lay low yon mournfu' pine.'
Na! na! our fathers' names grow there,
Memorials o' langsyne.

To wean me frae these waefu' thoughts,
They took me to the town;
But sair on ilka weel-kenned face
I missed the youthfu' bloom.
At balls they pointed to a nymph
Wham a' declared divine;
But sure her mother's blushing cheeks
Were fairer far langsyne!

In vain I sought in music's sound
To find that magic art,
Which oft in Scotland's ancient lays
Has thrilled through a' my heart.
The song had mony an artfu' turn;
My ear confessed 'twas fine;
But missed the simple melody
I listened to langsyne.

Ye sons to comrades o' my youth,
Forgie an auld man's spleen, [mourns
Wha 'mid-st your gayest scenes still
The days he ance has seen.
When time has passed and seasons fled,
Your hearts will feel like mine;
And aye the saug will maist delight
That minds ye o' langsyne!

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What Ails this Heart o' Mine?

'This song seems to have been a favourite with the authoress, for I have met with it in various forms among her papers; and the labour bestowed upon it has been well repaid by the popularity it has all along enjoyed.'—*Maxwell's Memoir of Miss Blamire.*

What ails this heart o' mine?
What ails this watery ee?
What gars me a turn pale as death
When I take leave o' thee?
When thou art far awa',
Th ou'lt dearer grow to me;
But change o' place and change o' folk
May gar thy fancy jee.

When I gae out at e'en,
Or walk at morning air,
Ilk rustling bush will seem to say
I used to meet thee there.

Then I'll sit down and cry,
And live aneath the tree,
And when a leaf fa's i' my lap,
I'll ca't a word frae thee.

I'll hie me to the bower
That thou wi' roses tied,
And where wi' mony a blushing bud
I strove myself to hide.
I'll doat on ilka spot
Where I hae been wi' thee;
And ca' to mind some kindly word
By ilka burn and tree.

As an example of the Cumberland dialect:

Auld Robin Forbes.

And auld Robin Forbes hes gien tem a dance,
I pat on my speckets to see them aw prance;
I thout o' the days when I was but fifteen.
And skipped wi' the best upon Forbes's green.
Of aw things that is I think thout is meast queer,
It brings that that's bypast and sets it down here;
I see Willy as plain as I dui this bit leace,
When he tuik his cwoat lappet and deeghted his feace.

The lasses aw wondered what Willy cud see
In yen that was dark and hard-featured leyke me:
And they wondered ay mair when they talked o' my wit,
And silly telt Willy that cudn't be it.
But Willy he laughed, and he meade me his weyfe,
And whea was mair happy thro' aw his lang leyfe?
It 's e'en my great comfort, now Willy is geane,
That he offen said—nea pleace was leyke his awn heame!

I mind when I carried my wark to yon steyle,
Where Willy was deyken, the time to begnile,
He wad fling me a daisy to put i' my breast,
And I hammered my noddle to mek out a jest.
But merry or grave, Willy often wad tell
There was nin o' the leave that was leyke my awn sel;
And he spak what he thout, for I'd hardly a plack
When we married, and nobbet ae gown to my back.

When the clock had struck eight, I expected him heame.
And wheyles went to meet him as far as Dumleane;
Of aw hours it telt, eight was dearest to me,
But now when it streykes there's a tear i' my ee.
O Willy! dear Willy! it never can be
That age, time, or death can divide thee and me!
For that spot on earth that's aye dearest to me,
Is the turf that has covered my Willy frae me.

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MRS. BARBAULD.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD, the daughter of Dr. John Aikin, was born at Kibworth Harcourt, in Leicestershire, in 1743. Her father at this time kept a seminary for the education of boys, and Anna received the same instruction, being early initiated into a knowledge of classical literature. In 1758, Dr. Aikin undertaking the office of classical tutor in a dissenting academy at Warrington, his daughter accompanied him, and resided there fifteen years. In 1773, she published a volume of miscellaneous poems, of which four editions were called for in one year. In May 1774, she was married to the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, a French Protestant, who was minister to a dissenting congregation at Palgrave, near Diss, and who had just opened a boarding-school at the neighbouring village of Palgrave, in Suffolk. The poetess participated with her husband in the task of instruction. In 1775 she came forward with a volume of devotional pieces compiled from the Psalms, and another volume of 'Hymns in Prose' for children. In 1786, Mr. and Mrs. Barbauld established themselves at Hampstead, and there several tracts proceeded from the pen of our authoress on the topics of the day, in all which she espoused the principles of the Whigs. She also assisted her father in preparing a series of tales for children, entitled 'Evenings at Home,' and she wrote critical essays on Akenside and Collins, prefixed to editions of their works. In 1803, Mrs. Barbauld compiled a selection of essays from the 'Spectator,' 'Tatler,' and 'Guardian,' to which she prefixed a preliminary essay; and in the following year she edited the correspondence of Richardson, and wrote a life of the novelist. She afterwards edited a collection of the British novelists, published in 1810, with an introductory essay, and biographical and critical notices. Mrs. Barbauld died on the 9th of March 1825. Some of her lyrical pieces are flowing and harmonious, and her 'Ode to Spring' is a happy imitation of Collins. Charles James Fox is said to have been a great admirer of Mrs. Barbauld's songs, but they are by no means the best of her compositions, being generally artificial, and unimpassioned in their character.

A 'Memoir of Mrs. Barbauld, including Notices of her Family and Friends,' was published in 1874 by her grand-niece, Anna Le Breton.

The following stanza in a poem entitled 'Life,' was much admired by Wordsworth and Rogers:

Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time,
Say not 'Good-night,' but in some brighter clime
Bid me 'Good-morning.'

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Ode to Spring.

Sweet daughter of a rough and stormy sire,
Hoar Winter's blooming child, delightful Spring!
Whose unshorn locks with leaves
And swelling buds are crowned;

From the green islands of eternal youth—
Crowned with fresh blooms and ever-springing shade—
Turn, hither turn thy step,
O thou, whose powerful voice,

More sweet than softest touch of Doric reed
Or Lydian flute, can soothe the madding winds,
And through the stormy deep
Breathe thy own tender calm.

Thee, best beloved! the virgin train await
With songs and festal rites, and joy to rove
Thy blooming wilds among,
And vales and dewy lawns,

With untired feet; and cull thy earliest sweets
To weave fresh garlands for the glowing brow
Of him, the favoured youth
That prompts their whispered sigh.

Unlock thy copious stores; those tender showers
That drop their sweetness on the infant buds,
And silent dews that swell
The milky ear's green stem,

And feed the flowering osier's early shoots;
And call those winds, which through the whispering boughs
With warm and pleasant breath
Salute the blowing flowers.

Now let me sit beneath the whitening thorn,
And mark thy spreading tints steal o'er the dale;
And watch with patient eye
Thy fair unfolding charms.

O nymph, approach! while yet the temperate Sun
With bashful forehead, through the cool moist air
Throws his young maiden beams,
And with chaste kisses woos

The Earth's fair bosom; while the streaming veil
Of lucid clouds, with kind and frequent shade
Protects thy modest blooms
From his severer blaze.

Sweet is thy reign, but short: the red dog-star
Shall scorch thy tresses, and the mower's scythe
Thy greens, thy flowerets all,
Remorseless shall destroy.

Reluctant sha'l I bid thee then farewell;
For oh! not all that Autumn's lap contains,
Nor Summer's ruddiest fruits,
Can aught for thee atone,

Fair Spring! whose simplest promise more delights
Than all their largest wealth, and through the heart
Each joy and new-born hope
With softest influence breathes.

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To a Lady, with some Painted Flowers.

Flowers to the fair; to you these flowers I bring,
And strive to greet you with an earlier spring.
Flowers sweet and gay, and delicate like you;
Emblems of innocence, and beauty too.
With flowers the Graces bind their yellow hair,
And flowery wreaths consenting lovers wear.
Flowers, the sole luxury which nature knew,
In Eden's pure and guiltless garden grew.
To loftier forms are rougher tasks assigned;
The sheltering oak resists the stormy wind,
The tougher yew repels invading foes,
And the tall pine for future navies grows:
But this soft family to cares unknown,
Were born for pleasure and delight alone.
Gay without toil, and lovely without art,
They spring to cheer the sense and glad the heart.
Nor blush, my fair, to own you copy these;
Your best, your sweetest empire is—to please.

Hymn to Content,

Natura beatos
Omnibus esse dedit, si quis cognoverit uti.—CLAUDIAN.

O thou, the nymph with placid eye!
O seldom found, yet ever nigh!
Receive my temperate vow:
Not all the storms that shake the pole
Can e'er disturb thy halcyon soul,
And smooth the unaltered brow.

O come, in simple vest arrayed,
With all thy sober cheer displayed,
To bless my longing sight;
Thy mien composed, thy even pace,
Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,
And chaste subdued delight.

No more by varying passions beat,
O gently guide my pilgrim feet
To find thy hermit cell;
Where in some pure and equal sky,
Beneath thy soft indulgent eye,
The modest virtues dwell.

Simplicity in Attic vest,
And Innocence with candid breast,
And clear undaunted eye;
And Hope, who points to distant years,
Fair opening through this vale of tears,
A vista to the sky.

There Health, through whose calm bosom glide
The temperate joys in even-tide,
That rarely ebb or flow;
And Patience there, thy sister meek,
Presents her mild unvarying cheek
To meet the offered blow.

Her influence taught the Phrygian sage
A tyrant master's wanton rage
With settled smiles to wait:
Inured to toil and bitter bread,
He bowed his meek submissive head,
And kissed thy sainted feet.

But thou, O nymph retired and coy!
In what brown hamlet dost thou joy
To tell thy tender tale?
The lowliest children of the ground,
Moss-rose and violet, blossom round,
And lily of the vale.

O say what soft propitious hour
I best may choose to hail thy power,
And court thy gentle sway?
When autumn, friendly to the Muse,
Shall thy own modest tints diffuse,
And shed thy milder day.

MRS. OPIE—MRS. HUNTER—MRS. GRANT—MRS. TIGHE.

MRS. AMELIA OPIE (1769–1853) was the daughter of a popular physician, Dr. Alderson, of Norwich, and widow of John Opie, the celebrated artist. In 1802 she published a volume of miscellaneous poems, characterized by a simple and placid tenderness. She is more celebrated for her novels—to be afterwards noticed—and for

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her general literary merits and association with all the eminent persons of her day.—MRS. ANNE HUNTER (1742–1821) was a retired but highly accomplished lady, sister of Sir Everard Home, and wife of John Hunter, the celebrated surgeon. Having written several copies of verses, which were extensively circulated, and some songs that even Hayden had married to immortal music, Mrs. Hunter was induced, in 1806, to collect her pieces and commit them to the press.—MRS. ANNE GRANT (1755–1838) in 1803 published a volume of miscellaneous poems, chiefly in illustration of the people and manners of the Scottish Highlands. She was widow of the minister of Laggan in Inverness-shire. Mrs. Grant was author of several interesting prose works. She wrote 'Letters from the Mountains,' giving a description of Highland scenery and manners, with which she was conversant from her residence in the country; also 'Memoirs of an American Lady' (1810); and 'Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlanders,' which appeared in 1811. The writings of this lady display a lively and observant fancy, and considerable powers of landscape-painting. They first drew attention to the more striking and romantic features of the Scottish Highlands, afterwards so fertile a theme for the genius of Scott.

An Irish poetess, MRS. MARY TIGHE (1773–1810), evinced a more passionate and refined imagination than any of her tuneful sisterhood. Her poem of 'Psyche,' founded on the classic fable related by Apuleius, of the loves of Cupid and Psyche, or the allegory of Love and the Soul, is characterised by a graceful voluptuousness and brilliancy of colouring rarely excelled. It is in six cantos, and wants only a little more concentration of style and description to be one of the best poems of the period. It was privately printed in 1805, and after the death of the authoress, reprinted, with the addition of other poems, in 1811. Mrs. Tighe was daughter of the Rev. W. Blackford, county of Wicklow, and was married to Henry Tighe, M. P., county of Wicklow. Her history seems to be little known, unless to private friends; but her early death, after six years of protracted suffering, has been commemorated by Moore, in his beautiful lyric—

I saw thy form in youthful prime.

We subjoin some selections from the works of each of the above ladies:

The Orphan Boy's Tale.—From Mrs. Opie's Poems.

Stay, lady, stay, for mercy's sake,
And hear a helpless orphan's tale;
Ah! sure my looks must pity wake;
'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale.
Yet I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy;
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
And I am now an orphan boy

Poor foolish child! how pleased was I
When news of Nelson's victory came
Along the crowded streets to fly,
And see the lighted windows flame!
To force me home, my mother sought;
She could not bear to see my joy;
For with my father's life 'twas bought,
And made me a poor orphan boy.

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The people's shouts were long and loud,
My mother, shuddering, closed her ears;
'Rejoice! rejoice!' still cried the crowd;
My mother answered with her tears.
'Why are you crying thus,' said I,
'While others laugh and shout with joy?'
She kissed me—and, with such a sigh!
She called me her poor orphan boy.

'What is an orphan boy?' I cried,
As in her face I looked and smiled;
My mother through her tears replied:
'You'll know too soon, ill-fated child!'
And now they've tolled my mother's knell,
And I'm no more a parent's joy;
O lady, I have learned too well
What 'tis to be an orphan boy!

Oh, were I by your bounty fed!—
Nay, gentle lady, do not chide—
Trust me, I mean to earn my bread;
The sailor's orphan boy has pride.
Lady, you weep!—ha!—this to me?
You'll give me clothing, food, employ?
Look down, dear parents! look and see
Your happy, happy, orphan boy!

Song.—From the same.

Go, youth beloved, in distant glades find
New friends, new hopes, new joys to
Yet sometimes deign, 'midst fairer maids,
To think on her thou leav'st behind.
Thy love, thy fate, dear youth, to share,
Must never be my happy lot;
But thou mayst grant this humble prayer,
Forget me not! forget me not!

Yet, should the thought of my distress
Too painful to thy feelings be,
Heed not the wish I now express,
Nor ever deign to think on me:
But oh! if grief thy steps attend,
If want, if sickness be thy lot,
And thou require a soothing friend,
Forget me not! forget me not!

Song.—From Mrs. Hunter's Poems.

The season comes when first we met,
But you return no more;
Why cannot I the days forget,
Which time can ne'er restore?
O days too sweet, too bright to last
Are you indeed for ever past?

The fleeting shadows of delight,
In memory I trace;
In fancy stop their rapid flight,
And all the past replace:
But, ah! I wake to endless woes,
And tears the fading visions close!

Song.—From the same.

O tuneful voice! I still deplore
Those accents which, though heard no more,
Still vibrate on my heart;
In echo's cave I long to dwell,
And still would hear the sad farewell,
When we were doomed to part.

Bright eyes O that the task were mine
To guard the liquid fires that shine,
And round your orbits play;
To watch them with a vestal's care,
And feed with smiles a light so fair,
That it may ne'er decay!

The Death-song, written for and adapted to, an Original Indian Air.—From the same.

The sun sets in night, and the stars shun the day,
But glory remains when their lights fade away.
Begin, you tormentors! your threats are in vain,
For the son of Alknomook will never complain.

Remember the arrows he shot from his bow,
Remember your chiefs by his hatchet laid low,
Why so slow? Do you wait till I shrink from the pain?
No: the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the wood where in ambush we lay,
And the scalps which we bore from your nation away.
Now the flame rises fast; you exult in my pain;
But the son of Alknomook can never complain.

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I go to the land where my father is gone,
His ghost shall rejoice in the fame of his son:
Death comes, like a friend, to relieve me from pain;
And thy son, O Alknomook! has scorned to complain.

The Lot of Thousands.—From the same.

When hope lies dead within the heart,
By secret sorrow close concealed,
We shrink lest looks or words impart
What must not be revealed.

'Tis hard to smile when one would weep;
To speak when one would silent be;
To wake when one should wish to sleep,
And wake to agony.

Yet such the lot by thousands cast
Who wander in this world of care,
And bend beneath the bitter blast,
To save them from despair.

But nature waits her guests to greet,
Where disappointment cannot come;
And time guides with unerring feet
The weary wanderers home.

On a Sprig of Heath.—From Mrs. Grant's Poems.

Flower of the waste! the heath-fowl shuns
For thee the brake and tangled wood—
To thy protecting shade she runs,
Thy tender buds supply her food;
Her young forsake her downy plumes
To rest upon thy opening blooms.

Flower of the desert though thou art!
The deer that range the mountain free,
The graceful doe, the stately hart,
Their food and shelter seek from thee;
The bee thy earliest blossom greets,
And draws from thee her choicest sweets.

Gem of the heath! whose modest bloom,
Sheds beauty o'er the lonely moor
Though thou dispense no rich perfume,
Nor yet with splendid tints allure,
Both valour's crest and beauty's bower
Oft hast thou deckèd, a favourite flower.

Flower of the wild! whose purple glow
Adorns the dusky mountain's side,
Not the gay hues of Iris' bow,
Nor garden's artful varied pride,
With all its wealth of sweets, could cheer,
Like thee, the hardy mountaineer.

Flower of his heart! thy fragrance mild
Of peace and freedom seem to breathe;
To pluck thy blossoms in the wild,
And deck his bonnet with the wreath,
Where dwelt of old his rustic sires,
Is all his simple wish requires.

Flower of his dear-loved native land!
Alas, when distant, far more dear!
When he from some cold foreign strand,
Looks homeward through the blinding tear,
How must his aching heart deplore,
That home and thee he sees no more!

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The Highland Poor.—From Mrs. Grant's Poem of 'The Highlander.'

Where yonder ridgy mountains bound the scene,
The narrow opening glens that intervene
Still shelter in some lowly nook obscure,
One poorer than the rest—where all are poor;
Some widowed matron, hopeless of relief,
Who to her secret breast confines her grief;
Dejected sighs the wintry night away,
And lonely muses all the summer day:
Her gallant sons, who, smit with honour's charms,
Pursued the phantom Fame through war's alarms,
Return no more; stretched on Hindostan's plain,
Or sunk beneath the unfathomable main;
In vain her eyes the watery waste explore
For heroes—fated to return no more!
Let others bless the morning's reddening beam,
Foe to her peace—it breaks the illusive dream
That, in their prime of manly bloom confessed,
Restored the long-lost warriors to her breast;
And as they strove, with smiles of filial love,
Their widowed parent's anguish to remove,
Through her small casement broke the intrusive day,
And chased the pleasing images away!
No time can e'er her banished joys restore,
For ah! a heart once broken heals no more.
The dewy beams that gleam from pity's eye,
The 'still small voice' of sacred sympathy,
In vain the mourner's sorrows would beguile,
Or steal from weary woe one languid smile;
Yet what they can they do—the scanty store,
So often opened for the wandering poor,
To her each cottager complacent deals,
While the kind glance the melting heart reveals;
And still, when evening streaks the west with gold,
The milky tribute from the lowing fold
With cheerful haste officious children bring,
And every smiling flower that decks the spring.
Ah! little know the fond attentive train,
That spring and flowerets smile for her in vain:
Yet hence they learn to reverence modest woe,
And of their little all a part bestow.
Let those to wealth and proud distinction born,
With the cold glance of insolence and scorn
Regard the suppliant wretch, and harshly grieve
The bleeding heart their bounty would relieve:
Far different these; while from a bounteous heart
With the poor sufferer they divide a part,
Humbly they own that all they have is given
A boon precarious from indulgent Heaven:
And the next blighted crop or frosty spring,
Themselves to equal indigence may bring!

From Mrs. Tighe's 'Psyche.'

The marriage of Cupid and Psyche in the Palace of Love. Psyche afterwards gazes on Love while asleep, and is banished from the Island of Pleasure.

She rose, and all enchanted gazed
On the rare beauties of the pleasant scene:
Conspicuous far, a lofty palace blazed
Upon a sloping bank of softest green;
A fairer edifice was never seen;

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The high-ranged columns own no mortal hand,
But seem a temple meet for beauty's queen;
Like polished snow the marble pillars stand,
In grace-attempered majesty, sublimely grand.

Gently ascending from a silvery flood,
Above the palace rose the shaded hill,
The lofty eminence was crowned with wood,
And the rich lawns, adorned by nature's skill,
The passing breezes with their odours fill;
Here ever blooming groves of orange glow,
And here all flowers, which from their leaves distil
Ambrosial dew, in sweet succession blow,
And trees of matchless size a fragrant shade bestow.

The sun looks glorious, 'mid a sky serene,
And bids bright lustre sparkle o'er the tide;
The clear blue ocean at a distance seen,
Bounds the gay landscape on the western side,
While closing round it with majestic pride,
The lofty rocks 'mid citron groves arise;
'Sure some divinity must here reside,'
As tranced in some bright vision, Psyche cries,
And scarce believes the bliss, or trusts her charmèd eyes.

When lo! a voice divinely sweet she hears,
From unseen lips proceeds the heavenly sound;
'Psyche, approach, dismiss thy timid fears,
At length his bride thy longing spouse has found,
And bids for thee immortal joys abound;
For thee the palace rose at his command,
For thee his love a bridal banquet crowned;
He bids attendant nymphs around thee stand,
Prompt every wish to serve—a fond obedient band.'

Increasing wonder filled her ravished soul,
For now the pompous portals opened wide,
There, pausing oft, with timid foot she stole
Through halls high domed, enriched with sculptured pride,
While gay saloons appeared on either side,
In splendid vista opening to her sight;
And all with precious gems so beautified,
And furnished with such exquisite delight,
That scarce the beams of heaven emit such lustre bright.

The amethyst was there of violet hue,
And there the topaz shed its golden ray,
The chrysoberyl, and the sapphire blue
As the clear azure of a sunny day,
Or the mild eyes where amorous glances play;
The snow-white jasper, and the opal's flame,
The blushing ruby, and the agate gray,
And there the gem which bears his luckless name
Whose death, by Phœbus mourned, insured him deathless fame.

There the green emerald, there cornelians glow
And rich carbuncles pour eternal light,
With all that India and Peru can shew,
Or Labrador can give so flaming bright
To the charmed mariner's half-dazzled sight;
The coral-paved baths with diamonds blaze;
And all that can the female heart delight
Of fair attire, the last recess displays,
And all that luxury can ask, her eye surveys.

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Now through the hall melodious music stole,
And self-prepared the splendid banquet stands;
Self-poured, the nectar sparkles in the bowl;
The lute and viol, touched by unseen hands,
Aid the soft voices of the choral bands;
O'er the full board a brighter lustre beams
Than Persia's monarch at his feast commands:
For sweet refreshment all inviting seems
To taste celestial food, and pure ambrosial streams.

But when meek eve hung out her dewy star,
And gently veiled with gradual hand the sky,
Lo! the bright folding doors retiring far,
Display to Psyche's captivated eye
All that voluptuous ease could e'er supply
To soothe the spirits in serene repose;
Beneath the velvet's purple canopy,
Divinely formed, a downy couch arose,
While alabaster lamps a milky light disclose.

Once more she hears the hymeneal strain;
For other voices now attune the lay:
The swelling sounds approach, a while remain,
And then retiring, faint dissolved away:
The expiring lamps emit a feebler ray,
And soon in fragrant death extinguished lie:
Then virgin terrors Psyche's soul dismay,
When through the obscuring gloom she nought can spy,
But softly rustling sounds declare some being nigh.

Oh, you for whom I write! whose hearts can melt,
At the soft thrilling voice whose power you prove,
You know what charm, unutterably felt,
Attends the unexpected voice of love:
Above the lyre, the lute's soft notes above,
With sweet enchantment to the soul it steals,
And bears it to Elysium's happy grove;
You best can tell the rapture Psyche feels,
When Love's ambrosial lip the vow of Hymen seals.

'Tis he, 'tis my deliverer! deep imprest'
Upon my heart those sounds I well recall,'
The blushing maid exclaimed, and on his breast
A tear of trembling ecstacy let fall.
But, ere the breezes of the morning call
Aurora from her purple, humid bed,
Psyche in vain explores the vacant hall;
Her tender lover from her arms is fled,
While sleep his downy wings had o'er her eyelids spread.

The Lily.—By Mrs. Tighe.

How withered, perished seems the form
Of yon obscure unsightly root!
Yet from the blight of wintry storm,
It hides secure the precious fruit.

The careless eye can find no grace,
No beauty in the scaly folds,
Nor see within the dark embrace
What latent loveliness it holds.

Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,
The lily wraps her silver vest,
Till vernal suns and vernal gales
Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.

Yes, hide beneath the mouldering heap
The undelighting slighted thing;
There in the cold earth buried deep,
In silence let it wait the spring.

Oh! many a stormy night shall close
In gloom upon the barren earth,
While still, in undisturbed repose,
Uninjured lies the future birth:

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And Ignorance, with sceptic eye, [view:
  Hope's patient smile shall wondering
Or mock her fond credulity,
  As her soft tears the spot bedew.

Sweet smile of hope, delicious tear!
  The sun, the shower indeed shall come;
The promised verdant shoot appear,
  And nature bid her blossoms bloom.

And thou, O virgin queen of spring!
  Shalt, from thy dark and lowly bed,
Bursting thy green sheath's silken string,
  Unveil thy charms, and perfume shed;

Unfold thy robes of purest white,
  Unsullied from their darksome grave,
And thy soft petals' silvery light
  In the mild breeze unfettered wave

So Faith shall seek the lowly dust
  Where humble Sorrow loves to lie,
And bid her thus her hopes intrust,
  And watch with patient, cheerful eye;

And bear the long, cold, wintry night,
  And bear her own degraded doom;
And wait till Heaven's reviving light,
  Eternal spring! shall burst the gloom.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD (1766–1823), author of the 'Farmer's Boy,' and other poems illustrative of English rural life and customs, was born at Honington, near Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk. His father, a tailor, died whilst the poet was a child, and he was placed under his uncle, a farmer. Here he remained only two years, being too weak and diminutive for field-labour, and he was taken to London by an elder brother, and brought up to the trade of a shoemaker. His two years of country service, and occasional visits to his friends in Suffolk, were of inestimable importance to him as a poet, for they afforded materials for his 'Farmer's Boy,' and gave a freshness and reality to his descriptions. It was in the shoemaker's garret, however, that his poetry was chiefly composed; and the merit of introducing it to the world belongs to Mr. Capel Lofft, a literary gentleman residing at Troston, near Bury, to whom the manuscript was shewn, after being rejected by several London booksellers. Mr. Lofft warmly befriended the poet, and had the satisfaction of seeing his prognostications of success fully verified. At this time Bloomfield was thirty-two years of age, was married, and had three children. The 'Farmer's Boy' immediately became popular; the Duke of Grafton patronised the poet, settling on him a small annuity, and through the influence of this nobleman, he was appointed to a situation in the Seal-office. In 1810, Bloomfield published a collection of 'Rural Tales,' which fully supported his reputation; and to these were afterwards added 'Wild Flowers,' 'Hazelwood Hall,' a village drama, and 'Mayday with the Muses.' The last was published in the year of his death, and opens with a fine burst of poetical, though melancholy feeling.

O for the strength to paint my joy once more!
That joy I feel when winter's reign is o'er;
When the dark despot lifts his hoary brow,
And seeks his polar realm's eternal snow:
Though bleak November's fogs oppress my brain,
Shake every nerve, and struggling fancy chain;
Though time creeps o'er me with his palsied hand,
And frost-like bids the stream of passion stand.

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The worldly circumstances of the author seem to have been such as to confirm the common idea as to the infelicity of poets. His situation in the Seal-office was irksome and laborious, and he was forced to resign it from ill-health. He engaged in the bookselling business, but was unsuccessful. In his latter years he resorted to making Æolian harps, which he sold among his friends. We have been informed by the poet's son—a modest and intelligent man, a printer—that Mr. Rogers exerted himself to procure a pension for Bloomfield, and Mr. Southey also took much interest in his welfare; but his last days were embittered by ill-health and poverty. So severe were the sufferings of Bloomfield from continual headache and nervous irritability, that fears were entertained for his reason, when, happily, death stepped in, and released him from 'the world's poor strife.' He died at Shefford, in Bedfordshire, on the 19th of August 1823. The first remarkable feature in the poetry of this humble bard is the easy smoothness and correctness of his versification. His ear was attuned to harmony, and his taste to the beauties of expression, before he had learned anything of criticism, or had enjoyed opportunities for study. This may be seen from the opening of his principal poem:

Humble Pleasures.

O come, blest Spirit! whatsoe'er thou art,
Thou kindling warmth that hover'st round my heart;
Sweet inmate hail! thou source of sterling joy,
That poverty itself cannot destroy,
Be thou my Muse, and faithful still to me,
Retrace the steps of wild obscurity.
No deeds of arms my humble lines rehearse;
No Alpine wonders thunder through my verse,
The roaring cataract, the snow-topt hill,
Inspiring awe till breath itself stands still:
Nature's sublimer scenes ne'er charmed mine eyes,
Nor science led me through the boundless skies;
From meaner objects far my raptures flow:
O point these raptures! bid my bosom glow,
And lead my soul to ecstacies of praise
For all the blessings of my infant days!
Bear me through regions where gay Fancy dwells;
But mould to Truth's fair form what memory tells.

Live, trifling incidents, and grace my song,
That to the humblest menial belong:
To him whose drudgery unheeded goes,
His joys unreckoned, as his cares or woes:
Though joys and cares in every path are sown,
And youthful minds have feelings of their own
Quick-springing sorrows, transient as the dew,
Delights from trifles, trifles ever new,
'Twas thus with Giles, meek, fatherless, and poor,
Labour his portion, but he felt no more;
No stripes, no tyranny his stays pursued,
His life was constant cheerful servitude;
Strange to the world, he wore a bashful look,
The fields his study, nature was his book;

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And as revolving seasons changed the scene
From heat to cold, tempestuous to serene,
Through every change still varied his employ,
Yet each new duty brought its share of joy.

It is interesting to contrast the cheerful tone of Bloomfield's descriptions of rural life in its hardest and least inviting forms, with those of Crabbe, also a native of Suffolk. Both are true, but coloured with the respective peculiarities, in their style of observation and feeling, of the two poets. Bloomfield describes the various occupations of a farm-boy in seed-time, at harvest, tending cattle and sheep, and other occupations. In his tales, he embodies more moral feeling and painting, and his incidents are pleasing and well arranged. His want of vigour and passion, joined to the humility of his themes, is perhaps the cause of his being now little read; but he is one of the most characteristic and faithful of our national poets.

Harvest.

A glorious sight, if glory dwells below,
Where heaven's munificence makes all things shew,
O'er every field and golden prospect found,
That glads the ploughman's Sunday-morning's round;
When on some eminence he takes his stand,
To judge the smiling produce of the land.
Here Vanity slinks back, her head to hide;
What is there here to flatter human pride?
The towering fabric, or the dome's loud roar,
And steadfast columns may astonish more,
Where the charmed gazer long delighted stays,
Yet traced but to the architect the praise;
Whilst here the veriest clown that treads the sod,
Without one scruple gives the praise to God;
And twofold joys possess his raptured mind,
From gratitude and admiration joined.
Here midst the boldest triumphs of her worth,
Nature herself invites the reapers forth;
Dares the keen sickle from its twelvemonth's rest,
And gives that ardour which in every breast
From infancy to age alike appears,
When the first sheaf its plumy top uprears.
No rake takes here what Heaven to all bestows—
Children of want, for you the bounty flows!
And every cottage from the plenteous store
Receives a burden nightly at its door.
Hark! where the sweeping scythe now rips along;
Each sturdy mower, emulous and strong,
Whose writhing form meridian heat defies,
Bends o'er his work and every sinew tries;
Prostrates the waving treasure at his feet,
But spares the rising clover, short and sweet.
Come Health! come Jollity! light-footed come;
Here hold your revels, and make this your home.
Each heart awaits and hails you as its own;
Each mo stened brow that scorns to wear a frown;
The unpeopled dwelling mourns its tenants strayed:
E'en the domestic laughing dairymaid
Hies to the field the general toil to share.
Meanwhile the farmer quits his elbow-chair,

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His cool brick floor, his pitcher, and his ease,
And braves the sultry beams, and gladly sees
His gates thrown open, and his team abroad,
The ready group attendant on his word
To turn the swath, the quivering load to rear,
Or ply the busy rake the land to clear.
Summer's light garb itself now cumbrous grown,
Each his thin doublet in the shade throws down:
Where oft the mastiff skulks with half-shut eye,
And rouses at the stranger passing by;
Wh le unrestrained the social converse flows,
And every breast Love's powerful impulse knows,
And rival wits with more than rustic grace
Confess the presence of a pretty face.

Rosy Hannah.

A spring o'erhung with many a flower,
The gray sand dancing in its bed,
Embanked beneath a hawthorn bower,
Sent forth its waters near my head.
A rosy lass approached my view;
I caught her blue eyes' modest beam;
The stranger nodded 'How-d'ye-do?'
And leaped across the infant stream.

The water heedless passed away;
With me her glowing image stayed;
I strove, from that auspicious day,
To meet and bless the lovely maid.
I met her where beneath our feet
Through downy moss the wild thyme grew;
Nor moss elastic, flowers though sweet,
Matched Hannah's cheek of rosy hue.

I met her where the dark woods wave,
And shaded verdure skirts the plain;
And when the pale moon rising gave
New glories to her rising train.
From her sweet cot upon the moor,
Our plighted vows to heaven are flown;
Truth made me welcome at her door,
And rosy Hannah is my own.

Lines addressed to my Children.

Occasioned by a visit to Whittlebury Forest, Northamptonshire, in August 1800.

Genius of the forest shades!
Lend thy power, and lend thine ear;
A stranger trod thy lonely glades,
Amidst thy dark and bounding deer;
Inquiring childhood claims the verse,
O let them not inquire in vain;
Be with me while I thus rehearse
The glories of thy silvan reign.

Thy dells by wintry currents worn,
Secluded haunts, how deaf to me!
From all but nature's converse born,
No ear to hear, no eye to see.
There honoured leaves the green oaks reared,
And crowned the upland's graceful swell;
While answering through the vale was heard
Each distant heifer's tinkling bell.

Hail, greenwood shades, that, stretching far,
Defy e'en summer's noontide power,
When August in his burning car
Withholds the clouds, withholds the shower.

The deep-toned low from either hill,
Down hazel aisles and arches green—
The herd's rude tracks from rill to rill—
Roared echoing through the solemn scene.

From my charmed heart the numbers sprung,
Though birds had ceased the choral lay,
I poured wild raptures from my tongue,
And gave delicious tears their way.
Then, darker shadows seeking still,
Where human foot had seldom strayed,
I read aloud to every hill
Sweet Emma's love, 'the Nut-brown Maid.'
Shaking his matted mane on high,
The grazing colt would raise his head,
Or timorous doe would rushing fly,
And leave to me her grassy bed;
Where, as the azure sky appeared
Through bowers of ever-varying form,
'Midst the deep gloom methought I heard
The daring progress of the storm.

How would each sweeping ponderous bough

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Resist, when straight the whirlwind cleaves,
Dashing in strengthening eddies through
A roaring wilderness of leaves?
How would the prone descending shower
From the green canopy rebound?
How would the lowland torrents pour?
How deep the pealing thunder sound?

But peace was there: no lightnings blazed;
No clouds obscured the face of heaven;
Down each green opening while I gazed,
My thoughts to home and you were given.
Oh, tender minds! in life's gay morn,
Some clouds must dim your coming day;
Yet bootless pride and falsehood scorn,
And peace like this shall cheer your way.

Now, at the dark wood's stately side,
Well pleased I met the sun again;
Here fleeting fancy travelled wide:
My seat was destined to the main.
For many an oak lay stretched at length,
Whose trunks—with bark no longer sheathed—
Had reached their full meridian strength
Before your father's father breathed!

Perhaps they 'll many a conflict brave,
And many a dreadful storm defy;
Then, groaning o'er the adverse wave,
Bring home the flag of victory.
Go, then, proud oaks; we meet no more!
Go, grace the scenes to me denied,
The white cliffs round my native shore,
And the loud ocean's swelling tide.

Description of a Blind Youth.

For from his cradle he had never seen
Soul-cheering sunbeams, or wild nature's green.
But all life's blessings centre not in sight;
For Providence, that dealt him one long night,
Had given, in pity, to the blooming boy
Feelings more exquisitely tuned to joy.
Fond to excess was he of all that grew,
The morning blossom sprinkled o'er with dew,
Across his path, as if in playful freak,
Would dash his brow and weep upon his cheek;
Each varying leaf that brushed where'er he came,
Pressed to his rosy lip he called by name;
He grasped the saplings, measured every bough,
Inhaled the fragrance that the spring's months throw
Profusely round, till his young heart confessed
That all was beauty, and himself was blessed.
Yet when he traced the wide extended plain,
Or clear brook side, he felt a transient pain;
The keen regret of goodness, void of pride,
To think he could not roam without a guide.

May-day with the Muses.

Banquet of an English Squire.

Then came the jovial day, no streaks of red
O'er the broad portal of the morn were spread,
But one high-sailing mist of dazzling white,
A screen of gossamer, a magic light,
Doomed instantly, by simplest shepherd's ken,
To reign a while, and be exhaled at ten.
O'er leaves, o'er blossoms, by his power restored,
Forth came the conquering sun, and looked abroad;
Millions of dew-drops fell, yet millions hung,
Like words of transport trembling on the tongue,
Too strong for utterance. Thus the infant boy,
With rosebud cheeks, and features tuned to joy,
Weeps while he struggles with restraint or pain;
But change the scene, and make him laugh again,

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His heart rekindles, and his cheek appears
A thousand times more lovely through his tears.
From the first glimpse of day, a busy scene
Was that high-swelling lawn, that destined green,
Which shadowless expanded far and wide,
The mansion's ornament, the hamlet's pride;
To cheer, to order, to direct, contrive,
Even old Sir Ambrose had been up at five;
There his whole household laboured in his view—
But light is labour where the task is new.
Some wheeled the turf to build a grassy throne
Round a huge thorn that spread his boughs alone,
Rough-ringed and bold, as master of the place;
Five generations of the Higham race
Had plucked his flowers, and still he held his sway,
Waved his white head, and felt the breath of May.
Some from the green-house ranged exotics round,
To bask in open day on English ground:
And 'midst them in a line of splendour drew
Long wreaths and garlands gathered in the dew.
Some spread the snowy canvas, propped on high,
O'er-sheltering tables with their whole supply;
Some swung the biting scythe with merry face,
And cropped the daisies for a dancing space;
Some rolled the mouldy barrel in his might,
From prison darkness into cheerful light,
And fenced him round with cans; and others bore
The creaking hamper with its costly store.
Well corked, well flavoured, and well taxed, that came
From Lusitanian mountains dear to fame,
Whence Gama steered, and led the conquering way
To eastern triumphs and the realms of day.
A thousand minor tasks filled every hour,
Till the sun gained the zenith of his power,
When every path was thronged with old and young,
And many a skylark in his strength upsprung
To bid them welcome. Not a face was there
But, for May-day at least, had banished care;
No cringing looks, no pauper tales to tell,
No timid glance—they knew their host too well—
Freedom was there, and joy in every eye:
Such scenes were England's boast in days gone by.
Beneath the thorn was good Sir Ambrose found,
His guests an ample crescent formed around;
Nature's own carpet spread the space between,
Where blithe domestics plied in gold and green.
The venerable chaplain waved his wand,
And silence followed as he stretched his hand:
The deep carouse can never boast the bliss,
The animation of a scene like this.
At length the damasked cloths were whisked away
Like fluttering sails upon a summer's day;
The heyday of enjoyment found repose;
The worthy baronet majestic rose.
They viewed him, while his ale was filling round,
The monarch of his own paternal ground.
His cup was full, and where the blossoms bowed
Over his head, Sir Ambrose spoke aloud,
Nor stopped a dainty form or phrase to cull.
His heart elated, like his cup was full:
'Full be your hopes, and rich the crops that fall!
Health to my neighbours, happiness to all.'

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Dull must that clown be, dull as winter's sleet,
Who would not instantly be on his feet:
An echoing health to mingling shouts give place,
'Sir Ambrose Higham and his noble race!'
May-day with the Muses.

The Soldier's Home.

'The topic is trite, but in Mr. Bloomfield's hands it almost assumes a character of novelty. Burns's "Soldier's Return" is not, to our taste, one whit superior.'—PROFESSOR WILSON.

My untried Muse shall no high tone assume,
Nor strut in arms—farewell my cap and plume!
Brief be my verse, a task within my power;
I tell my feelings in one happy hour:
But what an hour was that! when from the main
I reached this lovely valley once again!
A glorious harvest filled my eager sight,
Half shocked, half waving in a flood of light;
On that poor cottage roof where I was born,
The sun looked down as in life's early morn.
I gazed around, but not a soul appeared;
I listened on the threshold, nothing heard;
I called my father thrice, but no one came;
It was not fear or grief that shook my frame,
But an o'erpowering sense of peace and home,
Of toils gone by, perhaps of joys to come.
The door invitingly stood open wide;
I shook my dust, and set my staff aside.
How sweet it was to breathe that cooler air,
And take possession of my father's chair!
Beneath my elbow, on the solid frame,
Appeared the rough initials of my name,
Cut forty years before! The same old clock
Struck the same bell, and gave my heart a shock
I never can forget. A short breeze sprung,
And while a sigh was trembling on my tongue,
Caught the old dangling almanacs behind,
And up they flew like banners in the wind;
Then gently, singly, down, down, down they went,
And told of twenty years that I had spent
Far from my native land. That instant came
A robin on the threshold; though so tame,
At first he looked distrustful, almost shy,
And cast on me his coal-black steadfast eye,
And seemed to say—past friendship to renew—
'Ah ha! old worn-out soldier, is it you?'
Through the room ranged the imprisoned humble bee,
And bombed, and bounced, and struggled to be free;
Dashing against the panes with sullen roar,
That threw their diamond sunlight on the floor;
That floor, clean sanded, where my fancy strayed,
O'er undulating waves the broom had made;
Reminding me of those of hideous forms
That met us as we passed the Cape of Storms,
Where high and loud they break, and peace comes never;
They roll and foam, and roll and foam for ever.
But here was peace, that peace which home can yield;
The grasshopper, the partridge in the field,
And ticking clock, were all at once become
The substitute for clarion, fife, and drum.

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While thus I mused still gazing, gazing still,
On beds of moss that spread the window sill,
I deemed no moss my eyes had ever seen
Had been so lovely, brilliant, fresh, and green,
And guessed some infant hand had pl ced it there
And prized its hue, so exquisite, so rare,
Feelings on feelings, mingling, doubling rose;
My heart felt everything but calm repose;
I could not reckon minutes, hours, nor years,
But rose at once, and bursted into tears;
Then, like a fool, confused, sat down again,
And thought upon the past with shame and pain;
I raved at war and all its horrid cost,
And glory's quagmire, where the brave are lost.
On carnage, fire, and plunder long I mused,
And cursed the murdering weapons I had used.
Two shadows then I saw, two voices heard,
One bespoke age, and one a child's appeared.
In stepped my father with convulsive start,
And in an instant clasped me to his heart.
Close by him stood a little blue-eyed maid;
And stooping to the child, the old man said:
'Come hither, Nancy, kiss me once again.
This is your Uncle Charles, come home from Spain.'
The child approached, and with her fingers light,
Stroked my old eyes, almost deprived of sight.
But why thus spin my tale—thus tedious be?
Happy old soldier! what's the world to me!

JOHN LEYDEN.

JOHN LEYDEN (1775–1811), a distinguished oriental scholar as well as poet, was a native of Denholm, Roxburghshire. He was the son of humble parents, but the ardent Borderer fought his way to learning and celebrity. His parents, seeing his desire for instruction, determined to educate him for the church, and he was entered of Edinburgh College in the fifteenth year of his age. He made rapid progress; was an excellent Latin and Greek scholar, and acquired also the French, Spanish, Italian, and German, besides studying the Hebrew, Arabic, and Persian. He became no mean proficient in mathematics and various branches of science. Indeed, every difficulty seemed to vanish before his commanding talents, his retentive memory, and robust application. His college vacations were spent at home; and as his father's cottage afforded him little opportunity for quiet and seclusion, he looked out for accommodations abroad. 'In a wild recess,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'in the den or glen which gives name to the village of Denholm, he contrived a sort of furnace for the purpose of such chemical experiments as he was adequate to performing. But his chief place of retirement was the small parish church, a gloomy and ancient building, generally believed in the neighbourhood to be haunted. To this chosen place of study, usually locked during week-days, Leyden made entrance by means of a window, read there for many hours in the day, and deposited his books and specimens in a retired pew. It was a well-chosen spot

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of seclusion, for the kirk—excepting during divine service—is rather a place of terror to the Scottish rustic, and that of Cavers was rendered more so by many a tale of ghosts and witchcraft of which it was the supposed scene, and to which Leyden, partly to indulge his humour, and partly to secure his retirement, contrived to make some modern additions.

'The nature of his abstruse studies, some specimens of natural history, as toads and adders, left exposed in their spirit-phials, and one or two practical jests played off upon the more curious of the peasantry, rendered his gloomy haunt not only venerated by the wise, but feared by the simple of the parish.' From this singular and romantic study, Leyden sallied forth, with his curious and various stores, to astonish his college associates. He already numbered among his friends the most distinguished literary and scientific men of Edinburgh. On the expiration of his college studies, Leyden accepted the situation of tutor to the sons of Mr. Campbell of Fairfield, whom he accompanied to the university of St. Andrews. There he pursued his own researches connected with oriental learning, and in 1799, published a sketch of the 'Discoveries and Settlements of the Europeans in Northern and Western Africa.' He wrote also various copies of verse and translations from the northern and oriental languages, which he published in the 'Edinburgh Magazine.' In 1800, Leyden was ordained for the church. He continued, however, to study and compose, and contributed to Lewis's 'Tales of Wonder' and Scott's 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.' So ardent was he in assisting the editor of the 'Minstrelsy,' that he on one occasion walked between forty and fifty miles, and back again, for the sole purpose of visiting an old person who possessed an ancient historical ballad. His strong desire to visit foreign countries induced his friends to apply to government for some appointment for him connected with the learning and languages of the east.

The only situation which they could procure was that of surgeon's assistant; and in five or six months, by incredible labour, Leyden qualified himself, and obtained his diploma. 'The sudden change of his profession,' says Scott, 'gave great amusement to some of his friends.' In December 1802, Leyden was summoned to join the Christmas fleet of Indiamen, in consequence of his appointment as assistant-surgeon on the Madras establishment. He finished his poem, the 'Scenes of Infancy,' descriptive of his native vale, and left Scotland for ever. After his arrival at Madras, the health of Leyden gave way, and he was obliged to remove to Prince of Wales Island. He resided there for some time, visiting Sumatra and the Malayan peninsula, and amassing the curious information concerning the language, literature and descent of the Indo-Chinese tribes, which afterwards enabled him to lay a most valuable dissertation before the Asiatic Society at Calcutta. Leyden quitted Prince of Wales Island, and was appointed a professor in the Bengal College.

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This was soon exchanged for a more lucrative appointment, namely, that of a judge in Calcutta. His spare time was, as usual, devoted to oriental manuscripts and antiquities. 'I may die in the attempt,' he wrote to a friend, 'but if I die without surpassing Sir William Jones a hundredfold in oriental learning, let never a tear from me profane the eye of a borderer.' The possibility of an early death in a distant land often crossed the mind of the ambitious student. In his 'Scenes of Infancy,' he expresses his anticipation of such an event:

> The silver moon at midnight cold and still,
> Looks sad and silent, o'er yon western hill;
> While large and pale the ghostly structures grow,
> Reared on the confines of the world below.
> Is that dull sound the hum of Teviot's stream?
> Is that blue light the moon's, or tomb-fire's gleam,
> By which a mouldering pile is faintly seen,
> The old deserted church of Hazeldean,
> Where slept my fathers in their natal clay,
> Till Teviot's waters rolled their bones away?
> Their feeble voices from the stream they raise—
> 'Rash youth! unmindful of thy early days,
> Why didst thou quit the peasant's simple lot?
> Why didst thou leave the peasant's turf-built cot,
> The ancient graves where all thy fathers lie,
> And Teviot's stream that long has murmured by?
> And we—when death so long has closed our eyes,
> How wilt thou bid us from the dust arise,
> And bear our mouldering bones across the main,
> From vales that knew our lives devoid of stain?
> Rash youth, beware! thy home-bred virtues save,
> And sweetly sleep in thy paternal grave.'

In 1811, Leyden accompanied the governor-general to Java. 'His spirit of romantic adventure,' says Scott, 'led him literally to rush upon death; for, with another volunteer who attended the expedition, he threw himself into the surf, in order to be the first Briton of the expedition who should set foot upon Java. When the success of the well-concerted movements of the invaders had given them possession of the town of Batavia, Leyden displayed the same ill-omened precipitation, in his haste to examine a library, or rather a warehouse of books. The apartment had not been regularly ventilated, and either from this circumstance, or already affected by the fatal sickness peculiar to Batavia, Leyden, when he left the place, had a fit of shivering, and declared the atmosphere was enough to give any mortal a fever. The presage was too just: he took his bed, and died in three days (August 28, 1811), on the eve of the battle which gave Java to the British Empire.' The 'Poetical Remains of Leyden' were published in 1819, with a 'Memoir of His Life' by the Rev. James Morton. Sir John Malcolm and Sir Walter Scott both honoured his memory with notices of his life and genius. The Great Minstrel has also alluded to his untimely death in his 'Lord of the Isles':

> Scarba's Isle, whose tortured shore
> Still rings to Corrievreckan's roar,
> And lonely Colonsoy;

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Scenes sung by him who sings no more,
His bright and brief career is o'er,
And mute his tuneful strains;
Quenched is his lamp of varied lore,
That loved the light of song to pour;
A distant and a deadly shore
Has Leyden's cold remains.

The allusion here is to a ballad by Leyden, entitled 'The Mermaid,' the scene of which is laid at Corrievreckan, and which was published with another, 'The Cout of Keeldar,' in the 'Border Minstrelsy.' His longest poem is his 'Scenes of Infancy,' descriptive of his native vale of Teviot. His versification is soft and musical; he is an elegant rather than a forcible poet. His ballad strains are greatly superior to his 'Scenes of Infancy' (1803). Sir Walter Scott has praised the opening of the 'The Mermaid,' as exhibiting a power of numbers which, for mere melody of sound, has seldom been excelled in English poetry.

Sonnet on the Sabbath Morning

With silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
That slowly wakes while all the fields are still;
A soothing calm on every breeze is borne,
A graver murmur gurgles from the rill;
And echo answers softer from the hill:
And softer sings the linnet from the thorn;
The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill.
Hail, light serene! hail, sacred Sabbath morn!
The rooks float silent by in airy drove;
The sun a placid yellow lustre throws;
The gales that lately sighed along the grove
Have hushed their downy wings in dead repose;
The hovering rack of clouds forgets to move:
So smiled the day when the first morn arose!*

Ode to an Indian Gold Coin.

Slave of the dark and dirty mine!
What vanity has brought thee here?
How can I love to see thee shine
So bright, whom I have bought so dear?
The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear
For twilight converse, arm in arm;
The jackal's shriek bursts on mine ear
When mirth and music wont to cheer.

By Cherical's dark wandering streams,
Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,
Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams
Of Teviot loved while still a child,
Of castled rocks stupendous piled
By Esk or Eden's classic wave,
Where loves of youth and friendships smiled,
Uncursed by thee, vile yellow slave!

Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade!
The perished bliss of youth's first prime,
That once so bright on fancy played,

* Jeffrey considered (*Edinburgh Review*, 1805) that Grahame borrowed the opening description in his *Sabbath* from the above sonnet by Leyden. The images are common to poetry, besides being congenial to Scottish habits and feelings.

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Revives no more in after-time.
Far from my sacred natal clime,
I haste to an untimely grave;
The daring thoughts that soared sublime
Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine! thy yellow light
Gleams baleful as the tomb-fire drear.
A gentle vision comes by night
My lonely widowed heart to cheer;
Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
That once were guiding stars to mine;
Her fond heart throbs with many a fear!
I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
I left a heart that loved me true!
I crossed the tedious ocean-wave,
To roam in climes unkind and new.
The cold wind of the stranger blew
Chill on my withered heart; the grave,
Dark and untimely, met my view—
And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

Ha! com'st thou now so late to mock
A wanderer's banished heart forlorn,
Now that his frame the lightning shock
Of sun-rays tipt with death was borne?
From love, from friendship, country, torn,
To memory's fond regrets the prey;
Vile slave, thy yellow dross I scorn!
Go mix thee with thy kindred clay!

From the 'Mermaid'

On Jura's heath how sweetly swell
The murmurs of the mountain bee;
How softly mourns the writhèd shell
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea!

But softer floating o'er the deep,
The mermaid's sweet sea-soothing lay,
That charmed the dancing waves to sleep,
Before the bark of Colonsay.

Aloft the purple pennons wave,
As, parting gay from Crinan's shore,
From Morven's wars, the seamen brave
Their gallant chieftain homeward bore.

In youth's gay bloom, the brave Macphail
Still blamed the lingering bark's delay;
For her he chid the flagging sail,
The lovely maid of Colonsay.

'And raise,' he cried, 'the song of love,
The maiden sung with tearful smile,
When first, o'er Jura's hills to rove,
We left afar the lonely isle!

'"When on this ring of ruby red
Shall die," she said, "the crimson hue,
Know that thy favourite fair is dead,
Or proves to thee and love untrue."'

Now, lightly poised, the rising oar
Disperses wide the foamy spray,
And echoing far o'er Crinan's shore,
Resounds the song of Colonsay:

'Softly blow, thou western breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail!
Soothe to rest the furrowy seas,
Before my love, sweet western gale!

'Where the wave is tinged with red,
And the russet sea-leaves grow,
Mariners, with prudent dread,
Shun the shelving reefs below.

'As you pass through Jura's sound,
Bend your course by Scarba's shore;
Shun, O shun, the gulf profound,
Where Corrievreckan's surges roar!

'If from that unbottomed deep,
With wrinkled form and wreathed train,
O'er the verge of Scarba's steep,
The sea-snake heave his snowy mane.

'Unwarp, unwind his oozy coils,
Sea-green sisters of the main,
And in the gulf where ocean boils,
The unwieldy wallowing monster chain.

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'Softly blow, thou western breeze,
Softly rustle through the sail!
Sooth to rest the furrowed seas,
Before my love, sweet western gale!'

Thus all to soothe the chieftain's woe,
Far from the maid he loved so dear,
The song arose, so soft and slow,
He seemed her parting sigh to hear.

The lonely deck he paces o'er,
Impatient for the rising day,
And still from Crinan's moonlight shore,
He turns his eyes to Colonsay.

The moonbeams crisp the curling surge,
That streaks with foam the ocean green;
While forward still the rowers urge
Their course, a female form was seen.

That sea-maid's form, of pearly light,
Was whiter than the downy spray,
And round her bosom, heaving bright,
Her glossy yellow ringlets play.

Borne on a foamy crested wave,
She reached amain the bounding prow,
Then clasping fast the chieftain brave,
She, plunging, sought the deep below.

Ah! long beside thy feigned bier,
The monks the prayer of death shall say;
And long for thee, the fruitless tear,
Shall weep the maid of Colonsay!

But downward like a powerful corse,
The eddying waves the chieftain bear;
He only heard the moaning hoarse
Of waters murmuring in his ear.

The murmurs sink by slow degrees,
No more the waters round him rave;
Lulled by the music of the seas,
He lies within a coral cave. . . .

No form he saw of mortal mould;
It shone like ocean's snowy foam;
Her ringlets waved in living gold,
Her mirror crystal, pearl the comb.

Her pearly comb the siren took,
And careless bound her tresses wild;
Still o'er the mirror stole her look,
As on the wondering youth she smiled.

Like music from the greenwood tree,
Again she raised the melting lay;
'Fair warrior, wilt thou dwell with me,
And leave the maid of Colonsay?

'Fair is the crystal hall for me
With rubies and with emeralds set;
And sweet the music of the sea
Shall sing, when we for love are met.

'How sweet to dance with gliding feet
Along the level tide so green,
Responsive to the cadence sweet [scene!
That breathes along the moonlight

'And soft the music of the main
Rings from the motly tortoise-shell,
While moonbeams o'er the watery plain
Seem trembling in its fitful swell.' . . .

Proud swells her heart! she dreams at last
To lure him with her silver tongue,
And, as the shelving rocks she past,
She raised her voice, and sweetly sung.

In softer, sweeter strains she sung,
Slow gliding o'er the moonlight bay,
While light to land the chieftain sprung,
To hail the maid of Colonsay.

O sad the Mermaid's gay notes fell,
And sadly sink remote at sea!
So sadly mourns the writhèd shell
Of Jura's shore, its parent sea.

And ever as the year returns,
The charm-bound sailors know the day,
For sadly still the Mermaid mourns
The lovely chief of Colonsay.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

HENRY KIRK WHITE, a young poet, who has accomplished more by the example of his life than by his writings, was a native of Nottingham, where he was born on the 21st of August 1785. His father was a butcher—an 'ungentle craft,' which, however, has had the honour of giving to England one of its most distinguished churchmen, Cardinal Wolsey, and the two poets, Akenside and White. Henry was a rhymer and a student from his earliest years. He assisted at his father's business for some time, but in his fourteenth year was put

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apprentice to a stocking-weaver. Disliking, as he said, 'the thought of spending seven years of his life in shining and folding up stockings, he wanted something to occupy his brain, and he felt that he should be wretched if he continued long at this trade, or indeed in anything except one of the learned professions. He was at length placed in an attorney's office, and applying his leisure hours to the study of languages, he was able, in the course of ten months, to read Horace with tolerable facility, and had made some progress in Greek. At the same time he acquired a knowledge of Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, and even applied himself to the acquisition of some of the sciences. His habits of study and application were unremitting.

A London magazine, called the 'Monthly Preceptor,' having proposed prize-themes for the youth of both sexes, Henry became a candidate, and while only in his fifteenth year, obtained a silver medal for a translation from Horace; and the following year a pair of twelve-inch globes from an imaginary tour from London to Edinburgh. He next became a correspondent in the 'Monthly Mirror,' and was introduced to the acquaintance of Mr. Capel Loft and of Mr. Hill, the proprietor of the above periodical. Their encouragement induced him to prepare a volume of poems for the press, which appeared in 1803. The longest piece in the collection is a descriptive poem in the style of Goldsmith, entitled 'Clifton Grove,' which shews a remarkable proficiency in smooth and elegant versification and language. In his preface to the volume, Henry had stated that the poems were the production of a youth of seventeen, published for the purpose of facilitating his future studies, and enabling him 'to pursue those inclinations which might one day place him in an honourable station in the scale of society.' Such a declaration should have disarmed the severity of criticism; but the volume was contemptuously noticed in the 'Monthly Review,' and Henry felt the most exquisite pain from the unjust and ungenerous critique. Fortunately, the volume fell into the hands of Southey, who wrote to the young poet to encourage him, and other friends sprung up to succour his genius, and to procure for him what was the darling object of his ambition, admission to the university of Cambridge. His opinions for some time inclined to deism, without any taint of immorality; but a fellow-student put into his hands Scott's 'Force of Truth,' and he soon became a decided convert to the spirit and doctrines of Christianity. He resolved upon devoting his life to the promulgation of them, and the Rev. Mr. Simeon, Cambridge, procured for him a sizarship at St. John's College. This benevolent clergyman further promised, with the aid of a friend, to supply him with £30 annually, and his own family were to furnish the remainder necessary for him to go through college. Poetry was now abandoned for severer studies. He competed for one of the university scholarships, and at the end of his term was pronounced the first man of his year. Mr. Catton—his tutor—by procuring for him

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exhibitions to the amount of £66 per annum, enabled him to give up the pecuniary assistance which he had received from Mr. Simeon and other friends. This distinction was purchased at the sacrifice of health and life. 'Were I,' he said, 'to paint Fame crowning an undergraduate after the senate-house examination, I would represent him as concealing a death's head under the mask of beauty.' He died on the 19th of October 1806 Southey wrote a sketch of his life, and edited his 'Remains,' which proved to be highly popular. A tablet to Henry's memory, with a medallion by Chantrey, was placed in All Saint's Church, Cambridge, by a young American gentleman, Mr. Francis Boot of Boston, and bearing the following inscription—so expressive of the tenderness, and regret universally felt towards the poet—by Professor Smyth :

Warm with fond hope and learning's sacred flame,
To Granta's bowers the youthful poet came;
Unconquered powers the immortal mind displayed,
But worn with anxious thought, the frame decayed.
Pale o'er his lamp, and in his cell retired,
The martyr student faded and expired.
Oh! genius, taste, and piety sincere,
Too early lost midst studies too severe!
Foremost to mourn was generous Southey seen,
He told the tale, and shewed what White had been;
Nor told in vain. Far o'er the Atlantic wave
A wanderer came, and sought the poet's grave:
On yon low stone he saw his lonely name,
And raised this fond memorial to his fame.

Byron has also consecrated some beautiful lines to the memory of White. The poetry of Henry was all written before his twentieth year, and hence should not be severely judged. If compared, however, with the strains of Cowley or Chatterton at an earlier age, it will be seen to be inferior in this, that no indications are given of great future genius. Whether force and originality would have come with manhood and learning, is a point which, notwithstanding the example of Byron—a very different mind—may fairly be doubted. It is enough, however, for Henry Kirke White to have afforded one of the finest examples on record of youthful talent and perseverance devoted to the purest and noblest objects.

To an Early Primrose.

Mild offspring of a dark and sullen sire!
Whose modest form, so delicately fine,
Was nursed in whirling storms,
And cradled in the winds.

Thee, when young Spring first questioned Winter's way,
And dared the sturdy blusterer to the fight,
Thee on this bank he threw
To mark his victory.

In this low vale, the promise of the year,
Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale,
Unnoticed and alone,
Thy tender elegance.

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So Virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms
Of chill adversity; in some lone walk of life
She rears her head,
Obscure and unobserved;

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows,
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
And hardens her to bear
Serene the ills of life.

Sonnet.

What art thou, Mighty One! and where thy seat?
Thou broodest on the calm that cheers the lands,
And thou dost bear within thine awful hands
The rolling thunders and the lightnings fleet;
Stern on thy dark-wrought car of cloud and wind,
Thou guid'st the northern storm at night's dead noon,
Or, on the red wing of the fierce monsoon,
Disturb'st the sleeping giant of the Ind.
In the drear silence of the polar span
Dost thou repose? or in the solitude
Of sultry tracts, where the lone caravan
Hears nightly howl the tiger's hungry brood?
Vain thought! the confines of his throne to trace
Who glows through all the fields of boundless space.

The Star of Bethlehem.

When marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode, [dark;
The storm was loud—the night was
The ocean yawned—and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease,
And through the storm and dangers thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moored—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

Britain a Thousand Years Hence.

Where now is Britain?—Where her laurelled names,
Her palaces and halls? Dashed in the dust.
Some second Vandal hath reduced her pride,
And with one big recoil hath thrown her back
To primitive barbarity.——Again,
Through her depopulated vales, the scream
Of bloody superstition hollow rings,
And the scared native to the tempest howls
The yell of depreca ion. O'er her marts,
Her crowded ports, broods Silence; and the cry
Of the low curlew, and the pensive dash
Of distant billows, breaks alone the void.
Even as the savage sits upon the stone
That marks where stood her capitols, and hears]
The bittern booming in the weeds, he shrinks
From the dismaying solitude—Her bards
Sing in a language that hath perished;

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And their wild harps, suspended o'er their graves,
Sigh to the desert winds a dying strain.

Meanwhile the arts, in second infancy,
Rise in some distant clime, and then perchance
Some bold adventurer, filled with golden dreams,
Steering his bark through trackless solitudes,
Where, to his wandering thoughts, no daring prow
Hath ever ploughed before—espies the cliffs
Of fallen Albion.—To the land unknown
He journeys joyful; and perhaps descries
Some vestige of her ancient stateliness;
Then he, with vain conjecture, fills his mind
Of the unheard-of race, which had arrived
At science in that solitary nook,
Far from the civil world: and sagely sighs
And moralises on the state of man.

The Christiad.

Concluding stanzas, written shortly before his death.

Thus far have I pursued my solemn theme,
With self-rewarding toil; thus far have sung
Of godlike deeds, far loftier than beseem
The lyre which I in early days have strung;
And now my spirits faint, and I have hung
The shell, that solaced me in saddest hour,
On the dark cypress; and the strings which rung
With Jesus' praise, their harpings now are o'er,
Or, when the breeze comes by, moan, and are heard no more.

And must the harp of Judah sleep again?
Shall I no more reanimate the lay?
Oh! Thou who visitest the sons of men,
Thou who dost listen when the humble pray,
One little space prolong my mournful day;
One little lapse suspend thy last decree!
I am a youthful traveller in the way,
And this slight boon would consecrate to thee,
Ere I with Death shake hands, and smile that I am free.

JAMES GRAHAME.

The Rev. James Grahame was born in Glasgow in the year 1765. He studied the law, and practised at the Scottish bar for several years, but afterwards took orders in the Church of England, and was successively curate of Shipton, in Gloucestershire, and of Sedgefield, in the county of Durham. Ill-health compelled him to abandon his curacy when his virtues and talents had attracted notice and rendered him a popular and useful preacher; and on revisiting Scotland, he died on the 14th of September 1811. The works of Grahame consist of 'Mary, Queen of Scotland,' a dramatic poem published in 1801; 'The Sabbath' (1804), 'Sabbath Walks' (1805), 'Biblical Pictures,' 'The Birds of Scotland' (1806), and 'British Georgics' (1809), all in blank verse. 'The Sabbath' is the best of his productions, and the 'Georgics' the least interesting; for though the latter contains some fine descriptions, the poet is too minute and too practical in his rural

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lessons. The amiable personal feelings of the author constantly appear. He thus warmly and tenderly apostrophises his native country:

Apostrophe to Scotland.

How pleasant came thy rushing, silver Tweed,
Upon my ear, when, after roaming long
In southern plains, I've reached thy lovely bank!
How bright, renowned Sark, thy little stream,
Like ray of columned light chasing a shower,
Would cross my homeward path; how sweet the sound,
When I, to hear the Doric tongue's reply,
Would ask thy well-known name!
And must I leave,
Dear land, thy bonny braes, thy dales,
Each haunted by its wizard stream, o'erhung
With all the varied charms of bush and tree?
And must I leave the friends of youthful years,
And mould my heart anew, to take the stamp
Of foreign friendships in a foreign land,
And learn to love the music of strange tongues!
Yes, I may love the music of strange tongues,
And mould my heart anew to take the stamp
Of foreign friendships in a foreign land:
But to my parched mouth's roof cleave this tongue,
My fancy fade into the yellow leaf,
And this oft-pausing heart forget to throb,
If, Scotland, thee and thine I e'er forget.

An anecdote is related of the modest poet connected with the publication of 'The Sabbath,' which affords an interesting illustration of his character. He had not prefixed his name to the work, nor acquainted his family with the secret of its composition, and taking a copy of the volume home with him one day, he left it on the table. His wife began reading it, while the sensitive author walked up and down the room; and at length she broke out into praise of the poem, adding: 'Ah, James, if you could but produce a poem like this!' The joyful acknowledgment of his being the author was then made, no doubt with the most exquisite pleasure on both sides. Grahame in some respects resembles Cowper. He has no humour or satire, it is true, and he has many prosaic lines, but the same powers of close and happy observation which the poet of Olney applied to English scenery, were directed by Grahame to that of Scotland, and both were strictly devout and 'national' poets.

There is no author, excepting Burns or Scott, whom an intelligent Scotsman, resident abroad, would read with more delight than Grahame. The ordinary features of the Scottish landscape he portrays truly and distinctly, without exaggeration, and often imparting to his descriptions a feeling of tenderness and solemnity. He was content with humble things; but he paints the charms of a retired cottage-life, the sacred calm of a Sabbath morning, a walk in the fields, or even a bird's nest, with such unfeigned delight and accurate observation that the reader is constrained to see and feel with his

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author, to rejoice in the elements of poetry and meditation that are scattered around him, existing in the humblest objects, and in those humane and pious sentiments which impart to external nature a moral interest and beauty. The religion of Grahame was not sectarian; he was equally impressed with the lofty ritual of the English church, and the simple hill-worship of the Covenanters. He is sometimes gloomy in his seriousness, from intense religious anxiety or sympathy with his fellow-men suffering under oppression or misfortune, but he has less of this harsh fruit,

Picked from the thorns and briers of reproof,

than his brother-poet Cowper. His prevailing tone is that of implicit trust in the goodness of God, and enjoyment in his creation.

From 'The Sabbath.'

How still the morning of the hallowed day!
Mute is the voice of rural labour, hushed
The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Or tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
That yester-morn bloomed waving in the breeze.
Sounds the most faint attract the ear—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating midway up the hill.
Calmness seems throned on yon unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale;
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-sunk glen;
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard at intervals
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.
With dove-like wings Peace o'er yon village broods:
The dizzying mill-wheel rests; the anvil's din
Hath ceased; all, all around is quietness.
Less fearful on this day, the limping hare
Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on man,
Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free,
Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large;
And, as his stiff unwieldy bulk he rolls,
His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray.
But chiefly man the day of rest enjoys.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail the poor man's day.
On other days, the man of toil is doomed
To eat his joyless bread, lonely, the ground
Both seat and board screened from the winter's cold
And summer's heat by neighbouring hedge or tree;
But on this day, embosomed in his home,
He shares the frugal meal with those he loves;
With those he loves he shares the heartfelt joy
Of giving thanks to God—not thanks of form,
A word and a grimace, but reverently,
With covered face and upward earnest eye.
Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day:
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air pure from the city's smoke;

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While wandering slowly up the river-side,
He meditates on Him whose power he marks
In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around the roots; and while he thus surveys
With elevated joy each rural charm,
He hopes—yet fears presumption in the hope—
To reach those realms where Sabbath never ends.
But now his steps a welcome sound recalls;
Solemn the knell, from yonder ancient pile,
Fills all the air, inspiring joyful awe:
Slowly the throng moves o'er the tomb-paved ground;
The aged man, the bowed down, the blind
Led by the thoughtless boy, and he who breathes
With pain, and eyes the new-made grave, well pleased;
These, mingled with the young, the gay, approach
The house of God—these, spite of all their ills,
A glow of gladness feel; with silent praise
They enter in; a placid stillness reigns,
Until the man of God, worthy the name,
Opens the book, and reverentially
The stated portion reads. A pause ensues.
The organ breathes its distant thunder-notes,
Then swells into a diapason full:
The people rising sing, 'with harp, with harp,
And voice of psalms;' harmoniously attuned
The various voices blend; the long-drawn aisles,
At every close, the lingering strain prolong. . . .
Nor yet less pleasing at the heavenly throne,
The Sabbath service of the shepherd boy!
In some lone glen, where every sound is lulled
To slumber, save the tinkling of the rill,
Or bleat of lamb, or hovering falcon's cry,
Stretched on the sward, he reads of Jesse's son;
Or sheds a tear o'er him to Egypt sold,
And wonders why he weeps: the volume closed,
With thyme-sprig laid between the leaves, he sings
The sacred lays, his weekly lesson conned
With meikle care beneath the lowly roof,
Where humble lore is learnt, where humble worth
Pines unrewarded by a thankless state.
Thus reading, hymning, all alone, unseen,
The shepherd-boy the Sabbath holy keeps,
Till on the heights he marks the straggling bands
Returning homewards from the house of prayer
In peace they home resort. Oh, blissful days!
When all men worship God as conscience wills,
Far other times our fathers' grandsires knew,
A virtuous race to godliness devote.

A Summer Sabbath Walk.

Delightful is this loneliness; it calms
My heart! pleasant the cool beneath these elms,
That throw across the stream a moveless shade.
Here nature in her midnoon whisper speaks;
How peaceful every sound!—the ringdove's plaint,
Moaned from the forest's gloomiest retreat,
While every other woodland lay is mute,
Save when the wren flits from her down-coved nest,
And from the root-sprigs trills her ditty clear—
The grasshopper's oft pausing chirp—the buzz,

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Angrily shrill of moss-entangled bee
That soon as loosed booms with full twang away—
The sudden rushing of the minnow shoal
Scared from the shallows by my passing tread.
Dimpling the water glides, with here and there
A glos-y fly, skimming in circlets gay
The treacherous surface, while the quick-eyed trout
Watches his time to spring; or from above,
Some feathered dam, purveying 'mong the boughs,
Darts from her perch, and to her plumeless brood
Bears off the prize. Sad emblem of man's lot!
He, giddy insect, from his native leaf
(Where safe and happily he might have lurked),
Elate upon ambition's gaudy wings,
Forgetful of his origin, and worse,
Unthinking of his end, flies to the stream,
And if from hostile vigilance he 'scape,
Buoyant he flutters but a little while,
Mistakes the inverted image of the sky
For heaven itself, and, sinking, meets his fate. . . .
Again I turn me to the hill, and trace
The wizard stream, now scarce to be discerned;
Woodless its banks, but green with ferny leaves,
And thinly strewed with heath-bells up and down.
Now, when the downward sun has left the glens,
Each mountain's rugged lineaments are traced
Upon the adverse slope, where stalks gigantic
The shepherd's shadow, thrown athwart the chasm,
As on the topmost ridge he homeward hies.
How deep the hush! the torrent's channel dry,
Presents a stony steep, the echo's haunt.
But hark a plaintive sound floating along!
'Tis from yon heath-roofed shieling; now it dies
Away, now rises full; it is the song
Which He, who listens to the hallelujahs
Of choiring seraphim, delights to hear;
It is the music of the heart, the voice
Of venerable age, of guileless youth,
In kindly circle seated on the ground
Before their wicker-door. Behold the man!
The grandsire and the saint; his silvery locks
Beam in the parting ray; before him lies,
Upon the smooth-crop sward, the open book,
His comfort, stay, and ever-new delight;
While heedless at a side, the lisping boy
Fondles the lamb that nightly shares his couch.

An Autumn Sabbath Walk.

When homeward bands their several ways disperse,
I love to linger in the narrow field
Of rest, to wander round from tomb to tomb,
And think of some who silent sleep below.
Sad sighs the wind that from these ancient elms
Shakes showers of leaves upon the withered grass;
The sere and yellow wreaths, with eddying sweep,
Fill up the furrows 'tween the hillocked graves.
But list that moan! 'tis the poor blind man's dog,
His guide for many a day, now come to mourn
The master and the friend—conjunction rare!
A man, indeed, he was of gentle soul,
Though bred to brave the deep: the lightning's flash

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Had dimmed, not closed, his mild but sightless eyes.
He was a welcome guest through all his range—
It was not wide—no dog would bay at him;
Children would run to meet him on his way,
And lead him to a sunny seat, and climb
His knee, and wonder at his oft-told tales.
Then would he teach the elfins how to plait
The rusty cap and crown, or sedgy ship:
And I have seen him lay his tremulous hand
Upon their heads, while silent moved his lips.
Peace to thy spirit, that now looks on me
Perhaps with greater pity than I felt
To see thee wandering darkling on thy way!
But let me quit this melancholy spot,
And roam where nature gives a parting smile,
As yet the bluebells linger on the sod
That copse the sheepfold ring; and in the woods
A second blow of many flowers appear,
Flowers faintly tinged, and breathing no perfume.
But fruits, not blossoms, form the woodland wreath
That circles Autumn's brow. The ruddy haws
Now clothe the half-leafed thorn; the bramble bends
Beneath its jetty load: the hazel hangs
With auburn bunches, dipping in the stream
That sweeps along and threatens to o'erflow
The leaf-strewn banks: oft, statue-like, I gaze,
In vacancy of thought, upon that stream,
And chase, with dreaming eye, the eddying foam,
Or rowan's clustered branch, or harvest sheaf,
Borne rapidly adown the dizzying flood.

A Winter Sabbath Walk.

How dazzling white the snowy scene! deep, deep
The stillness of the winter Sabbath day—
Not even a footfall heard. Smooth are the fields,
Each hollow pathway level with the plain:
Hid are the bushes, save that here and there
Are seen the topmost shoots of brier or broom.
High-ridged the whirled drift has almost reached
The powdered keystone of the churchyard porch.
Mute hangs the hooded bell; the tombs lie buried;
No step approaches to the house of prayer.
The flickering fall is o'er: the clouds disperse,
And shew the sun, hung o'er the welkin's verge,
Shooting a bright but ineffectual beam
On all the sparkling waste. Now is the time
To visit nature in her grand attire.
Though perilous the mountainous ascent,
A noble recompense the danger brings.
How beautiful the plain stretched far below,
Unvaried though it be, save by yon stream
With azure windings, or the leafless wood!
But what the beauty of the plain, compared
To that sublimity which reigns enthroned,
Holding joint rule with solitude divine,
Among yon rocky fells that bid defiance
To steps the most adventurously bold?
There silence dwells profound; or if the cry
Of high-poised eagle break at times the hush,
The mantled echoes no response return.
But now let me explore the deep-sunk dell

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No foot-print, save the covey's or the flock's,
Is seen along the rill, where marshy springs
Still rear the grassy blade of vivid green.
Beware, ye shepherds, of these treacherous haunts,
Nor linger there too long: the wintry day
Soon closes; and full oft a heavier fall,
Heaped by the blast, fills up the sheltered glen,
While, gurgling deep below, the buried rill
Mines for itself a snow-coved way! Oh, then,
Your helpless charge drive from the tempting spot,
And keep them on the bleak hill's stormy side,
Where night winds sweep the gathering drift away:
So the great Shepherd leads the heavenly flock
From faithless pleasures, full into the storms
Of life, where long they bear the bitter blast,
Until at length the vernal sun looks forth,
Bedimmed with showers; then to the pastures green
He brings them where the quiet waters glide,
The stream of life, the Siloah of the soul.

To My Son.

Twice has the sun commenced his annual round,
Since first thy footsteps tottered o'er the ground;
Since first thy tongue was tuned to bless mine ear,
By faltering out the name to fathers dear.
Oh! nature's language, with her looks combined,
More precious far than periods thrice refined!
Oh! sportive looks of love, devoid of guile,
I prize you more than beauty's magic smile;
Yea, in that face, unconscious of its charm,
I gaze with bliss unmingled with alarm.
Ah, no! full oft a boding horror flies
Athwart my fancy, uttering fateful cries.
Almighty Power! his harmless life defend,
And, if we part, 'gainst me the mandate send.
And yet a wish will rise—would I might live,
Till added years his memory firmness give!
For, Oh! it would a joy in death impart
To think I still survived within his heart;
To think he'll cast, midway the vale of years,
A retrospective look bedimmed with tears,
And tell, regretful, how I looked and spoke;
What walks I loved, where grew my favourite oak;
How gently I would lead him by the hand;
How gently use the accent of command;
What lore I taught him, roaming wood and wild,
And how the man descended to the child;
How well I loved with him, on Sabbath morn,
To hear the anthem of the vocal thorn,
To teach religion, unallied to strife,
And trace to him the way, the truth, the life.
But far and further still my view I bend,
And now I see a child thy steps attend;
To yonder churchyard-wall thou tak'st thy way,
While round thee, pleased, thou see'st the infant play;
Then lifting him, while tears suffuse thine eyes,
Pointing, thou tell'st him, 'There thy grandsire lies.'

The Thanksgiving off Cape Trafalgar.

Upon the high, yet gently rolling wave,
The floating tomb that heaves above the brave,

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Soft sighs the gale that late tremendous roared,
Whelming the wretched remnants of the sword.
And now the cannon's peaceful thunder calls
The victor bands to mount their wooden walls,
And from the ramparts, where their comrades fell,
The mingled strain of joy and grief to swell:
Fast they ascend, from stem to stern they spread,
And crowd the engines whence the lightnings sped:
The white-robed priest his upraised hands extends;
Hushed is each voice, attention leaning bends;
Then from each prow the grand hosannas rise,
Float o'er the deep, and hover to the skies.
Heaven fills each heart; yet home will oft intrude,
And tears of love celestial joys exclude.
The wounded man, who hears the soaring strain,
Lifts his pale visage, and forgets his pain;
While parting spirits, mingling with the lay,
On hallelujahs wing their heavenward way.

GEORGE CRABBE.

The Rev. George Crabbe, whom Byron has characterised as 'Nature's sternest painter, yet the best,' was of humble origin, and born at Aldborough, in Suffolk, on the Christmas-eve of 1754. His father was collector of the salt-duties, or salt-master, as he was termed, and though of poor circumstances and violent temper, he exerted himself to give George a superior education. It is pleasing to know that the old man lived to reap his reward, in witnessing the celebrity of his son, and to transcribe, with parental fondness, in his own handwriting, the poem of 'The Library.' Crabbe has described the unpromising scene of his nativity with his usual force and correctness:

Lo! where the heath, with withering brake grown o'er
Lends the light turf that warms the neighbouring poor;
From thence a length of burning sand appears,
Where the thin harvest waves its withered ears;
Rank weeds, that every art and care defy,
Reign o'er the land, and rob the blighted rye:
There thistles stretch their prickly arms afar,
And to the ragged infant threaten war;
Their poppies nodding, mock the hope of toil;
There the blue bugloss paints the sterile soil;
Hardy and high, above the slender sheaf
The slimy mallow waves her silky leaf;
O'er the young shoot the charlock throws a shade,
And clasping tares cling round the sickly blade;
With mingled tints the rocky coasts abound,
And a sad splendour vainly shines around.
So looks the nymph whom wretched arts adorn,
Betrayed by man, then left for man to scorn;
Whose cheek in vain assumes the mimic rose,
While her sad eyes the troubled breast disclose;
Whose outward splendour is but folly's dress,
Exposing most, when most it gilds distress.

The poet was put apprentice in his fourteenth year to a surgeon, and afterwards practised in Aldborough; but his prospects were so gloomy, that he abandoned his profession, and proceeded to London as a literary adventurer. His whole stock of money amounted to

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only three pounds. Having completed some poetical pieces, he offered them for publication, but they were rejected. In the course of the year, however, he issued a poetical epistle, 'The Candidate,' addressed to the authors of the 'Monthly Review.' It was coldly received, and his publisher failing at the same time, the young poet was plunged into great perplexity and want. He wrote to the premier, Lord North, to Lord-chancellor Thurlow, and to other noblemen, requesting assistance; but in no case was an answer returned. At length, when his affairs were desperate, he applied to Edmund Burke, and in a modest yet manly statement disclosed to him the situation in which he stood. Burke received him into his own house, and exercised towards him the most generous hospitality. While under his happy roof, the poet met Mr. Fox, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and others of the statesman's distinguished friends. In the same year (1781) he published his poem 'The Library,' which was favourably noticed by the critics. Lord Thurlow—who now, as in the case of Cowper, came with tardy notice and ungraceful generosity—invited him to breakfast, and at parting presented him with a bank-note for a hundred pounds. Crabbe entered into sacred orders, and was licensed as a curate to the rector of his native parish of Aldborough. In a short time, Burke procured for him the situation of chaplain to the Duke of Rutland at Belvoir Castle. This was a great advancement for the poor poet, and he never afterwards was in fear of want.

He seems, however, to have felt all the ills of dependence on the great, and in his poem of 'The Patron,' and other parts of his writings, has strongly depicted the evils of such a situation. In 1783 appeared 'The Village,' which had been seen and corrected by Johnson and Burke. Its success was instant and complete. Some of the descriptions in the poem—as that of the parish workhouse—were copied into all the periodicals, and took that place in our national literature which they still retain. Thurlow presented him with two small livings then in his gift, telling him at the same time, with an oath, that he was as like Parson Adams as twelve to a dozen. The poet now married a young lady from Suffolk, the object of an early attachment, and taking the curacy of Stathern, adjoining Belvoir Castle, he bade adieu to the ducal mansion, and transferred himself to the humble parsonage in the village. Four happy years were spent in this retirement, when the poet obtained the exchange of his two small livings in Dorsetshire for two of superior value in the vale of Belvoir. Crabbe remained silent as a poet for many years. 'Out of doors,' says his son, 'he had always some object in view—a flower, or a pebble, or his note-book in his hand; and in the house, if he was not writing, he was reading. He read aloud very often, even when walking, or seated by the side of his wife in the huge old-fashioned one-horse chaise, heavier than a modern chariot, in which they usually were conveyed in their little excursions, and the conduct of

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which he, from awkwardness and absence of mind, prudently relinquished to my mother on all occasions.'

In 1807 he published his 'Parish Register,' which had been previously submitted to Mr. Fox, and parts of this poem—especially the story of Phœbe Dawson—were the last compositions of their kind that 'engaged and amused the capacious, the candid, the benevolent mind of this great man.' The success of this work was not only decided, but nearly unprecedented. In 1810 he came forward with 'The Borough,' a poem of the same class, and more connected and complete; and two years afterward he produced his 'Tales in Verse,' containing perhaps the finest of all his humble but happy delineations of life and character. 'The public voice,' says his biographer, 'was again highly favourable, and some of these relations were spoken of with the utmost warmth of commendation, as, The Parting Hour, The Patron, Edward Shore, and The Confidant. In 1814, the Duke of Rutland appointed him to the living of Trowbridge, in Wiltshire, and he went thither to reside. His income amounted to about £800 per annum, a large portion of which he spent in charity. He still continued his attachment to literature, and in 1817 and 1818 was engaged on his last great work, 'The Tales of the Hall.' 'He fancied that autumn was, on the whole, the most favourable season for him in the composition of poetry; but there was something in the effect of a sudden fall of snow that appeared to stimulate him in a very extraordinary manner.' In 1819, the 'Tales' were published by Mr. Murray, who, for them and the remaining copyright of all Crabbe's previous poems, gave the munificent sum of £3000.

In an account of the negotiation for the sale of these copyrights, written by Moore for the life of his brother-poet, we have the following amusing illustration of Crabbe's simplicity of manner: 'When he received the bills for £3000, we—Moore and Rogers—earnestly advised that he should, without delay, deposit them in some safe hands; but no—he must "take them with him to Trowbridge and shew them to his son John. They would hardly believe in his good-luck at home if they did not see the bills." On his way down to Trowbridge, a friend at Salisbury, at whose house he rested—Mr. Everett, the banker—seeing that he carried these bills loosely in his waistcoat pocket, requested to be allowed to take charge of them for him; but with equal ill success. "There was no fear," he said, "of losing them, and he must shew them to his son John."' Another poetical friend, Thomas Campbell, who met him at this time in London, remarks of him: 'His mildness in literary argument struck me with surprise in so stern a poet of nature, and I could not but contrast the unassumingness of his manners with the originality of his powers. In what may be called the ready-money small-talk of conversation, his facility might not perhaps seem equal to the known calibre of his talents; but in the progress of conversation, I recollect remarking that there was a vigilant shrewdness that almost eluded you, by keep-

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ing its watch so quietly.' This fine remark is characteristic of Crabbe's genius, as well as of his manners. It gathered its materials slowly and silently with intent but unobtrusive observation. The 'Tales of the Hall' were received with that pleasure and approbation due to an old and established favourite, but with less enthusiasm than some of his previous works. In 1822, the now venerable poet paid a visit to Sir Walter Scott in Edinburgh; and it is worthy of remark, that, as to the city itself, he soon got wearied of the New Town, but could amuse himself for ever in the Old.

His later years were spent in the discharge of his clerical duties, and in the enjoyment of social intercourse. His attachment to botany and geology seemed to increase with age; and at three-score and ten, he was busy, cheerful, and affectionate. His death took place at Trowbridge on the 3d of February 1832, and his parishioners erected a monument to his memory in the church of that place, where he had officiated for nineteen years. A complete collection of his works, with some new pieces and an admirable memoir, was published in 1834 by his son, the Rev. G. Crabbe.

'The Village,' 'Parish Register,' and shorter tales of Crabbe, are his most popular productions. The 'Tales of the Hall' are less interesting. They relate principally to the higher classes of society, and the poet was not so happy in describing their peculiarities as when supporting his character of the poet of the poor. Some of his episodes, however, are in his best style—Sir Owen Dale, Ruth, Ellen, and other stories, are all marked with the peculiar genius of Crabbe. The redeeming and distinguishing feature of that genius was its fidelity to nature, even when it was dull and unprepossessing. His power of observation and description might be limited, but his pictures have all the force of dramatic representation, and may be compared to those actual and existing models which the sculptor or painter works from, instead of vague and general conceptions. They are often *too true*, and human nature being exhibited in its naked reality, with all its defects, and not through the bright and alluring medium of romance or imagination, our vanity is shocked and our pride mortified.

The personal circumstances and experience of the poet affected the bent of his genius. He knew how untrue and absurd were the pictures of rural life which figured in poetry. His own youth was dark and painful—spent in low society, amidst want and misery, irascible gloom and passion. Latterly, he had more of the comforts and elegancies of social life at his command than Cowper, his rival as a domestic painter. He not only could have 'wheeled his sofa round,' 'let fall the curtains, and, with the bubbling and loud hissing urn' on the table, 'welcome peaceful evening in,' but the amenities of refined and intellectual society were constantly present with him, or at his call. Yet he did not, like Cowper, attempt to describe them, or to paint their manifold charms. When he took up his pen, his mind turned to Aldborough and its wild amphibious race—to the parish

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workhouse, where the wheel hummed doleful through the day—to erring damsels and luckless swains, the prey of overseers or justices—or to the haunts of desperate poachers and smugglers, gipsies and gamblers, where vice and misery stalked undisguised in their darkest forms.

He stirred up the dregs of human society, and exhibited their blackness and deformity, yet worked them into poetry. Like his own Sir Richard Monday, he never forgot *the parish*. It is true that village-life in England in its worst form, with the old poor and game laws and non-resident clergy, was composed of various materials, some bright and some gloomy, and Crabbe drew them all. His Isaac Ashford is as honourable to the lowly English poor as the Jeanie Deans or Dandie Dinmont of Scott are to the Scottish character. His story of the real mourner, the faithful maid who watched over her dying sailor, is a beautiful tribute to the force and purity of humble affection. In The Parting Hour and The Patron are also passages equally honourable to the poor and middle classes, and full of pathetic and graceful composition. It must be confessed, however, that Crabbe was in general a gloomy painter of life—that he was fond of depicting the unlovely and unamiable—and that, either for poetic effect or from painful experience, he makes the bad of life predominate over the good. His pathos and tenderness are generally linked to something coarse, startling, or humiliating to disappointed hopes or unavailing sorrow—

> Still we tread the same coarse way,
> The present's still a cloudy day.

The minuteness with which he dwells on such subjects sometimes makes his descriptions tedious, and apparently unfeeling. He drags forward every defect, every vice and failing, not for the purpose of educing something good out of the evil, but, as it would seem, merely for the purpose of completing the picture. In his higher flights, where scenes of strong passion, vice, or remorse are depicted, Crabbe is a moral poet, purifying the heart, as the object of tragedy has been defined, by terror and pity, and by fearful delineations of the misery and desolation caused by unbridled passion. His story of Sir Eustace Grey is a domestic tragedy of this kind, related with almost terrific power, and with lyrical energy of versification. His general style of versification is the couplet of Pope—he has been wittily called 'Pope in worsted stockings'—but less flowing and melodious, and often ending in points and quibbles. Thus, in describing his cottage furniture, he says—

> No wheels are here for either wool or flax,
> But packs of cards made up of sundry packs.

His thrifty housewife, Widow Goe, falls down in sickness—

> Heaven in her eye, and in her hand her keys.

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This jingling style heightens the effect of his humorous and homely descriptions; but it is too much of a manner, and mars the finer passages. Crabbe has high merit as a painter of English scenery. He is here as original and forcible as in delineating character. His marine landscapes are peculiarly fresh and striking; and he invests even the sterile fens and barren sands with interest. His objects are seldom picturesque; but he noted every weed and plant—the purple bloom of the heath, the dwarfish flowers among the wild gorse, the slender grass of the sheepwalk, and even the pebbles, sea-weed, and shells amid

The glittering waters on the shingles rolled.

He was a great lover of the sea, and once, as his son relates, after being some time absent from it, mounted his horse and rode alone sixty miles from his house, that he might inhale its freshness and gaze upon its waters.

The Parish Workhouse and Apothecary. From 'The Village.'

Theirs is yon house that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bears the broken door;
There, where the putrid vapours, flagging, play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day;
There children dwell who know no parents' care;
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there;
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed;
Dejected widows with unheeded tears
And crippled age with more than childhood fears;
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!
The moping idiot and the madman gay.
Here too the sick their final doom receive,
Here brought amid the scenes of grief, to grieve,
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,
Mixed with the clamours of the crowd below;
Here sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man:
Whose laws indeed for ruined age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride;
But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
And pride embitters what it can't deny.
Say ye, oppressed by some fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;
Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance
With timid eye, to read the distant glance;
Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease,
To name the nameless ever-new disease;
Who with mock patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain and that alone can cure,
How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
Despised, neglected, left alone to die?
How would ye bear to draw your latest breath
Where all that's wretched paves the way for death?
Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters form the sloping sides;
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,
And lath and mud are all that lie between;

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Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patched, gives way
To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day:
Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head;
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
Or wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes;
No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
Or promise hope till sickness wears a smile.
But soon a loud and hasty summons calls,
Shakes the thin roof, and echoes round the walls;
Anon, a figure enters, quaintly neat,
All pride and business, bustle and conceit,
With looks unaltered by these scenes of woe,
With speed that, entering, speaks his haste to go;
He bids the gazing throng around him fly,
And carries fate and physic in his eye;
A potent quack, long versed in human ills,
Who first insults the victim whom he kills;
Whose murderous hand a drowsy bench protect,
And whose most tender mercy is neglect.
Paid by the parish for attendance here,
He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer;
In haste he seeks the bed where misery lies,
Impatience marked in his averted eyes;
And, some habitual queries hurried o'er,
Without reply, he rushes on the door;
His drooping patient, long inured to pain,
And long unheeded, knows remonstrance vain;
He ceases now the feeble help to crave
Of man; and silent sinks into the grave.

Isaac Ashford, a Noble Peasant.—From the 'Parish Register.'

Next to these ladies, but in nought allied,
A noble peasant, Isaac Ashford, died.
Noble he was, contemning all things mean,
His truth unquestioned and his soul serene;
Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid;
At no man's question Isaac looked dismayed;
Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace:
Truth, simple truth, was written in his face;
Yet while the serious thought his soul approved,
Cheerful he seemed, and gentleness he loved;
To bliss domestic he his heart resigned,
And with the firmest, had the fondest mind;
Were others joyful, he looked smiling on,
And gave allowance where he needed none;
Good he refused with future ill to buy,
Nor knew a joy that caused reflection's sigh;
A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast
No envy stung, no jealousy distressed—
Bane of the poor! it wounds their weaker mind
To miss one favour which their neighbors find—
Yet far was he from stoic pride removed;
He felt humanely, and he warmly loved:
I marked his action when his infant died,
And his old neighbour for offence was tried;
The still tears, stealing down that furrowed cheek,
Spoke pity plainer than the tongue can speak.
If pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar pride,
Who, in their base contempt, the great deride;

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Nor pride in learning, though my clerk agreed,
If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed;
Nor pride in rustic skill, although we knew
None his superior, and his equals few:
But if that spirit in his soul had place,
It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace;
A pride in honest fame, by virtue gained,
In sturdy boys to virtuous labours trained;
Pride in the power that guards his country's coast,
And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast;
Pride in a life that slander's tongue defied,
In fact, a noble passion, misnamed pride.

He had no party's rage, no sect'ry's whim;
Christian and countryman was all with him;
True to his church he came; no Sunday-shower
Kept him at home in that important hour;
Nor his firm feet could one persuading sect
By the strong glare of their new light direct;
'On hope, in mine own sober light, I gaze,
But should be blind and lose it in your blaze.'

In times severe, when many a sturdy swain
Felt it his pride, his comfort to complain,
Isaac their wants would soothe, his own would hide,
And feel in that his comfort and his pride.
At length he found, when seventy years were run,
His strength departed and his labour done;
When, save his honest fame, he kept no more;
But lost his wife and saw his children poor;
'Twas then a spark of—say not discontent—
Struck on his mind, and thus he gave it vent:

'Kind are your laws—'tis not to be denied—
That in yon house for ruined age provide,
And they are just; when young, we give you all,
And then for comforts in our weakness call.
Why then this proud reluctance to be fed,
To join your poor and eat the parish bread?
But yet I linger, loath with him to feed
Who gains his plenty by the sons of need;
He who, by contract, all your paupers took,
And gauges stomachs with an anxious look:
On some old master I could well depend:
See him with joy, and thank him as a friend;
But ill on him who doles the day's supply,
And counts our chances who at night may die:
Yet help me, Heaven! and let me not complain
Of what befalls me, but the fate sustain.'

Such were his thoughts, and so resigned he grew;
Daily he placed the workhouse in his view!
But came not there, for sudden was his fate,
He dropt expiring at his cottage-gate.

I feel his absence in the hours of prayer,
And view his seat, and sigh for Isaac there;
I see no more those white locks thinly spread
Round the bald polish of that honoured head
No more that awful glance on playful wight
Compelled to kneel and tremble at the sight;
To fold his fingers all in dread the while,
Till Mister Ashford softened to a smile;
No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,
Nor the pure faith—to give it force—are there.
But he is blest, and I lament no more,
A wise good man contented to be poor.

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Phœbe Dawson.—From the 'Parish Register.'

Two summers since, I saw at Lammas fair,
The sweetest flower that ever blossomed there;
When Phœbe Dawson gaily crossed the green,
In haste to see, and happy to be seen;
Her air, her manners, all who saw, admired,
Courteous though coy, and gentle though retired;
The joy of youth and health her eyes displayed,
And ease of heart her every look conveyed;
A native skill her simple robes expressed,
As with untutored elegance she dressed;
The lads around admired so fair a sight,
And Phœbe felt, and felt she gave, delight.
Admirers soon of every age she gained,
Her beauty won them and her worth retained;
Envy itself could no contempt display,
They wished her well, whom yet they wished away.
Correct in thought, she judged a servant's place
Preserved a rustic beauty from disgrace;
But yet on Sunday-eve, in freedom's hour,
With secret joy she felt that beauty's power;
When some proud bliss upon the heart would steal,
That, poor or rich, a beauty still must feel.
At length, the youth ordained to move her breast,
Before the swains with bolder spirit pressed;
With looks less timid made his passion known,
And pleased by manners, most unlike her own:
Loud though in love, and confident though young;
Fierce in his air, and voluble of tongue,
By trade a tailor, though, in scorn of trade,
He served the squire, and brushed the coat he made;
Yet now, would Phœbe her consent afford,
Her slave alone, again he'd mount the board;
With her should years of growing love be spent,
And growing wealth: she sighed and looked consent.
Now, through the lane, up hill, and cross the green—
Seen by but few, and blushing to be seen—
Dejected, thoughtful, anxious, and afraid—
Led by the lover, walked the silent maid:
Slow through the meadows roved they many a mile,
Toyed by each bank and trifled at each stile;
Where as he painted every blissful view,
And highly coloured what he strongly drew,
The pensive damsel, prone to tender fears,
Dimmed the false prospect with prophetic tears:
Thus passed the allotted hours, till, lingering late,
The lover loitered at the master's gate;
There he pronounced adieu! and yet would stay,
Till chidden—soothed—entreated—forced away!
He would of coldness, though indulged, complain,
And oft retire and oft return again;
When, if his teasing vexed her gentle mind,
The grief assumed compelled her to be kind!
For he would proof of plighted kindness crave,
That she resented first, and then forgave,
And to his grief and penance yielded more
Than his presumption had required before:
Ah! fly temptation, youth; refrain! refrain!'
Each yielding maid and each presuming swain!
Lo! now with red rent cloak and bonnet black,
And torn green gown loose hanging at her back,

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One who an infant in her arms sustains,
And seems in patience striving with her pains;
Pinched are her looks, as one who pines for bread,
Whose cares are growing and whose hopes are fled;
Pale her parched lips, her heavy eyes sunk low,
And tears unnoticed from their channels flow;
Serene her manner, till some sudden pain
Frets the meek soul, and then she's calm again. . . .
But who this child of weakness, want, and care?
'Tis Phœbe Dawson, pride of Lammas fair;
Who took her lover for his sparkling eyes,
Expressions warm, and love-inspiring lies:
Compassion first assailed her gentle heart
For all his suffering, all his bosom's smart;
'And then his prayers! they would a savage move,
And win the coldest of the sex to love:'
But ah! too soon his looks success declared.
Too late her loss the marriage-rite repaired;
The faithless flatterer then his vows forgot,
A captious tyrant or a noisy sot:
If present, railing till he saw her pained;
If absent, spending what their labours gained;
Till that fair form in want and sickness pined,
And hope and comfort fled that gentle mind.
Then fly temptation, youth; resist! refrain!
Nor let me preach for ever and in vain!

Dream of the Condemned Felon.—From 'The Borough.'

Yes! e'en in sleep the impressions all remain,
He hears the sentence and he feels the chain;
He sees the judge and jury when he shakes,
And loudly cries, 'Not guilty,' and awakes:
Then chilling tremblings o'er his body creep,
Till worn-out nature is compelled to sleep.
Now comes the dream again: it shews each scene,
With each small circumstance that comes between—
The call to suffering, and the very deed—
There crowds go with him, follow, and precede;
Some heartless shout, some pity, all condemn,
While he in fancied envy looks at them;
He seems the place for that sad act to see,
And dreams the very thirst which then will be;
A priest attends—it seems the one he knew
In his best days, beneath whose care he grew.
At this his terrors take a sudden flight;
He sees his native village with delight;
The house, the chamber, where he once arrayed
His youthful person, where he knelt and prayed;
Then, too, the comforts he enjoyed at home,
The days of joy, the joys themselves, are come;
The hours of innocence, the timid look
Of his loved maid, when first her hand he took
And told his hope; her trembling joy appears,
Her forced reserve, and his retreating fears.
All now are present—'tis a moment's gleam
Of former sunshine—stay, delightful dream!
Let him within his pleasant garden walk,
Give him her arm, of blessings let them talk.
Yes! all are with him now, and all the while
Life's early prospects and his Fanny's smile;
Then come his sister and his village friend,
And he will now the sweetest moments spend

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Life has to yield: no, never will he find
Again on earth such pleasure in h s mind:
He goes through shrubby walks these friends among,
Love in their looks and honour on the tongue;
Nay, there 's a charm beyond what nature shews,
The bloom is softer, and more sweetly glows;
Pierced by no crime, and urged by no d.sire
For more than true and honest hearts require,
They feel the calm delight, and thus proceed
Through the green lane, then linger in the mead,
Stray o'er the heath in all its purple bloom,
And pluck the blossom where the wild-bees hum;
Then through the broomy bound with ease they pass,
And press the sandy sheep-walk's slender grass,
Where dwarfish flowers among the gorse are spread,
And the lamb browses by the linnet's bed;
Then 'cross the bounding brook they make their way
O'er its rough bridge, and there behold the bay;
The ocean smiling to the fervid sun,
The waves that faintly fall, and slowly run,
The ships at distance, and the boats at hand;
And now they walk upon the sea-side sand,
Counting the number, and what kind they be,
Ships softly sinking in the sleepy sea;
Now arm in arm, now parted, they behold
The glittering waters on the shingles rolled;
The timid girls, half dreading their design,
Dip the small foot in the retarded brine,
And search for crimson weeds, which spreading flow
Or lie like pictures on the sand below;
With all those bright red pebbles that the sun
Through the small waves so softly shines upon;
And those live lucid jellies which the eye
Delights to trace as they swim glittering by;
Pearl shells and rubled star-fish they admire,
And will arrange above the parlour fire.
Tokens of bliss! 'Oh, horrible! a wave
Roars as it rises, save me, Edward, save!'
She cries. Alas! the watchman on his way
Calls, and lets in—truth, terror, and the day!

Story of a Betrothed Pair in Humble Life.—From 'The Borough.'

Yes, there are real mourners; I have seen
A fair s.d girl, mild, suffering, and serene;
Attention through the day her duties claimed,
And to be useful as resigned she aimed;
Neatly she dressed, nor vainly seemed to expect
Pity for grief, or pardon for neglect;
But when her wearied parents sank to sleep,
She sought her place to meditate and weep:
Then to her mind was all the past displayed,
That faithful memory brings to sorrow's aid;
For then she thought on one regretted youth,
Her tender trust, and his unquestioned truth;
In every place she wandered where they'd been,
And sadly sacred held the parting scene
Where last for sea he took his leave—that place
With double interest would she nightly trace;
For long the courtship was, and he would say
Each time he sailed: 'This once, and then the day;'

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Yet prudence tarried, but when last he went,
He drew from pitying love a full consent.
Happy he sailed, and great the care she took
That he should softly sleep, and smartly look;
White was his better linen, and his check
Was made more trim than any on the deck;
And every comfort men at sea can know,
Was hers to buy, to make, and to bestow;
For he to Greenland sailed, and much she told
How he should guard against the climate's cold,
Yet saw not danger, dangers he'd withstood,
Nor could she trace the fever in his blood.
His messmates smiled at flushings in his cheek,
And he, too, smiled, but seldom would he speak;
For now he found the danger, felt the pain,
With grievous symptoms he could not explain.
He called his friend, and prefaced with a sigh
A lover's message: 'Thomas, I must die;
Would I could see my Sally, and could rest
My throbbing temples on her faithful breast,
And gazing go! if not, this trifle take,
And say, till death I wore it for her sake.
Yes, I must die—blow on, sweet breeze, blow on!
Give me one look before my life be gone;
Oh, give me that! and let me not despair—
One last fond look—and now repeat the prayer.'
He had his wish, and more. I will not paint
The lovers' meeting: she beheld him faint—
With tender fears she took a nearer view,
Her terrors doubling as her hopes withdrew;
He tried to smile, and half succeeding, said:
'Yes, I must die'—and hope for ever fled.
Still long she nursed him; tender thoughts meantime
Were interchanged, and hopes and views sublime.
To her he came to die, and every day
She took some portion of the dread away;
With him she prayed, to him his Bible read,
Soothed the faint heart, and held the aching head;
She came with smiles the hour of pain to cheer,
Apart she sighed, alone she shed the tear;
Then, as if breaking from a cloud, she gave
Fresh light, and gilt the prospect of the grave.
One day he lighter seemed, and they forgot
The care, the dread, the anguish of their lot;
They spoke with cheerfulness, and seemed to think,
Yet said not so—'Perhaps he will not sink.'
A sudden brightness in his look appeared,
A sudden vigour in his voice was heard;
She had been reading in the Book of Prayer,
And led him forth, and placed him in his chair;
Lively he seemed, and spoke of all he knew,
The friendly many, and the favourite few;
Nor one that day did he to mind recall,
But she has treasured, and she loves them all.
When in her way she meets them, they appear
Peculiar people—death has made them dear
He named his friend, but then his hand she pressed,
And fondly whispered: 'Thou must go to rest.'
'I go,' he said, but as he spoke she found
His hand more cold, and fluttering was the sound;
Then gazed affrightened, but she caught a last,
A dying look of love, and all was past.

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She placed a decent stone his grave above,
Neatly engraved, an offering of her love:
For that she wrought, for that forsook her bed,
Awake alike to duty and the dead.
She would have grieved had they presumed to spare,
The least assistance—'twas her proper care.
Here will she come, and on the grave will sit,
Folding her arms, in long abstracted fit;
But if observer pass, will take her round,
And careless seem, for she would not be found;
Then go again, and thus her hour employ,
While visions please her, and while woes destroy.

An English Fen—Gipsies.—From 'Tales'—Lover's Journey.

On either side
Is level fen, a prospect wild and wide,
With dikes on either hand by ocean's self supplied:
Far on the right the distant sea is seen,
And salt the springs that feed the marsh between:
Beneath an ancient bridge, the straitened flood
Rolls through its sloping banks of slimy mud;
Near it a sunken boat resists the tide,
That frets and hurries to the opposing side;
The rushes sharp that on the borders grow,
Bend their brown flowerets to the stream below.
Impure in all its course, in all its progress slow:
Here a grave Flora scarcely deigns to bloom,
Nor wears a rosy blush, nor sheds perfume;
The few dull flowers that o'er the place are spread,
Partake the nature of their fenny bed.
Here on its wiry stem, in rigid bloom
Grows the salt lavender that lacks perfume;
Here the dwarf sallows creep, the septfoil harsh,
And the soft slimy mallow of the marsh;
Low on the ear the distant billows sound,
And just in view appears their stony bound;
Nor hedge nor tree conceals the glowing sun;
Birds, save a watery tribe, the district shun,
Nor chirp among the reeds where bitter waters run.
Again, the country was inclosed, a wide
And sandy road has banks on either side;
Where, lo! a hollow on the left appeared,
And there a gipsy tribe their tent had reared;
'Twas open spread to catch the morning sun,
And they had now their early meal begun,
When two brown boys just left their grassy seat,
The early traveller with their prayers to greet.
While yet Orlando held his pence in hand,
He saw their sister on her duty stand;
Some twelve years old, demure, affected, sly,
Prepared the force of early powers to try;
Sudden a look of languor he descries,
And well-feigned apprehension in her eyes;
Trained, but yet savage, in her speaking face
He marked the features of her vagrant race,
When a light laugh and roguish leer expressed
The vice implanted in her youthful breast.
Forth from the tent her elder brother came,
Who seemed offended, yet forbore to blame
The young designer, but could only trace
The looks of pity in the traveller's face.

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Within, the father, who from fences nigh,
Had brought the fuel for the fire's supply,
Watched now the feeble blaze, and stood dejected by;
On ragged rug, just borrowed from the bed,
And by the hand of coarse indulgence fed,
In dirty patchwork negligently dressed,
Reclined the wife, an infant at her breast;
In her wild face some touch of grace remained,
Of vigour palsied, and of beauty stained;
Her bloodshot eyes on her unheeding mate
Were wrathful turned, and seemed her wants to state,
Cursing his tardy aid. Her mother there
With gipsy state engrossed the only chair;
Solemn and dull her look: with such she stands,
And reads the milkmaid's fortune in her hands,
Tracing the lines of life; assumed through years,
Each feature now the steady falsehood wears;
With hard and savage eye she views the food,
And grudging pinches their intruding brood.
Last in the group, the worn-out grandsire sits
Neglected, lost, and living but by fits:
Useless, despised, his worthless labours done,
And half protected by the vicious son,
Who half supports him, he with heavy glance
Views the young ruffians who around him dance,
And, by the sadness in his face, appears
To trace the progress of their future years;
Through what strange course of misery, vice, deceit,
Must wildly wander each unpractised cheat;
What shame and grief, what punishment and pain,
Sport of fierce passions, must each child sustain,
Ere they like him approach their latter end,
Without a hope, a comfort, or a friend!

Gradual Approaches of Age.—From 'Tales of the Hall.'

Six years had passed, and forty ere the six,
When time began to play his usual tricks;
The locks once comely in a virgin's sight,
Locks of pure brown, displayed the encroaching white;
The blood, once fervid, now to cool began,
And Time's strong pressure to subdue the man.
I rode or walked as I was wont before,
But now the bounding spirit was no more;
A moderate pace would now my body heat;
A walk of moderate length distress my feet.
I shewed my stranger guest those hills sublime,
But said: 'The view is poor; we need not climb.'
At a friend's mansion I began to dread
The cold neat parlour and the gay glazed bed:
At home I felt a more decided taste,
And must have all things in my order placed.
I ceased to hunt; my horses pleased me less—
My dinner more; I learned to play at chess.
I took my dog and gun, but saw the brute
Was disappointed that I did not shoot.
My morning walks I now could bear to lose,
And blessed the shower that gave me not to choose
In fact, I felt a languor stealing on;
The active arm, the agile hand, were gone;
Small daily actions into habits grew,
And new dislike to forms and fashions new.

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I loved my trees in order to dispose;
I numbered peaches, looked how stocks arose;
Told the same story oft—in short, began to prose.

Song of the Crazed Maiden.—From the same.

Let me not have this gloomy view
About my room, about my bed;
But morning roses, wet with dew,
To cool my burning brow instead;
As flowers that once in Eden grew,
Let them their fragrant spirits shed,
And every day their sweets renew,
Till I, a fading flower, am dead.

O let the herbs I loved to rear
Give to my sense their perfumed breath!
Let them be placed about my bier,
And grace the gloomy house of death.
I'll have my grave beneath a hill,
Where only Lucy's self shall know,
Where runs the pure pellucid rill
Upon its gravelly bed below;
There violets on the borders blow,
And insects their soft light display,
Till, as the morning sunbeams glow,
The cold phosphoric fires decay.

That is the grave to Lucy shewn;
The soil a pure and silver sand;
The green cold moss above it grown,
Unplucked of all but maiden hand.
In virgin earth, till then unturned,
There let my maiden form be laid;
Nor let my changèd clay be spurned,
Nor for new guest that bed be made.

There will the lark, the lamb, in sport,
In air, on earth, securely play;
And Lucy to my grave resort,
As innocent, but not so gay.
I will not have the churchyard ground
With bones all black and ugly grown,
To press my shivering body round,
Or on my wasted limbs be thrown.

With ribs and skulls I will not sleep,
In clammy beds of cold blue clay,
Through which the ringed earth-worms creep,
And on the shrouded bosom prey.
I will not have the bell proclaim
When those sad marriage rites begin,
And boys, without regard or shame,
Press the vile mouldering masses in.

Say not, it is beneath my care—
I cannot these cold truths allow;
These thoughts may not afflict me there,
But oh! they vex and tease me now!
Raise not a turf, nor set a stone,
That man a maiden's grave may trace,
But thou, my Lucy, come alone,
And let affection find the place.

Oh! take me from a world I hate,
Men cruel, selfish, sensual, cold;
And, in some pure and blessed state,
Let me my sister minds behold:
From gross and sordid views refined,
Our heaven of spotless love to share,
For only generous souls designed,
And not a man to meet us there.

Sketches of Autumn.—From the same.

It was a fair and mild autumnal sky,
And earth's ripe treasures met the admiring eye,
As a rich beauty when the bloom is lost,
Appears with more magnificence and cost:
The wet and heavy grass, where feet had strayed,
Not yet erect, the wanderer's way betrayed;
Showers of the night had swelled the deepening rill,
The morning breeze had urged the quickening mill;
Assembled rooks had winged their seaward flight,
By the same passage to return at night,
While proudly o'er them hung the steady kite,
Then turned them back, and left the noisy throng,
Nor deigned to know them as he sailed along.
Long yellow leaves, from osiers, strewed around,
Choked the dull stream, and hushed its feeble sound,
While the dead foliage dropt from loftier trees,
Our squire beheld not with his wonted ease;
But to his own reflections made reply,
And said aloud: 'Yes; doubtless we must die.'

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'We must,' said Richard; 'and we would not live
To feel what dotage and decay will give;
But we yet taste whatever we behold;
The morn is lovely, though the air is cold:
There is delicious quiet in this scene,
At once so rich, so varied, so serene;
Sounds, too, delight us—each discordant tone
Thus mingled please, that fail to please alone;
This hollow wind, this rustling of the brook,
The farm-yard noise, the woodman at yon oak—
See, the axe falls!—now listen to the stroke:
That gun itself, that murders all this peace,
Adds to the charm, because it soon must cease.'

Cold grew the foggy morn, the day was brief,
Loose on the cherry hung the crimson leaf:
The dew dwelt ever on the herb; the woods
Roared with strong blasts, with mighty showers the floods:
All green was vanished save of pine and yew,
That still displayed their melancholy hue;
Save the green holly with its berries red,
And the green moss that o'er the gravel spread.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

There is a poetry of taste as well as of the passions, which can only be relished by the intellectual classes, but is capable of imparting exquisite pleasure to those who have the key to its hidden mysteries. It is somewhat akin to that delicate appreciation of the fine arts, or of music, which in some men amount to almost a new sense. SAMUEL ROGERS, author of the 'Pleasures of Memory,' was a votary of this school of refinement. We have everywhere in his works a classic and graceful beauty; no slovenly or obscure lines; fine cabinet pictures of soft and mellow lustre; and occasionally trains of thought and association that awaken or recall tender and heroic feelings. His diction is clear and polished—finished with great care and scrupulous nicety. On the other hand, it must be admitted that he has no forcible or original invention, no deep pathos that thrills the soul, and no kindling energy that fires the imagination. In his shadowy poem of 'Columbus,' he seems often to verge on the sublime, but does not attain it. His late works are his best. Parts of 'Human Life' possess deeper feeling than are to be found in the 'Pleasures of Memory;' and in the easy half-conversational sketches of his 'Italy,' there are delightful glimpses of Italian life, and scenery, and old traditions. The poet was an accomplished traveller, a lover of the fair and good, and a worshipper of the classic glories of the past. Samuel Rogers was born at Stoke Newington, one of the suburbs of London, on the 30th July 1763. His father was a banker in the City, and the poet, after a careful private education, was introduced into the banking establishment, of which he continued a partner up to the time of his death. He appeared as an author in 1786, the same year that witnessed the advent of Burns. The production of Rogers was a thin quarto of a few pages, an 'Ode to su-

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perstition, with some other Poems.' In 1792, he produced the 'Pleasures of Memory;' in 1798, his 'Epistle to a Friend, with other Poems;' in 1812, 'Columbus;' and in 1814, 'Jacqueline,' a tale, published in conjunction with Byron's 'Lara'—

Like morning brought by night.

In 1819, appeared 'Human Life,' and in 1822, the first part of 'Italy,' a descriptive poem in blank verse. Rogers was a careful and fastidious writer. In his 'Table Talk,' published by Mr. Dyce, the poet is represented as saying: 'I was engaged on the "Pleasures of Memory" for nine years; on "Human Life" for nearly the same space of time; and "Italy" was not completed in less than sixteen years.' The collected works of Mr. Rogers have been published in various forms—one of them containing vignette engravings from designs by Stothard and Turner, and forming no inconsiderable trophy of British art. The poet was enabled to cultivate his favourite tastes, to enrich his house in St. James's Place with some of the finest and rarest pictures, busts, books, gems, and other articles of virtu, and to entertain his friends with a generous and unostentatious hospitality. His conversation was rich and various, abounding in critical remarks, shrewd observation, and personal anecdote. It is gratifying to add that his bounty soothed and relieved the death-bed of Sheridan, and was exerted to a large extent annually in behalf of suffering or unfriended talent. 'Genius languishing for want of patronage,' says Mr. Dyce, 'was sure to find in Mr. Rogers a generous patron. His purse was ever open to the distressed: of the prompt assistance which he rendered in the hour of need to various well-known individuals, there is ample record; but of his many acts of kindness and charity to the wholly obscure, there is no memorial—at least on earth. The taste of Mr. Rogers had been cultivated to the utmost refinement; and, till the failure of his mental powers, a short time previous to his death, he retained that love of the beautiful which was in him a passion: when more than ninety, and a close prisoner to his chair, he still delighted to watch the changing colours of the evening sky—to repeat passages of his favourite poets, or to dwell on the merits of the great painters whose works adorned his walls. By slow decay, and without any suffering, he died in St. James's Place, 18th December 1855.' The poet bequeathed three of his pictures—a Titian, a Guido, and a Giorgione—to the National Gallery. The Titian he considered the most valuable in his possession. It had been in the Orleans Gallery, and when that princely collection was broken up, it was sold for four hundred guineas. Mr. Rogers, however, gave more than double that sum for it in 1828.

It was as a man of taste and letters, as a patron of artists and authors, and as the friend of almost every illustrious man that has graced our annals for the last half-century and more, that Mr. Rogers chiefly engaged the public attention. At his celebrated breakfast-parties,

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persons of almost all classes and pursuits were found. He made the morning meal famous as a literary rallying-point; and during the London season there was scarcely a day in which from four to six persons were not assembled at the hospitable board in St. James's Place. There, discussion as to books or pictures, anecdotes of the great of old, some racy saying of Sheridan, Erskine, or Horne Tooke, some social trait of Fox, some apt quotation or fine passage read aloud, some incident of foreign travel recounted—all flowed on without restraint, and charmed the hours till mid-day. A certain quaint shrewdness and sarcasm, though rarely taking an offensive form, also characterized Rogers's conversation. Many of his sayings circulated in society and got into print. Some one said that Gally Knight was getting deaf: 'It is from want of practice,' remarked Rogers, Mr. Knight being a great speaker and bad listener. The late Lord Dudley (Ward) had been free in his criticisms on the poet, who retaliated with that epigrammatic couplet, which has never been surpassed—

> Ward has no heart, they say; but I deny it;
> He *has* a heart—he gets his speeches by it.

The poet, it is said, on one occasion tried to extort a confession from his neighbour, Sir Philip Francis, that he was the author of Junius, but Francis gave a surly rebuff, and Rogers remarked that if he was not 'Junius,' he was at least 'Brutus.' We may remark that the poet's recipe for long life was, 'temperance, the bath and flesh brush, and don't fret.' The felicity of his own lot he has thus gracefully alluded to:

> Nature denied him much,
> But gave him at his birth what most he values:
> A passionate love for music, sculpture, painting,
> For poetry, the language of the gods,
> For all things here, or grand or beautiful,
> A setting sun, a lake among the mountains,
> The light of an ingenious countenance,
> And, what transcends them all, a noble action.
>
> *Italy.*

From the 'Pleasures of Memory.'

> Twilight's soft dews steal o'er the village green,
> With magic tints to harmonise the scene.
> Still is the hum that through the hamlet broke,
> When round the ruins of their ancient oak
> The peasants flocked to hear the minstrel play,
> And games and carols closed the busy day.
> Her wheel at rest, the matron thrills no more
> With treasured tales and legendary lore.
> All, all are fled: nor mirth nor music flows
> To chase the dreams of innocent repose.
> All, all are fled; yet still I linger here!
> What secret charms this silent spot endear?
> Mark yon old mansion frowning through the trees,
> Whose hollow turret woos the whistling breeze.
> That casement, arched with ivy's brownest shade,
> First to these eyes the light of heaven conveyed.

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The mouldering gateway strews the grass-grown court,
Once the calm scene of many a simple sport;
When nature pleased, for life itself was new,
And the heart promised what the fancy drew. . . .
Childhood's loved group revisits every scene,
The tangled wood-walk and the tufted green!
Indulgent Memory wakes, and lo, they live!
Clothed with far softer hues than light can give.
Thou first, best friend that Heaven assigns below,
To soothe and sweeten all the cares we know;
Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm,
When nature fades and life forgets to charm;
Thee would the Muse invoke!—to thee belong
The sage's precept and the poet's song.
What softened views thy magic glass reveals,
When o'er the landscape Time's meek twilight steals!
As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,
Long on the wave reflected lustres play;
Thy tempered gleams of happiness resigned,
Glance on the darkened mirror of the mind.
The school's lone porch, with reverend mosses gray,
Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
Quickening my truant feet across the lawn;
Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.
Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,
Some little friendship formed and cherished here;
And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems
With golden visions and romantic dreams.
Down by yon hazel copse, at evening, blazed
The gipsy's fagot—there we stood and gazed;
Gazed on her sunburnt face with silent awe,
Her tattered mantle and her hood of straw;
Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er;
The drowsy brood that on her back she bore,
Imps in the barn with mousing owlets bred,
From rifled roost at nightly revel fed;
Whose dark eyes flashed through lock of blackest shade,
When in the breeze the distant watch-dog bayed:
And heroes fled the Sibyl's muttered call,
Whose elfin prowess scaled the orchard wall.
As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,
And traced the line of life with searching view,
How throbbed my fluttering pulse with hopes and fears,
To learn the colour of my future years!
Ah, then, what honest triumph flushed my breast;
This truth once known—to bless is to be blest!
We led the bending beggar on his way—
Bare were his feet, his tresses silver-gray—
Soothed the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,
And on his tale with mute attention dwelt;
As in his scrip we dropt our little store,
And sighed to think that little was no more,
He breathed his prayer, 'Long may such goodness live!'
'Twas all he gave—'twas all he had to give. . . .
The adventurous boy that asks his little share,
And hies from home with many a gossip's prayer,
Turns on the neighbouring hill, once more to see
The dear abode of peace and privacy;
And as he turns, the thatch among the trees,
The smoke's blue wreaths ascending with the breeze,

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The village-common spotted white with sheep,
The churchyard yews round which his fathers sleep;
All rouse Reflection's sadly pleasing train,
And oft he looks and weeps and looks again.
So, when the mild Tupia dared explore
Arts yet untaught, and worlds unknown before,
And, with the sons of Science, wooed the gale
That, rising, swelled their strange expanse of sail;
So, when he breathed his firm yet fond adieu,
Borne from his leafy hut, his carved canoe,
And all his soul best loved—such tears he shed,
While each soft scene of summer-beauty fled,
Long o'er the wave a wistful look he cast,
Long watched the streaming signal from the mast;
Till twilight's dewy tints deceived his eye,
And fairy forests fringed the evening sky.
So Scotia's queen, as slowly dawned the day,
Rose on her couch, and gazed her soul away.
Her eyes had blessed the beacon's glimmering height,
That faintly tipped the feathery surge with light:
But now the morn with orient hues portrayed
Each castled cliff and brown monastic shade:
All touched the talisman's resistless spring,
And lo, what busy tribes were instant on the wing!
Thus kindred objects kindred thoughts inspire,
As summer-clouds flash forth electric fire.
And hence this spot gives back the joys of youth,
Warm as the life, and with the mirror's truth.
Hence home-felt pleasure prompts the patriot's sigh;
This makes him wish to live, and dare to die.
For this young Foscari, whose hapless fate
Venice should blush to hear the Muse relate,
When exile wore his blooming years away,
To sorrow's long soliloquies a prey,
When reason, justice, vainly urged his cause,
For this he roused her sanguinary laws;
Glad to return, though hope could grant no more,
And chains and torture hailed him to the shore
And hence the charm historic scenes impart
Hence Tiber awes, and Avon melts the heart.
Aerial forms in Temple's classic vale
Glance through the gloom and whisper in the gale;
In wild Vaucluse with love and Laura dwell,
And watch and weep in Eloisa's cell.
'Twas ever thus. Young Ammon, when he sought
Where Ilium stood, and where Pelides fought,
Sat at the helm himself. No meaner hand
Steered through the waves, and when he struck the land,
Such in his soul the ardour to explore,
Pelides-like, he leaped the first ashore.
'Twas ever thus. As now at Virgil's tomb
We bless the shade, and bid the verdure bloom:
So Tully paused, amid the wrecks of Time,
On the rude stone to trace the truth sublime;
When at his feet in honoured dust disclosed,
The immortal sage of Syracuse reposed.
And as he long in sweet delusion hung
Where once a Plato taught, a Pindar sung;
Who now but meets him musing, when he roves
His ruined Tusculan's romantic groves?
In Rome's great Forum, who but hears him roll
His moral thunders o'er the subject soul? . . . .

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Hail, Memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumbered treasures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway!
Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone;
The only pleasures we can call our own.
Lighter than air, Hope's summer-visions die,
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
If but a beam of sober Reason play,
Lo, Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away!
But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
Pour round her path a stream of living light;
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest!

From 'Human Life.'

The lark has sung his carol in the sky,
The bees have hummed their noontide lullaby;
Still in the vale the village bells ring round,
Still in Llewellyn hall the jests resound;
For now the caudle-cup is circling there,
Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer;
And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire
The babe, the sleeping image of his sire.
A few short years, and then these sounds shall hail
The day again, and gladness fill the vale;
So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,
Eager to run the race his fathers ran.
Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sirloin;
The ale, now brewed, in floods of amber shine;
And basking in the chimney's ample blaze,
'Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,
The nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled,
'Twas on her knees he sat so oft and smiled.'
And soon again shall music swell the breeze;
Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees
Vestures of nuptial white; and hymns be sung,
And violets scattered round; and old and young,
In every cottage-porch with garlands green,
Stand still to gaze, and, gazing, bless the scene.
While, her dark eyes declining, by his side,
Moves in her virgin veil the gentle bride.
And once, alas! nor in a distant hour,
Another voice shall come from yonder tower;
When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen
And weeping heard where only joy has been;
When, by his children borne, and from his door,
Slowly departing to return no more,
He rests in holy earth with them that went before.
And such is human life; so gliding on,
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!
Yet is the tale, brief though it be, as strange,
As full, methinks, of wild and wondrous change,
As any that the wandering tribes require,
Stretched in the desert round their evening fire;
As any sung of old, in hall or bower,
To minstrel-harps at midnight's witching hour!
The day arrives, the moment wished and feared;
The child is born, by many a pang endeared,

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And now the mother's ear has caught his cry;
O grant the cherub to her asking eye!
He comes—she clasps him. To her bosom pressed,
He drinks the balm of life, and drops to rest.
Her by her smile how soon the stranger knows!
How soon by his the glad discovery shews!
As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy,
What answering looks of sympathy and joy!
He walks, he speaks. In many a broken word
His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are heard.
And ever, ever to her lap he flies,
When rosy Sleep comes on with sweet surprise.
Locked in her arms, his arms across her flung
(That name most dear forever on his tongue),
As with soft accents round her neck he clings,
And, cheek to cheek, her lulling song she sings,
How blest to feel the beatings of his heart,
Breathe his sweet breath, and kiss for kiss impart!
Watch o'er his slumbers like the brooding dove,
And, if she can, exhaust a mother's love!

Ginevra.—From 'Italy.'

If thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance
To Modena, where still religiously
Among her ancient trophies is preserved
Bologna's bucket—in its chain it hangs
Within that reverend tower, the Guirlandine—
Stop at a palace near the Reggio-gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain thee; through their arched walks,
Dim at noonday, discovering many a glimpse
Of knights and dames, such as in old romance,
And lovers, such as in heroic song;
Perhaps the two, for groves were their delight,
That in the spring-time as alone they sat,
Venturing together on a tale of love,
Read only part that day. A summer sun,
Sets ere one-half is seen; but, ere thou go,
Enter the house—prithee, forget it not—
And look awhile upon a picture there.
'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth,
The very last of that illustrious race,
Done by Zampieri—but by whom I care not.
He who observes it, ere he passes on,
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
That he may call it up, when far away.
She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half-open, and her finger up,
As though she said 'Beware!' Her vest of gold
Broidered with flowers, and clasped from head to foot,
An emerald-stone in every golden clasp;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls. But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart—
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody!
Alone it hangs
Over a mouldering heir-loom, its companion,

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An oaken chest, half-eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by Antony of Trent
With Scripture-stories from the life of Christ;
A chest that came from Venice, and had held
The ducal robes of some old ancestor.
That by the way—it may be true or false—
But don't forget the picture; and thou wilt not,
When thou hast heard the tale they told me there.
She was an only child; from infancy
The joy, the pride of an indulgent sire.
Her mother dying of the gift she gave,
That precious gift, what else remained to him?
The young Ginevra was his all in life,
Still as she grew, for ever in his sight;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.
Just as she looks there in her bridal-dress,
She was all gentleness, all gaiety,
Her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;
And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.
Great was the joy; but at the bridal-feast,
When all sat down, the bride was wanting there.
Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,
'Tis but to make a trial of our love!'
And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back, and flying still,
Her ivory-tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas! she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could anything be guessed
But she was not! Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Orsini lived: and long mightst thou have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,
Something he could not find—he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained a while
Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.
Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,
When on an idle day, a day of search
'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
That mouldering chest was noticed; and 'twas said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
'Why not remove it from its lurking-place?'
'Twas done as soon as said; but on the way
It burst, it fell; and lo, a skeleteen,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold!
All else had perished—save a nuptial-ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,
'Ginevra.' There then had she found a grave!
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy the happiest of the happy;
When a spring-lock that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down for ever!

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An Italian Song.

Dear is my little native vale,
The ring-dove builds and murmurs there;
Close by my cot she tells her tale
To every passing villager.
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange groves and myrtle bowers,
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours
With my loved lute's romantic sound,
Or crowns of living laurel weave
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
The ballet danced in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay
Sung in the silent greenwood shade:
These simple joys that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

Written in the Highlands of Scotland—1813.

Blue was the loch, the clouds were gone,
Ben Lomond in his glory shone,
When, Luss, I left thee; when the breeze
Bore me from thy silver sands,
Thy kirkyard wall among the trees,
Where, gray with age, the dial stands;
That dial so well known to me!
Though many a shadow it had shed,
Beloved sister, since with thee
The legend on the stone was read:
The fairy isles fled far away:
That with its woods and uplands green,
Where shepherd-huts are dimly-seen,
And songs are heard at close of day;
That too, the deer's wild covert fled,
And that, the asylum of the dead:
While as the boat went merrily,
Much of Rob Roy the boatman told;
His arm that fell below his knee.
His cattle ford and mountain hold.

Tarbet, (1) thy shore I climbed at last;
And, thy shady region past;
Upon another shore I stood,
And looked upon another flood; (2)
Great Ocean's self! ('Tis he who fills
That vast and awful depth of hills);
Where many an elf was playing round,
Who treads unshod his classic ground;
And speaks, his native rocks among,
As Fingal spoke, and Ossian sung.
Night fell, and dark and darker grew
That narrow sea, that narrow sky,
As o'er the glimmering waves we flew,
The sea-bird rustling, wailing by.
And how the grampus, half-descried,
Black and huge above the tide;
The cliffs and promontories there,
Front to front, and broad and bare;
Each beyond each, with giant feet
Advancing as in haste to meet;
The shattered fortress, whence the Dane
Blew his shrill blast, nor rushed in vain,
Tyrant of the drear domain;
All into midnight shadow sweep,
When day springs upward from the deep!
Kindling the waters in its flight,
The prow wakes splendour, and the oar,
That rose and fell unseen before,
Flashes in a sea of light;
Glad sign and sure, for now we hail
Thy flowers, Glenfinnart, in the gale;
And bright indeed the path should be,
That leads to friendship and to thee!
O blest retreat, and sacred too!
Sacred as when the bell of prayer
Tolled duly on the desert air,
And crosses decked thy summits blue.
Oft like some loved romantic tale,
Oft shall my weary mind recall,
Amid the hum and stir of men,
Thy beechen grove and water-fall,
Thy ferry with its gilding sail,
And her—the Lady of the glen!

Pæstum. (3)—*From 'Italy.'*

They stand between the mountains and the sea,
Awful memorials, but of whom we know not.
The seaman passing, gazes from the deck,
The buffalo-driver, in his shaggy cloak,
Points to the work of magic, and moves on.
Time was they stood along the crowded street,
Temples of gods, and on their ample steps

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1 Signifying, in the Gaelic language, an isthmus. 2 Loch Long.
3 The temples of Pæstum are three in number, and have survived nearly nine centuries, the total destruction of the city. Tradition is silent concerning them, but they must have existed now between two and three thousand years.

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What various habits, various tongues beset
The brazen gates for prayer and sacrifice!
Time was perhaps the third was sought for justice;
And here the accuser stood, and there the accused,
And here the judges sat, and heard, and judged.
All silent now, as in the ages past,
Trodden under foot, and mingled dust with dust.
How many centuries did the sun go round
From Mount Alburnus to the Tyrrhene sea,
While, by some spell rendered invisible,
Or, if approached, approached by him alone
Who saw as though he saw not, they remained
As in the darkness of a sepulchre.
Waiting the appointed time! All, all within
Proclaims that nature had resumed her right;
And taken to herself what man renounced;
No cornice, triglyph, or worn abacus,
But with thick ivy hung, or branching fern,
Their iron-brown o'erspread with brightest verdure.*
From my youth upward have I longed to tread
This classic ground; and am I here at last?
Wandering at will through the long porticoes,
And catching, as through some majestic grove,
Now the blue ocean, and now, chaos-like,
Mountains and mountain-gulfs, and, half-way up,
Towns like the living rock from which they grew?
A broudy region, black and desolate,
Where once a slave withstood a world of arms.
The air is sweet with violets, running wild
Mid broken friezes and fallen capitals;
Sweet as when Tully, writing down his thoughts,
Those thoughts so precious and so lately lost—
Turning to thee, divine philosophy,
Ever at hand to calm his troubled soul—
Sailed slowly by, two thousand years ago,
For Athens; when a ship, if north-east winds
Blew from the Pæstan gardens, slacked her course.
On as he moved along the level shore,
These temples, in their splendour eminent
Mid arcs and obelisks, and domes and towers,
Reflecting back the radiance of the west,
Well might he dream of glory! Now, coiled up,
The serpent sleeps within them; the she-wolf
Suckles her young; and as alone I stand
In this, the nobler pile, the elements
Of earth and air its only floor and covering,
How solemn is the stillness! Nothing stirs
Save the shrill-voiced cicala flitting round
On the rough pediment to sit and sing;
Or the green lizard rustling through the grass,
And up the fluted shaft with short quick spring,
To vanish in the chinks that time has made.
In such an hour as this, the sun's broad disk
Seen at his setting, and a flood of light
Filling the courts of these old sanctuaries—
Gigantic shadows, broken and confused,
Athwart the innumerable columns flung—
In such an hour he came, who saw and told,
Led by the mighty genius of the place. (1)

* They are said to have been discovered by accident about the middle of the last century.

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Walls of some capital city first appeared,
Half razed, half sunk, or scattered as in scorn,
And what within them? What but in the midst
These three in more than their original grandeur,
And, round about, no stone upon another?
As if the spoiler had fallen back in fear,
And, turning left them to the elements.

On a Tear.

O that the chemist's magic art
Could crystallise this sacred treasure,
Long should it glitter near my heart,
A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,
Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye;
Then, trembling, left its coral cell—
The spring of Sensibility!

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light,
In thee the rays of Virtue shine;
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul,
Who ever fliest to bring relief,
When first we feel the rude control
Of Love or Pity, Joy or Grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme,
In every clime, in every age:
Thou charm'st in Fancy's idle dream,
In Reason's philosophic page.

The very law which moulds a tear,
And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
And guides the planets in their course.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

An artist-poet of rare but wild and wayward genius—touched with a 'fine poetic madness'—appeared in WILLIAM BLAKE (1757–1827), whose life has been written with admirable taste and feeling by Allan Cunningham ('Lives of British Painters,' 1830), and in a more copious form by Alexander Gilchrist (1863). Blake was a native of London, son of a hosier. He was apprenticed to an engraver, but devoted all his leisure to drawing (in which he had occasional instruction from Flaxman and Fuseli), and in composing verses. Between his twelfth and twentieth years he produced a variety of songs, ballads, and a dramatic poem. A collection of these was printed at the cost of Flaxman and a gentleman named Matthews, who presented the sheets to their author to dispose of for his own advantage. In 1789 Blake himself published a series of 'Songs of Innocence,' with a great number of illustrations etched on copper by the poet and his wife—the affectionate, 'dark-eyed Kate.' His wife, we are told, worked off the plates in the press, and Blake tinted the impressions, designs, and letter-press with a variety of pleasing colours. His next work was a series of sixteen small designs, entitled, 'The Gates of Paradise' (1793); these were followed by 'Urizen,' or twenty-seven designs representing hell and its mysteries; and shortly afterwards by a series of illustrations of Young's 'Night Thoughts'—a congenial theme. Flaxman introduced Blake to Hayley the poet, and Hayley persuaded the artist to remove to Felpham in Sussex, to make engravings for the 'Life of Cowper.'

At Felpham Blake resided three years (1800–3), and in the comparative solitude of the country, in lonely musings by the sea-shore, indulged in those hallucinations which indicated a state of diseased

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imagination or chronic insanity. He conceived that he had lived in other days, and had formed friendships with Homer and Moses, with Pindar and Virgil, with Dante and Milton. These great men, he asserted, appeared to him in visions, and even entered into conversation. When asked about the looks of those visions, he answered: 'They are all majestic shadows, gray but luminous, and superior to the common height of men' (Cunningham). Blake laboured indefatigably, but with little worldly gain, at his strange fanciful illustrations. A work entitled 'Jerusalem' comprised a hundred designs; he executed twelve designs for Blair's 'Grave,' and a water-colour painting of the Canterbury Pilgrims, which was exhibited with other productions of the artist. These were explained in a 'Descriptive Catalogue' as eccentric as the designs, but which had a criticism on Chaucer admired by Charles Lamb as displaying 'wonderful power and spirit.' Lamb also considered Blake's little poem on the tiger as 'glorious.' The remaining works of the artist were 'Twenty-one Illustrations to the Book of Job,' and two works of 'Prophecies' (1793–4), one on America in eighteen plates, and the other on Europe in seventeen: he also illustrated Dante, but only seven of his illustrations were engraved. Three days before his death he was working on one of his prophetic works, the 'Ancient of Days.' 'He sat bolstered up in bed, and tinted it with his choicest colours, and in his happiest style. He touched and retouched it—held it at arm's length, and then threw it from him, exclaiming. "There! that will do! I cannot mend it." He saw his wife in tears—she felt this was to be the last of his works—"Stay, Kate!" cried Blake; "keep just as you are—I will draw your portrait—for you have ever been an angel to me." She obeyed, and the dying artist made it a fine likeness.' The poems of Blake have been frequently printed—at least in part—and his designs are now eagerly sought after.

To the Muses.—From 'Poetical Sketches.'

Whether on Ida's shady brow,
Or in the chambers of the East.
The chambers of the Sun, that now
From ancient melody have ceased;

Whether in heaven ye wander fair,
Or the green corners of the earth,
Or the blue regions of the air,
Where the melodious winds have birth;

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove
Beneath the bosom of the sea,
Wandering in many a coral grove,
Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry;

How have you left the ancient love
That bards of old enjoyed in you!
The languid strings do scarcely move,
The sound is forced, the notes are few!

Song.—From the Same.

I love the jocund dance,
The softly breathing song,
Where innocent eyes do glance
And where lisps the maiden's tongue.

I love the laughing vale,
I love the echoing hill,
Where mirth does never fail,
And the jolly swain laughs his fill.

I love the pleasant cot,
I love the innocent bower,
Where white and brown is our lot,
Or fruit in the mid-day hour.

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I love the oaken seat,
Beneath the oaken tree,
Where all the old villagers meet,
And laugh our sports to see.

I love our neighbours all,
But, Kitty, I better love thee;
And love them I ever shall,
But thou art all to me.

Introduction to 'Songs of Innocence' (1789).

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:

'Pipe a song about a lamb:'
So I piped with merry cheer.
'Piper, pipe that song again:'
So I piped; he wept to hear.

'Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
Sing thy songs of happy cheer:'
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

'Piper, sit thee down and write,
In a book that all may read'—
So he vanished from my sight;
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

The Lamb.—From the same.

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life and bid thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice:
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little lamb, I'll tell thee.
He is called by thy name,
For he calls himself a lamb:
He is meek, and he is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child and thou a lamb,
We are called by his name.
Little lamb, God bless thee,
Little lamb, God bless thee.

The Tiger.—From 'Songs of Experience' (1794).

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize thy fire?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand formed thy dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile his work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, the most original of modern poets, was a native of Cockermouth, in the county of Cumberland, where he was born on the 7th of April 1770. His father was law-agent to Sir James Lowther, afterwards Earl of Lonsdale, but died when the poet was in his seventh year. William and his brother—Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, long master of Trinity College—after being some years at Hawkshead School, in Lancashire, were sent by their uncles to the university of Cambridge. William was entered of St. John's in 1787. Having finished his academical course, and taken his de-

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gree, he travelled for a short time. In the autumn of 1790, he accomplished a tour on the continent in company with a fellow-student, Mr. Robert Jones. 'We went staff in hand,' he said, 'without knapsacks, and carrying each his needments tied up in a pocket handkerchief, with about £20 apiece in our pockets.' With this friend, Wordsworth made a tour in North Wales the following year, after taking his degree in college. He was again in France towards the close of the year 1791, and remained in that country about a twelvemonth. He had hailed the French Revolution with feelings of enthusiastic admiration.

> Bliss was it in that dawn to be *alive*,
> But to be *young* was very heaven.

Few poets escaped the contagion. Burns, Coleridge, Southey, and Campbell all felt the flame, and looked for a new era of liberty and happiness. It was long ere Wordsworth abandoned his political theory. His friends were desirous he should enter the church, but his republican sentiments and the unsettled state of his mind rendered him averse to such a step. To the profession of the law he was equally opposed. Poetry was to be the sole business of his life. A young friend, Raisley Calvert, dying in 1795, left him a sum of £900. 'Upon the interest of the £900,' he says, '£400 being laid out in annuity, with £200 deducted from the principal, and £100, a legacy to my sister, and £100 more which the 'Lyrical Ballads' brought me, my sister and I contrived to live seven years, nearly eight.' A further sum of about £1000 came to him as part of the estate of his father, who died intestate; and with this small competence, Wordsworth devoted himself to study and seclusion. He first appeared as a poet in his twenty-third year, 1793. The title of his work was 'Descriptive Sketches,' which was followed the same year by the 'Evening Walk.' The walk is among the mountains of Westmoreland; the sketches refer to a tour made in Switzerland by the poet and his friend Jones. The poetry is of the style of Goldsmith; but description predominates over reflection. The enthusiastic dreams of liberty which then buoyed up the young poet, appear in such lines as the following:

> O give, great God, to freedom's waves to ride
> Sublime o'er conquest, avarice, and pride;
> To sweep where pleasure decks her guilty bowers,
> And dark oppression builds her thick-ribbed towers;
> Give them, beneath their breast, while gladness springs,
> To brood the nations o'er with Nile-like wings;
> And grant that every sceptred child of clay
> Who cries, presumptuous, 'Here their tide shall stay,'
> Swept in their anger from the affrighted shore,
> With all his creatures, sink to rise no more!

In the autumn of 1795, Wordsworth and his sister were settled at Racedown Lodge, near Crewkerne in Somersetshire, where they were visited in the summer of 1797 by Coleridge. The poets

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were charmed with each other's society, and became friends for life. Wordsworth and his sister next moved to a residence near Coleridge's, at Alfoxen, near Nether Stowey. At this place many of his smaller poems were written, and also a tragedy, the 'Borderers,' which he attempted to get acted at Covent Garden Theatre, but it was rejected. In 1797, appeared the 'Lyrical Ballads,' to which Coleridge contributed his 'Ancient Mariner.' A generous provincial bookseller, Joseph Cottle of Bristol, gave thirty guineas for the copyright of this volume; he ventured on an impression of five hundred copies, but was soon glad to dispose of the largest proportion of the five hundred at a loss, to a London bookseller. The ballads were designed by their author as an experiment how far a simpler kind of poetry than that in use would afford permanent interest to readers. The humblest subjects, he contended, were fit for poetry, and the language should be that 'really used by men.' The fine fabric of poetic diction which generations of the tuneful tribe had been laboriously rearing, he proposed to destroy altogether. The language of humble and rustic life, arising out of repeated experience and regular feelings, he considered to be a more permanent and far more philosophical language than that which is frequently substituted for it by poets. The attempt of Wordsworth was either totally neglected or assailed with ridicule. The transition from the refined and sentimental school of verse, with select and polished diction, to such themes as 'The Idiot Boy,' and a style of composition disfigured by colloquial plainness, and by the mixture of ludicrous images and associations with passages of tenderness and pathos, was too violent to escape ridicule or insure general success It was often impossible to tell whether the poet meant to be comic or tender, serious or ludicrous; while the choice of his subjects and illustrations, instead of being regarded as genuine simplicity, had an appearance of silliness or affectation. The faults of his worse ballads were so glaring, that they overpowered, at least for a time, the simple natural beauties, the spirit of gentleness and humanity, with which they were accompanied. It was a first experiment, and it was made without any regard for existing prejudices or feelings, or any wish to conciliate.

In 1798, Wordsworth, his sister, and Coleridge went to Germany, the latter parting from them at Hamburg, and going to Ratzeburg, where he resided four months; while the Wordsworths proceeded to Goslar, and remained there about half a year. On their return to England, they settled at Grasmere, in Westmoreland, where they lived for eight years. In 1800 he reprinted his 'Lyrical Ballads,' with the addition of many new pieces, the work now forming two volumes. In October 1802, the poet was married to Mary Hutchinson, a lady with whom he had been early intimate, and on whom he wrote, in the third year of his married life, the exquisite lines, 'She was a Phantom of Delight.'

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She came, no more a Phantom to adorn
A moment, but an inmate of the heart,
And yet a spirit there for me enshrined
To penetrate the lofty and the low:
Even as one essence of pervading light
Shines in the brightest of ten thousand stars,
And in the meek worm that feeds her lonely lamp
Couched in the dewy grass.*

The Prelude.

In 1803, accompanied by Coleridge and his sister, Wordsworth made a tour in Scotland, which forms an epoch in his literary history, as it led to the production of some of his most popular minor poems. He had been for some years engaged on a poem in blank verse, 'The Prelude, or Growth of my own Mind,' which he brought to a close in 1805, but it was not published till after his death. In 1805, also, he wrote his 'Waggoner,' not published till 1819. Since Pope, no poet has been more careful of his fame than Wordsworth, and he was enabled to practise this abstinence in publication, because, like Pope, he was content with moderate means and limited desires. His circumstances, however, were at this time so favourable, that he purchased, for £1000, a small cottage and estate at the head of Ulleswater. Lord Lonsdale generously offered £800 to complete this purchase, but the poet accepted only of a fourth of the sum. In 1807 appeared two volumes of 'Poems' from his pen. They were assailed with all the severity of criticism, but it was seen that, whatever might be the theory of the poet, he possessed a vein of pure and exalted description and meditation which it was impossible not to feel and admire. The influence of nature upon man was his favourite theme; and though sometimes unintelligible from his idealism, he was also, on other occasions, just and profound. His worship of nature was ennobling and impressive. In 1809 the poet struck out into a new path. He came forward as a political writer, with an Essay on the Convention of Cintra, an event to which he was strongly opposed. His prose was as unsuccessful as his poetry, so far as sale was concerned; but there are fine vigorous passages in this pamphlet, and Canning is said to have pronounced it the most eloquent production since the days of Burke. Wordsworth had now abandoned his republican dreams, and was henceforward conservative of all time-honoured institutions in church and state. His views were never servile—they were those of a recluse politician, honest but impracticable. In the Spring of 1813 occurred Wordsworth's removal from Grasmere to Rydal Mount, one of the grand events of his life; and there he resided for the long period of thirty-seven years—a period of cheerful and dignified poetical retirement—

* This respected lady died at Rydal Mount, January 17, 1859. For some years her powers of sight had entirely failed her, but she continued cheerful and 'bright,' and full of conversational power as in former days.

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Long have I loved what I behold,
The night that calms, the day that cheers;
The common growth of mother-earth
Suffices me—her tears, her mirth,
Her humblest mirth and tears.

The dragon's wing, the magic ring,
I shall not covet for my dower,
If I along that lowly way
With sympathetic heart may stray,
And with a soul of power.

Prologue to 'Peter Bell.'

The circle of his admirers was gradually extending, and he continued to supply it with fresh materials of a higher order. In 1814 appeared 'The Excursion,' a philosophical poem in blank verse, by far the noblest production of the author, and containing passages of sentiment, description, and pure eloquence, not excelled by any living poet, while its spirit of enlightened humanity and Christian benevolence—extending over all ranks of sentiment and animated being—imparts to the poem a peculiarly sacred and elevated character. The influence of Wordsworth on the poetry of his age has thus been as beneficial as extensive. He turned the public taste from pompous inanity to the study of man and nature; he banished the false and exaggerated style of character and emotion which even the genius of Byron stooped to imitate; and he enlisted the sensibilities and sympathies of his intellectual brethren in favour of the most expansive and kindly philanthropy. The pleasures and graces of his muse are all simple, pure, and lasting. In working out the plan of his 'Excursion,' the poet has not, however, escaped from the errors of his early poems. The incongruity or want of keeping in the most of Wordsworth's productions is observable in this work. The principal character is a poor Scotch pedlar, who traverses the mountains in company with the poet, and is made to discourse, with clerk-like fluency,

Of truth, of grandeur, beauty, love, and hope.

It is thus that the poet violates the conventional rules of poetry and the realities of life; for surely it is inconsistent with truth and probability that a profound moralist and dialectician should be found in such a situation. In his travels with the 'Wanderer,' the poet is introduced to a 'Solitary,' who lives secluded from the world, after a life of busy adventures and high hope, ending in disappointment and disgust. They all proceed to the house of the pastor, who—in the style of Crabbe's 'Parish Register'—recounts some of the deaths and mutations that had taken place in his sequestered valley; and with a description of a visit made by the three to a neighbouring lake, the poem concludes. 'The Excursion' is an unfinished work, part of a larger poem, 'The Recluse,' 'having for its principal object the sensations and opinions of a poet living in retirement.' The narrative part of 'The Excursion' is a mere framework, rude and unskilful, for a series of pictures of mountain scenery and philosophical dissertations, tending to shew how the external world is adapted to the mind of man, and good educed out of evil and suffering.

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Within the soul a faculty abides,
That with interpositions, which would hide
And darken, so can deal, that they become
Contingencies of pomp, and serve to exalt
Her native brightness. As the ample moon
In the deep stillness of a summer even
Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,
Burns like an unconsuming fire of light
In the green trees; and, kindling on all sides,
Their leafy umbrage turns the dusky veil
Into a substance glorious as her own,
Yea, with her own incorporated, by power
Capacious and serene; like power abides
In man's celestial spirit; virtue thus
Sets forth and magnifies herself—thus feeds
A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,
From the encumbrances of mortal life;
From error, disappointment—nay, from guilt;
And sometimes—so relenting justice wills—
From palpable oppressions of despair. *Book IV.*

In a still loftier style of moral observation on the changes of life, the 'gray-haired wanderer' exclaims:

So fails, so languishes, grows dim and dies,
All that this world is proud of. From their spheres
The stars of human glory are cast down;
Perish the roses and the flowers of kings,
Princes, and emperors, and the crowns and palms
Of all the mighty, withered and consumed!
Nor is power given to lowliest innocence
Long to protect her own. The man himself
Departs; and soon is spent the line of those
Who, in the bodily image, in the mind,
In heart or soul, in station or pursuit
Did most resemble him. Degrees and ranks,
Fraternities and orders—heaping high
New wealth upon the burthen of the old,
And placing trust in privilege confirmed
And re-confirmed—are scoffed at with a smile
Of greedy foretaste, from the secret stand
Of desolation aimed; to slow decline
These yield, and these to sudden overthrow;
Their virtue, service, happiness, and state
Expire; and Nature's pleasant robe of green,
Humanity's appointed shroud, enwraps
Their monuments and their memory. *Book VII.*

The picturesque parts of 'The Excursion' are full of a quiet and tender beauty characteristic of the author. We subjoin two passages, the first descriptive of a peasant youth, the hero of his native vale.

A Noble Peasant.

The mountain ash
No eye can overlook, when 'mid a grove
Of yet unfaded trees she lifts her head
Decked with autumnal berries, that outshine
Spring's richest blossoms; and ye may have marked
By a brook side or solitary tarn,
How she her station doth adorn. The pool

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Glows at her feet, and all the gloomy rocks
Are brightened round her. In his native vale,
Such and so glorious did this youth appear;
A sight that kindled pleasure in all hearts
By his ingenuous beauty, by the gleam
Of his fair eyes, by his capacious brow,
By all the graces with which nature's hand
Had lavishly arrayed him. As old bards
Tell in their idle songs of wandering gods,
Pan or Apollo, veiled in human form;
Yet, like the sweet-breathed violet of the shade,
Discovered in their own despite to sense
Of mortals—if such fables without blame
May find chance mention on this sacred ground—
So, through a simple rustic garb's disguise
And through the impediment of rural cares,
In him revealed a scholar's genius shone;
And so, not wholly hidden from men's sight,
In him the spirit of a hero walked
Our unpretending valley. How the quoit
Whizzed from the stripling's arm! If touched by him,
The inglorious football mounted to the pitch
Of the lark's flight, or shaped a rainbow curve
Aloft, in prospect of the shouting field!
The indefatigable fox had learned
To dread his perseverance in the chase.
With admiration would he lift his eyes
To the wide-ruling eagle, and his hand
Was loath to assault the majesty he loved,
Else had the strongest fastnesses proved weak
To guard the loyal brood. The sailing glede,
The wheeling swallow, and the darting snipe,
The sporting sea-gull dancing with the waves,
And cautious waterfowl from distant climes,
Fixed at their seat, the centre of the mere,
Were subject to young Oswald's steady aim.

Book VII.

The peasant youth, with others in the vale, roused by the cry to arms, studies the rudiments of war, but dies suddenly:

To him, thus snatched away, his comrades paid
A soldier's honours. At his funeral hour
Bright was the sun, the sky a cloudless blue—
A golden lustre slept upon the hills;
And if by chance a stranger, wandering there,
From some commanding eminence had looked
Down on this spot, well pleased would he have seen
A glittering spectacle; but every face
Was pallid—seldom hath that eye been moist
With tears that wept not then; nor were the few
Who from their dwellings came not forth to join
In this sad service, less disturbed than we.
They started at the tributary peal
Of instantaneous thunder which announced
Through the still air the closing of the grave;
And distant mountains echoed with a sound
Of lamentation never heard before.

A description of deafness in a peasant would seem to be a subject hardly susceptible of poetical ornament; yet by contrasting it with

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the surrounding objects—the pleasant sounds and stir of nature—and by his vein of pensive and graceful reflection, Wordsworth has made this one of his finest pictures:

The Deaf Dalesman.

Almost at the root
Of that tall pine, the shadow of whose bare
And slender stem, while here I sat at eve,
Oft stretches towards me, like a long straight path
Traced faintly in the greensward; there, beneath
A plain blue stone, a gentle dalesman lies,
From whom in early childhood was withdrawn
The precious gift of hearing. He grew up
From year to year in loneliness of soul;
And this deep mountain valley was to him
Soundless, with all its streams. The bird of dawn
Did never rouse this cottager from sleep
With startling summons; not for his delight
The vernal cuckoo shouted; not for him
Murmured the labouring bee. When stormy winds
Were working the broad bosom of the lake
Into a thousand thousand sparkling waves,
Rocking the trees, or driving cloud on cloud
Along the sharp edge of yon lofty crags,
The agitated scene before his eye
Was silent as a picture: evermore
Were all things silent, wheresoe'er he moved.
Yet, by the solace of his own pure thoughts
Upheld, he duteously pursued the round
Of rural labours; the steep mountain side
Ascended with his staff and faithful dog;
The plough he guided, and the scythe he swayed;
And the ripe corn before his sickle fell
Among the jocund reapers. *Book VII.*

By viewing man in connection with external nature, the poet blends his metaphysics with pictures of life and scenery. To build up and strengthen the powers of the mind, in contrast to the operations of sense, was ever his object. Like Bacon, Wordsworth would rather have believed all the fables in the Talmud and Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind—or that that mind does not, by its external symbols, speak to the human heart. He lived under the habitual 'sway' of nature:

To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

The removal of the poet to Rydal was marked by an incident of considerable importance in his personal history. Through the influence of the Earl of Lonsdale, he was appointed distributor of stamps in the county of Westmoreland, which added greatly to his income, without engrossing all his time. He was now placed beyond the frowns of Fortune—if Fortune can ever be said to have frowned on one so independent of her smiles. The subsequent works of the poet were numerous—'The White Doe of Rylstone,' a romantic narrative poem, yet coloured with his peculiar genius; 'Sonnets on the River

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Duddon;' 'The Waggoner,' 'Peter Bell;' 'Ecclesiastical Sketches;' 'Yarrow Revisited,' &c.

Having made repeated tours in Scotland and on the continent, the poet diversified his subjects with descriptions of particular scenes, local manners, legends, and associations. The whole of his works were arranged by their author according to their respective subjects; as Poems referring to the Period of Childhood; Poems founded on the Affections; Poems of the Fancy; Poems of the Imagination, &c. This classification is often arbitrary and capricious; but it was one of the conceits of Wordsworth, that his poems should be read in a certain continuous order, to give full effect to his system. Thus classified and published, the poet's works formed six volumes. A seventh, consisting of poems written very early and very late in life—as is stated—and the tragedy which had long lain past the author, were added in 1842. The tragedy is not happy, for Wordsworth had less dramatic power than any other contemporary poet. In the drama, however, both Scott and Byron failed; and Coleridge, with his fine imagination and pictorial expression, was only a shade more successful.

The latter years of Wordsworth's life were gladdened by his increasing fame, by academic honours conferred upon him by the universities of Durham and Oxford, by his appointment to the office of poet-laureate on the death of his friend Southey in 1843, and by a pension from the crown of £300 per annum. In 1847, he was shaken by a severe domestic calamity, the death of his only daughter, Dora, Mrs. Quillinan. This lady was worthy of her sire. Shortly before her death she published anonymously a 'Journal of a Residence in Portugal,' whither she had gone in pursuit of health.* Having attained to the great age of eighty, in the enjoyment of generally robust health (most of his poems were composed in the open air), Wordsworth died on the 23d of April 1850—the anniversary of St. George, the patron saint of England—and was interred by the side of his daughter in the beautiful churchyard of Grasmere.

One of the most enthusiastic admirers of Wordsworth was Coleridge, so long his friend and associate, and who looked up to him with a sort of filial veneration and respect. He has drawn his poetical character at length in the 'Biographia Literaria,' and if we consider it as applying to the higher characteristics of Wordsworth,

* Mr. Edward Quillinan, son-in-law of Wordsworth, was a native of Oporto, but was educated in England. He was one of Wordsworth's most constant admirers, and was himself a poet of considerable talent and an accomplished scholar. He was first married to a daughter of Sir Egerton Brydges, and having quitted the army, he settled in the Lake country. There Mrs. Quillinan died by an unfortunate accident—her dress having caught fire—and left two daughters, in whom the Wordsworth family took deep interest. In 1841 the intimacy between Dora Wordsworth and Mr. Quillinan, which 'first sprang out of the root of grief,' was crowned by their marriage. She lived only about six years afterwards, and Mr. Quillinan himself died suddenly in 1851. A volume of his *Poems* was published in 1853, and part of a translation of the *Lusiad*, which no man in England could have done so well. He was also engaged on a translation of the *History of Portugal* by Senor Herculano.

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without reference to the absurdity or puerility of some of his early fables, incidents, and language, it will be found equally just and felicitous. *First*, 'An austere purity of language, both grammatically and logically; in short, a perfect appropriateness of the words to the meaning. *Secondly*, A correspondent weight and sanity of the thoughts and sentiments won, not from books, but from the poet's own meditations. They are *fresh*, and have the dew upon them. Even throughout his smaller poems, there is not one which is not rendered valuable by some just and original reflection. *Thirdly*, The sinewy strength and originality of single lines and paragraphs, the frequent *curiosa felicitas* of his diction. *Fourthly*, The perfect truth of nature in his images and descriptions, as taken immediately from nature, and proving a long and genial intimacy with the very spirit which gives a physiognomic expression to all the works of nature. *Fifthly*, a meditative pathos, a union of deep and subtle thought with sensibility: a sympathy with man as man; the sympathy, indeed, of a contemplator rather than a fellow-sufferer and co-mate (*spectator, haud particeps*), but of a contemplator from whose view no difference of rank conceals the sameness of the nature; no injuries of wind or weather, or toil, or even of ignorance, wholly disguise the human face divine. *Last*, and pre-eminently, I challenge for this poet the gift of imagination in the highest and strictest sense of the word. In the play of *fancy*, Wordsworth, to my feelings, is always graceful, and sometimes recondite. The *likeness* is occasionally too strange, or demands too peculiar a point of view, or is such as appears the creature of predetermined research, rather than spontaneous presentation. Indeed, his fancy seldom displays itself as mere and unmodified fancy. But in imaginative power he stands nearest of all modern writers to Shakspeare and Milton, and yet in a mind perfectly unborrowed, and his own. To employ his own words, which are at once an instance and an illustration, he does indeed, to all thoughts and to all objects—

> And the gleam,
> The light that never was on sea or land,
> The consecration and the poet's dream.

The fame of Wordsworth was daily extending, as we have said, before his death. The few ridiculous or puerile passages which excited so much sarcasm, parody, and derision, had been partly removed by himself, or were by his admirers either quietly overlooked, or considered as mere idiosyncrasies of the poet that provoked a smile, while his higher attributes commanded admiration, and he had secured a new generation of readers. A tribe of worshippers, in the young poets of the day, had arisen to do him homage, and in some instances they carried the feeling to a wild but pardonable excess. Many of his former depreciators also joined the ranks of his admirers—partly because in his late works the poet did himself more justice both in his style and subjects. He is too intellectual, and too

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little *sensuous*, to use the phrase of Milton, ever to become generally popular, unless in some of his smaller pieces. His peculiar sensibilities cannot be relished by all. His poetry, however, is of various kinds. Forgetting his own theory as to the proper subjects of poetry, he ventured on the loftiest themes, and in calm sustained elevation of thought, appropriate imagery, and intense feeling, he often reminds the reader of the sublime strains of Milton. His 'Laodamia,' the 'Vernal Ode,' the 'Ode to Lycoris and Dion,' are pure and richly classic poems in conception and diction. Many of his sonnets have also a chaste and noble simplicity. In these short compositions, his elevation and power as a poet are perhaps more remarkably displayed than in any of his other productions. They possess a winning sweetness or simple grandeur, without the most distant approach to antithesis or straining for effect; while that tendency to prolixity and diffuseness which characterises his longer poems, is repressed by the necessity for brief and rapid thought and concise expression, imposed by the nature of the sonnet. It is no exaggeration to say that Milton alone has surpassed—if even *he* has surpassed—some of the noble sonnets of Wordsworth dedicated to liberty and inspired by patriotism.

Sonnets.

London, 1802.

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour;
England hath need of thee; she is a fen
Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea;
Pure as the naked heavens—majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself didst lay.

The World is Too Much With Us.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sweeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

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Composed upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1803.

Earth has not anything to shew more fair:
Dull would be he of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This city now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie,
Open unto the fields and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

On King's College Chapel, Cambridge.

Tax not the royal saint with vain expense,
With ill-matched aims the architect who planned,
Albeit labouring for a scanty band
Of white robed scholars only, this immense
And glorious work of fine intelligence!
Give all thou canst: high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely calculated less or more;
So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense
These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingering—and wandering on, as loath to die;
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yielded proof
That they were born for immortality.

His 'Intimations of Immortality,' and 'Lines on Tintern Abbey' are the finest examples of his rapt imaginative style, blending metaphysical truth with diffuse gorgeous description and metaphor. His simpler effusions are pathetic and tender. He has little strong passion; but in one piece, 'Vaudracour and Julia,' he has painted the passion of love with more warmth than might be anticipated from his abstract idealism:

His present mind
Was under fascination; he beheld
A vision, and adored the thing he saw.
Arabian fiction never filled the world
With half the wonders that were wrought for him.
Earth breathed in one great presence of the spring:
Life turned the meanest of her implements
Before his eyes, to price above all gold;
The house she dwelt in was a sainted shrine;
Her chamber window did surpass in glory
The portals of the dawn; all paradise
Could, by the simple opening of a door,
Let itself in upon him: pathways, walks,
Swarmed with enchantment, till his spirit sank,
Surcharged within him—overblest to move
Beneath a sun that wakes a weary world
To its dull round of ordinary cares;
A man too happy for mortality!

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The lovers parted under circumstances of danger, but had a stolen interview at night:

> Through all her courts
> The vacant city slept; the busy winds,
> That keep no certain intervals of rest,
> Moved not; meanwhile the galaxy displayed
> Her fires, that like mysterious pulses beat
> Aloft—momentous but uneasy bliss!
> To their full hearts the universe seemed hung
> On that brief meeting's slender filament!

This is the style of Ford or Massinger. Living mostly apart from the world, and nursing with solitary complacency his poetical system, and all that could bear upon his works and pursuits as a poet, Wordworth fell into those errors of taste, and that want of discrimination, to which we have already alluded. His most puerile ballads and attempts at humour were apparently as much prized by him, and classed with the same nicety and care, as the most majestic of his conceptions, or the most natural and beautiful of his descriptions. The art of condensation was also rarely practised by him. But if the poet's retirement or peculiar disposition was a cause of his weakness, it was also one of the sources of his strength. It left him untouched by the artificial or mechanical tastes of his age; it gave an originality to his conceptions and to the whole colour of his thoughts; and it completely imbued him with that purer antique life and knowledge of the phenomena of nature—the sky, lakes, and mountains of his native district, in all their tints and forms—which he has depicted with such power and enthusiasm. A less complacent poet would have been chilled by the long neglect and ridicule he experienced. His spirit was self-supported, and his genius, at once observant and meditative, was left to shape out its own creations, and extend its sympathies to that world which lay beyond his happy mountain solitude.

Lines.

> My heart leaps up when I behold
> A rainbow in the sky:
> So was it when my life began;
> So is it now I am a man;
> So be it when I shall grow old,
> Or let me die!
> The child is father of the man;
> And I could wish my days to be
> Bound each to each by natural piety.

Lucy.

> She dwelt among the untrodden ways,
> Beside the springs of Dove,
> A maid whom there were none to praise,
> And very few to love.
>
> A violet by a mossy stone
> Half hidden from the eye;
> Fair as a star, when only one
> Is shining in the sky.
>
> She lived unknown, and few could know
> When Lucy ceased to be;
> But she is in her grave, and oh,
> The difference to me!

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We are Seven.

A simple child, dear brother Jim,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage girl;
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair—
Her beauty made me glad.

'Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?'
How many? Seven in all,' she said,
And wondering looked at me.

'And where are they? I pray you tell.'
She answered, 'seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

'Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And in the churchyard-cottage I
Dwell near them with my mother.'

'You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be?'

Then did the little maid reply,
'Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree.'

'You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five.'

'Their graves are green, they may be seen,'
The little maid replied,
'Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

'My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem,
And there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

'And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

'The first that died was little Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain,
And then she went away.

'So in the churchyard she was laid;
And when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played—
My brother John and I.

'And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go—
And he lies by her side.'

'How many are you then,' said I,
'If they two are in heaven?'
The little maiden did reply,
'O master! we are seven.'

'But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!'
'Twas throwing words away; for still,
The little maid would have her will,
And said, 'Nay, we are seven!'

A Portrait.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,

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Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill, And yet a spirit still, and bright
A perfect woman, nobly planned, With something of an angel light.
To warn, to comfort, and command;

Lines composed a few Miles above Tintern Abbey, on Revisiting the Banks of the Wye, During a Tour, July 13, 1798.

Five years have passed; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters; and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain springs
With a sweet inland murmur. Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion, and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage grounds, these orchard tufts,
Which, at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
Among the woods and copses, nor disturb
The wild green landscape. Once again I see
These hedgerows, hardly hedgerows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild; these pastoral farms
Green to the very door: and wreaths of smoke
Sent up in silence from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice, as might seem,
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some hermit's cave, where, by his fire,
The hermit sits alone.
These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration: feelings, too,
Of unremembered pleasure; such, perhaps,
As may have had no trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His, little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lightened; that serene and blessed mood
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until the breath of this corporeal frame,
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul;
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.
If this
Be but a vain belief, yet oh! how oft,
In darkness, and amid the many shapes
Of joyless daylight, when the fretful stir

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Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart,
How oft in spirit have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye!—thou wanderer through the woods—
How often has my spirit turned to thee!
And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again:
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills; when, like a roe,
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then—
The coarser pleasures of my boyish days
And their glad animal movements all gone by—
To me was all in all. I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed, for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still sad music of humanity.
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains, and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create
And what perceive; well pleased to recognise
In nature, and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.
Nor, perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay;

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For thou art with me here, upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou, my dearest friend,
My dear, dear friend, and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. O! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear sister! And this prayer I make,
Knowing that nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk:
And let the misty mountain winds be free
To blow against thee: and in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance,
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
Of past existence, wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshipper of nature, hither came,
Unwearied in that service: rather say
With warmer love, oh! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!"

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* In our admiration of the external forms of nature, the mind is redeemed from a sense of the transitory, which so often mixes perturbation with pleasure; and there is perhaps no feeling of the human heart which, being so intense, is at the same time so composed. It is for this reason, amongst others, that it is peculiarly favourable to the contemplations of a poetical philosopher, and eminently so to one like Mr. Wordsworth, in whose scheme of thought there is no feature more prominent than the doctrine that the intellect should be nourished by the feelings, and that the state of mind which bestows a gift of genuine insight is one of profound emotion as well as profound composure; or, as Coleridge has somewhere expressed himself—

Deep self-possession, an intense repose.

The power which lies in the beauty of nature to induce this union of the tranquil and the vivid is described, and to every disciple of Wordsworth, has been, as much as is possible, imparted by the celebrated *Lines written in* 1798, *A few Miles above Tintern Abbey*, in which the poet, having attributed to his intermediate recollections of the landscape then revisited a benign influence over many acts of daily life, describes the particulars in which he is indebted to them. . . . The impassioned love of nature is interfused

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Picture of Christmas Eve.—Addressed to the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth, with Sonnets to the River Duddon, &c.

The minstrels played their Christmas tune
To-night beneath my cottage eaves:
While, smitten by a lofty moon
The encircling laurels, thick with leaves,
Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen,
That overpowered their natural green.

Through hill and valley every breeze
Had sunk to rest with folded wings;
Keen was the air, but could not freeze,
Nor check the music of the strings;
So stout and hardy were the band,
That scraped the chords with strenuous hand.

And who but listened till was paid
Respect to every inmate's claim;
The greeting given, the music played
In honour of each household name,
Duly pronounced with lusty call,
And 'Merry Christmas' wished to all?

O brother! I revere the choice
That took thee from thy native hills;
And it is given thee to rejoice:
Though public care full often tills—
Heaven only witness of the toil—
A barren and ungrateful soil.

Yet, would that thou, with me and mine,
Hadst heard this never-failing rite;
And seen on other faces shine
A true revival of the light
Which nature, and these rustic powers,
In simple childhood spread through ours!

For pleasure hath not ceased to wait
On these expected annual rounds,
Whether the rich man's sumptuous gate
Call forth the unelaborate sounds,
Or they are offered at the door
That guards the lowliest of the poor

How touching, when at midnight sweep
Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,
To hear—and sink again to sleep!
Or, at an earlier call, to mark,
By blazing fire, the still suspense
Of self-complacent innocence;

The mutual nod—the grave disguise
Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er;
And some unbidden tears that rise
For names once heard, and heard no more;
Tears brightened by the serenade
For infant in the cradle laid!

Ah! not for emerald fields alone,
With ambient streams more pure and bright
Than fabled Cytherea's zone
Glittering before the Thunderer's sight,
Is to my heart of hearts endeared
The ground where we were born and reared!

Hail, ancient manners! sure defence,
Where they survive, of wholesome laws;
Remnants of love, whose modest sense
Thus into narrow room withdraws;
Hail, usages of pristine mould,
And ye that guard them, mountains old!

Bear with me, brother, quench the thought
That slights this passion or condemns;
If thee fond fancy ever brought
From the proud margin of the Thames,
And Lambeth's venerable towers,
To humbler streams and greener bowers.

Yes, they can make, who fail to find
Short leisure even in busiest days,
Moments—to cast a look behind,
And profit by those kindly rays
That through the clouds do sometimes steal,
And all the far-off past reveal.

Hence, while the imperial city's din
Beats frequent on thy satiate ear,
A pleased attention I may win
To agitations less severe,
That neither overwhelm nor cloy,
But fill the hollow vale with joy.

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through the whole of Mr. Wordsworth's system of thought, filling up all interstices, penetrating all recesses, colouring all media supporting, associating, and giving coherency and mutual relevancy to it in all its parts. Though man is his subject, yet is man never presented to us divested of his relations with external nature. Man is the text, but there is always a running commentary of natural phenomena.—*Quarterly Review* for 1834.

In illustration of this remark, every episode in the *Excursion* might also be cited (particularly the affecting and beautiful tale of Margaret in the first book): and the poems of the *Cumberland Beggar*, *Michael*, and the *Fountain*—the last unquestionably one of the finest of the ballads—are also striking instances.

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To a Highland Girl.—At Inversneyd, upon Loch Lomond.

Sweet Highland girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower!
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head:
And these gray locks; this household lawn;
These trees, a veil just half withdrawn;
This fall of water that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake;
This little bay, a quiet road
That holds in shelter thy abode—
In truth, together do you seem
Like something fashioned in a dream;
Such forms as from their covert peep
When earthly cares are laid asleep!
Yet, dream or vision as thou art,
I bless thee with a human heart:
God shield thee to thy latest years!
I neither know thee nor thy peers;
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.
With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away:
For never saw I mien or face,
In which more plainly I could trace
Benignity and homebred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.
Here scattered like a random seed,
Remote from men, thou dost not need
The embarrassed look of shy distress
And maidenly shamefacedness:
Thou wearest upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a mountaineer:
A face with gladness overspread!
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred!
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about the plays;
With no restraint, but such as springs
From quick and eager visitings
Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach
Of thy few words of English speech.
A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life!
So have I, not unmoved in mind,
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind,
Thus beating up against the wind.
What hand but would a garland cull
For thee who art so beautiful?
O happy pleasure! here to dwell
Beside thee in some heathy dell;
Adopt your homely ways, and dress
A shepherd, thou a shepherdess!
But I could frame a wish for thee
More like a grave reality:
Thou art to me but as a wave
Of the wild sea; and I would have
Some claim upon thee, if I could,
Though but of common neighbourhood.
What joy to hear thee, and to see!
Thy elder brother I would be—
Thy father—anything to thee!
Now thanks to Heaven! that of its grace
Hath led me to this lonely place.
Joy have I had; and going hence,
I bear away my recompense.
In spots like these it is we prize
Our memory, feel that she hath eyes:
Then, why should I be loath to stir?
I feel this place was made for her:
To give new pleasure like the past,
Continued long as life shall last.
Nor am I loath, though pleased at heart,
Sweet Highland girl! from thee to part;
For I, methinks, till I grow old,
As fair before me shall behold,
As I do now, the cabin small,
The lake, the bay, the waterfall;
And thee, the spirit of them all!

Laodamia.

'With sacrifice before the rising morn,
Vows have I made by fruitless hope inspired;
And from the infernal gods, 'mid shades forlorn
Of night, my slaughtered lord have I required:
Celestial pity I again implore;
Restore him to my sight—great Jove, restore!'

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed
With faith, the suppliant heavenward lifts her hands;
While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,
Her countenance brightens and her eye expands;
Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows;
And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror! what hath she perceived?—O joy!
What doth she look on?—whom doth she behold?
Her hero slain upon the beach of Troy?
His vital presence? his corporeal mould?
It is—if sense deceive her not—'tis he!
And a god leads him, winged Mercury!

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Mild Hermes spake, and touched her with his wand
That calms all fear: 'Such grace hath crowned thy prayer,
Laodamia! that at Jove's command
Thy husband walks the paths of upper air;
He comes to tarry with thee three hours' space;
Accept the gift; behold him face to face!'

Forth sprang the impassioned queen her lord to clasp,
Again that consummation she essayed;
But unsubstantial Form eludes her grasp
As often as that eager grasp was made.
The phantom parts—but parts to reunite,
And reassume his place before her sight.

'Protesilaus, lo! thy guide is gone!
Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice.
This is our palace—yonder is thy throne;
Speak, and the flour thou tread'st on will rejoice.
Not to appal me have the gods bestowed
This precious boon; and blest a sad abode.'

'Great Jove, Laodamia doth not leave
Her gifts imperfect. Spectre though I be,
I am not sent to scare thee or deceive;
But in reward of thy fidelity.
And something also did my worth obtain;
For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

'Thou knowest, the Delphic oracle foretold
That the first Greek who touched the Trojan strand
Should die: but me the threat could not withhold:
A generous cause a victim did demand;
And forth I leaped upon the sandy plain;
A self-devoted chief—by Hector slain.'

'Supreme of heroes; bravest, noblest, best!
Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,
Which then, when tens of thousands were depressed
By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore;
Thou found'st—and I forgive thee—here thou art—
A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

'But thou, though capable of sternest deed,
Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave;
And he, whose power restores thee, hath decreed
That thou shouldst cheat the malice of the grave.
Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair
As when their breath enriched Thessalian air.

'No spectre greets me—no vain shadow this;
Come, blooming hero, place thee by my side!
Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial kiss
To me, this day, a second time thy bride!'
Jove frowned in heaven; the conscious Parcæ threw
Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

'This visage tells thee that my doom is past:
Nor should the change be mourned, even if the joys
Of sense were able to return as fast
And surely as they vanish. Earth destroys
Those raptures duly—Erebus disdains;
Calm pleasures there abide—majestic pains.

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'Be taught, O faithful consort, to control
Rebellious passion: for the gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul;
A fervent, not ungovernable love.
Thy transports moderate; and meekly mourn
When I depart, for brief is my sojourn.'

'Ah, wherefore? Did not Hercules by force
Wrest from the guardian monster of the tomb
Alcestis, a reanimated corse,
Given back to dwell on earth in vernal bloom?
Medea's spells dispersed the weight of years,
And Æson stood a youth 'mid youthful peers.

'The gods to us are merciful: and they
Yet further may relent; for mightier far
Than strength of nerve or skill of bow, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distressed,
And though his favourite seat be feeble woman's breast.

'But if thou goest, I follow.' 'Peace!' he said:
She looked upon him, and was calmed and cheered;
The ghastly colour from his lips had fled.
In his deportment, shape, and mien appeared
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

He spake of love, such love as spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure;
No fears to beat away, no strife to heal,
The past unsighed for, and the future sure;
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
Revived, with finer harmony pursued.

Of all that is most beauteous—imaged there
In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams,
Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the soul shall enter which hath earned
That privilege by virtue. 'Ill,' said he,
'The end of man's existence I discerned,
Who from ignoble games and revelry
Could draw, when we had parted, vain delight,
While tears were thy best pastime, day and night:

'And while my youthful peers before my eyes—
Each hero following his peculiar bent—
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise
By martial sports; or seated in the tent,
Chieftains and kings in council were detained—
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained.

'The wished-for wind was given: I then revolved
The oracle upon the silent sea;
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved
That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be
The foremost prow in pressing to the strand—
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

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'Yet bitter, ofttimes bitter was the pang,
When of thy loss I thought, beloved wife!
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal life;
The paths which we had trod—these fountains, flowers;
My new-planned cities, and unfinished towers.

'But should suspense permit the foe to cry,
"Behold they tremble! haughty their array;
Yet of their number no one dares to die!"
In soul I wept the indignity away:
Old frailties then recurred; but lofty thought,
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

'And thou, though strong in love, art all too weak
In reason, in self-government too slow;
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek
Our blest reunion in the shades below.
The invisible world with thee hath sympathised;
Be thy affections raised and solemnised.

'Learn, by a mortal yearning, to ascend—
Seeking a higher object. Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end:
For this the passion to excess was driven,
That self might be annulled: her bondage prove
The fetters of a dream, opposed to love.'

Aloud she shrieked: for Hermes reappears!
Round the dear shade she would have clung; 'tis vain;
The hours are past—too brief had they been years;
And him no mortal effort can detain:
Swift toward the realms that know not earthly day,
He through the portal takes his silent way,
And on the palace-floor a lifeless corse she lay.

By no weak pity might the gods be moved;
She who thus perished, not without the crime
Of lovers that in reason's spite have loved,
Was doomed to wear out her appointed time
Apart from happy ghosts, that gather flowers
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

—Yet tears to human suffering are due;
And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown
Are mourned by man, and not by man alone,
As fondly he believes. Upon the side
Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained)
A knot of spiry trees of ages grew
From out the tomb of him for whom she died;
And ever, when such stature they had gained,
That Ilium's walls were subject to their view,
The trees' tall summits withered at the sight—
A constant interchange of growth and blight!

Memoirs of Wordsworth were published in 1851, two volumes, by the poet's nephew, CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, D. D. This is rather a meagre, unsatisfactory work, but no better has since appeared. Many interesting anecdotes, reports of conversation, letters, &c., will be found in the 'Diary' of Henry Crabb Robinson, 1869. In 1874 was published 'Recollections of a Tour made in Scotland, A. D. 1803,' by DOROTHY WORDSWORTH, sister of the poet, to whose talents and

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observation, no less than to her devoted affection, her brother was largely indebted.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, a profound thinker and rich imaginative poet, enjoyed a high reputation during the latter years of his life for his colloquial eloquence and metaphysical and critical powers, of which only a few fragmentary specimens remain. His poetry also indicated more than was achieved. Visions of grace, tenderness, and majesty seem ever to have haunted him. Some of these he embodied in exquisite verse; but he wanted concentration and steadiness of purpose to avail himself sufficiently of his intellectual riches. A happier destiny was also perhaps wanting; for much of Coleridge's life was spent in poverty and dependence, amidst disappointment and ill health, and in the irregularity caused by an unfortunate and excessive use of opium, which tyrannised over him for many years with unrelenting severity. Amidst daily drudgery for the periodical press, and in nightly dreams distempered and feverish, he wasted, to use his own expression, 'the prime and manhood of his intellect.'

The poet was a native of Devonshire, born on the 20th of October 1772 at Ottery St. Mary, of which parish his father was vicar. He received the principal part of his education at Christ's Hospital, where he had Charles Lamb for a school-fellow. He describes himself as being, from eight to fourteen, 'a playless day-dreamer, a *hellua librorum*,' and in this instance, 'the child was father of the man,' for such was Coleridge to the end of his life. A stranger whom he had accidentally met one day on the streets of London, and who was struck with his conversation, made him free of a circulating library, and he read through the catalogue, folios and all. At fourteen, he had, like Gibbon, a stock of erudition that might have puzzled a doctor, and a degree of ignorance of which a school-boy would have been ashamed. He had no ambition; his father was dead, and he actually thought of apprenticing himself to a shoemaker who lived near the school. The head-master, Bowyer, interfered, and prevented this additional honour to the craft of St. Crispin, made illustrious by Gifford and Bloomfield. Coleridge became deputy-Grecian, or head-scholar, and obtained an exhibition or presentation from Christ's Hospital to Jesus College, Cambridge, where he remained from 1791 to 1793. In his first year at college he gained the Brown gold medal for the Greek ode; next year he stood for the Craven scholarship, but lost it; and in 1793 he was again unsuccessful in a competition for the Greek ode on astronomy. By this time he had incurred some debts, not amounting to £100; but this so weighed on his mind and spirits, that he suddenly left college, and went to London. He had also become obnoxious to his superiors from his attachment to the principles of the French Revolution.

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When France in wrath her giant-limbs upreared,
And with that oath which smote air, earth, and sea,
Stamped her strong foot, and said she would be free,
Bear witness for me, how I hoped and feared!
With what a joy my lofty gratulation
Unawed I sang, amid a slavish band;
And when to whelm the disenchanted nation,
Like fiends embattled by a wizard's wand,
The monarchs marched in evil day,
And Britain joined the dire array;
Though dear her shores and circling ocean,
Though many friendships, many youthful loves
Had swol'n the patriot emotion,
And flung a magic light o'er all her hills and groves,
Yet still my voice, unaltered, sang defeat
To all that braved the tyrant-quelling lance,
And shame too long delayed, and vain retreat!
For ne'er, O Liberty! with partial aim
I dimmed thy light, or damped thy holy flame;
But blest the paeans of delivered France,
And hung my head, and wept at Britain's name.

France, an Ode.

In London, Coleridge soon felt himself forlorn and destitute, and he enlisted as a soldier in the 15th, Elliott's Light Dragoons. 'On his arrival at the quarters of the regiment,' says his friend and biographer, Mr. Gillman, 'the general of the district inspected the recruits, and looking hard at Coleridge, with a military air, inquired: "What's your name, sir?" "Comberbach." (The name he had assumed.) "What do you come here for, sir?" as if doubting whether he had any business there. "Sir," said Coleridge, "for what most other persons come—to be made a soldier." "Do you think," said the general, "you can run—a Frenchman through the body?" "I do not know," replied Coleridge, "as I never tried; but I'll let a Frenchman run me through the body before I'll run away." "That will do," said the general, and Coleridge was turned into the ranks.' The poet made a poor dragoon, and never advanced beyond the awkward squad. He wrote letters, however, for all his comrades, and they attended to his horse and accoutrements. After four months' service—December 1793 to April 1794—the history and circumstances of Coleridge became known. According to one account, he had written under his saddle on the stable-wall, *Eheu! quam infortunii miserrimum est fuisse felicem*, which led to inquiry on the part of the captain of his troop, who had more regard for the classics than Ensign Northerton in 'Tom Jones.' Another account attributes the termination of his military career to a chance recognition on the street. His family being apprised of his situation, his discharge was obtained on the 10th of April 1794.*

* Miss Mitford states that the arrangement for Coleridge's discharge was made at her father's house at Reading. Captain Ogle—in whose troop the poet served—related at table one day the story of the learned recruit, when it was resolved to make exertions for his discharge. There would have been some difficulty in the case, had not one of the servants waiting at table been induced to enlist in his place. The poet, Miss Mitford says, never forgot her father's zeal in the cause.

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He seems then to have set about publishing his 'Juvenile Poems' by subscription, and while at Oxford in June of the same year, he met with Southey, and an intimacy immediately sprung up between them. Coleridge was then an ardent republican and a Socinian—full of high hopes and anticipations, 'the golden exhalations of the dawn.' In conjunction with his new friend Southey; with Robert Lovell, the son of a wealthy Quaker; George Burnett, a fellow-collegian from Somersetshire; Robert Allen, then at Corpus Christi College; and Edmund Seward, of a Herefordshire family, also a fellow-collegian, Coleridge planned and proposed to carry out a scheme of emigration to America. They were to found in the New World a *Pantisocracy*, or state of society in which each was to have his portion of work, and their wives—all were to be married—were to cook and perform domestic offices, the poets cultivating literature in their hours of leisure, with neither king nor priest to mar their felicity. 'From building castles in the air,' as Southey has said, 'to framing commonwealths was an easy transition.' For some months this delusion lasted; but funds were wanting, and could not be readily raised. Southey and Coleridge gave a course of public lectures, and wrote a tragedy on the 'Fall of Robespierre,' and the former soon afterwards proceeding with his uncle to Spain and Portugal, the Pantisocratic scheme was abandoned. Coleridge and Southey married two sisters—Lovell, who died in the following year, had previously been married to a third sister—ladies of the name of Fricker, amiable, but wholly without a fortune.

Coleridge, still ardent, wrote two political pamphlets, concluding 'that truth should be spoken at all times, but more especially at those times when to speak truth is dangerous.' He established also a periodical in prose and verse, entitled 'The Watchman,' with the motto, 'That all might know the truth, and that the truth might make us free.' He watched in vain. Coleridge's incurable want of order and punctuality, and his philosophical theories, tired out and disgusted his readers, and the work was discontinued after the ninth number. Of the unsaleable nature of this publication, he relates an amusing illustration. Happening one day to rise at an earlier hour than usual, he observed his servant-girl putting an extravagant quantity of paper into the grate, in order to light the fire, and he mildly checked her for her wastefulness. 'La, sir,' replied Nanny, 'why, it is only "Watchmen."' He went to reside in a cottage at Nether Stowey, at the foot of the Quantock Hills—a rural retreat which he has commemorated in his poetry:

> And now, beloved Stowey! I behold
> Thy church-tower, and, methinks, the four huge elms
> Clustering, which mark the mansion of my friends;
> And close behind them, hidden from my view,
> Is my own lowly cottage, where my babe
> And my babe's mother dwell in peace! With light
> And quickened footsteps thitherward I tread.

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At Stowey, Coleridge wrote some of his most beautiful poetry—his 'Ode on the Departing year;' 'Fears in Solitude;' 'France, an Ode;' 'Frost at Midnight;' the first part of Christabel;' the 'Ancient Mariner;' and his tragedy of 'Remorse.' The luxuriant fulness and individuality of his poetry shews that he was then happy, no less than eager, in his studies. Wordsworth thus describes his appearance:

> A noticeable man with large grey eyes,
> And a pale face that seemed undoubtedly
> As if a blooming face it ought to be;
> Heavy his low-hung lip did oft appear
> Depressed by weight of musing Phantasy;
> Profound his forehead was, but not severe.

The two or three years spent at Stowey seem to have been at once the most felicitous and the most illustrious of Coleridge's literary life. He had established his name for ever, though it was long in struggling to distinction. During his residence at Stowey, the poet officiated as Unitarian preacher at Taunton, and afterwards at Shrewsbury.* In 1798, the 'generous and munificent patronage' of Messrs. Josiah and Thomas Wedgwood, Staffordshire, enabled the poet to proceed to Germany to complete his education, and he resided there fourteen months. At Ratzeburg and Göttingen he acquired a well-grounded knowledge of the German language and literature, and was confirmed in his bias towards philosophical and metaphysical studies. On his return in 1800, he found Southey established at Keswick, and Wordsworth at Grasmere. He went to live with the former, and there his opinions underwent a total change. The Jacobin became a royalist, and the Unitarian a warm and devoted believer in the Trinity. In the same year he published his translation of Schiller's 'Wallenstein,' into which he had thrown some of the finest graces of his own fancy. The following passage may be con-

* Hazlitt walked ten miles in a winter day to hear Coleridge preach. 'When I got there,' he says, 'the organ was playing the 104th Psalm, and when it was done Mr. Coleridge rose and gave out his text: "He departed again into a mountain himself alone." As he gave out this text, his voice rose like a stream of rich distilled perfumes; and when he came to the last two words, which he pronounced loud, deep, and distinct, it seemed to me, who was then young, as if the sounds had echoed from the bottom of the human heart, and as if that prayer might have floated in solemn silence through the universe. The idea of St. John came into my mind, of one crying in the wilderness, who had his loins girt about and whose food was locusts and wild honey. The preacher then launched into his subject like an eagle dallying with the wind. The sermon was upon peace and war—upon church and state—not their alliance, but their separation—on the spirit of the world and the spirit of Christianity, not as the same, but as opposed to one another. He talked of those who had inscribed the cross of Christ on banners dripping with human gore. He made a poetical and pastoral excursion—and to shew the fatal effects of war, drew a striking contrast between the simple shepherd-boy driving his team afield, or sitting under the hawthorn, piping to his flock, as though he should never be old, and the same poor country lad, crimped, kidnapped, brought into town, made drunk at an alehouse, turned into a wretched drummer-boy, with his hair sticking on end with powder and pomatum, a long cue at his back, and tricked out in the finery of the profession of blood:

> "Such were the notes our once loved poet sung:"

and, for myself, I could not have been more delighted if I had heard the music of the spheres.'

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sidered a revelation of Coleridge's poetical faith and belief, conveyed in language picturesque and musical:

> Oh! never rudely will I blame his faith
> In the [illegible] of stars and angels! 'Tis not merely
> The human being's pride that peoples space
> With life and mystical predominance;
> Since likewise for the stricken heart of love
> This visible nature, and this common world,
> Is all too narrow: yea, a deeper import
> Lurks in the legend told my infant years,
> Than lies upon that truth we live to learn.
> For fable is Love's world, his home, his birthplace;
> Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays, and talismans,
> And spirits; and delightedly believes
> Divinities, being himself divine.
> *The intelligible forms of ancient poets,*
> *The fair humanities of old religion,*
> *The power, the beauty, and the majesty,*
> *That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,*
> *Or forest, by slow stream, or pebbly spring,*
> *Or chasm and watery depths; all these have vanished.*
> *They live no longer in the faith of reason!*
> But still the heart doth need a language; still
> Doth the old instinct bring back the old names;
> And to you starry world they now are gone.
> Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth
> With man as with their friend; and to the lover,
> Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky
> Shoot influence down; and even at this day
> 'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great.
> And Venus who brings everything that's fair.

The lines which we have printed in Italics are an expansion of two of Schiller's, which Mr. Hayward—another German poetical translator—thus literally renders:

> The old fable existences are no more;
> The fascinating race has emigrated (wandered out or away).

As a means of subsistence, Coleridge reluctantly consented to undertake the literary and political department of the 'Morning Post,' in which he supported the measures of government. In 1804, we find him in Malta, secretary to the governor, Sir Alexander Ball. He held this office only nine months, and, after a tour in Italy, returned to England to resume his precarious labours as an author and lecturer. The desultory, irregular habits of the poet, caused partly by his addiction to opium, and the dreamy indolence and procrastination which marked him throughout life, seem to have frustrated every chance and opportunity of self-advancement. Living again at Grasmere, he issued a second periodical, 'The Friend,' which extended to twenty-seven numbers. The essays were sometimes acute and eloquent, but as often rhapsodical, imperfect, and full of German mysticism

In 1816, chiefly at the recommendation of Lord Byron, the 'wild and wondrous tale' of 'Christabel' was published. The first part, as

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we have mentioned, was written at Stowey as far back as 1797, and a second had been added on his return from Germany in 1800. The poem was still unfinished; but it would have been almost as difficult to complete the 'Faëry Queen,' as to continue in the same spirit that witching strain of supernatural fancy and melodious verse. Another drama 'Zapoyla'—founded on the 'Winter's Tale'—was published by Coleridge in 1818, and, with the exception of some minor poems, completes his poetical works. He wrote several characteristic prose disquisitions—'The Statesman's Manual, or the Bible the Best Guide to Political Skill and Foresight;' 'A Lay Sermon' (1816); 'A Second Lay Sermon, addressed to the Higher and Middle Classes, on the existing Distresses and Discontents' (1817); 'Biographia Literaria,' two volumes (1817); 'Aids to Reflection' (1825); 'On the Constitution of the Church and State' (1830); &c. He meditated a great theological and philosophical work, his *magnum opus*, on 'Christianity as the only revelation of permanent and universal validity,' which was to 'reduce all knowledge into harmony'—to 'unite the insulated fragments of truth, and therewith to frame a perfect mirror.' He planned also an epic poem on the destruction of Jerusalem, which he considered the only subject now remaining for an epic poem; a subject which, like Milton's Fall of Man, should interest all Christendom, as the Homeric War of Troy interested all Greece. 'Here,' said he, 'there would be the completion of the prophecies; the termination of the first revealed national religion under the violent assault of paganism, itself the immediate forerunner and condition of the spread of a revealed mundane religion; and then you would have the character of the Roman and the Jew; and the awfulness, the completeness, the justice. I schemed it at twenty-five, but, alas! *venturum expectat.*' This ambition to execute some great work, and his constitutional infirmity of purpose, which made him defer or recoil from such an effort, he has portrayed with great beauty and pathos in an address to Wordsworth, composed after the latter had recited to him a poem 'on the growth of an individual mind:'

> Ah! as I listened with a heart forlorn,
> The pulses of my being beat anew:
> And even as life returns upon the drowned,
> Life's joy rekindling roused a throng of pains—
> Keen pangs of love, awakening as a babe
> Turbulent, with an outcry in the heart;
> And fears self-willed, that shunned the eye of hope;
> And hope that scarce would know itself from fear;
> Sense of past youth, and manhood come in vain;
> And genius giv'n, and knowledg won in vain;
> And all which I had call'd in woodwalks wild,
> And all which patient toil had reared, and all
> Commune with thee had opened out—but flowers
> Strew'd on my corse, and borne upon my bier,
> In the same coffin, for the self-same grave!

These were prophetic breathings, and should be a warning to young and ardent genius. In such magnificent alternations of hope

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and despair, and in discoursing on poetry and philosophy—sometimes committing a golden thought to the blank leaf of a book or to a private letter, but generally content with oral communication—the poet's time glided past. He had found an asylum in the house of a private friend, Mr. James Gillman, surgeon, Highgate, where he resided for the last nineteen years of his life. Here he was visited by numerous friends and admirers who were happy to listen to his inspired monologues, which he poured forth with exhaustless fecundity. 'We believe,' says one of these rapt and enthusiastic listeners, 'it has not been the lot of any other literary man in England, since Dr. Johnson, to command the devoted admiration and steady zeal of so many and such widely differing disciples—some of them having become, and others being likely to become, fresh and independent sources of light, and moral action in themselves upon the principles of their common master. One half of these affectionate disciples have learned their lessons of philosophy from the teacher's mouth. He has been to them as an old oracle of the academy or Lyceum. The fulness, the inwardness, the ultimate scope of his doctrines, has never yet been published in print, and, if disclosed, it has been from time to time in the higher moments of conversation, when occasion, and mood, and person begot an exalted crisis. More than once has Mr. Coleridge said that, with pen in hand, he felt a thousand checks and difficulties in the expression of his meaning; but that—authorship aside—he never found the smallest hitch or impediment in the fullest utterance of his most subtle fancies by word of mouth. His abstrusest thoughts became rythmical and clear when chanted to their own music.'* Mr. Coleridge died at Highgate on the 25th of July 1834. In the preceding winter he had written the following epitaph, striking from its simplicity and humility, for himself:

> Stop, Christian passer-by! Stop, child of God!
> And read with gentle breast. Beneath this sod
> A poet lies, or that which once seemed he—
> Oh! lift a thought in prayer for S. T. C.!
> That he, who many a year, with toil of breath,
> Found death in life, may here find life in death!
> Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame.
> He asked and hoped through Christ—do thou the same.

It is characteristic of this remarkable man that on the last evening of his life (as related by his daughter) 'he repeated a certain part of his religious philosophy, which he was specially anxious to have accurately recorded.' Immediately on the death of Coleridge, several

* *Quarterly Review*, vol. lii. p. 5. With one so impulsive as Coleridge, and liable to fits of depression and to ill-health these appearances must have been very unequal. Carlyle in his *Life of Sterling*, ridicules Coleridge's monologues as generally tedious, hazy and unintelligible. We have known three men of genius, all poets, who frequently listened to him and yet described him as generally obscure, pedantic, and tedious. In his happiest moods he must, however, have been great. His voice and countenance were harmonious and beautiful.

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compilations were made of his table-talk, correspondence, and literary remains. His fame had been gradually extending, and public curiosity was excited with respect to the genius and opinions of a man who combined such various and dissimilar powers, and who was supposed capable of any task, however gigantic. Some of these Titanic fragments are valuable—particularly his Shakspearean criticism. They attest his profound thought and curious erudition, and display his fine critical taste and discernment. In penetrating into and embracing the whole meaning of a favourite author—unfolding the nice shades and distinctions of thought, character, feeling, or melody—darting on it the light of his own creative mind and suggestive fancy—and perhaps linking the whole to some glorious original conception or image, Coleridge stands unrivalled. He does not appear as a critic, but as an eloquent and gifted expounder of kindred excellence and genius. He seems like one who has the key to every hidden chamber of profound and subtle thought and every ethereal conception. We cannot think, however, that he could ever have built up a regular system of ethics or criticism. He wanted the art to combine and arrange his materials. He was too languid and irresolute. He had never attained the art of writing with clearness and precision; for he is often unintelligible, turgid, and verbose, as if he struggled in vain after perspicacity and method. His intellect could not subordinate the 'shaping spirit' of his imagination.

The poetical works of Coleridge have been collected and published in three volumes. They are various in style and manner, embracing ode, tragedy, and epigram, love-poems, and strains of patriotism and superstition—a wild witchery of imagination and, at other times, severe and stately thought and intellectual retrospection. His language is often rich and musical, highly figurative and ornate. Many of his minor poems are characterised by tenderness and beauty, but others are disfigured by passages of turgid sentimentalism and puerile affectation. The most original and striking of his productions is his well-known tale of 'The Ancient Mariner.' According to De Quincey, the germ of this story is contained in a passage of Shelvocke, one of the classical circumnavigators of the earth, who states that his second captain, being a melancholy man, was possessed by a fancy that some long season of foul weather was owing to an albatross which had steadily pursued the ship, upon which he shot the bird, but without mending their condition. Coleridge makes the ancient mariner relate the circumstances attending his act of inhumanity to one of three wedding-guests whom he meets and detains on his way to the wedding-feast. 'He holds him with his glittering eye,' and invests his narration with a deep preternatural character and interest, and with touches of exquisite tenderness and energetic description. The versification is irregular, in the style of the old ballads, and most of the action of the piece is unnatural; yet the poem is full of vivid and original imagination. 'There is nothing

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else like it,' says one of his critics; 'it is a poem by itself: between it and other compositions, in *pari-materia*, there is a chasm which you cannot over-pass. The sensitive reader feels himself insulated, and a sea of wonder and mystery flows round him as round the spell-stricken ship itself.

Coleridge further illustrates his theory of the connection between the material and the spiritual world in his unfinished poem of 'Christabel,' a romantic supernatural tale, filled with wild imagery and the most remarkable modulation of verse. The versification is founded on what the poet calls a new principle—though it was evidently practised by Chaucer and Shakspeare—namely, that of counting in each line the number of accentuated words, not the number of syllables. 'Though the latter,' he says, 'may vary from seven to twelve, yet in each line the accents will be found to be only four.' This irregular harmony delighted both Scott and Byron, by whom it was imitated. We add a brief specimen:

The night is chill; the forest bare;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak?
There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek;
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel!
Jesu Maria shield her well!

She foldeth her arms beneath her cloak,
And stole to the other side of the oak.
What sees she there?
There she sees a damsel bright,
Dressed in a silken robe of white,
That shadowy in the moonlight shone:
The neck that made that white robe wan,
Her stately neck and arms were bare:
Her blue-veined feet unsandalled were;
And wildly glittered here and there
The gems entangled in her hair.
I guess 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she—
Beautiful exceedingly!

A finer passage is that describing broken friendships;

Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain:
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.

Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother:
They parted—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining:
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder:
A dreary sea now flows between.
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

This metrical harmony of Coleridge exercises a sort of fascination even when it is found united to incoherent images and absurd con-

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ceptions. Thus in 'Khubla Khan,' a fragment written from recollections of a dream, we have the following melodious rhapsody:

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves,
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!
A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome, those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of paradise.

The odes of Coleridge are highly passionate and elevated in conception. That on France was considered by Shelley to be the finest English ode of modern times. The hymn on Chamouni is equally lofty and brilliant. His 'Genevieve' is a pure and exquisite love-poem, without that gorgeous diffuseness which characterises the odes, yet more chastely and carefully finished, and abounding in the delicate and subtle traits of his imagination. Coleridge was deficient in the rapid energy and strong passion necessary for the drama. The poetical beauty of certain passages would not, on the stage, atone for the paucity of action and want of interest in his two plays, though, as works of genius, they vastly excel those of a more recent date which prove highly successful in representation.

The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

PART I.

It is an ancient mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three;
'By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

'The bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set;
Mayst hear the merry din.'

He holds him with his skinny hand;
'There was a ship,' quoth he.
'Hold off; unhand me, gray-beard loon;'
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The wedding-guest stood still,
And listens like a three-years' child;
The mariner hath his will.

The wedding-guest sat on a stone,
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner:

'The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light-house top.

'The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he;
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

'Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon'—
The wedding-guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The wedding-guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner:

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'And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannus and strong;
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

'With sloping masts and dripping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

'And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice mast-high came floating by
As green as emerald.

'And through the drifts the snowy cliffs
Did send a dismal sheen;
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

'The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;
It cracked and growled, and roared and
howled,
Like noises in a swound!

'At length did cross an albatross,
Through the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

'It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew;
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

'And a good south wind sprung up behind,
The albatross did follow,
And every day for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

'In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
While all the night, through fog-smoke
white,
Glimmered the white moonshine.'

'God save thee, ancient mariner,
From the fiends that plague thee thus!
Why look'st thou so?' 'With my cross-
bow
I shot the albatross.

PART II.

'The sun now rose upon the right,
Out of the sea came he;
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

'And the good south-wind still blew
behind,
But no sweet bird did follow;
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariner's hollo!

'And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe;
For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
"Ah, wretch," said they, "the bird to
slay
That made the breeze to blow!"

'Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious sun uprist;
Then all averred I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
"'Twas right," said they, 'such birds to
slay
That bring the fog and mist."

'The fair breeze blew, the white foam
flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

'Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt
'Twas sad as sad could be; [down,
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

'All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun at noon
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

'Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

'Water, water everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

'The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

'About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

'And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathoms deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

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'And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

'Ah, well-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III.

'There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye!
When looking westward I beheld
A something in the sky.

'At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

'A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged, and tacked, and veered.

'With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood;
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried: "A sail! a sail!"

'With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call;
Gramercy they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

'"See! see!" I cried, "she tacks no more,
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel."

'The western wave was all a-flame,
The day was well-nigh done,
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.

'And straight the sun was flecked with bars—
Heaven's mother send us grace!—
As if through a dungeon grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

'Alas, thought I, and my heart beat loud,
How fast she nears and nears;
Are those her sails that glance in the sun
Like restless gossameres?

'Are those her ribs through which the sun
Did peer, as through a grate;
And is that woman all her crew?
Is that a death, and are there two?
Is death that woman's mate?

'Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold;
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The nightmare Life-in-death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

'The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
"The game is done! I've won, I've won!"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

'The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out,
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea
Off shot the spectre-bark.

'We listened and looked sideways up;
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip.
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

'One after one, by the star-dogged moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

'Four times fifty living men—
And I heard nor sigh nor groan—
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

'The souls did from their bodies fly—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul it passed me by
Like the whizz of my cross-bow.'

PART IV.

I fear thee, ancient mariner,
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

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'I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown.'
'Fear not, fear not, thou wedding guest,
This body dropped not down.

'Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

'The many men so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on, and so did I.

'I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

'I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gushed,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

'I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and
the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

'The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they;
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

'An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that
curse,
And yet I could not die.

'The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide;
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside.

'Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoarfrost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

'Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

'Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

'O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

'The self-same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

PART V.

'Oh, sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven,
That slid into my soul.

'The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke it rained.

'My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

'I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

'And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

'The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen;
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

'And the coming wind did roar more
loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one
black cloud;
The moon was at its edge.

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'The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

'The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the moon
The dead men gave a groan.

'They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

'The helmsman steered, the ship moved on,
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

'The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pulled, at one rope,
But he said nought to me.'

'I fear thee, ancient mariner!'
'Be calm, thou wedding guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest;

'For when it dawned, they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths
And from their bodies passed.

'Around, around flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

'Sometimes, a-dropping from the sky,
I heard the skylark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air,
With their sweet jargoning!

'And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song
That makes the heavens be mute.

'It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.'

[The ship is driven onward, but at length the curse is finally expiated. A wind springs up;

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

The mariner sees his native country. The angelic spirits leave the dead bodies, and appear in their own forms of light, each waving his hand to the shore. A boat with a pilot and hermit on board approaches the ship, which suddenly sinks. The mariner is rescued; he entreats the hermit to shrive him, and the penance of life falls on him.]

'Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

'Since then, at an uncertain hour
That agony returns;
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

'I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

'What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding-guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bridesmaids singing are:
And hark! the little vesper-bell
Which biddeth me to prayer.

'O wedding-guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea:
So lonely 'twas that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

'O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!

'To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray.
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

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'Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding-guest:
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

'He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

The mariner whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone; and now the wedding-guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

From the 'Ode to the Departing Year' (1795).

Spirit who sweepest the wild harp of time!
It is most hard, with an untroubled ear
Thy dark inwoven harmonies to hear!
Yet, mine eye fixed on heaven's unchanging clime
Long ere I listened, free from mortal fear,
With inward stillness, and submitted mind:
When lo! its folds far waving on the wind,
I saw the train of the departing year!
Starting from my silent sadness,
Then with no unholy madness,
Ere yet the entered cloud foreclosed my sight,
I raised the impetuous song and solemnised his flight

Hither, from the recent tomb,
From the prison's direr gloom,
From Distemper's midnight anguish,
And thence, where Poverty doth waste and languish;
Or where, his two bright torches blending,
Love illumines manhood's maze;
Or where, o'er cradled infants bending,
Hope has fixed her wishful gaze,
Hither, in perplexed dance,
Ye Woes! ye young-eyed Joys! advance!
By Time's wild harp, and by the hand
Whose indefatigable sweep
Raises its fateful strings from sleep,
I bid you haste, a mixed tumultuous band!

From every private bower,
And each domestic hearth,
Haste for one solemn hour;
And with a loud and yet a louder voice,
O'er Nature struggling in portentous birth
Weep and rejoice!
Still echoes the dread name that o'er the earth
Let slip the storm, and woke the brood of hell:
And now advance in saintly jubilee
Justice and Truth! They, too, have heard thy spell:
They, too, obey thy name, divinest Liberty!

I marked ambition in his war-array!
I heard the mailèd monarch's troublous cry—
'Ah! wherefore does the northern conqueress stay!
Groans not her chariot on its onward way?'
Fly, mailèd monarch, fly!
Stunned by Death's twice mortal mace,
No more on Murder's lurid face
The insatiate hag shall gloat with drunken eye!
Manes of the unnumbered slain!
Ye that gasped on Warsaw's plain!
Ye that erst at Ismail's tower,

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When human ruin choked the streams,
Fell in conquest's glutted hour,
'Mid women's shrieks and infants' screams!
Spirits of the uncoffin'd slain,
Sudden blasts of triumph swelling,
Oft, at night, in misty train,
Rush around her narrow dwelling!
The exterminating fiend is fled—
Foul her life, and dark her doom—
Mighty armies of the dead
Dance like death-fires round her tomb!
Then with prophetic song relate
Each some tyrant-murderer's fate!

Departing year! 'twas on no earthly shore
My soul beheld thy vision! Where alone,
Voiceless and stern, before the cloudy throne,
Aye Memory sits; thy robe inscribed with gore,
With many an imaginable groan
Thou storied'st thy sad hours! Silence ensued,
Deep silence o'er the ethereal multitude.
Whose locks with wreaths, whose wreaths with glories shone.
Then, his eye wild ardours glancing,
From the choirèd gods advancing,
The Spirit of the earth made reverence meet,
And stood up, beautiful, before the cloudy seat.

Not yet enslaved, not wholly vile,
O Albion! O my mother isle!
Thy valleys, fair as Eden's bowers,
Glitter green with sunny showers;
Thy grassy uplands' gentle swells
Echo to the bleat of flocks
(Those grassy hills, those glittering dells
Proudly ramparted with rocks);
And Ocean, 'mid his uproar wild,
Speaks safely to his island-child!
Hence, for many a fearless age
Has social Quiet loved thy shore!
Nor ever proud invader's rage
Or sacked thy towers, or stained thy fields with gore.

Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni.

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning-star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above,
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass; methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer,
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,

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Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy;
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstasy. Awake.
Voice of sweet song! awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale!
Oh, struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink!
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald; wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth!
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shattered, and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded—and the silence came—
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue spread garlands at your feet?
'God!' let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, 'God!'
'God!' sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, you piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, 'God!'

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagle's playmates of the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the element!
Utter forth 'God,' and fill the hills with praise!

Thou too, hoar mount! with thy sky-pointing peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—
Thou too, again, stupendous mountain! thou,
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low

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In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest like a vapoury cloud
To rise before me—Rise, oh, ever rise;
Rise like a cloud of incense from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

Love.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She leaned against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listened to my lay
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve!
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The lady of the land.

I told her how he pined: and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade
And sometimes starting up at once,
In green and sunny glade,

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable knight!

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The lady of the land;

And how she wept and clasped his knees
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain.

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest leaves
A dying man he lay!

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve—
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng;
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love and virgin shame;
And like the murmur of a dream
I heard her breathe my name.

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Her bosom heaved, she stept aside;
As conscious of my look she stept—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

She half inclosed me with her arms,
She pressed me with a meek embrace.
And bending back her head, looked up
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears; and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride!

From 'Frost at Midnight.'

Dear babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,
Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,
Fill up the interspersed vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought!
My babe so beautiful! it thrills my heart
With tender gladness thus to look at thee,
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore,
And in far other scenes! For I was reared
In the great city, pent 'mid cloister dim,
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.
But thou, my babe, shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds,
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags: so shalt thou see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in himself.
Great universal Teacher! he shall mould
Thy spirit, and, by giving, make it ask.
Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eavedrops fall,
Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet moon.

Love, Hope, and Patience in Education.

O'er wayward childhood wouldst thou hold firm rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy faces;
Love, Hope, and Patience, these must be thy graces,
And in thine own heart let them first keep school.
For as old Atlas on his broad neck places
Heaven's starry globe, and there sustains it, so
Do these upbear the little world below
Of education—Patience, Love, and Hope.
Methinks I see them grouped in comely show,
The straitened arms upraised, the palms asloping,
And robes that touching as adown they flow,
Distinctly blend, like snow embossed in snow.
O part them never! If Hope prostrate lie,
Love too will sink and die.
But Love is subtle, and doth proof derive
From her own life that Hope is yet alive:
And bending o'er, with soul-transfusing eyes,

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And the soft murmurs of the mother-dove,
Woos back the fleeting spirit and [illegible] flies;
Thus Love repays to Hope what it gave to Love.
Yet haply there will come a weary day,
When overtasked at length,
Both Love and Hope beneath the load give way.
Then will a statue's smile, a statue's strength,
Stands the mute sister, Patience, nothing loth,
And both supporting, does the work of both.

Youth and Age.

Verse, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding like a bee—
Both were mine! Life went a-maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young!
When I was young? Ah, woful when!
Ah, for the change 'twixt Now and Then!
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands,
How lightly then it flashed along:
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide!
Nought cared this body for wind or weather,
When Youth and I lived in 't together.

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
O the joys that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old!
Ere I was old? Ah woful Ere,
Which tells me, Youth's no longer here!
O Youth! for years so many and sweet,
'Tis known that thou and I were one;
I'll think it but a fond conceit—
It cannot be that thou art gone!
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet tolled,
And thou wert aye a masker bold!
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To make-believe that thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this altered size;
But springtide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes
Life is but thought: so think I will
That Youth and I are housemates still.

Dewdrops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve!
Where no hope is, life's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve
When we are old:
That only serves to make us grieve
With oft and tedious taking leave;
Like some poor nigh-related guest,
That may not rudely be dismissed,
Yet hath outstayed his welcome while,
And tells the jest without the smile.

Among the day-dreams of Coleridge, as we have already mentioned, was the hope of producing a great philosophical work, which he conceived would ultimately effect a revolution in what has been called philosophy or metaphysics in England and France. The only complete philosophical attempt of the poet was a slight introduction to the Encyclopædia 'Metropolitana,' a preliminary treatise on 'Method,' from which we subjoin an extract.

Importance of Method.

The habit of method should always be present and effective: but in order to render it so, a certain training or education of the mind is indispensably necessary. Events and images, the lively and spirit-stirring machinery of the external world, are like heat, and air, and moisture to the seed of the mind, which would else rot and perish. In all processes of mental [illegible]tion the objects of the senses must stimulate the mind; and the mind must in[illegible]n assimilate and digest the food which it thus receives from without. Method, therefore, must result from the due mean or balance between our passive impressions and the mind's reaction on them. So in the healthful state of the human body, waking and sleeping, rest and labour, reciprocally succeed each other, and mutually contribute to liveliness, and activity, and strength. There are certain stores proper, and, as it were, indigenous to the

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mind—such as the ideas of number and figure, and the logical forms and combinations of conception or thought. The mind that is rich and exuberant in this intellectual wealth is apt, like a miser, to dwell upon the vain contemplation of its riches, is disposed to generalize and methodise to excess, ever philosophising, and never descending to action; spreading its wings high in the air above some beloved spot, but never flying far and wide over earth and sea, to seek food, or to enjoy the endless beauties of nature: the fresh morning, and the warm noon, and the dewy eve. On the other hand, still less is to be expected, towards the methodising of science, from the man who flutters about in blindness like the bat; or is carried hither and thither, like the turtle sleeping on the wave, and fancying, because he moves, that he is in progress. . . .

It is not solely in the formation of the human understanding, and in the constructions of science and literature, that the employment of method is indispensably necessary; but its importance is equally felt, and equally acknowledged, in the whole business and economy of active and domestic life. From the cottager's hearth or the workshop of the artisan, to the palace or the arsenal, the first merit—that which admits neither substitute nor equivalent—is, that *everything is in its place*. Where this charm is wanting, every other merit either loses its name, or becomes an additional ground of accusation and regret. Of one by whom it is eminently possessed we say, proverbially, that he is like clock-work. The resemblance extends beyond the point of regularity, and yet falls far short of the truth. Both do, indeed, at once divide and announce the silent and otherwise indistinguishable lapse of time; but the man of methodical industry and honourable pursuits does more; he realises its ideal divisions, and gives a character and individuality to its moments. If the idle are described as killing time, he may be justly said to call it into life and moral being while he makes it the distinct object not only of the consciousness, but of the conscience. He organizes the hours, and gives them a soul; and to that, the very essence of which is so fleet and to *have been*, he communicates an imperishable and a spiritual nature. Of the good and faithful servant, whose energies, thus directed, are thus methodised, it is less truly affirmed that he lives in time, than that time lives in him. His days, months, and years, as the stops and punctual marks in the records of duties performed, will survive the wreck of worlds, and remain extant when time itself shall be no more.

REV. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

The Rev. William Lisle Bowles (1762–1850) enjoys the distinction of having 'delighted and inspired' the genius of Coleridge. His first publication was a small volume of sonnets published in 1789, to which additions were made from time to time, and in 1805 the collection had reached a ninth edition. Various other poetical works proceeded from the pen of Mr. Bowles: 'Coombe Ellen and St. Michael's Mount,' 1798; 'Battle of the Nile,' 1799; 'Sorrows of Switzerland,' 1801; 'Spirit of Discovery,' 1805; 'The Missionary of the Andes,' 1815; 'Days Departed,' 1828; 'St. John in Patmos,' 1833; &c. None of these works can be said to have been popular, though all of them contain passages of fine descriptive and meditative verse. Mr. Bowles had the true poetical feeling and imagination, refined by classical taste and acquirements. Coleridge was one of his earliest and most devoted admirers. A volume of Mr. Bowles's sonnets falling into the hands of the enthusiastic young poet, converted him from some 'perilous errors' to the love of a style of poetry at once tender and manly. The pupil outstripped his master in richness and luxuriance, though not in elegance or correctness. Mr. Bowles, in 1806, edited an edition of Pope's works, which, being attacked by Campbell in his Specimens of the Poets, led to a literary controversy,

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in which Lord Byron and others took a part. Bowles insisted strongly on descriptive poetry forming an indispensable part of the poetical character; 'every rock, every leaf, every diversity of hue in nature's variety.' Campbell, on the other hand, objected to this Dutch minuteness and perspicacity of colouring, and claimed for the poet (what Bowles never could have denied) nature, moral as well as external, the poetry of the passions, and the lights and shades of human manners. In reality, Pope occupied a middle position, inclining to the artificial side of life. Mr. Bowles was born at King's-Sutton, Northamptonshire, and was educated first at Winchester School, under Joseph Warton, and subsequently at Trinity College, Oxford. He long held the rectory of Bremhill, in Wiltshire (of which George Herbert and Norris of Bemerton had also been incumbents), and from 1828 till his death he was a canon residentiary of Salisbury Cathedral. He is described by his neighbour, Moore the poet, as a simple, amiable, absent-minded scholar, poet, and musician.

Sonnets.

To Time.

O Time! who know'st a lenient hand to lay
Softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly thence—
Lulling to sad repose the weary sense—
The faint pang stealest, unperceived away;
On thee I rest my only hope at last,
And think when thou hast dried the bitter tear
That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on every sorrow past,
And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile—
As some lone bird, at day's departing hour,
Sings in the sunbeam of the transient shower,
Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while:
Yet, ah! how much must that poor heart endure
Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure!

Winter Evening at Home.

Fair Moon! that at the chilly day's decline
Of sharp December, through my cottage pane
Dost lovely look, smiling, though in thy wane;
In thought, to scenes serene and still as thine,
Wanders my heart, whilst I by turns survey
Thee slowly wheeling on thy evening way;
And this my fire, whose dim, unequal light,
Just glimmering, bids each shadowy image fall
Sombrous and strange upon the darkening wall,
Ere the clear tapers chase the deepening night!
Yet thy still orb, seen through the freezing haze,
Shines calm and clear without: and whilst I gaze,
I think around me in this twilight gloom,
I but remark mortality's sad doom;
Whilst hope and joy, cloudless and soft appear
In the sweet beam that lights thy distant sphere.

Hope.

As one who, long by wasting sickness worn,
Weary has watched the lingering night, and heard,
Heartless, the carol of the matin bird

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Salute his lonely porch, now first at morn
Goes forth, leaving his melancholy bed;
  He the green slope and level meadow views,
  Delightful bathed in slow ascending dews;
Or marks the clouds that o'er the mountain's head,
In varying forms, fantastic wander white;
  Or turns his ear to every random song
  Heard the green river's winding marge along,
The whilst each sense is steeped in still delight:
With such delight o'er all my heart I feel,
Sweet Hope! thy fragrance pure and healing incense steal.

Lamborough Castle.

Ye holy towers that shade the wave-worn steep,
  Long may ye rear your aged brows sublime,
  Though hurrying silent by, relentless time
Assail you, and the wintry whirlwind sweep.
For, far from blazing grandeur's crowded halls,
  Here Charity has fixed her chosen seat;
  Oft listening tearful when the wild winds beat
With hollow bodings round your ancient walls;
And Pity, at the dark and stormy hour
  Of midnight, when the moon is hid on high,
Keeps her lone watch upon the topmost tower,
  And turns her ear to each expiring cry,
Blest if her aid some fainting wretch might save,
And snatch him cold and speechless from the grave.

South American Scenery.

Beneath aërial cliffs and glittering snows,
The rush-roof of an aged warrior rose,
Chief of the mountain tribes; high overhead,
The Andes, wild and desolate, were spread,
Where cold Sierras shot their icy spires,
And Chillan trailed its smoke and smouldering fires.
  A glen beneath—a lonely spot of rest—
Hung, scarce discovered, like an eagle's nest.
  Summer was in its prime: the parrot flocks
Darkened the passing sunshine on the rocks;
The chrysomel and purple butterfly,
Amid the clear blue light, are wandering by;
The humming-bird, along the myrtle bowers,
With twinkling wing is spinning o'er the flowers;
The woodpecker is heard with busy bill,
The mock-bird sings—and all beside is still.
And look! the cataract that bursts so high,
As not to mar the deep tranquillity,
The tumult of its dashing fall suspends,
And, stealing drop by drop, in mist descends;
Through whose illumined spray and sprinkling dews,
Shine to the adverse sun the broken rainbow hues.
  Checkering, with partial shade, the beams of noon,
And arching the gray rock with wild festoon,
Here, its gay network and fantastic twine
The purple cogul threads from pine to pine,
And oft, as the fresh airs of morning breathe,
Dips its long tendrils in the stream beneath.
There, through the trunks, with moss and lichens white
The sunshine darts, its interrupted light,
And 'mid the cedar's darksome bough, illumes,
With instant touch, the lori's scarlet plumes.

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Sun-dial in a Churchyard.

So passes, silent o'er the dead, thy shade,
Brief Time! and hour by hour, and day by day,
The pleasing pictures of the present fade,
And like a summer vapour steal away.

And have not they, who here forgotten lie—
Say, hoary chronicler of ages past—
Once marked thy shadow with delighted eye,
Nor thought it fled—how certain and how fast?

Since thou hast stood, and thus thy vigil kept,
Noting each hour, o'er mouldering stones beneath
The pastor and his flock alike have slept,
And 'dust to dust' proclaimed the stride of death.

Another race succeeds, and counts the hour,
Careless alike; the hour still seems to smile,
As hope, and youth, and life were in our power;
So smiling, and so perishing the while.

I heard the village-bells, with gladsome sound—
When to these scenes a stranger I drew near—
Proclaim the tidings of the village round,
While memory wept upon the good man's bier.

Even so, when I am dead, shall the same bells
Ring merrily when my brief days are gone;
While still the lapse of time thy shadow tells,
And strangers gaze upon my humble stone!

Enough, if we may wait in calm content
The hour that bears us to the silent sod;
Blameless improve the time that heaven has lent,
And leave the issue to thy will, O God.

BLANCO WHITE.

It is a singular circumstance in literary history, that what many consider the finest sonnet in the English language should be one written by a Spaniard. The Rev. Joseph Blanco White (1775–1841) was a native of Seville, son of an Irish Roman Catholic merchant settled in Spain. He was author of 'Letters from Spain by Don Leucadoin Doblado' (1822), 'Internal Evidence against Catholicism' (1825), and other works both in English and Spanish. A very interesting memoir of this remarkable man, with portions of his correspondence, &c. was published by J. H. Thom (London, 2 vols. 1845):

Sonnet on Night.

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name.
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came:
And lo! Creation widened in man's view!
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun? or who could find,

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Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we, then, shun Death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

One of the most voluminous and learned authors of this period was ROBERT SOUTHEY, LL. D., the poet-laureate. A poet, scholar, antiquary, critic, and historian, Southey wrote more than even Scott, and he is said to have burned more verses between his twentieth and thirtieth year than he published during his whole life. His time was entirely devoted to literature. Every day and hour had its appropriate and select task; his library was his world within which he was content to range, and his books were his most cherished and constant companions. In one of his poems, he says:

My days among the dead are passed;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old;
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse night and day.

It is melancholy to reflect, that for nearly three years preceding his death, Mr. Southey sat among his books in hopeless vacuity of mind, the victim of disease. This distinguished author was a native of Bristol, the son of a respectable linen-draper of the same name, and was born on the 12th of August 1774. He was indebted to a maternal uncle for most of his education. In his fourteenth year he was placed at Westminster School, where he remained between three and four years, but having in conjunction with several of his school associates set on foot a periodical entitled 'The Flagellant,' in which a sarcastic article on corporal punishment appeared, the head-master, Dr. Vincent, commenced a prosecution against the publisher, and Southey was compelled to leave the school. This harsh exercise of authority probably had considerable effect in disgusting the young enthusiast with the institutions of his country.

In November 1792 he was entered of Balliol College, Oxford. He had then distinguished himself by poetical productions, and had formed literary plans enough for many years or many lives. In political opinions he was a democrat; in religion, a Unitarian; consequently he could not take orders in the church, or look for any official appointment. He fell in with Coleridge, as already related, and joined in the plan of emigration. His academic career was abruptly closed in 1794. The same year, he published a volume of poems in conjunction with Mr. Robert Lovell, under the names of Moschus and Bion. About the same time he composed his drama of 'Wat Tyler,' a revolutionary brochure, which was long afterwards published surreptitiously by a knavish bookseller to annoy its author. 'In my youth,' he says, 'when my stock of knowledge consisted of such an acquaintance with Greek and Roman history as is acquired

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in the course of a scholastic education—when my heart was full of poetry and romance, and Lucan and Akenside were at my tongue's end—I fell into the political opinions which the French revolution was then scattering throughout Europe; and following these opinions with ardour wherever they led, I soon perceived that inequalities of rank were a light evil compared to the inequalities of property, and those more fearful distinctions which the want of moral and intellectual culture occasions between man and man. At that time, and with those opinions, or rather feelings (for their root was in the heart, and not in the understanding), I wrote 'Wat Tyler,' as one who was impatient of all the oppressions that are done under the sun. The subject was injudiciously chosen, and it was treated as might be expected by a youth of twenty at such times, who regarded only one side of the question.' The poem, indeed, is a miserable production, and was harmless from its very inanity. Full of the same political sentiments and ardour, Southey, in 1793, had composed his 'Joan of Arc,' an epic poem, displaying fertility of language and boldness of imagination, but at the same time diffuse in style, and in many parts wild and incoherent. In imitation of Dante, the young poet conducted his heroine in a dream to the abodes of departed spirits, and dealt very freely with the 'murderers of mankind,' from Nimrod the mighty hunter, down to the hero conqueror of Agincourt:

A huge and massy pile—
Massy it seemed, and yet with every blast
As to its ruin shook. There, porter fit,
Remorse for ever his sad vigils kept.
Pale, hollow-eyed, emaciate, sleepless wretch,
Inly he groaned, or, starting, wildly shrieked,
Aye as the fabric, tottering from its base,
Threatened its fall—and so, expectant still,
Lived in the dread of danger still delayed.
They entered there a large and lofty dome,
O'er whose black marble sides a dim drear light
Struggled with darkness from the unfrequent lamp.
Enthroned around, the Murderers of Mankind—
Monarchs, the great! the glorious! the august!
Each bearing on his brow a crown of fire—
Sat stern and silent. Nimrod, he was there,
First king, the mighty hunter; and that chief
Who did belie his mother's fame, that so
He might be called young Ammon. In this court
Cæsar was crowned—accused liberticide;
And he who murdered Tully, that cold villain
Octavius—though the courtly minion's lyre
Hath hymned his praise, though Maro sung to him,
And when death levelled to original clay
The royal carcass, Flattery, fawning low,
Fell at his feet and worshipped the new god.
Titus was here, the conqueror of the Jews,
He, the delight of humankind misnamed;
Cæsars and Soldans, emperors and kings,
Here were they all, all who for glory fought,
Here in the Court of Glory, reaping now
The meed they merited.

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As gazing round,
The Virgin marked the miserable train,
A deep and hollow voice from one went forth:
'Thou who art come to view our punishment,
Maiden of Orleans! hither turn thine eyes;
For I am he whose bloody victories
Thy power hath rendered vain. Lo! I am here,
The hero conqueror of Agincourt,
Henry of England!'

In the second edition of the poem, published in 1798, the vision of the Maid of Orleans, and everything miraculous, was omitted. When the poem first appeared, its author was on his way to Lisbon, in company with his uncle, Dr. Herbert, chaplain to the factory at Lisbon. Previous to his departure in November 1795, Southey had married Miss Edith Fricker of Bristol, sister of the lady with whom Coleridge united himself; and immediately after the ceremony they parted. 'My mother,' says the poet's son and biographer, 'wore her wedding-ring hung round her neck, and preserved her maiden name until the report of the marriage had spread abroad.' Cottle, the generous Bristol bookseller, had given Southey money to purchase the ring. The poet was six months with his uncle in Lisbon, during which time he had applied himself to the study of the Spanish and Portuguese languages, in which he afterwards became a proficient. The death of his brother-in-law and brother-poet, Lovell, occurred during his absence abroad, and Southey on his return set about raising something for his young friend's widow. She afterwards found a home with Southey—one of the many generous and affectionate acts of his busy life. In 1797 he published his 'Letters from Spain and Portugal,' and took up his residence in London, in order to commence the study of the law. A college-friend, Mr. C. W. W. Wynn, gave him an annuity of £160, which he continued to receive until 1807, when he relinquished it on obtaining a pension from the crown of £200.

The study of the law was never a congenial pursuit with Southey; he kept his terms at Gray's Inn, but his health failed, and in the spring of 1800 he again visited Portugal. After a twelvemonth's residence in that fine climate, he returned to England, lived in Bristol a short time, and then made a journey into Cumberland, for the double purpose of seeing the lakes and visiting Coleridge, who was at that time residing at Greta Hall, Keswick—the house in which Southey himself was henceforth to spend the greater portion of his life. A short trial of official life also awaited him. He was offered and accepted the appointment of private secretary to Mr. Corry, Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland; the terms, prudently limited to one year, being a salary of about £350, English currency. His official duties were more nominal than real, but Southey soon got tired of the light bondage, and before half of the stipulated period of twelve months was over, he had got, as he said, *unsecretaryfied*, and entered on that course of professional authorship which

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was at once his business and delight. In the autumn of 1803, he was again at Greta Hall, Keswick. While in Portugal, Southey had finished a second epic poem, 'Thalaba, the Destroyer,' an Arabian fiction of great beauty and magnificence. For the copyright of this work he received a hundred guineas, and it was published in 1801. The sale was not rapid, but three hundred copies being sold by the end of the year, its reception, considering the peculiar style of the poem, was not discouraging. The form of verse adopted by the poet in this work is irregular, without rhyme; and it possesses a peculiar charm and rhythmical harmony, though, like the redundant descriptions in the work, it becomes wearisome in so long a poem. The opening stanzas convey an exquisite picture of a widowed mother wandering over the sands of the East during the silence of night;

Night in the Desert.

I.

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full-orbed glory, yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky
How beautiful is night!

II.

Who, at this untimely hour,
Wanders o'er the desert sands?
No station is in view,
Nor palm-grove islanded amid the waste.
The mother and her child,
The widowed mother and the fatherless boy,
They, at this untimely hour,
Wander o'er the desert sands.

III.

Alas! the setting sun
Saw Zeinab in her bliss,
Hodeirah's wife beloved,
The fruitful mother late,
Whom, when the daughters of Arabia named,
They wished their lot like hers;
She wanders o'er the desert sands
A wretched widow now,
The fruitful mother of so fair a race,
With only one preserved,
She wanders o'er the wilderness.

IV.

No tear relieved the burden of her heart;
Stunned with the heavy woe, she felt like one
Half-wakened from a midnight dream of blood
But sometimes, when the boy
Would wet her hand with tears,
And, looking up to her fixed countenance,

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Sob out the name of Mother, then did she
Utter a feeble groan.
At length, collecting, Zeinab turned her eyes
To heaven, exclaiming: 'Praise be the Lord!
He gave, he takes away!
The Lord our God is good!'

The metre of 'Thalaba,' as may be seen from this specimen, has great power, as well as harmony, in skilful hands. It is in accordance with the subject of the poem, and is, as the author himself remarks, 'the Arabesque ornament of an Arabian tale.' Southey had now cast off his revolutionary opinions, and his future writings were all marked by a somewhat intolerant attachment to church and state. He established himself on the banks of the river Greta, near Keswick, subsisting by his pen and a pension which he had received from government. In 1804, he published a volume of 'Metrical Tales,' and in 1805, 'Madoc,' an epic poem, founded on a Welsh story, but inferior to its predecessors. In 1810, appeared his greatest poetical work, 'The Curse of Kehama,' a poem of the same class and structure as 'Thalaba,' but in rhyme. With characteristic egotism, Southey prefixed to 'The Curse of Kehama' a declaration that he would not change a syllable or measure for anyone:

Pedants shall not tie my strains
To our antique poets' veins.

Kehama is a Hindu rajah, who, like Dr. Faustus, obtains and sports with supernatural power. His adventures are sufficiently startling, and afford room for the author's striking amplitude of description. 'The story is founded,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'upon the Hindu mythology, the most gigantic, cumbrous, and extravagant system of idolatry to which temples were ever erected. The scene is alternately laid in the terrestrial paradise—under the sea—in the heaven of heavens—and in hell itself. The principal actors are, a man who approaches almost to omnipotence; another labouring under a strange and fearful malediction, which exempts him from the ordinary laws of nature; a good genius, a sorceress, and a ghost, with several Hindustan deities of different ranks. The only being that retains the usual attributes of humanity is a female, who is gifted with immortality at the close of the piece.' Some of the scenes in this strangely magnificent theatre of horrors are described with the power of Milton; and Scott has said that the following account of the approach of the mortals to Padalon, or the Indian Hades is equal in grandeur to any passage which he ever perused:

Far other light than that of day there shone
Upon the travellers, entering Padalon.
They, too, in darkness entering on their way,
But far before the car
A glow, as of a fiery furnace light,
Filled all before them. 'Twas a light that made
Darkness itself appear
A thing of comfort; and the sight, dismayed,

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Shrank inward from the molten atmosphere.
Their way was through the adamantine rock
Which girt the world of woe on either side
Its massive walls arose and overhead
Arched the long passage; onward as they ride,
With stronger glare the light around them spread—
And, lo! the regions dread—
The world of woe before them opening wide,
There rolls the fiery flood,
Girding the realms of Padalon around.
A sea of flame, it seemed to be
Sea without bound:
For neither mortal nor immortal sight
Could pierce across through that intensest light.

When the curse is removed from the sufferer, Ladurlad, and he is transported to his family in the Bower of Bliss, the poet breaks out into that apostrophe to Love which is so often quoted, but never can be read without emotion:

Love.

They sin who tell us Love can die.
With Life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
In heaven Ambition cannot dwell,
Nor Avarice in the vaults of hell:
Earthly these passions of the earth,
They perish where they had their birth.
But Love is indestructible:
Its holy flame for ever burneth,
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppressed,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest:
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of Love is there.
Oh! when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrows, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight?

Besides its wonderful display of imagination and invention, and its vivid scene-painting, 'The Curse of Kehama' possesses the recommendation of being in manners, sentiments, scenery, and costume, distinctively and exclusively Hindu. Its author was too diligent a student to omit whatever was characteristic in the landscape or the people. Passing over his prose-works, we next find Southey appear in a native poetical dress in blank verse. In 1814 he published 'Roderick, the Last of the Goths,' a noble and pathetic poem, though liable also to the charge of redundant description. The style of the versification may be seen from the following account of the grief and confusion of the aged monarch, when he finds his throne occupied by the Moors after his long absence:

The sound, the sight
Of turban, girdle, robe, and scimitar,
And tawny skins, awoke contending thoughts
Of anger, shame, and anguish in the Goth;
The unaccustomed face of humankind
Confused him now—and through the streets he went
With haggard mien, and countenance like one
Crazed or bewildered. All who met him turned,
And wondered as he passed. One stopped him short,
Put alms into his hand, and then desired,
In broken Gothic speech, the moon-struck man
To bless him. With a look of vacancy,

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Roderick received the alms; his wandering eye
Fell on the money, and the fallen king,
Seeing his royal impress on the piece,
Broke out into a quick convulsive voice,
That seemed like laughter first, but ended soon
In hollow groan suppressed: the Mussulman
Shrunk at the ghastly sound, and magnified
The name of Allah as he hastened on.
A Christian woman, spinning at her door,
Beheld him—and with sudden pity touched,
She laid her spindle by, and running in,
Took bread, and following after, called him back—
And, placing in his passive hands the loaf,
She said, 'Christ Jesus for his Mother's sake
Have mercy on thee!' With a look that seemed
Like idiocy, he heard her, and stood still,
Staring a while; then bursting into tears,
Wept like a child.

Or the following description:

A Moonlight Scene in Spain.

How calmly, gliding through the dark-blue sky,
The midnight moon ascends! Her placid beams,
Through thinly scattered leaves, and boughs grotesque,
Mottle with mazy shades the orchard slope;
Here o'er the chestnut's fretted foliage, gray
And massy, motionless they spread; here shine
Upon the crags, deepening with blacker night
Their chasms; and there the glittering argentry
Ripples and glances on the confluent streams.
A lovelier, purer light than that of day
Rests on the hills; and oh, how awfully,
Into that deep and tranquil firmament,
The summits of Auseva rise serene!
The watchman on the battlements partakes
The stillness of the solemn hour; he feels
The silence of the earth; the endless sound
Of flowing water soothes him; and the stars
Which in that brightest moonlight well-nigh quenched,
Scarce visible, as in the utmost depth
Of yonder sapphire infinite, are seen,
Draw on with elevating influence
Towards eternity the attempered mind.
Musing on worlds beyond the grave, he stands,
And to the Virgin Mother silently
Breathes forth her hymn of praise.

Southey having in 1813, accepted the office of poet-laureate, composed some courtly strains that tended little to advance his reputation. His 'Carmen Triumphale' (1814) and 'The Vision of Judgment' (1821) provoked much ridicule at the time, and would have passed into utter oblivion, if Lord Byron had not published another 'Vision of Judgment'—one of the most powerful, though wild and profane, of his productions, in which the laureate received a merciless and witty castigation, that even his admirers admitted to be not unmerited. The latest of our author's poetical works was a volume of narrative verse, 'All for Love,' and 'The Pilgrim of Compostella' (1829). He continued his ceaseless round of study and composition,

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writing on all subjects, and filling ream after ream of paper with his lucubrations on morals, philosophy, poetry, and politics. He was offered a baronetcy and a seat in parliament, both of which he prudently declined. His fame and his fortune, he knew, could only be preserved by adhering to his solitary studies; but these were too constant and uninterrupted. The poet forgot one of his own maxims, that 'frequent change of air is of all things that which most conduces to joyous health and long life.'

From the year 1833 to 1837 he was chiefly engaged in editing the works of Cowper, published in fifteen volumes. About the year 1834, his wife, the early partner of his affections, sank into a state of mental imbecility, 'a pitiable state of existence,' in which she continued for about three years, and though he bore up wonderfully during this period of affliction, his health was irretrievably shattered. In about a year and a half afterwards, however, he married a second time, the object of his choice being Miss Caroline Bowles, the poetess. 'My spirits,' he says, 'would hardly recover their habitual and healthful cheerfulness, if I had not prevailed upon Miss Bowles to share my lot for the remainder of our lives. There is just such a disparity of age as is fitting; we have been well acquainted with each other more than twenty years, and a more perfect conformity of disposition could not exist.' Some members of the poet's grown-up family seem to have been averse to this union, but the devoted attentions of the lady, and her exemplary domestic virtues, soothed the few remaining years of the poet's existence. Those attentions were soon painfully requisite. Southey's intellect became clouded, his accustomed labours were suspended, and though he continued his habit of reading, the power of comprehension was gone. 'His dearly prized books,' says his son, 'were a pleasure to him almost to the end, and he would walk slowly round his library looking at them, and taking them down mechanically.'

Wordsworth, writing to Lady Frederick Bentinck in July 1840, says, that on visiting his early friend, he did not recognise him till he was told. 'Then his eyes flashed for a moment with their former brightness, but he sank into the state in which I had found him, patting with both hands his books affectionately like a child.' Three years were passed in this deplorable condition, and it was a matter of satisfaction rather than regret that death at length stepped into shroud this painful spectacle from the eyes of affection as well as from the gaze of vulgar curiosity. He died in his house at Greta on the 21st of March 1843. He left at his death a sum of about £12,000, to be divided among his children, and one of the most valuable private libraries in the kingdom. The life and correspondence of Southey have been published by his son, the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey, in six volumes. His son-in-law, the Rev. J. Wood Warter, published his 'Commonplace Book,' 4 vols., and 'Selections from his Letters,' 4 vols. In these works the amiable private life of Southey—his inde-

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fatigable application, his habitual cheerfulness and lively fancy, and his steady friendships and true generosity, are strikingly displayed. The only drawback is the poet's egotism, which was inordinate, and he hasty uncharitable judgments sometimes passed on his contemporaries, the result partly of temperament and partly of his seclusion from general society. Southey was interred in the churchyard of Crosthwaite, and in the church is a marble monument to his memory, a full-length recumbent figure, with the following inscription by Wordsworth on the base of the monument:

Wordsworth's Epitaph on Southey.

Ye vales and hills, whose beauty hither drew
The poet's steps, and fixed him here, on you
His eyes have closed: and ye, loved books, no more
Shall Southey feed upon your precious lore,
To works that ne'er shall forfeit their renown,
Adding immortal labours of his own;
Whether he traced historic truth with zeal
For the state's guidance, or the church's weal;
Or Fancy, disciplined by studious Art,
Informed his pen, or Wisdom of the heart,
Or Judgments sanctioned in the patriot's mind
By reverence for the rights of all mankind.
Large were his aims, yet in no human breast
Could private feelings find a holier nest.
His joys, his griefs, have vanished like a cloud
From Skiddaw's top; but he to heaven was vowed
Through a life long and pure, and stedfast faith
Calmed in his soul the fear of change and death.

Few authors have written so much and so well, with so little real popularity, as Southey. Of all his prose works, admirable as they are in purity of style, the 'Life of Nelson' alone is a general favourite. The magnificent creations of his poetry—piled up like clouds at sunset, in the calm serenity of his capacious intellect—have always been duly appreciated by poetical students and critical readers; but by the public at large they are neglected. An attempt to revive them, by the publication of the whole poetical works in ten uniform and cheap volumes, has only shewn that they are unsuited to the taste of the present generation. The reason of this may be found both in the subjects of Southey's poetry, and in his manner of treating them. His fictions are wild and supernatural, and have no hold on human affections. Gorgeous and sublime as some of his images and descriptions are, they 'come like shadows, so depart.' They are too remote, too fanciful, and often too learned. The Grecia mythology is graceful and familiar; but Southey's Hindu superstitions are extravagant and strange. To relish them requires considerable previous reading and research, and this is a task which few will undertake. The dramatic art or power of vivid delineation is also comparatively unknown to Southey, and hence the dialogues in 'Madoc' and 'Roderick' are generally flat and uninteresting. His observation was of books, not nature. Some affectations of style and expression

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also marred the effect of his conceptions, and the copious flow of his versification, unrelieved by bursts of passion or elegant sentiment, sometimes becomes heavy and monotonous in its uniform smoothness and dignity.

The Battle of Blenheim.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage-door
Was sitting in the sun:
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round
Which he beside the rivulet,
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
'Tis some poor fellow's skull,' said he,
'Who fell in the great victory.

'I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often, when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out!
For many thousand men,' said he,
'Were slain in that great victory.'

'Now tell us what 'twas all about,'
Young Peterkin he cries:
While little Wilhelmine looks up,
With wonder-waiting eyes;
'Now tell us all about the war,
And what they kill each other for.'

'It was the English,' Kaspar cried,
'Who put the French to rout;
But what they killed each other for,
I could not well make out.
But everybody said,' quoth he,
'That 'twas a famous victory.

'My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burned his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

'With fire and sword, the country round
Was wasted far and wide;
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born baby, died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

'They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

'Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good prince, Eugene.'
'Why 'twas a very wicked thing!'
Said little Wilhelmine.
'Nay—nay—my little girl,' quoth he,
'It was a famous victory,

'And everybody praised the duke,
Who this great fight did win.'
'And what good came of it at last?'
Quoth little Peterkin.
'Why, that I cannot tell,' said he,
'But 'twas a famous victory.'

The Holly Tree.

O reader! hast thou ever stood to see
The holly tree?
The eye that contemplates it, well perceives
Its glossy leaves
Ordered by an intelligence so wise
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound;
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

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I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralise;
And in this wisdom of the holly tree
Can emblems see
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear
Harsh and austere,
To those who on my leisure would intrude
Reserved and rude,
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
Some harshness shew,
All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And as, when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The holly leaves a sober hue display
Less bright than they,
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the holly tree?

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng,
So would I seem amid the young and gay
More grave than they,
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the holly tree.

Some of the youthful ballads of Southey were extremely popular. His 'Lord William,' 'Mary the Maid of the Inn,' 'The Well of St. Keyne,' 'and The Old Woman of Berkeley,' were the delight of most young readers seventy years since. He loved to sport with subjects of diablerie; and one satirical piece of this kind, 'The Devil's Thoughts,' the joint production of Southey and Coleridge, had the honour of being ascribed to various persons. The conception of the piece was Southey's, who led off with the following opening stanzas:

From his brimstone bed at break of day
A-walking the devil is gone,
To visit his snug little farm the earth,
And see how his stock goes on.

Over the hill and over the dale,
And he went over the plain,
Backward and forward he switched his long tail,
As a gentleman switches his cane.

But the best and most piquant verses are by Coleridge: one of these has passed into a proverb:

He saw a cottage with a double coach-house,
A cottage of gentility;
And the devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility.

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WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

This gentleman, the representative of an ancient family, was born at Ipsley Court, Warwickshire, on the 30th of January 1775. He was educated at Rugby School, whence he was transferred to Trinity College, Oxford. His first publication was a small volume of poems, dated as far back as 1795. The poet was intended for the army, but, like Southey, he imbibed republican sentiments, and for that cause declined engaging in the profession of arms. His father then offered him an allowance of £400 per annum, on condition that he should study the law, with this alternative, if he refused, that his income should be restricted to one-third of the sum. The independent poet preferred the smaller income with literature as his companion. He must soon, however, have succeeded to the family estates, for in 1806, exasperated by the bad conduct of some of his tenants, he is said to have sold possessions in Warwickshire and Staffordshire, and pulled down a handsome house he had built. This rash impulsiveness will be found pervading his literature as well as his life.

In 1808, Mr. Landor joined the Spaniards in their first insurrectionary movement, raising a troop at his own expense, and contributing 20,000 reals to aid in the struggle. In 1815, he took up his residence in Italy, having purchased a villa near Florence. There he lived for many years, cultivating art and literature, but he again returned to England and settled in Bath. The early poetical works of Landor were collected and republished in 1831. They consist of 'Gebir,' a sort 'of epic poem, originally written in Latin ('Gebirus,' 1802), which De Quincey said had for some time 'the sublime distinction of having enjoyed only two readers—Southey and himself' 'Count Julian,' a tragedy, highly praised by Southey; and various miscellaneous poems, to which he continued almost every year to make additions. He also 'cultivated private renown,' as Byron said, in the shape of Latin verses and essays, for which the noble poet styled him the 'deep-mouthed Bœotian, Savage Landor.' This satire, however, was pointless; for as a ripe scholar, imbued with the spirit of antiquity, Mr. Landor transcended most of his contemporaries. His acquirements and genius were afterwards fully displayed in his 'Imaginary Conversations,' a series of dialogues published at intervals between 1824 and 1846, by which time they had amounted to one hundred and twenty-five in number, ranging over all history, all times, and almost all subjects. Mr. Landor's poetry is inferior to his prose. In 'Gebir' there is a fine passage, amplified by Wordsworth in his 'Excursion,' which describes the sound which sea-shells seem to make when placed close to the ear:

> But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
> Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
> In the sun's palace-porch, where when unyoked
> His chariot-wheel stands midway in the waves.

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Shake one and it awakens, then apply
Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

In 'Count Julian,' Mr Landor adduces the following beautiful illustration of grief:

Wakeful he sits, and lonely and unmoved,
Beyond the arrows, views, or shouts of men;
As oftentimes an eagle, when the sun
Throws o'er the varying earth his early ray,
Stands solitary, stands immovable,
Upon some highest cliff, and rolls his eye,
Clear, constant, unobservant, unabased,
In the cold light.

His smaller poems are mostly of the same meditative and intellectual character. An English scene is thus described:

Clifton, in vain thy varied scenes invite—
The mossy bank, dim glade, and dizzy height;
The sheep that starting from the tufted thyme,
Untune the distant churches' mellow chime;
As o'er each limb a gentle horror creeps,
And shake above our heads the craggy steeps,'
Pleasant I 've thought it to pursue the rower,
While light and darkness seize the changeful oar,
The frolic Naiads drawing from below
A net of silver round the black canoe.
Now the last lonely solace must it be
To watch pale evening brood o'er land and sea,
Then join my friends, and let those friends believe
My cheeks are moistened by the dews of eve.

'The Maid's Lament' is a short lyrical flow of picturesque expression and pathos, resembling the effusions of Barry Cornwall:

I loved him not; and yet, now he is gone,
I feel I am alone.
I checked him while he spoke; yet could he speak,
Alas! I would not check.
For reasons not to love him once I sought,
And wearied all my thought
To vex myself and him: I now would give
My love could he but live
Who lately lived for me, and when he found
'Twas vain, in holy ground
He hid his face amid the shades of death!
I waste for him my breath.
Who wasted his for me; but mine returns,
And this lone bosom burns
With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,
And waking me to weep
Tears that had melted his soft heart: for years
Wept he as bitter tears!
'Merciful God!' such was his latest prayer,
'These may she never share!'
Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold
Than daisies in the mould.

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Where children spell athwart the churchyard gate
His name and life's brief date.
Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er ye be,
And oh! pray, too, for me!

We quote one more chaste and graceful fancy:

Sixteen.

In Clementina's artless mien
Lucilla asks me what I see,
And are the roses of sixteen
Enough for me?

Lucilla asks if that be all,
Have I not culled as sweet before?
Ah yes, Lucilla! and their fall
I still deplore.

I now behold another scene,
Where pleasure beams with heaven's own light,
More pure, more constant, more serene,
And not less bright.

Faith, on whose breast the loves repose,
Whose chain of flowers no force can sever,
And Modesty, who, when she goes,
Is gone for ever.

Mr. Landor continued to write far beyond his eightieth year. In 1851, he published a pamphlet entitled 'Popery, British and Foreign,' and about this time he contributed largely to the columns of the 'Examiner' weekly journal. Though living the life of a recluse, he was an accurate observer of public events, and an eager though inconsistent and impracticable politician. In 1853, he issued a volume of essays and poetical pieces, entitled 'The Last Fruit off an Old Tree;' and in 1858, another volume of the same kind, called 'Dry Sticks fagoted by Walter Savage Landor.' For certain grossly indecent verses and slanders in this work, directed against a lady in Bath, the author underwent the indignity of a trial for defamation, was convicted, and amerced in damages to the amount of £1000.

Shortly before this, Mr. Landor had published a declaration that of his fortune he had but a small sum left, with which he proposed to endow the widow of any person who would assassinate the Emperor of the French! Thus poor, old, and dishonoured, Mr. Landor again left England—a spectacle more pitiable, considering his high intellectual endowments, his early friendships, and his once noble aspirations, than any other calamity recorded in our literary annals. 'After some months of wretchedness at Fiesole,' says a memoir of Landor in the 'English Cyclopædia,' 'his friends came to his rescue. A plain but comfortable lodging was found for him at Florence, his surviving brothers undertook to supply an annuity of £200, which Robert Browning generously saw duly employed as long as he remained in Florence. And thus one more gleam of sunshine seemed to settle on the "old man eloquent." Though deaf and ailing, he continued to find solace in his pen. He wrote and published occasional verses, and

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two or three more "Imaginary Conversations," in which the old fire burned not dimly; collected some earlier scraps, which appeared as "Heroic Idylls," and was still working in his 90th year at new Conversations, when, on the 17th of September 1864, death ended his labours and sorrows.' A biography of Landor by John Forster, was published in 1868.

The writings of Walter Savage Landor have been said to 'bear the stamp of the old mocking paganism.' A moody egotistic nature, ill at ease with the common things of life, had flourished up in his case into a most portentous crop of crotchets and prejudices, which, regardless of the reprobation of his fellow-men, he issued forth in prodigious confusion, often in language offensive in the last degree to good taste. Eager to contradict whatever is generally received, he never stops to consider how far his own professed opinions may be consistent with each other: hence he contradicts himself almost as often as he does others. Jeffrey, in one of his most brilliant papers, has characterised in happy terms the class of minds to which Mr. Landor belongs. 'The work before us,' says he, 'is an edifying example of the spirit of literary Jacobinism—flying at all game, running a-muck at all opinions, and at continual cross-purposes with its own. This spirit admits neither of equal nor superior, follower nor precursor: "It travels in a road so narrow, where but one goes abreast." It claims a monopoly of sense, wit, and wisdom. All their ambition, all their endeavour is, to seem wiser than the whole world besides. They hate whatever falls short of, whatever goes beyond, their favourite theories. In the one case, they hurry on before to get the start of you; in the other, they suddenly turn back to hinder you, and defeat themselves. An inordinate, restless, incorrigible self-love is the key to all their actions and opinions, extravagances and meannesses, servility and arrogance. Whatever soothes and pampers this, they applaud; whatever wounds or interferes with it, they utterly and vindictively abhor. A general is with them a hero, if he is unsuccessful or a traitor; if he is a conqueror in the cause of liberty, or a martyr to it, he is a poltroon. Whatever is doubtful, remote, visionary in philosophy or wild and dangerous in politics, they fasten upon eagerly, "recommending and insisting on nothing less;" reduce the one to demonstration, the other to practice, and they turn their backs upon their own most darling schemes, and leave them in the lurch immediately.'

When the reader learns that Mr. Landor justifies Tiberius and Nero, speaks of Pitt as a poor creature, and Fox as a charlatan, declares Alfieri to have been the greatest man in Europe, and recommends the Greeks, in their struggles with the Turks, to discard firearms, and return to the use of the bow, he will not deem this general description far from inapplicable in the case of Landor. And yet his 'Imaginary Conversations' and other writings are amongst the most remarkable prose productions of our age, written in pure nervous

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English, and full of thoughts which fasten themselves on the mind and are 'a joy forever.' It would require many specimens from these works to make good what is here said for and against their author; we subjoin a few passages affording both an example of his love of paradox, and of the extraordinary beauties of thought and expression by which he leads us captive.

Conversation between Lords Chatham and Chesterfield.

CHESTERFIELD. It is true, my lord, we have not always been of the same opinion, or, to use a better, truer, and more significant expression, of the same *side* in politics; yet I never heard a sentence from your lordship which I did not listen to with deep attention. I understand that you have written some pieces of admonition and advice to a young relative; they are mentioned as being truly excellent; I wish I could have profited by them when I was composing mine on a similar occasion.

CHATHAM. My lord, you certainly would not have done it, even supposing they contained, which I am far from believing, any topics that could have escaped your penetrating view of manners and morals; for your lordship and I set out diversely from the very threshold. Let us, then, rather hope that what we have written, with an equally good intention, may produce its due effect; which indeed, I am afraid, may be almost as doubtful, if we consider how ineffectual were the cares and exhortations, and even the daily example and high renown, of the most zealous and prudent men on the life and conduct of their children and disciples. Let us, however, hope the best rather than fear the worst, and believe that there never was a right thing done or a wise one spoken in vain, although the fruit of them may not spring up in the place designated or at the time expected.

CHESTERFIELD. Pray, if I am not taking too great a freedom, give me the outline of your plan.

CHATHAM. Willingly, my lord; but since a greater man than either of us has laid down a more comprehensive one, containing all I could bring forward, would it not be preferable to consult it? I differ in nothing from Locke, unless it be that I would recommend the lighter as well as the graver part of the ancient classics, and the constant practice of imitating them in early youth. This is no change in the system, and no larger in addition than a woodbine to a sacred grove.

CHESTERFIELD. I do not admire Mr. Locke.

CHATHAM. Nor I—he is too simply grand for admiration—I contemplate and revere him. Equally deep and clear, he is both philosophically and grammatically the most elegant of English writers.

CHESTERFIELD. If I expressed by any motion of limb or feature my surprise at this remark, your lordship, I hope, will pardon me a slight and involuntary transgression of my own precept. I must entreat you, before we move a step further in our inquiry, to inform me whether I am really to consider him in style the most elegant of our prose authors

CHATHAM. Your lordship is capable of forming an opinion on this point certainly no less correct than mine.

CHESTERFIELD. Pray assist me.

CHATHAM. Education and grammar are surely the two driest of all subjects on which a conversation can turn: yet if the ground is not promiscuously sown, if what ought to be clear is not covered, if what ought to be covered is not bare, and, above all, if the plants are choice ones, we may spend a few moments on it not unpleasantly. It appears then to me, that elegance in prose composition is mainly this: a just admission of topics and of words; neither too many nor too few of either; enough of sweetness in the sound to induce us to enter and sit still; enough of illustration and reflection to change the posture of our minds when they would tire; and enough of sound matter in the complex to repay us for our attendance. I could perhaps be more logical in my definition and more concise; but am I at all erroneous?

CHESTERFIELD. I see not that you are.

CHATHAM. My ear is well satisfied with Locke: I find nothing idle or redundant in him.

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CHESTERFIELD. But in the opinion of you graver men would not some of his principles lead too far?

CHATHAM. The danger is, that few will be led by them far enough: most who begin with him stop short, and, pretending to find pebbles in their shoes, throw themselves down upon the ground, and complain of their guide.

CHESTERFIELD. What, then, can be the reason why Plato, so much less intelligible, is so much more quoted and applauded?

CHATHAM. The difficulties we never try are no difficulties to us. Those who are upon the summit of a mountain know in some measure its altitude, by comparing it with all objects around: but those who stand at the bottom, and never mounted it, can compare it with few only, and with those imperfectly. Until a short time ago, I could have conversed more fluently about Plato that I can at present; I had read all the titles to his dialogues, and several scraps of commentary; these I have now forgotten, and am indebted to long attacks of the gout for what I have acquired instead.

CHESTERFIELD. A very severe schoolmaster! I hope he allows a long vacation.

CHATHAM. Severe he is indeed, and although he sets no example of regularity, he exacts few observances, and teaches many things. Without him I should have had less patience, less learning, less reflection, less leisure; it short, less of everything but of sleep.

CHESTERFIELD. Locke, from a deficiency of fancy, is not likely to attract so many listeners as Plato.

CHATHAM. And yet occasionally his language is both metaphorical and rich in images. In fact all our great philosophers have also this property in a wonderful degree. Not to speak of the devotional, in whose writings one might expect it, we find it abundantly in Bacon, not sparingly in Hobbes, the next to him in range of inquiry and potency of intellect. And what would you think, my lord, if you discovered in the records of Newton a sentence in the spirit of Shakspeare?

CHESTERFIELD. I should look upon it as upon a wonder, not to say a miracle. Newton, like Barrow, had no feeling or respect for poetry.

CHATHAM. His words are these: 'I don't know what I may seem to the world; but as to myself, I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of Truth lay all undiscovered before me.'

CHESTERFIELD. Surely nature, who had given him the volumes of her greater mysteries to unseal; who had bent over him and taken his hand, and taught him to decipher the characters of her sacred language; who had lifted up before him her glorious veil, higher than ever yet for mortal, that she might impress her features and her fondness on his heart, threw it back wholly at these words, and gazed upon him with as much admiration as ever he had gazed upon her.

Conversation between William Penn and Lord Peterborough.

PETERBOROUGH. The worst objection I myself could ever find against the theatre is, that I lose in it my original idea of such men as Cæsar and Coriolanus, and, where the loss affects me more deeply, of Juliet and Desdemona. Alexander was a fool to wish for a second world to conquer; but no man is a fool who wishes for the enjoyment of two; the real and the ideal; nor is it anything short of a misfortune. I had almost said of a calamity, to confound them. This is done by the stage: it is likewise done by engravings in books, which have a great effect in weakening the imagination, and are serviceable only to those who have none, and who rank negligently and idly. I should be sorry if the most ingenious print in the world were to cover the first impression left on my mind of such characters as Don Quixote and Sancho: yet probably a very indifferent one might do it; for we cannot master our fancies, nor give them at will a greater or less tenacity, a greater or less promptitude in coming and recurring.

You Friends are no less adverse to representation by painting than by acting.

PENN. We do not educate our youth to such professions and practices. Thou, I conceive, art unconcerned and disinterested in this matter.

PETERBOROUGH. Nearly, but not quite. I am ignorant of the art, and prefer that branch of it which to many seems the lowest; I mean portraiture. I can find flowers in my garden, landscapes in my rides, the works of saints in the Bible, of

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great statesmen and captains in the historians, and of those who with equal advantages had been the same, in the Newgate Calendar. The best representation of them can only give me a high opinion of the painter's abilities fixed on a point of time. But when I look on a family picture by Vandyke; when I contemplate the elegant and happy father in the midst of his blooming progeny, and the partner of his fortunes and his joy beside him, I am affected very differently, and much more. He who there stands meditating for them some delightful scheme of pleasure or aggrandisement, has bowed his head to calamity, perhaps even to the block. Those roses gathered from the parterre behind, those taper fingers negligently holding them that hair, the softness of which seems unable to support the riot of its ringlets, are moved away from earth, amid the tears and aching hearts of the very boys and girls who again are looking at me with such unconcern.

Faithfulest recorder of domestic bliss, perpetuator of youth and beauty, vanquisher of time leading in triumph the Hours and Seasons, the painter here bestows on me the richest treasures of his enchanting art.

Grandiloquent Writing.

Magnificent words, and the pomp and procession of stately sentences, may accompany genius, but are not always nor frequently called out by it. The voice ought not to be perpetually, nor much, elevated in the ethic and didactic, nor to roll sonorously, as if it issued from a mask in the theatre. The horses in the plain under Troy are not always kicking and neighing: nor is the dust always raised in whirlwinds on the banks of Simois and Scamander; nor are the ramparts always in a blaze. Hector has lowered his helmet to the infant of Andromache, and Achilles to the embraces of Briseis. I do not blame the prose-writer who opens his bosom occasionally to a breath of poetry; neither, on the contrary, can I praise the gait of that pedestrian who lifts up his legs as high on a bare heath as in a corn-field.

Milton.

As the needle turns away from the rising sun, from the meridian, from the occidental, from regions of fragrancy and gold and gems, and moves with unerring impulse to the frosts and deserts of the North, so Milton and some few others, in politics philosophy, and religion, walk through the busy multitude, wave aside the importunate trader, and, after a momentary oscillation from external agency, are found in the twilight and in the storm, pointing with certain index to the pole-star of immutable truth. . . . . I have often been amused at thinking in what estimation the greatest of mankind were holden by their contemporaries. Not even the most sagacious and prudent one could discover much of them, or could prognosticate their future course in the infinity of space! Men like ourselves are permitted to stand near, and indeed in the very presence of Milton: what do they see? dark clothes, gray hair, and sightless eyes! Other men have better things: other men, therefore, are nobler! The stars themselves are only bright by distance; go close and all is earthy. But vapours illuminate these; from the breath and from the countenance of God comes light on worlds higher than they; worlds to which he has given the forms and names of Shakespeare and Milton.*

EDWIN ATHERSTONE.

EDWIN ATHERSTONE (1788–1872) was author of 'The Last Days of Herculaneum' (1821), and 'The Fall of Nineveh' (1828), both poems in blank verse, and remarkable for splendour of diction and copiousness of description. The first is founded on the well-known

* A very few of Mr. Landor's aphorisms and remarks may be added: He says of fame: 'Fame, they tell you, is air; but without air there is no life for any: without fame there is none for the best.' 'The happy man,' he says, 'is he who distinguishes the boundary between desire and delight, and stands firmly on the higher ground: he who knows that pleasure is not only not possession, but is often to be lost, and always to be endangered by it.' Of light wit or sarcasm, he observes: 'Quickness is amongst the least of the mind's properties. I would persuade you that banter, pun, and quibble are the properties of light men and shallow capacities: that genuine humour and true wit require a sound and capacious mind, which is always a grave one.'

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destruction of the city of Herculaneum by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius in the first year of the emperor Titus, or the 79th of the Christian era. Mr. Atherstone has followed the account of this awful occurrence given by the younger Pliny in his letters to Tacitus, and has drawn some powerful pictures of the desolating fire and its attendant circumstances. There is perhaps too much of terrible and gloomy painting, yet it enchains the attention of the reader, and impresses the imagination with something like dramatic force. Mr. Atherstone's second subject is of the same elevated cast: the downfall of an Asiatic empire afforded ample room for his love of strong and magnificent description, and he has availed himself of this license so fully as to border in many passages on extravagance and bombast.

The following passage, descriptive of the splendour of Sardanapalus's state, may be cited as a happy specimen of Mr. Atherstone's style:

Banquet in Sardanapalus's Palace.

The moon is clear—the stars are coming forth—
The evening breeze fans pleasantly. Retired
Within his gorgeous hall, Assyria's king
Sits at the banquet, and in love and wine
Revels delighted. On the gilded roof
A thousand golden lamps their lustre fling,
And on the marble walls, and on the throne
Gem-boss'd, that high on jasper-steps upraised,
Like to one solid diamond quivering stands,
Sun-splendours flashing round. In woman's garb
The sensual king is clad, and with him sit
A crowd of beauteous concubines. They sing,
And roll the wanton eye, and laugh, and sigh,
And feed his ear with honeyed flatteries,
And laud him as a god. . . .
Like a mountain stream,
Amid the silence of the dewy eve
Heard by the lonely traveller through the vale,
With dream-like murmuring melodious,
In diamond showers a crystal fountain falls.
Sylph-like girls, and blooming boys,
Flower-crowned, and in apparel bright as spring,
Attend upon their bidding. At the sign,
From bands unseen, voluptuous music breathes,
Harp, dulcimer, and, sweetest far of all,
Woman's mellifluous voice.
Through all the city sounds the voice of joy
And tipsy merriment. On the spacious walls,
That, like huge sea-cliffs, gird the city in,
Myriads of wanton feet go to and fro:
Gay garments rustle in the scented breeze,
Crimson, and azure, purple, green, and gold;
Laugh, jest, and passing whisper are heard there;
Timbrel, and lute, and dulcimer, and song;
And many feet that tread the dance are seen,
And arms upflung, and swaying heads plume-crowned.
So is that city steeped in revelry. . . .
Then went the king,
Flushed with the wine, and in his pride of power
Glorying; and with his own strong arm upraised

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From out its rest the Assyrian banner broad,
Purple and edged with gold; and, standing then
Upon the utmost summit of the mount—
Round, and yet round—for two strong men a task
Sufficient deemed—he waved the splendid flag,
Bright as a meteor streaming.
At that sight
The plain was in a stir: the helms of brass
Were lifted up, and glittering spear-points waved,
And banners shaken, and wide trumpet mouths
Upturned; and myriads of bright-harnessed steeds
Were seen uprearing, shaking their proud heads;
And brazen chariots in a moment sprang,
And clashed together. In a moment more
Up came the monstrous universal shout,
Like a volcano's burst. Up, up to heaven
The multitudinous tempest tore its way,
Rocking the clouds: from all the swarming plain
And from the city rose the mingled cry,
'Long live Sardanapalus, king of kings!
May the king live for ever!' Thrice the flag
The monarch waved; and thrice the shouts arose
Enormous, that the solid walls were shook,
And the firm ground made tremble.

CHARLES LAMB.

CHARLES LAMB, a poet and a delightful essayist, of quaint peculiar humour and fancy, was born in London on the 10th February 1775. His father was in humble circumstances, servant and friend to one of the benchers of the Inner Temple; but Charles was presented to the school of Christ's Hospital, and from his seventh to his fifteenth year he was an inmate of that ancient and munificent asylum. Lamb was a nervous, timid, and thoughtful boy: 'while others were all fire and play, he stole along with all the self-concentration of a monk.' He would have obtained an exhibition at school admitting him to college, but these exhibitions were given under the implied if not expressed condition of entering into holy orders, and Lamb had an impediment in his speech, which proved an insuperable obstacle. In 1792 he obtained an appointment in the accountant's office of the East India Company, residing with his parents; and 'on their death,' says Serjeant Talfourd, 'he felt himself called upon by duty to repay to his sister the solicitude with which she had watched over his infancy, and well, indeed, he performed it. To her, from the age of twenty-one, he devoted his existence, seeking thenceforth no connection which could interfere with her supremacy in his affection, or impair his ability to sustain and to comfort her.' A sad tragedy was connected with the early history of this devoted pair. There was a taint of hereditary madness in the family; Charles had himself, at the close of the year 1795, been six weeks confined in an asylum at Hoxton, and in September of the following year, Mary Lamb, in a paroxysm of insanity, stabbed her mother to death with a knife snatched from the dinner-table. A verdict of lunacy was returned by the jury who sat on the coroner's inquest, and the un-

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happy young lady was placed in a private asylum at Islington. Reason was speedily restored. 'My poor dear, dearest sister,' writes Charles Lamb to his bosom-friend Coleridge, 'the unhappy and unconscious instrument of the Almighty's judgments on our house, is restored to her senses; to a dreadful sense and recollection of what has passed, awful to her mind and impressive, as it must be, to the end of life, but tempered with religious resignation and the reasonings of a sound judgment, which, in this early stage, knows how to distinguish between a deed committed in a transient fit of frenzy, and the terrible guilt of a mother's murder.' In confinement, however, Mary Lamb continued until the death of her father, an imbecile old man; and then Charles came to her deliverance. He satisfied all parties who had power to oppose her release, by his solemn engagement that he would take her under his care for life, and he kept his word. 'For her sake he abandoned all thoughts of love and marriage; and with an income of scarcely more than £100 a year, derived from his clerkship, aided for a little while by the old aunt's small annuity, set out on the journey of life at twenty-two years of age, cheerfully, with his beloved companion, endeared to him the more by her strange calamity, and the constant apprehension of the recurrence of the malady which caused it.* The malady did again recur at intervals, rendering restraint necessary, but Charles, though at times wayward and prone to habits of excess—or rather to over-sociality with a few tried friends—seems never again to have relapsed into aberration of mind. He bore his trials meekly, manfully, and with prudence as well as fortitude. The first compositions of Lamb were in verse, prompted, probably, by the poetry of his friend Coleridge. A warm admiration of the Elizabethan dramatists led him to imitate their style and manner in a tragedy named 'John Woodvil,' which was published in 1801, and mercilessly ridiculed in the 'Edinburgh Review' as a specimen of the rudest state of the drama. There is much that is exquisite both in sentiment and expression in Lamb's play, but the plot is certainly meagre, and the style had then an appearance of affectation. The following description of the sports in the forest has a truly antique air, like a passage in Heywood or Shirley:

Forest Scenes.

To see the sun to bed, and to arise,
Like some hot amourist with glowing eyes,
Bursting the lazy bonds of sleep that bound him,
With all his fires and travelling glories round him.
Sometimes the moon on soft night-clouds to rest,
Like beauty nestling in a young man's breast,
And all the winking stars, her handmaids, keep
Admiring silence while these lovers sleep.
Sometimes outstretched, in very idleness,
Nought doing, saying little, thinking less,
To view the leaves, thin dancers upon air,
Go eddying round; and small birds how they fare.

* *Final Memorials of Charles Lamb*, by T. N. Talfourd.

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When mother Autumn fills their beaks with corn,
Filched from the careless Amalthea's horn;
And how the woods berries and worms provide,
Without their pains, when earth has nought beside
To answer their small wants.
To view the graceful deer come tripping by,
Then stop and gaze, then turn, they know not why,
Like bashful youngsters in society.
To mark the structure of a plant or tree,
And all fair things of earth, how fair they be.

In 1802 Lamb paid a visit to Coleridge at Keswick, and clambered up to the top of Skiddaw. Notwithstanding his partiality for a London life, he was deeply struck with the solitary grandeur and beauty of the lakes. 'Fleet Street and the Strand,' he says, 'are better places to live in for good and all than amidst Skiddaw. Still, I turn back to those great places where I wandered about participating in their greatness. I could spend a year, two, three years among them, but I must have a prospect of seeing Fleet Street at the end of that time, or I should mope and pine away.' A second dramatic attempt was made by Lamb in 1804. This was a farce entitled 'Mr. H.,' which was accepted by the proprietors of Drury Lane Theatre, and acted for one night; but so indifferently received, that it was never brought forward afterwards. 'Lamb saw that the case was hopeless, and consoled his friends with a century of puns for the wreck of his dramatic hopes.' In 1807 he published a series of tales founded on the plays of Shakespeare, which he had written in conjunction with his sister, and in the following year appeared his 'Specimens of English Dramatic Poets who lived about the time of Shakespeare,' a work evincing a thorough appreciation of the spirit of the old dramatists, and a fine critical taste in analysing their genius. Some of his poetical pieces were also composed about this time; but in these efforts Lamb barely indicated his powers, which were not fully displayed till the publication of his essays signed 'Elia,' originally printed in the 'London Magazine.' In these his curious reading, nice observation, and poetical conceptions found a genial and befitting field.

'They are all,' says his biographer, Serjeant Talfourd, 'carefully elaborated; yet never were books written in a higher defiance to the conventional pomp of style. A sly hit, a happy pun, a humorous combination, lets the light into the intricacies of the subject, and supplies the place of ponderous sentences. Seeking his materials for the most part in the common paths of life—often in the humblest—he gives an importance to everything, and sheds a grace over all.' In 1825 Lamb was emancipated from the drudgery of his situation as clerk in the India House, retiring with a handsome pension, which enabled him to enjoy the comforts, and many of the luxuries of life. In a letter to Wordsworth, he thus describes his sensations after his release: 'I come home for EVER on Tuesday week. The incomprehensibleness of my condition overwhelmed me. It was like passing

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from life into eternity. Every year to be as long as three; that is, to have three times as much real time—time that is my own—in it! I wandered about thinking I was happy, but feeling I was not. But that tumultuousness is passing off, and I begin to understand the nature of the gift. Holidays, even the annual month, were always uneasy joys, with their conscious fugitiveness, the craving after making the most of them. Now, when all is holiday, there are no holidays. I can sit at home, in rain or shine, without a restless impulse for walking. I am daily steadying, and shall soon find it as natural to me to be my own master, as it has been irksome to have had a master.' He removed to a cottage near Islington, and in the following summer, went with his faithful sister and companion on a long visit to Enfield, which ultimately led to his giving up his cottage, and becoming a constant resident at that place. There he lived for about five years, delighting his friends with his correspondence and occasional visits to London, displaying his social racy humour and active benevolence.

In 1830 he committed to the press a small volume of poems, entitled 'Album Verses,' the gleanings of several years, and he occasionally sent a contribution to some literary periodical. In December 1834, whilst taking his daily walk on the London Road, he stumbled against a stone, fell, and slightly injured his face. The accident appeared trifling, but erysipelas in the face came on, and proved fatal on the 27th December 1834. He was buried in the churchyard at Edmonton, amidst the tears and regrets of a circle of warmly attached friends, and his memory was consecrated by a tribute from the muse of Wordsworth. His sister survived till May 20, 1847. A complete edition of Lamb's works was published by his friend Mr. Moxon, and his reputation is still on the increase. For this he is mainly indebted to his essays. We cannot class him among the favoured sons of Apollo, though in heart and feeling he might sit with the proudest. The peculiarities of his style were doubtless grafted upon him by his constant study and lifelong admiration of the old English writers. Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Jeremy Taylor, Browne, Fuller, and others of the elder worthies (down to Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle), were his chosen companions. He knew all their fine sayings and noble thoughts; and, consulting his own heart after his hard day's plodding at the India House, at his quiet fireside (ere his reputation was established, and he came to be 'over-companied' by social visitors), he invested his original thoughts and fancies, and drew up his curious analogies and speculations in a garb similar to that which his favourites wore. Then Lamb was essentially a *town-man*—a true Londoner—fond as Johnson of Fleet Street and the Strand—a frequenter of the theatre, and attached to social habits, courtesies, and observances. His acute powers of observation were constantly called into play, and his warm sympathies excited by the shifting scenes around him. His kindliness of nature, his whims,

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puns, and prejudices, give a strong individuality to his writings; while in playful humour, critical taste, and choice expression, Charles Lamb may be considered among English essayists a genuine and original master. Mr Proctor (Barry Cornwall), who wrote a slight 'Memoir' of his friend in 1866, said he saw the essence of Lamb's genius in the facts that he wrote from his feelings, and that he loved old books and old times.

To Hester.

When maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try,
With vain endeavour.

A month or more she hath been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flushed her spirit.

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call: if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool;
But she was trained in Nature's school;
Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs is hard to bind,
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour! gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
Some summer morning.

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet forewarning?

The Old Familiar Faces.

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom-cronies;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women;
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
Like an ingrate I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood;
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

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A Farewell to Tobacco.

May the Babylonish curse
Straight confound my stammering verse,
If I can a passage see
In this world-perplexity,
Or a fit expression find,
Or a language to my mind—
Still the phrase is wide or scant—
To take leave of thee, Great Plant!
Or in any terms relate
Half my love, or half my hate:
For I hate, yet love thee so,
That, whichever thing I show,
The plain truth will seem to be
A constrained hyperbole,
And the passion to proceed
More from a mistress than a weed.

Sooty retainer to the vine,
Bacchus' black servant, negro fine;
Sorcerer, that mak'st us dote upon
Thy begrimed complexion
And, for thy pernicious sake,
More and greater oaths to break
Than reclaimed lovers take
'Gainst women: thou thy siege dost lay
Much too in the female way
While thou suck'st the lab'ring breath
Faster than kisses or than death.

Thou in such a cloud doth bind us,
That our worst foes cannot find us,
And ill-fortune, that would thwart us,
Shoots at rovers, shooting at us;
While each man, through thy height'ning steam,
Does like a smoking Etna seem,
And all about us does express—
Fancy and wit in richest dress—
A Sicilian fruitfulness.

Thou through such a mist dost shew us
That our best friends do not know us,
And, for those allowed features,
Due to reasonable creatures,
Liken'st us to fell Chimeras,
Monsters that, who see us fear us;
Worse than Cerberus or Geryon,
Or, who first loved a cloud, Ixion.
Bacchus, we know, and we allow
His tipsy rites. But what art thou,
That but by reflex canst shew
What his deity can do,
As the false Egyptian spell
Aped the true Hebrew miracle?
Some few vapours thou mayst raise,
The weak brain may serve to amaze,
But to the reins and nobler heart,
Canst nor life nor heat impart.

Brother of Bacchus, later born,
The old world was sure forlorn
Wanting thee, that aidest more
The god's victories than before
All his panthers, and the brawls
Of his piping Bacchanals.
These, as stale, we disallow,
Or judge of *thee* meant; only thou
His true Indian conquest art;
And for ivy round his dart,
The reformed god now weaves
A finer thyrsus of thy leaves.

Scent to match thy rich perfume
Chemic art did ne'er presume;
Through her quaint alembic strain,
None so sov'reign to the brain:
Nature, that did in thee excel,
Framed again no second smell.
Roses, violets, but toys
For the smatter sort of boys,
Or for greener damsels meant;
Thou art the only manly scent.

Stinking'st of the stinking kind,
Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind,
Africa, that brags her foison,
Breeds no such prodigious poison;
Henbane, nightshade, both together,
Hemlock, aconite——
Nay, rather,
Plant divine, of rarest virtue:
Blisters on the tongue would hurt you.
'Twas but in a sort I blamed thee;
None e'er prospered who defamed thee;
Irony all, and feigned abuse,
Such as perplexed lovers use
At a need, when, in despair
To paint forth their fairest fair,
Or in part but to express
That exceeding comeliness
Which their faucies doth so strike,
They borrow language of dislike;
And, instead of Dearest Miss,
Jewel, Honey, Sweetheart, Bliss,
And those forms of old admiring,
Call her Cockatrice and Siren,
Basilisk, and all that's evil,
Witch, Hyena, Mermaid, Devil,
Ethiop, Wench, and Blackamoor,
Monkey, Ape, and twenty more;
Friendly Trait'ress, loving Foe
Not that she is truly so,
But no other way they know
A contentment to express,
Borders so upon excess,
That they do not rightly wot
Whether it be pain or not.

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Or, as men, constrained to part
With what's nearest to their heart,
While their sorrow's at the height,
Lose discrimination quite,
And their hasty wrath let fall,
To appease their frantic gall.
On the darling thing whatever,
Whence they feel it doth not sever,
Though it be, as they, perforce,
Guiltless of the sad divorce.
For I must—nor let it grieve thee,
Friendliest of plants, that I must—leave thee;
For thy sake, Tobacco, I
Would do anything but die,
And but seek to extend my days,
Long enough to extend thy praise.
But as she, who once hath been
A king's consort, is a queen
Ever after, nor will bate
Any tittle of her state,
Though a widow, or divorced,
So I, from thy converse forced,
The old name and style retain,
A right Katherine of Spain;
And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys
Of the best Tobacco Boys;
Where though I, by sour physician,
Am debarred the full fruition
Of thy favours, I may catch
Some collateral sweets, and snatch
Sidelong odours, that give life
Like glances from a neighbour's wife;
And still live in the by-places
And the suburbs of thy graces;
And in thy borders take delight,
An unconquered Canaanite.

The following are selections from Lamb's 'Essays,' some of which, amidst their quaint fancies, contain more of the exquisite materials of poetry than his short occasional verses.

Dream-children—A Reverie.

Children love to listen to stories about their elders, when *they* were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle, or grand-dame whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk—a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived—which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wood. Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts, till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it—and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too—committed to her by the owner who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county! and still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, 'That would be foolish indeed.' And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too of the neighbourhood for many miles round, to shew their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good, indeed, that she knew all the Psaltery by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was, and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer. Here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer, I was saying in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told

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how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept; but she said 'those innocents would do her no harm;' and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she—and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows, and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grandchildren, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I, in particular, used to spend many hours by myself in gazing upon the old busts of the twelve Cæsars that had been emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I be turned into marble with them: how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then, and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew-trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at; or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me; or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening, too, along with the oranges and the limes, in that grateful warmth; or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fishpond at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent frisk ngs. I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such-like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then, in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L——, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out; and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries; and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain; and how, in after-life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always, I fear, make allowances enough for him when he was impatient and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how, when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death, as I thought, pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarrelling with him—for we quarrelled sometimes—rather than not have him again; and was as uneasy without him, as he, their poor uncle, must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a-crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for Uncle John; and they looked up and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how, for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W—n; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial meant in maidens; when suddenly turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing,

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both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: 'We are not of Alice, nor of thee; nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing, less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence and a name;' and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm-chair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side—but John L. (or James Elia) was gone for ever.

Poor Relations.

A poor relation is the most irrelevant thing in nature, a piece of impertinent correspondency, an odious approximation, a haunting conscience, a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the noontide of your prosperity, an unwelcome remembrancer, a perpetually recurring mortification, a drain on your purse, a more intolerable dun upon your pride, a drawback upon success, a rebuke to your rising, a stain in your blood, a blot on your escutcheon, a rent in your garment, a death's-head at your banquet, Agathocles' pot, a Mordecai in your gate, a Lazarus at your door, a lion in your path, a frog in your chamber, a fly in your ointment, a mote in your eye, a triumph to your enemy, an apology to your friends, the one thing not needful, the hail in harvest, the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet.

He is known by his knock. Your heart telleth you, 'That is Mr ——.' A rap between familiarity and respect, that demands, and at the same time seems to despair of entertainment. He entereth smiling and embarrassed. He holdeth out his hand to you to shake, and draweth back again. He casually looketh in about dinner-time, when the table is full. He offereth to go away, seeing you have company, but is induced to stay. He filleth a chair, and your visitor's two children are accommodated at a side-table. He never cometh upon open days, when your wife says with some complacency: 'My dear, perhaps Mr —— will drop in to-day.' He remembereth birthdays, and professeth he is fortunate to have stumbled upon one. He declareth against fish, the turbot being small, yet suffereth himself to be importuned into a slice against his first resolution. He sticketh by the port, yet will be prevailed upon to empty the remainder glass of claret, if a stranger press it upon him. He is a puzzle to the servants, who are fearful of being too obsequious, or not civil enough to him. The guests think 'they have seen him before.' Every one speculateth upon his condition; and the most part take him to be a tide-waiter. He calleth you by your Christian name, to imply that his other is the same with your own. He is too familiar by half, yet you wish he had less diffidence. With half the familiarity, he might pass for a casual dependent; with more boldness he would be in no danger of being taken for what he is. He is too humble for a friend, yet taketh on him more state than befits a client. He is a worse guest than a country tenant, inasmuch as he bringeth up no rent; yet 'tis odds, from his garb and demeanour, that your guests take him for one. He is asked to make one at the whist-table; refuseth on the score of poverty, and resents being left out. When the company break up, he proffereth to go for a coach, and lets the servant go. He recollects your grandfather; and will thrust in some mean and quite unimportant anecdote of the family. He knew it when it was not quite so flourishing as 'he is blest in seeing it now.' He reviveth past situations, to institute what he calleth favourable comparisons. With a reflecting sort of congratulation he will inquire the price of your furniture; and insult you with a special commendation of your window-curtains. He is of opinion that the urn is the more elegant shape; but, after all, there was something more comfortable about the old tea-kettle, which you must remember. He dare say you must find a great convenience in having a carriage of your own, and appealeth to your lady if it is not so. Inquireth if you have had your arms done on vellum yet; and did not know till lately that such and such had been the crest of the family. His memory is unseasonable, his compliments perverse, his talk a trouble, his stay pertinacious; and when he goeth away, you dismiss his chair into a corner as precipitately as possible, and feel fairly rid of two nuisances.

There is a worse evil under the sun, and that is a female poor relation. You may do something with the other; you may pass him off tolerably well; but your indigent she-relative is hopeless. 'He is an old humorist,' you may say, 'and affects to go

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threadbare. His circumstances are better than folks would take them to be. You are fond of having a character at your table, and truly he is one.' But in the indications of female poverty there can be no disguise. No woman dresses below herself from caprice. The truth must out without shuffling. 'She is plainly related to the L——s, or what does she at their house?' She is, in all probability, your wife's cousin. Nine times out of ten, at least, this is the case. Her garb is something between a gentlewoman and a beggar, yet the former evidently predominates. She is most provokingly humble, and ostentatiously sensible to her inferiority. He may require to be repressed sometimes—*aequando sufflaminandus erat*—but there is no raising her. You send her soup at dinner, and she begs to be helped after the gentlemen. Mr.—— requests the honor of taking wine with her; she hesitates between port and Madeira, and chooses the former because he does She calls the servant *sir;* and insists on not troubling him to ho'd her plate. The housekeeper patronises her. The children's governess takes upon her to correct her when she has mistaken the piano for a harpsichord.

The Origin of Roast Pig.

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cooks' Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother) was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swineherd Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian make-shift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labour of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odour assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before—indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young fire-brand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A pryinonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burned his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life, indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hail-stones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure which he experienced in his lower regions had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued:

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'You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burned me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what—what have you got there, I say?'

'O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats.'

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should be get a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, 'Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste—O Lord!'—with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavour, which, make what sour mouths he would for pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little too tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbours would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burned down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and a verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it; and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's town-house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fire in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance-offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burned*, as they call it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful and seemingly the most obvious arts make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favour of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*, I will maintain it to be the most delicate—*princeps obsoniorum*.

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WILLIAM SOTHEBY.

WILLIAM SOTHEBY, an accomplished scholar and translator, was born in London on the 9th of November 1757. He was of good family, and educated at Harrow School. At the age of seventeen he entered the army as an officer in the 10th Dragoons. He quitted the army in the year 1780, and purchased Bevis Mount, near Southampton, where he continued to reside for the next ten years. Here Mr. Sotheby cultivated his taste for literature, and translated some of the minor Greek and Latin poets. In 1788, he made a pedestrian tour through Wales, of which he wrote a poetical description, published, together with some odes and sonnets, in 1789. In 1798, he published a translation from the 'Oberon' of Wieland, which greatly extended his reputation, and procured him the thanks and friendship of the German poet. He now became a frequent competitor for poetical fame. In 1799, he wrote a poem commemorative of the battle of the Nile; in 1800, appeared his translation of the 'Georgics' of Virgil; in 1801, he produced a 'Poetical Epistle on the Encouragement of the British School of Painting;' and in 1802, a tragedy on the model of the ancient Greek drama, entitled 'Orestes.' He next devoted himself to the composition of an original sacred poem, in blank verse, under the title of 'Saul,' which appeared in 1807. The fame of Scott induced him to attempt the romantic metrical style of narrative and description; and in 1810, he published 'Constance de Castille,' a poem in ten cantos. In 1814, he republished his 'Orestes,' together with four other tragedies; and in 1815, a second corrected edition of the 'Georgics.' This translation is one of the best of a classic poet in our language. A tour on the continent gave occasion to another poetical work, 'Italy.' He next began a labour which he had long contemplated, the translation of the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey,' though he was upwards of seventy years of age before he entered upon the Herculean task. The summer and autumn of 1829 were spent in a tour to Scotland: and the following verses, written in a steam-boat during an excursion to Staffa and Iona, shew the undiminished powers of the veteran poet:

Staffa, I scaled thy summit hoar,
I passed beneath thy arch gigantic,
Whose pillared cavern swells the roar,
When thunders on thy rocky shore
The roll of the Atlantic.

That hour the wind began to rave,
The surge forgot its motion,
And every pillar in thy cave
Slept in its shadow on the wave,
Unrippled by the ocean.

Then the past age before me came,
When 'mid the lightning's sweep,
Thy isle with its basaltic frame,
And every column wreathed with flame,
Burst from the boiling deep.

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When 'mid Iona's wrecks meanwhile
O'er sculptured graves I trod,
Where Time had strewn each mouldering aisle
O'er saints and kings that reared the pile,
I hailed the eternal God:
Yet, Staffa, more I felt His presence in thy cave
Than where Iona's cross rose o'er the western wave.

Mr. Sotheby's translation of the 'Iliad' was published in 1831, and was generally esteemed spirited and faithful. The 'Odyssey' he completed in the following year. He died on the 30th of December 1833. The original poetical productions of Mr. Sotheby have not been reprinted; his translations are the chief source of his reputation. Wieland, it is said, was charmed with the genius of his translator; and the rich beauty of diction in the 'Oberon,' and its facility of versification, notwithstanding the restraints imposed by a difficult measure, were eulogised by the critics. In his tragedies, Mr. Sotheby displays considerable warmth of passion and figurative language, but his plots are ill constructed. Byron said of Mr. Sotheby, that he imitated everybody, and occasionally surpassed his models.

Approach of Saul and his Guards against the Philistines

Hark! hark! the clash and clang
Of shaken cymbals cadencing the pace
Of marshal movement regular; the swell
Sonorous of the brazen trump of war;
Shrill twang of harps, soothed by melodious chime
Of beat on silv r bars; and sweet, in pause
Of harsher instrument, continuous flow
Of breath, through flutes, in symphony with song,
Choirs, whose matched voices filled the air afar
With jubilee and chant of triumph hymn;
And ever and anon irregular burst
Of loudest acclamation to each host
Saul's stately advance proclaimed. Before him youths
In robes succinct for swiftness: oft they struck
Their staves against the ground, and warned the throng
Backward to distant homage. Next, his strength
Of chariots rolled with each an armed band;
Earth groaned afar beneath their iron wheels:
Part armed with scythe for battle, part adorned
For triumph. Nor there wanting a led train
Of steeds in rich caparison, for show
Of solemn entry. Round about the king,
Warriors, his watch and ward, from every tribe
Drawn out. Of these a thousand each selects
Of size and comeliness above their peers,
Pride of their race. Radiant their armour: some
In silver cased, scale over scale, that played
All pliant to the litheness of the limb:
Some mailed in twisted gold, link within link
Flexibly ringed and fitted, that the eye
Beneath the yielding panoply pursued,
When act of war the strength of man provoked,
The motion of the muscles, as they worked
In rise and fall. On each left thigh a sword
Swung in the broidered baldric; each right hand
Grasped a long-shadowing spear. Like them, their chiefs

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Arrayed: save on their shields of solid ore,
And on their helm, the graver's toil had wrought
Its subtlety in rich device of war:
And o'er their mail, a robe, Punicean dye,
Gracefully played; where the winged shuttle, shot
By cunning of Sidonian virgins, wove
Broidure of many-coloured figures rare.
Bright glowed the sun, and bright the burnished mail
Of thousands, ranged, whose pace to song kept time;
And bright the glare of spears, and gleam of crests,
And flaunt of banners flushing to and fro
The noonday beam. Beneath their coming, earth
Wide glittered. Seen afar, amidst the pomp,
Gorgeously mailed, but more by pride of port
Known, and superior stature, than rich trim
Of war and regal ornament, the king,
Throned in triumphal car, with trophies graced,
Stood eminent. The lifting of his lance
Shone like a sunbeam. O'er his armour flowed
A robe, imperial mantle, thickly starred
With blaze of orient gems; the clasp that bound
Its gathered folds his ample chest athwart,
Sapphire; and o'er his casque where rubies burned,
A cherub flamed and waved his wings in gold.

EDWARD, LORD THURLOW.

EDWARD HOVELL THURLOW, Lord Thurlow (1781–1829), published several small volumes of poetry: 'Select Poems' (1821); 'Poems on Several Occasions;' 'Angelica, or the Fate of Proteus;' 'Arcita and Palamon, after Chaucer;' &c. Amidst much affectation and bad taste, there is real poetry in the works of this nobleman. He was a source of ridicule and sarcasm to wits and reviewers—including Moore and Byron—and not undeservedly; yet in pieces like the following, there is a freshness of fancy and feeling, and a richness of expression, that resembles Herrick or Moore:

Song to May.

May! queen of blossoms,
And fulfilling flowers,
With what pretty music
Shall we charm the hours?
Wilt thou have pipe and reed,
Blown in the open mead?
Or to the lute give heed
In the green bowers?

Thou hast no need of us,
Or pipe or wire,
That hast the golden bee
Ripened with fire;
And many thousand more
Songsters that thee adore,
Filling earth's grassy floor
With new desire.

Thou hast thy mighty herds,
Tame, and free livers;
Doubt not, thy music too
In the deep rivers;
And the whole plumy flight,
Warbling the day and night—
Up at the gates of light,
See, the lark quivers!

When with the jacinth
Coy fountains are tressed;
And for the mournful bird
Greenwoods are dressed,
That did for Tereus pine;
Then shall our songs be thine,
To whom our hearts incline:
May, be thou blest!

Sonnets.

The Summer, the divinest Summer burns,
The skies are bright with azure and with gold;

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The mavis, and the nightingale, by turns,
Amid the woods a soft enchantment hold:
The flowering woods, with glory and delight,
Their tender leaves unto the air have spread;
The wanton air, amid their alleys bright,
Doth softly fly, and a light fragrance shed:
The nymphs within the silver fountains play,
The angels on the golden banks recline,
Wherein great Flora, in her bright array,
Hath sprinkled her ambrosial sweets divine:
Or, else, I gazed upon that beauteous face
O Amoret! and think these sweets have place.

O Moon, that shinest on this heathy wild,
And light'st the hill of Hastings with thy ray,
How am I with thy sad delight beguiled,
How hold with fond imagination play!
By thy broad taper I call up the time
When Harold on the bleeding verdure lay,
Though great in glory, overstained with crime,
And fallen by his fate from kingly sway!
On bleeding knights, and on war-broken arms,
Torn banners and the dying steeds you shone,
When this fair England, and her peerless charms,
And all, but honour, to the foe were gone!
Here died the king, whom his brave subjects chose,
But, dying, lay amid his Norman foes!

Charles Lamb, in a communication to the 'London Magazine,' says of Lord Thurlow: 'A profusion of verbal dainties, with a disproportionate lack of matter and circumstance, is, I think one reason of the coldness with which the public has received the poetry of a nobleman now living; which, upon the score of exquisite diction alone, is entitled to something better than neglect. I will venture to copy one of his sonnets in this place, which for quiet sweetness, and unaffected morality, has scarcely its parallel in our language.'

To a Bird that haunted the Waters of Lacken in the Winter

O melancholy bird, a winter's day
Thou standest by the margin of the pool,
And, taught by God, dost thy whole being school
To patience, which all evil can allay,
God has appointed thee the fish thy prey;
And given thyself a lesson to the fool
Unthrifty, to submit to moral rule,
And his unthinking course by thee to weigh.
There need not schools, nor the professor's chair,
Though these be good, true wisdom to impart.
He who has not enough, for these, to spare
Of time, or gold, may yet amend his heart,
And teach his soul, by brooks and rivers fair:
Nature is always wise in every part.

THOMAS MOORE.

A rare union of wit and sensibility, of brilliant fancy and of varied and diligent study, is exemplified in the poetical works of THOMAS

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MOORE. Mr. Moore was a native of Dublin, born on the 28th of May 1779. He early began to rhyme, and a sonnet to his schoolmaster, Mr. Samuel Whyte, written in his fourteenth year, was published in a Dublin magazine,* to which he contributed other pieces. The parents of our poet were Roman Catholics, a body then proscribed and depressed by penal enactments, and they seem to have been of the number who, to use his own words, 'hailed the first dazzling outbreak of the French Revolution as a signal to the slave, wherever suffering, that the day of his deliverance was near at hand.' The poet states that in 1792 he was taken by his father to one of the dinners given in honour of that great event, and sat upon the knee of the chairman while the following toast was enthusiastically sent round: 'May the breezes from France fan our Irish Oak into verdure.' Parliament having, in 1793, opened the university to Catholics, young Moore was sent to college, and distinguished himself by his classical acquirements. In 1799, he proceeded to London to study law in the Middle Temple, and publish by subcription a translation of Anacreon. The latter appeared in the following year, dedicated to the Prince of Wales. At a subsequent period Mr. Moore was among the keenest satirists of this prince, for which he has been accused of ingratitude; but he states himself that the whole amount of his obligations to his royal highness was the honour of dining twice at Carlton House, and being admitted to a great fete given by the prince in 1811 on his being made regent. In 1801, Moore ventured on a volume of original verse, put forth under the assumed name of 'Thomas Little'—an allusion to his diminutive stature. In these pieces the warmth of the young poet's feelings and imagination led him to trespass on delicacy and decorum. He had the good sense to be ashamed of these amatory *juvenilia*, and genius enough to redeem the fault. His offence did not stand in the way of his preferment. In 1803 Mr. Moore obtained an official situation at Bermuda, the duties of which were discharged by a deputy; and this subordinate proving unfaithful, the poet suffered pecuniary losses and great embarrassment. Its first effect however, was two volumes of poetry, a series of 'Odes and Epistles,' published in 1806, and written during an absence of fourteen months from Europe, while the author visited Bermuda. The descriptive sketches in this work are remarkable for their fidelity, no less than their poetical beauty. The style of Moore was now formed, and in all his writings there was nothing finer than the opening epistle to Lord Strangford, written on board ship by moonlight:

* Mr. Whyte was also the teacher of Sheridan, and it is curious to learn that, after about a year's trial, *Sherry* was pronounced, both by tutor and parent, to be an incorrigible dunce! 'At the time,' says Mr. Moore, 'when I first began to attend his school, Mr. Whyte still continued, to the no small alarm of many parents, to encourage a taste for acting among his pupils.' In this line I was long his favourite *shone*-scholar; and among the play-bills introduced in his volume, to illustrate the occasions of his own prologues and epilogues, there is one of a play got up in the year 1790, at Lady Borrowes's private theatre in Dublin, where, among the items of the evening's entertainment, is "An Epilogue, *A Squeeze to St. Paul's*, Master Moore."'

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A Moonlight Scene at Sea.

Sweet moon! if, like Crotona's sage,
By any spell my hand could dare
To make thy disk its ample page,
And write my thoughts, my wishes there;
How many a friend, whose careless eye
Now wanders o'er that starry sky,
Should smile, upon thy orb to meet
The recollection kind and sweet,
The reveries of fond regret,
The promise never to forget,
And all my heart and soul would send
To many a dear-loved, distant friend. . . .
Even now, delusive hope will steal
Amid the dark regrets I feel,
Soothing, as yonder placid beam
Pursues the murmurers of the deep,
And lights them with consoling gleam,
And smiles them into tranquil sleep.
Oh! such a blessed night as this
I often think, if friends were near,
How should we feel, and gaze with bliss
Upon the moon-bright scenery here!
The sea is like a silvery lake,
And o'er its calm the vessel glides
Gently, as if it feared to wake
The slumber of the silent tides!
The only envious cloud that lowers,
Hath hung its shade on Pico's height,
Where dimly 'mid the dusk he towers,
And, scowling at this heaven of light,
Exults to see the infant storm
Cling darkly round his giant form!

The following was also produced during the voyage:

Canadian Boat Song.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time;
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Anne's our parting hymn,
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast;
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Utawa's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon:
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
Oh! grant us cool heavens, and favouring airs!
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Mr. Moore now became a satirist, attempting first the grave serious style, in which he failed, but succeeding beyond almost any other poet in light satire, verses on the topics of the day, lively and pungent, with abundance of humorous and witty illustration. The man of the world, the scholar, and the poetical artist are happily blended in his satirical productions, with a rich and playful fancy. His 'Twopenny Postbag,' 'The Fudge Family in Paris,' 'Fables for the Holy Alliance,' and numerous small pieces written for the newspapers, to serve the cause of the Whig or Liberal party, are not excelled in their own peculiar walk by any satirical composition in the language. It is difficult to select a specimen of these; but the following contains a proportion of the wit and poignancy distributed over all. It appeared at a time when an abundance of mawkish reminiscences and memoirs had been showered from the press.

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Literary Advertisement.

Wanted—Authors of all work to job for the season,
No matter which party, so faithful to neither;
Good hacks, who, if posed for a rhyme or a reason,
Can manage, like . . . [Southey], to do without either.

If in jail, all the better for out-of-door topics;
Your jail is for travellers a charming retreat;
They can take a day's rule for a trip to the Tropics,
And sail round the world, at their ease, in the Fleet.

For a dramatist, too, the most useful of schools—
He can study high life in the King's Bench community;
Aristotle could scarce keep him more *within rules*,
And of *place* he, at least, must adhere to the *unity*.

Any lady or gentleman come to an age
To have good 'Reminiscences' (threescore or higher),
Will meet with encouragement—so much *per* page,
And the spelling and grammar both found by the buyer.

No matter with what their remembrance is stocked,
So they'll only remember the *quantum* desired;
Enough to fill handsomely Two Volumes *oct.*,
Price twenty-four shillings, is all that's required.

They may treat us, like Kelly, with old *jeu d'esprits*,
Like Didbin, may tell of each fanciful frolic;
Or kindly inform us, like Madam Genlis,
That ginger-beer cakes always give them the colic.

Funds, Physic, Corn, Poetry, Boxing, Romance,
All excellent subjects for turning a penny;
To write upon all, is an author's sole chance
For attaining at last the least knowledge of any.

Nine times out of ten, if his title is good,
The material within of small consequence is;
Let him only write fine, and, if not understood,
Why—that's the concern of the reader, not his.

Nota Bene—an Essay, now printing, to shew
That Horace, as clearly as words could express it,
Was for taxing the Fundholders, ages ago,
When he wrote thus—'Quodcunque in *Fund is*, assess it.'*

As early as 1806, Mr. Moore entered upon his noble poetical and patriotic task—writing lyrics for the ancient music of his native country. His 'Irish Songs' displayed a fervour and pathos not found in his earlier works, with the most exquisite melody and purity of diction. An accomplished musician himself, it was the effort, he relates, to translate into language the emotions and passions which music appeared to him to express, that first led to his writing any poetry worthy of the name. 'Dryden,' he adds, 'has happily described music as being "inarticulate poetry:" and I have always felt, in adapting words to an expressive air, that I was bestowing upon it

* According to the common reading, 'Quodcunque infundis, acescit.' [A punning travesty of a maxim, Ep. ii., b. i., which Francis renders—'For tainted vessels sour what they contain.']

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the gift of articulation, and thus enabling it to speak to others all that was conveyed, in its wordless eloquence, to myself.' Part of the inspiration must also be attributed to national feelings. The old airs were consecrated to recollections of the ancient glories, the valour, beauty, or sufferings of Ireland, and became inseparably connected with such associations. Of the 'Irish Melodies,' in connection with Mr. Moore's songs, ten parts were published. Without detracting from the merits of the rest, it appears to us very forcibly, that the particular ditties in which he hints at the woes of his native country, and transmutes into verse the breathings of its unfortunate patriots, are the most real in feeling, and therefore the best. This particularly applies to 'When he who adores thee;' 'Oh, blame not the bard;' and 'Oh, breathe not his name;' the first of which, referring evidently to the fate of Mr. Emmet, is as follows:

When he who adores thee has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
Oh, say, wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resigned?
Yes, weep! and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee!

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
Every thought of my reason was thine;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine!
Oh, blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give,
Is the pride of thus dying for thee!

Next to the patriotic songs stand those in which a moral reflection is conveyed in that metaphorical form which only Moore has been able to realise in lyrics for music—as in the following example:

Irish Melody—'I saw from the Beach.'

I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on;
I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining—
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

And such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known;
Each wave that we danced on at morning ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night;
Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth evening's best light.

Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning,
When passion first waked a new life through his frame,
And his soul, like the wood that grows precious in burning,
Gave out all its sweets to Love's exquisite flame!

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In 1817 Mr. Moore produced his most elaborate poem, 'Lalla Rookh,' an oriental romance, the accuracy of which, as regards topographical, antiquarian, and characteristic details, has been vouched by numerous competent authorities. The poetry is brilliant and gorgeous—rich to excess with imagery and ornament—and oppressive from its very sweetness and splendour. Of the four tales which, connected by a slight narrative, like the ballad stories in Hogg's 'Queen's Wake,' constitute the entire poem, the most simple is 'Paradise and the Peri,' and it is the one most frequently read and remembered. Still, the first—'The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan'—though improbable and extravagant as a fiction, is a poem of great energy and power. The genius of the poet moves with grace and freedom under his load of Eastern magnificence, and the reader is fascinated by his prolific fancy, and the scenes of loveliness and splendour which are depicted with such vividness and truth. Hazlitt says that Moore should not have written 'Lalla Rookh,' even for three thousand guineas—the price understood to be paid by the booksellers for the copyright. But if not a great poem, it is a marvellous work of art, and contains paintings of local scenery and manners, unsurpassed for fidelity and picturesque effect. The patient research and extensive reading required to gather the materials, would have damped the spirit and extinguished the fancy of almost any other poet. It was amidst the snows of two or three Derbyshire winters, he says, while living in a lone cottage among the fields, that he was enabled, by that concentration of thought which retirement alone gives, to call up around him some of the sunniest of those Eastern scenes which have since been welcomed in India itself as almost native to its clime. The poet was a diligent student, and his oriental reading was 'as good as riding on the back of a camel.' The romance of 'Vathek' alone equals 'Lalla Rookh,' among English fictions, in local fidelity and completeness as an Eastern tale. Some touches of sentiment and description have the grace and polish of ancient cameos. Thus, of retired beauty:

Beauty.

Oh, what a pure and sacred thing
Is Beauty, curtained from the sight
Of the gross world, illumining
One only mansion with her light!
Unseen by man's disturbing eye—
The flower that blooms beneath the sea,
Too deep for sunbeams, doth not lie
Hid in more chaste obscurity. . . .
A soul, too, more than half divine,
Where through some shades of earthly feeling,
Religion's softened glories shine,
Like light through summer foliage stealing,
Shedding a glow of such mild hue,
So warm, and yet so shadowy too,
As makes the very darkness there
More beautiful than light elsewhere.

Or this picture of nature after a summer storm, closing with a rich voluptuous simile:

Nature after a Storm.

How calm, how beautiful, comes on
The stilly hour when storms are gone;
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity—

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Fresh as if Day again were born,
Again upon the lap of Morn!
When the light blossoms, rudely torn
And scattered at the whirlwind's will,
Hang floating in the pure air still,
Filling it all with precious balm,
In gratitude for this sweet calm—
And every drop the thunder-showers
Have left upon the grass and flowers
Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning-gem
Whose liquid flame is born of them!
When 'stead of one unchanging breeze,
There blow a thousand gentle airs,
And each a different perfume bears—
As if the loveliest plants and trees
Had vassal breezes of their own
To watch and wait on them alone,
And waft no other breath than theirs!
When the blue waters rise and fall,
In sleepy sunshine mantling all;
And even that swell the tempest leaves,
Is like the full and silent heaves
Of lovers' hearts, when newly blest,
Too newly to be quite at rest.

As true and picturesque, and more profound in feeling, is the poet's allusion to the fickleness of love:

Alas—how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love!
Hearts that the world in vain has tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquillity!
A something light as air—a look,
A word unkind or wrongly taken—
Oh! love, that tempests never shook,
A breath, a touch like this has shaken—
And ruder words will soon rush in
To spread the breach that words begin;
And eyes forget the gentle ray
They wore in courtship's smiling day;
And voices lose the tone that shed
A tenderness round all they said!
Till fast declining, one by one,
The sweetnesses of love are gone.

After the publication of his work, the poet set off with Rogers on a visit to Paris. The 'groups of ridiculous English who were at that time swarming in all directions throughout France,' supplied the materials for his satire, entitled 'The Fudge Family in Paris' (1818), which in popularity, and the run of successive editions, kept pace with 'Lalla Rookh.' In 1819 Mr. Moore made another journey to the continent in company with Lord John Russell, and this furnished his 'Rhymes on the Road,' a series of trifles often graceful and pleasing, but so conversational and unstudied, as to be little better—to use his own words—than 'prose fringed with rhyme.' From Paris the poet and his companion proceeded by the Simplon to Italy. Lord John took the route to Genoa, and Mr. Moore went on a visit to Lord Byron at Venice. On his return from this memorable tour, the poet took up his abode in Paris, where he resided till about the close of the year 1822.

He had become involved in pecuniary difficulties by the conduct of the person who acted as his deputy at Bermuda. His friends pressed forward with eager kindness to help to release him—one offering to place £500 at his disposal; but he came to the resolution of 'gratefully

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declining their offers, and endeavouring to work out his deliverance by his own efforts.' In September 1822 he was informed that an arrangement had been made, and that he might with safety return to England. The amount of the claims of the American merchants had been reduced to the sum of one thousand guineas, and towards the payment of this the uncle of his deputy—a rich London merchant—had been brought to contribute £300. The Marquis of Lansdowne immediately deposited in the hands of a banker the remaining portion (£750), which was soon repaid by the grateful bard, who, in the June following, on receiving his publisher's account, found £1000 placed to his credit from the sale of the 'Loves of the Angels,' and £500 from the 'Fables of the Holy Alliance.' The latter were partly written while Mr Moore was at Venice with Lord Byron, and were published under the *nom de guerre* of Thomas Brown. The 'Loves of the Angels' (1823) was written in Paris. The poem is founded on 'the Eastern story of the angels Harut and Marut, and the Rabbinical fictions of the loves of Uzziel and Shamchazai,' with which Mr Moore shadowed out 'the fall of the soul from its original purity—the loss of light and happiness which it suffers in the pursuit of this world's perishable pleasures—and the punishments both from conscience and divine justice with which impurity, pride, and presumptuous inquiry into the awful secrets of heaven are sure to be visited.' The stories of the three angels are related with graceful tenderness and passion, but with too little of 'the angelic air' about them.

He afterwards contributed a great number of political squibs to the 'Times' newspaper—witty sarcastical effusions, for which he was paid at the rate of about £400 per annum! His latest imaginative work was 'The Epicurean,' an Eastern tale, in prose, but full of the spirit and material of poetry; and forming, perhaps, his highest and best sustained flight in the regions of pure romance. Thus, remarkable for industry, genius, and acquirements, Mr. Moore's career was one of high honour and success. No poet was more universally read, or more courted in society by individuals distinguished for rank, literature, or public service. His political friends, when in office, rewarded him with a pension of £300 per annum, and as his writings were profitable as well as popular, his latter days might have been spent in comfort, without the anxieties of protracted authorship. He resided in a cottage in Wiltshire, but was too often in London, in those gay and brilliant circles which he enriched with his wit and genius. In 1841–42 he gave to the world a complete collection of his poetical works in ten volumes, to which are prefixed some interesting literary and personal details. Latterly, the poet's mind gave way, and he sank into a state of imbecility, from which he was released by death, February 26, 1852.

Moore left behind him copious memoirs, journal, and correspondence, which, by the poet's request, were after his death placed for

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publication in the hands of his illustrious friend, Lord John Russell. By this posthumous work (which extended to eight vols. 1852-6) a sum of £3000 was realised for Moore's widow. The journal disappointed the public. Slight personal details, brief anecdotes and witticisms, with records of dinner-parties, visits, and fashionable routs, fill the bulk of eight printed volumes. His friends were affectionate and faithful, always ready to help him in his difficulties, and his publishers appear to have treated him with great liberality. He was constantly drawing upon them to meet emergencies, and his drafts were always honoured. Money was offered to him on all hands, but his independent spirit and joyous temperament, combined with fits of close application, and the brilliant success of all his works, poetical and prosaic, enabled him to work his way out of every difficulty. Goldsmith was not more potent in raising money, and melting the hearts of booksellers. Lord John Russell admits that the defect of Moore's journal is, that while he is at great pains to put in writing the stories and the jokes he hears, he seldom records a serious discussion, or notices the instructive portions of the conversations in which he bore a part. To do this would have required great time and constant attention. Instead of an admired and applauded talker, the poet must have become a silent and patient listener, and have possessed Boswell's servility of spirit and complete devotion to his hero and subject. Moore said that it was in high-life one met the best society. His friend Rogers disputed the position: and we suspect it will be found that, however agreeable such company may be occasionally, literary men only find real society among their equals. Moore loved high-life, sought after it, and from his genius, fame, and musical talents, was courted by the titled and the great. Too much of his time was frittered away in fashionable parties. Such a glittering career is dangerous. The noble and masculine mind of Burns was injured by similar patronage; and in recent times a man of great powers, Theodore Hook, was ruined by it.

Another feature in Moore's journal is his undisguised vanity, which overflows on all occasions. He is never tired of recording the compliments paid to his talents. But Lord John Russell has justly characterised this weakness in Moore as being wholly free from envy. It never took the shape of depreciating others that his own superiority might become conspicuous. 'His love of praise was joined with the most generous and liberal dispensation of praise to others—he relished the works of Byron and Scott as if he had been himself no competitor for fame with them.' Ill success might have tinctured the poet's egotism with bitterness, but this he never knew; and such a feeling could not have remained long with a man so constitutionally genial and light-hearted.

When time shall have destroyed the remembrance of Moore's personal qualities, and removed his works to a distance, to be judged of by their fruit alone, the want most deeply felt will be that of

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simplicity and genuine passion. He has worked little in the durable and permanent materials of poetry, but has spent his prime in enriching the stately structure with exquisite ornaments, foliage, flowers, and gems. Yet he often throws into his gay and festive verses, and his fanciful descriptions, touches of pensive and mournful reflection, which strike by their truth and beauty, and by the force of contrast. Indeed, one effect of the genius of Moore has been, to elevate the feelings and occurrences of ordinary life into poetry, rather than dealing with the lofty abstract elements of the art. The combinations of his wit are wonderful. Quick, subtle, and varied, ever suggesting new thoughts or images, or unexpected turns of expression—now drawing resources from classical literature or the ancient fathers—now diving into the human heart, and now skimming the fields of fancy—the wit or imagination of Moore (for they are compounded together) is a true Ariel, 'a creature of the elements,' that is ever buoyant and full of life and spirit. His very satires 'give delight and hurt not.' They are never coarse, and always witty. When stung by an act of oppression or intolerance, he could be bitter or sarcastic enough; but some lively thought or sportive image soon crossed his path, and he instantly followed it into the open and genial region where he loved most to indulge. He never dipped his pen in malignity.

For an author who has written so much as Moore on the subject of love and the gay delights of good fellowship, it was scarcely possible to be always natural and original. Some of his lyrics and occasional poems, accordingly, present far-fetched metaphors and conceits, with which they often conclude, like the final flourish or pirouette of a stage-dancer. He exhausted the vocabulary of rosy lips and sparkling eyes, forgetting that true passion is ever direct and simple—ever concentrated and intense, whether bright or melancholy. This defect, however, pervades only part of his songs, and those mostly written in his youth. The 'Irish Melodies' are full of true feeling and delicacy. By universal consent, and by the sure test of memory, these national strains are the most popular and the most likely to be immortal of all Moore's works. They are musical almost beyond parallel in words—graceful in thought and sentiment—often tender, pathetic, and heroic—and they blend poetical and romantic feelings with the objects and sympathies of common life in language chastened and refined, yet apparently so simple that every trace of art has disappeared. The songs are read and remembered by all. They are equally the delight of the cottage and the saloon, and, in the poet's own country, are sung with an enthusiasm that will long be felt in the hour of festivity, as well as in periods of suffering and solemnity; by that imaginative and warm-hearted people.

'Tis the Last Rose of Summer.

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;

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No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

The Turf shall be my Fragrant Shrine.

The turf shall be my fragrant shrine;
My temple, Lord! that arch of thine;
My censer's breath the mountain airs,
And silent thoughts my only prayers.

My choir shall be the moonlight waves,
When murmuring homeward to their caves.
Or when the stillness of the sea,
Even more than music, breathes of Thee!

I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,
All light and silence, like thy Throne!
And the pale stars shall be, at night,
The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,
Shall be my pure and shining book,
Where I shall read, in words of flame,
The glories of thy wondrous name.

I'll read thy anger in the rack
That clouds awhile the day-beam's track;
Thy mercy in the azure hue
Of sunny brightness breaking through!

There's nothing bright, above, below,
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow,
But in its light my soul can see
Some feature of thy Deity.

There's nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait that moment, when
Thy touch shall turn all bright again!

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.

In 1817, Mr. Murray published a small poetical volume under the eccentric title of 'Prospectus and Specimen of an intended National Work, by William and Robert Whistlecraft, of Stowmarket in Suffolk, Harness and Collar Makers. Intended to comprise the most Interesting Particulars relating to King Arthur and his Round Table.' The world was surprised to find, under this odd disguise, a happy imitation of the Pulci and Casti school of the Italian poets. The brothers Whistlecraft formed, it was quickly seen, but the mask of some elegant and scholarly wit belonging to the higher circles of society, who had chosen to amuse himself in comic verse, without incurring the responsibilities of declared authorship. To two cantos published in the above year, a third and fourth were soon after added. The poem opens with a feast held by King Arthur at Carlisle amidst his knights, who are thus introduced:

They looked a manly generous generation;
Beards, shoulders, eyebrows, broad, and square, and thick,
Their accents firm and loud in conversation,
Their eyes and gestures eager, sharp, and quick,
Shewed them prepared, on proper provocation,
To give the lie, pull noses, stab and kick;
And for that very reason, it is said,
They were so very courteous and well-bred.

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In a valley near Carlisle lived a race of giants, and this place is finely described:

Huge mountains of immeasurable height
Encompassed all the level valley round
With mighty slabs of rock that sloped upright,
An insurmountable and enormous mound.
The very river vanished out of sight,
Absorbed in secret channels under ground;
That vale was so sequested and secluded,
All search for ages past it had eluded.
A rock was in the centre, like a cone,
Abruptly rising from a miry pool,
Where they beheld a pile of massy stone,
Which masons of the rude primeval school
Had reared by help of giant hands alone,
With rocky fragments unreduced by rule:
Irregular, like nature more than art.
Huge, rugged, and compact in every part.
A wild tumultuous torrent raged around,
Of fragments tumbling from the mountain's height;
The whistling clouds of dust, the deafening sound,
The hurried motion that amazed the sight,
The constant quaking of the solid ground,
Environed them with phantoms of affright;
Yet with heroic hearts they held right on,
Till the last point of their ascent was won.

The giants having attacked and carried off some ladies on their journey to court, the knights deem it their duty to set out in pursuit; and in due time they overcome those grim personages, and relieve the captives from the castle in which they had been immured:

The ladies?—They were tolerably well,
At least as well as could have been expected:
Many details I must forbear to tell;
Their toilet had been very much neglected;
But by supreme good-luck it so befell
That when the castle's capture was effected,
When those vile cannibals were overpowered,
Only two fat duennas were devoured.

This closes the second canto. The third opens in the following playful strain.

I've a proposal here for Mr. Murray,
He offers handsomely—the money down;
My dear, you might recover from your flurry,
In a nice airy lodging out of town,
At Croydon, Epsom, anywhere in Surrey;
If every stanza brings us in a crown,
I think that I might venture to bespeak
A bedroom and front-parlour for next week.

Tell me, my dear Thalia, what you think:
Your nerves have undergone a sudden shock;
Your poor dear spirits have begun to sink;
On Banstead Downs you'd muster a new stock,
And I 'd be sure to keep away from drink,
And always go to bed by twelve o'clock.
We'll travel down there in the morning stages;
Our verses shall go down to distant ages.

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And here in town we'll breakfast on hot rolls,
And you shall have a better shawl to wear;
These pantaloons of mine are chafed in holes:
By Monday next I'll compass a new pair:
Come now, fling up the cinders; fetch the coals,
And take away the things you hung to air;
Set out the tea-things, and bid Phœbe bring
The kettle up. *Arms and the Monks I sing.*

Near the valley of the giants was an abbey, containing fifty friars, 'fat and good,' who keep for a long time on good terms with their neighbours. Being fond of music, the giants would sometimes approach the sacred pile, attracted by the sweet sounds that issued from it; and here occurs a beautiful piece of description:

Oft that wild untutored race would draw,
Led by the solemn sound and sacred light,
Beyond the bank, beneath a lonely shaw,
To listen all the livelong summer night,
Till deep, serene, and reverential awe
Environed them with silent calm delight,
Contemplating the minster's midnight gleam,
Reflected from the clear and glassy stream.

But chiefly, when the shadowy moon hath shed
O'er woods and waters her mysterious hue,
Their passive hearts and vacant fancies fed
With thoughts and aspirations strange and new,
Till their brute souls with inward working bred
Dark hints that in the depths of instinct grew
Subjective—not from Locke's associations,
Nor David Hartley's doctrine of vibrations.
Each was ashamed to mention to the others
One half of all the feelings that he felt,
Yet thus for each would venture: 'Listen, brothers,
It seems as if one heard Heaven's thunders melt
In music!

Unfortunately, this happy state of things is broken up by the introduction of a ring of bells into the abbey, a kind of music to which the giants had an insurmountable aversion.

The solemn mountains that surrounded
The silent valley where the convent lay,
With thatinnabular uproar were astounded
When the first peal burst forth at break of day:
Feeling their granite ears severely wounded,
They scarce knew what to think or what to say;
And—though large mountains commonly conceal
Their sentiments, dissembling what they feel,

Yet—Cader-Gibbrish from his cloudy throne
To huge Loblommon gave an intimation
Of this strange rumour, with an awful tone,
Thundering his deep surprise and indignation;
The lesser hills, in language of their own,
Discussed the topic by reverberation;
Discoursing with their echoes all day long,
Their only conversation was, 'ding-dong.'

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These giant mountains inwardly were moved,
But never made an outward change of place;
Not so the mountain giants (as behoved
A more alert and locomotive race);
Hearing a clatter which they disapproved,
They ran straight forward to besiege the place,
With a discordant universal yell,
Like house-dogs howling at a dinner-bell.

This is evidently meant as a good-humoured satire against violent personifications in poetry. Meanwhile a monk, Brother John by name, who had opposed the introduction of the bells, has gone, in a fit of disgust with his brethren, to amuse himself with the rod at a neighbouring stream. Here occurs another beautiful descriptive passage:

A mighty current, unconfined and free,
Ran wheeling round beneath the mountain's shade,
Battering its wave-worn base; but you might see
On the near margin many a watery glade,
Becalmed beneath some little island's lee,
All tranquil and transparent, close embayed;
Reflecting in the deep serene and even
Each flower and herb, and every cloud of heaven;

The painted kingfisher, the branch above her,
Stand in the steadfast mirror fixed and true;
Anon the fitful breezes brood and hover,
Freshening the surface with a rougher hue;
Spreading, withdrawing, pausing, passing over
Again returning to retire anew:
So rest and motion in a narrow range,
Feasted the sight with joyous interchange.

Brother John, placed here by mere chance, is apprised of the approach of the giants in time to run home and give the alarm. Amidst the preparations for defence, to which he exhorts his brethren, the abbot dies, and John is elected to succeed him. A stout resistance is made by the monks, whom their new superior takes care to feed well by way of keeping them in heart, and the giants at length withdraw from the scene of action. It finally appears that the pagans have retired in order to make the attack upon the ladies, which had formerly been described—no bad burlesque of the endless episodes of the Italian romantic poets.

It was soon discovered that the author of this clever *jeu d'esprit* was the Right Honourable John Hookham Frere, a person of high political consequence, who had been employed a few years before by the British government to take charge of diplomatic transactions in Spain in connection with the army under General Sir John Moore. The Whistlecraft poetry was carried no further; but the peculiar stanza (the *ottava rima* of Italy), and the sarcastic pleasantry, formed the immediate exemplar which guided Byron when he wrote his 'Beppo' and 'Don Juan;' and one couplet—

Adown thy slope, romantic Ashbourn, glides
The Derby dilly, carrying six insides—

became at a subsequent period the basis of an allusion almost histori-

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cal in importance, with reference to a small party in the House of Commons. Thus the national poem attained a place of some consequence in our modern literature. It is only to be regretted that the poet, captivated by indolence or the elegances of a luxurious taste, gave no further specimen of his talents to the world.

For many years Mr. Frere resided in Malta, in the enjoyment of a handsome pension, conferred for diplomatic services, of £1516 per annum, and at Malta he died on the 7th of January, 1846, aged seventy-seven. In the 'Life of Sir Walter Scott,' there are some particulars respecting the meeting of the declining novelist with his friend, the author of 'Whistlecraft.' We there learn from Scott, that the remarkable war-song upon the victory at Brunnenburg, which appears in Mr. Ellis's 'Specimens of Ancient English Poetry,' and might pass in a court of critics as a genuine composition of the fourteenth century, was written by Mr. Frere while an Eton school-boy, as an illustration on one side of the celebrated Rowley controversy. We are also informed by Mrs. John Davy, in her diary, quoted by Mr. Lockhart, that Sir Walter on this occasion, 'repeated a pretty long passage from his version of one of the romances of the Cid—published in the appendix to Southey's quarto—and seemed to enjoy a spirited charge of the knights therein described as much as he could have done in his best days, placing his walking-stick in rest as a lance, "to suit the action to the word."' We may here redeem from comparative obscurity a piece of poetry so much admired by Scott:

The gates were then thrown open,
and forth at once they rushed,
The outposts of the Moorish hosts
back to the camp were pushed;
The camp was all in tumult,
and there was such a thunder
Of cymbals and of drums,
as if earth would cleave in sunder.
There you might see the Moors
arming themselves in haste,
And the two main battles
how they were forming fast;
Horsemen and footmen mixt,
a countless troop and vast.
The Moors are moving forward,
the battle soon must join,
'My men, stand here in order,
ranged upon a line!
Let not a man move from his rank
before I give the sign.'
Pero Bermuez heard the word,
but he could not refrain,
He held the banner in his hand,
he gave the horse the rein;
'You see yon foremost squadron there,
the thickest of the foes,
Noble Cid, God be your aid,
for there your banner goes!

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Let him that serves and honours it,
shew the duty that he owes.'
Earnestly the Cid called out,
'For Heaven's sake be still!'
Bermuez cried, 'I cannot hold,'
so eager was his will.
He spurred his horse, and drove him on
amid the Moorish rout:
They strove to win the banner,
and compassed him about.
Had not his armour been so true,
he had lost either life or limb;
The Cid called out again,
'For Heaven's sake succour him!'
Their shields before their breasts,
forth at once they go
Their lances in the rest
levelled fair and low;
Their banners and their crests
waving in a row,
Their heads all stooping down
towards the saddle-bow.
The Cid was in the midst,
his shout was heard afar;
'I am Rui Diaz,
the champion of Bivar;
Strike amongst them, gentlemen,
for sweet mercies' sake!'
There where Bermuez fought
amidst the foe they brake;
Three hundred bannered knights,
it was a gallant show;
Three hundred Moors they killed,
a man at every blow;
When they wheeled and turned,
as many more lay slain,
You might see them raise their lances,
and level them again.
There you might see the breast-plates,
how they were cleft in twain,
And many a Moorish shield
lie scattered on the plain.
The pennons that were white
marked with a crimson stain,
The horses running wild
whose riders had been slain.

In 1871, the 'Works of Frere, in Verse and Prose, and a Memoir' by his nephew, were published in 2 vols.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THOMAS CAMPBELL was born in the city of Glasgow, July 27, 1777. He was of a good Highland family, the Campbells of Kirnan, in Argyllshire, who traced their origin from the first Norman lord of Lochawe. The property, however, had passed from the ancient race, and the poet's father carried on business in Glasgow as a merchant or trader with Virginia. He was unsuccessful, and in his latter days subsisted on some small income derived from a merchants' society

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and provident institution, aided by his industrious wife, who received into their house as boarders young men attending college. Thomas received a good education, and was distinguished at the university, particularly for his translations from the Greek. The Greek professor, John Young, pronounced his translation of part of the 'Clouds' of Aristophanes the best version that had ever been given in by any student. He had previously received a prize for an English poem, an 'Essay on the Origin of Evil,' modelled on the style of Pope. Other poetical pieces, written between his fourteenth and sixteenth year, evince Campbell's peculiar delicacy of taste and select poetical diction. He became tutor in a family resident in the island of Mull, and about this time met with his 'Caroline of the West,' the daughter of a minister of Inveraray. The winter of 1795 saw him again in Glasgow, attending college, and supporting himself by private tuition. Next year he was sometime tutor in the family of Mr. Downie of Appin, also in the Highlands; and this engagement completed, he repaired to Edinburgh, hesitated between the church and the law as a profession, but soon abandoning all hopes of either, he employed himself in private teaching and in literary work for the booksellers. Poetry was not neglected, and in April 1799 appeared his 'Pleasures of Hope.' The copyright was sold for £60; but for some years the publishers gave the poet £50 on every new edition of two thousand copies, and allowed him, in 1803, to publish a quarto subscription copy, by which he realized about £1000. It was in a 'dusky lodging' in Alison Square, Edinburgh, that the 'Pleasures of Hope' was composed; and the fine opening simile was suggested by the scenery of the Firth of Forth as seen from the Calton Hill. The poem was instantly successful. The volume went through four editions in a twelvemonth. After the publication of the first edition, 154 lines were added to the poem. It captivated all readers by its varying and exquisite melody, its polished diction, and the vein of generous and lofty sentiment which seemed to embalm and sanctify the entire poem. The touching and beautiful episodes with which it abounds constituted also a source of deep interest; and in picturing the horrors of war, and the infamous partition of Poland, the poet kindled up into a strain of noble indignant zeal and prophet-like inspiration.

> Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time!
> Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
> Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
> Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
> Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
> Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career:
> Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
> And Freedom shrieked—as Kosciusko fell!
>
> The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there;
> Tumultuous Murder shook the midnight air—

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On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below;
The storm prevails, the rampart yields a way,
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
Hark! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
Earth shook, red meteors flashed along the sky,
And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry!

Traces of juvenility may be found in the 'Pleasures of Hope'—a want of connection between the different parts of the poem, some florid lines and imperfect metaphors; but such a series of beautiful and dazzling pictures, so pure and elevated a tone of moral feeling, and such terse, vigorous, and polished versification, were never perhaps before found united in a poem written at the age of twenty-one. Shortly after its publication, Campbell visited the continent. He sailed from Leith for Hamburg on the 1st of June 1800; and proceeding from thence to Ratisbon, witnessed the decisive action which gave Ratisbon to the French. The poet stood with the monks of the Scottish college of St. James, on the ramparts near the monastery, while a charge of Klenau's cavalry was made upon the French. He saw no other scenes of actual warfare, but made various excursions into the interior, and was well received by General Moreau and the other French officers. It has been generally supposed that Campbell was present at the battle of Hohenlinden, but it was not fought until some weeks after he had left Bavaria. During his residence on the Danube and the Elbe, the poet wrote some of his exquisite minor poems, which were published in the 'Morning Chronicle' newspaper. The first of these was the 'Exile of Erin,' which was suggested by an incident like that which befell Smollett at Boulogne—namely, meeting with a party of political exiles who retained a strong love of their native country.

Campbell's 'Exile' was a person named Anthony M'Cann, who, with Hamilton Rowan and others, had been concerned in the Irish rebellion. So jealous was the British government of that day, that the poet was suspected of being a spy, and on his arrival in Edinburgh, was subjected to an examination by the sheriff, but which ended in a scene of mirth and conviviality. Shortly afterwards, Campbell was received by Lord Minto as a sort of secretary and literary companion—a situation which his temper and somewhat democratic independence of spirit rendered uncongenial, and which did not last long. In this year (1802) he composed 'Lochiel's Warning' and 'Hohenlinden'—the latter one of the grandest battle-pieces in miniature that ever was drawn. In a few verses, flowing like a choral melody, the poet brings before us the silent midnight scene of engagement wrapt in the snows of winter, the sudden arming for the battle, the press and shout of charging squadrons, the flashing of artillery, and the final scene of death. 'Lochiel's Warning' being read in manuscript to Sir Walter (then Mr.) Scott, he requested a perusal of it himself, and then repeated the whole from memory—a

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striking instance of the great minstrel's powers of recollection, which was related to us by Mr. Campbell himself. In 1803 the poet repaired to London, and devoted himself to literature as a profession. He resided for some time with his friend, Mr. Telford, the celebrated engineer. Telford continued his regard for the poet throughout a long life, and remembered him in his will by a legacy of £500.*

Mr. Campbell wrote several papers for the 'Edinburgh Encyclopædia'—of which Telford had some share—including poetical biographies, an account of the drama, &c. He also compiled 'Annals of Great Britain from the Accession of George III. to the Peace of Amiens,' in three volumes. Such compilations can only be considered in the light of mental drudgery; but Campbell, like Goldsmith, could sometimes impart grace and interest to task-work. In 1806, through the influence of Mr. Fox, the government granted a pension to the poet—a well-merited tribute to the author of those national strains, 'Ye Mariners of England,' and the 'Battle of the Baltic.' In 1809 was published his second great poem, 'Gertrude of Wyoming, a Pennsylvania Tale.' The subsequent literary labours of Mr. Campbell were only, as regards his poetical fame, subordinate efforts. The best of them were contributed to the 'New Monthly Magazine,' which he edited for ten years (from 1820 to 1830); and one of these minor poems, the 'Last Man,' may be ranked among his greatest conceptions: it is like a sketch by Michael Angelo or Rembrandt. Previous to this time the poet had visited Paris in company with Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble, and enjoyed the sculpture and other works of art in the Louvre with such intensity that they seemed to give his mind a new sense of the harmony of art—a new visual power of enjoying beauty. 'Every step of approach,' he says, 'to the presence of the Apollo Belvidere, added to my sensations, and all recollections of his name in classic poetry swarmed on my mind as spontaneously as the associations that are conjured up by the sweetest music.' In 1818 he again visited Germany, and on his return the following year he published his 'Specimens of the British Poets,' with biographical and critical notices, in seven volumes. The justness and

* A similar amount was bequeathed to Mr. Southey, and, with a good-luck which one would wish to see always attend poets' legacies, the sums were more than doubled in consequence of the testator's estate far exceeding what he believed to be its value. Thomas Telford (1757-1834) was himself a rhymester in his youth. He was born on poetic ground, amidst the scenes of old Scottish song, green hills and the other adjuncts of a land-cape of great sylvan and pastoral beauty. Eskdale, his native district—where he lived till nearly twenty, first as a shepherd, and afterwards as a stone-mason—was also the birthplace of Armstrong and Mickle. Telford wrote a poem descriptive of this classic dale, but it is only a feeble paraphrase of Goldsmith. He addressed an epistle to Burns, part of which is published by Currie. These boyish studies and predilections contrast strangely with the severer pursuits of his after-years as a mathematician and engineer. In his original occupation of a stone-mason, cutting names on tombstones (in which he excelled, as did also Hugh Miller), we can fancy him cheering his solitary labours with visions of literary eminence; but it is difficult to conceive him at the same time dreaming of works like the Menai Bridge or the Pont-cy-sylte aqueduct in Wales. He had, however, received an early architectural or engineering bias by poring over the plates and descriptions in Rollin's history, which he read by his mother's fireside, or in the open air while herding sheep. Telford was a liberal-minded and benevolent man.

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beauty of his critical dissertations have been universally admitted; some of them are perfect models of chaste yet animated criticism.

In 1820 Mr. Campbell delivered a course of lectures on poetry at the Surrey Institution; in 1824 he published 'Theodric and other Poems;' and, though busy in establishing the London University, he was, in 1827, honoured with the graceful compliment of being elected lord rector of the university of his native city. This distinction was continued and heightened by his re-election the following two years. He afterwards made a voyage to Algiers, of which he published an account; and in 1842 he appeared again as a poet. This work was a slight narrative poem, unworthy of his fame, entitled 'The Pilgrim of Glencoe.' Among the literary engagements of his later years, was a 'Life of Mrs. Siddons,' and a 'Life of Petrarch.' In the summer of 1843, he fixed his residence at Boulougne, but his health was by this time much impaired, and he died the following summer, June 15, 1844. He was interred in Westminster Abbey, his funeral being attended by some of the most eminent noblemen and statesmen of the day, with a numerous body of private friends. In 1849 a selection from his correspondence, with a life of the poet, was published by his affectionate friend and literary executor, Dr. Beattie, himself the author of various works, and of some pleasing and picturesque poetry.

In genius and taste Campbell resembles Gray. He displays the same delicacy and purity of sentiment, the same vivid perception of beauty and ideal loveliness, equal picturesqueness and elevation of imagery, and the same lyrical and concentrated power of expression. The diction of both is elaborately choice and select. Campbell has greater sweetness and gentleness of pathos, springing from deep moral feeling, and a refined sensitiveness of nature. Neither can be termed boldly original or inventive, but they both possess sublimity —Gray in his two magnificent odes, and Campbell in his war-songs or lyrics, which form the richest offering ever made by poetry at the shrine of patriotism. The general tone of his verse is calm, uniform, and mellifluous—a stream of mild harmony and delicious fancy flowing through the bosom-scenes of life, with images scattered separately like flowers on its surface, and beauties of expression interwoven with it—certain words and phrases of magical power—which never quit the memory. Campbell is secure, as one of his critics has said, in an 'immortality of quotation.' Some of his lines have become household words—*e. g.*:

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.

But, mortal pleasure, what art thou in truth?
The torrent's smoothness ere it dash below.

'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.

And many other short passages might be cited. With all his ele-

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sic predilections, Campbell was not—as he has himself remarked of Crabbe—a *laudator temporis acti*, but a decided lover of later times. Age never quenched his zeal for public freedom or for the unchained exercise of the human intellect; and, with equal consistency in tastes as in opinions, he was to the last meditating a work on Greek literature, by which, fifty years before, as a scholar, he first achieved distinction.

Many can date their first love of poetry from their perusal of Campbell. In youth, the 'Pleasures of Hope' is generally preferred. In riper years, when the taste becomes matured, 'Gertrude of Wyoming' rises in estimation. Its beautiful home-scenes go more closely to the heart, and its delineation of character and passion evinces a more luxuriant and perfect genius. The portrait of the savage chief Outalissi is finished with inimitable skill and effect:

Far differently the mute Oneyda took
His calumet of peace and cup of joy;
As monumental bronze unchanged his look;
A soul that pity touched, but never shook:
Trained from his tree-rocked cradle to his bier
The fierce extreme of good and ill to brook
Impassive—fearing but the shame of fear—
A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear.

The loves of Gertrude and Waldegrave, the patriarchal Albert, and the sketches of rich sequestered Pennsylvanian scenery, also shew the finished art of the poet. The poem of 'O'Connor's Child' is another exquisitely finished and pathetic tale. The rugged and ferocious features of ancient feudal manners and family pride are there displayed in connection with female suffering, love, and beauty, and with the romantic and warlike colouring suited to the country and the times. It is full of antique grace and passionate energy—the mingled light and gloom of the wild Celtic character.

Elegy Written in Mull (June 1795).

The tempest blackens on the dusky moor,
And billows lash the long-resounding shore:
In pensive mood, I roam the desert ground.
And vainly sigh for scenes no longer found.
O whither fled the pleasurable hours
That chased each care and fired the Muse's powers?—
The classic haunts of youth, for ever gay,
Where mirth and friendship cheered the close of day;
The well-known valleys where I wont to roam
The native sports, the nameless joys of home?
Far different scenes allure my wondering eye—
The white wave foaming to the distant sky;
The cloudy heavens, unblest by summer's smile,
The sounding storm that sweeps the rugged isle—
The chill, bleak summit of eternal snow—
The wide, wild glen—the pathless plains below;
The dark-blue rocks in barren grandeur piled;
The cuckoo sighing to the pensive wild.
Far different these from all that charmed before,
The grassy banks of Clutha's winding shore;

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Her sloping vales, with waving forests lined,
Her smooth blue lakes, unruffled by the wind.
Hail, happy Clutha! glad shall I survey
Thy gilded turrets from the distant way!
Thy sight shall cheer the weary traveller's toil,
And joy shall hail me to my native soil.

Picture of Domestic Love.—From the 'Pleasures of Hope.'

Thy pencil traces on the lover's thought
Some cottage-home, from towns and toil remote,
Where love and lore may claim alternate hours,
With peace embosom'd in Idalian bowers!
Remote from busy life's bewildered way.
O'er all his heart shall Taste and Beauty sway!
Free on the sunny slope, or winding shore,
With hermit-steps to wander and adore!
There shall he love, when genial morn appears,
Like pensive Beauty smiling in her tears,
To watch the brightening roses of the sky,
And muse on nature with a poet's eye!
And when the sun's last splendour lights the deep
The wood and waves, and murmuring winds asleep,
When fairy harps the Hesperian planet hail,
And the lone cuckoo sighs along the vale,
His path shall be where streamy mountains swell
Their shadowy grandeur o'er the narrow dell;
Where moulding piles and forests intervene,
Mingling with darker tints the living green;
No circling hills his ravished eye to bound,
Heaven earth, and ocean blazing all around!
The moon is up—the watch-tower dimly burns—
And down the vale his sober step returns;
But pauses oft, as winding rocks convey
The still sweet fall of music far away;
And oft he lingers from his home awhile,
To watch the dying notes—and start, and smile!
Let winter come! let polar spirits sweep
The darkening world, and tempest-troubled deep!
Though boundless snows the withered heath deform,
And the dim sun scarce wanders through the storm,
Yet shall the smile of social love repay,
With mental light, the melancholy day!
And, when its short and sullen noon is o'er,
The ice-chained waters slumbering on the shore,
How bright the fagots in his little hall
Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictured wall!
How blest he names, in love's familiar tone,
The kind fair friend, by nature marked his own;
And, in the waveless mirror of his mind,
Views the fleet years of pleasure left behind,
Since when her empire o'er his heart began—
Since first he called her his before the holy man!
Trim the gay taper in his rustic dome,
And light the wintry paradise of home;
And let the half-uncurtained window hail
Some wayworn man benighted in the vale!
Now, while the moaning night-wind rages high,
As sweep the shot-stars down the troubled sky,
While fiery hosts in heaven's wide circle play,
And bathe in lurid light the Milky-way;
Safe from the storm, the meteor, and the shower,
Some pleasing page shall charm the solemn hour;

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With pathos shall command, with wit beguile,
A generous tear of anguish, or a smile!

Death of Gertrude.

Past was the flight, and welcomed seemed the tower,
That like a giant standard-bearer frowned
Defiance on the roving Indian power.
Beneath, each bold and promontory mound
With embrasure embossed and armour crowned,
And arrowy frise, and wedged ravelin,
Wove like a diadem its tracery round
The lofty summit of that mountain green;
Here stood secure the group, and eyed a distant scene,

A scene of death! where fires beneath the sun,
And blended arms, and white pavilions glow;
And for the business of destruction done,
Its requiem the war-horn seemed to blow:
There, sad spectatress of her country's woe!
The lovely Gertrude, safe from present harm,
Had laid her cheek, and clasped her hands of snow
On Waldgrave's shoulder, half within his arm
Inclosed, that felt her heart, and hushed its wild alarm!

But short that contemplation—sad and short
The pause to bid each much-loved scene adieu!
Beneath the very shadow of the fort,
Where friendly swords were drawn, and banners flew;
Ah! who could deem that foot of Indian crew
Was near?—yet there, with lust of murderous deeds,
Gleamed like a basilisk, from woods in view,
The ambushed foeman's eye—his volley speeds,
And Albert, Albert falls! the dear old father bleeds!

And tranced in giddy horror, Gertrude swooned;
Yet, while she clasps him lifeless to her zone,
Say, burst they, borrowed from her father's wound,
These drops? Oh, God! the life-blood is her own!
And faltering, on her Waldegrave's bosom thrown—
'Weep not, O love!' she cries, 'to see me bleed;
Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone
Heaven's peace commiserate; for scarce I heed
These wounds; yet thee to leave is death, is death indeed!

'Clasp me a little longer on the brink
Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress;
And when this heart hath ceased to beat—oh! think,
And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
And friend to more than human friendship just.
Oh! by that retrospect of happiness,
And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
God shall assuage thy pangs—when I am laid in dust!'

Hushed were his Gertrude's lips! but still their bland
And beautiful expression seemed to melt
With love that could not die! and still his hand
She presses to the heart no more that felt.
Ah, heart! where once each fond affection dwelt,
And features yet that spoke a soul more fair,
Mute, gazing, agonizing as he knelt—
Of them that stood encircling his despair
He heard some friendly words; but knew not what they were.

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For now, to mourn their judge and child, arrives
A faithful band. With solemn rites between,
'Twas sung, how they were lovely in their lives,
And in their deaths had not divided been.
Touched by the music and the melting scene,
Was scarce one tearless eye amidst the crowd—
Stern warriors, resting on their swords, were seen
To veil their eyes, as passed each much-loved shroud:
While woman's softer soul in woe dissolved aloud.

Then mournfully the parting bugle bid
Its farewell o'er the grave of worth and truth:
Prone to the dust, afflicted Waldegrave hid
His face on earth; him watched, in gloomy ruth,
His woodland guide; but words had none to soothe
The grief that knew not consolation's name;
Casting his Indian mantle o'er the youth,
He watched, beneath its folds, each burst that came
Convulsive, ague-like, across his shuddering frame!

'And I could weep,' the Oneyda chief
His descant wildly thus begun;
'But that I may not stain with grief
The death-song of my father's son,
Or bow this head in woe!
For, by my wrongs, and by my wrath,
To-morrow Areouski's breath,
That fires yon heaven with storms of death,
Shall light us to the foe:
And we shall share, my Christian boy,
The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy!

'But thee, my flower, whose breath was given
By milder genii o'er the deep,
The spirits of the white man's heaven
Forbid not thee to weep:
Nor will the Christian host,
Nor will thy father's spirit grieve,
To see thee on the battle's eve,
Lamenting, take a mournful leave
Of her who loved thee most:
She was the rainbow to thy sight!
Thy sun—thy heaven of lost delight!

'To-morrow let us do or die.
But when the bolt of death is hurled,
Ah! whither then with thee to fly,
Shall Outalissi roam the world?
Seek we thy once-loved home?
The hand is gone that cropt its flowers;
Unheard their clock repeats its hours;
Cold is the hearth within their bowers:
And should we thither roam,
Its echoes and its empty tread
Would sound like voices from the dead!

'Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
Whose streams my kindred nation quaffed,
And by my side, in battle true,
A thousand warriors drew the shaft?
Ah! there, in desolation cold,
The desert serpent dwells alone,
Where grass o'ergrows each mouldering bone,

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And stones themselves to ruin grown,
Like me, are death-like old.
Then seek we not their camp; for there
The silence dwells of my despair!

'But hark, the trump! to-morrow thou
In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears:
Even from the land of shadows now
My father's awful ghost appears,
Amidst the clouds that round us roll;
He bids my soul for battle thirst—
He bids me dry the last—the first—
The only tears that ever burst
From Outalissi's soul;
Because I may not stain with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief!'

Ye Mariners of England.

Ye mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,*
Your manly hearts shall glow.
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow!

Battle of the Baltic.

Of Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line;
It was ten of April morn by the chime;
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
'Hearts of oak!' our captains cried; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,

* When first printed (Nelson being then living), this line stood, 'Where Blake, the boast of freedom, fell.'

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Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;
Their shots along the deep slowly boom
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave;
'Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save;
So peace instead of death let us bring;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our king.'

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day.

While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woful sight.
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, Old England raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant good Riou;*
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!†

Hohenlinden.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to victory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry.

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet!
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.‡

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* Captain Riou, styled by Lord Nelson the gallant and the good.—CAMPBELL.

† Originally this last line stood:

'Shall mark the soldier's cemet'ry.'

‡ The first draft of the above noble poem was sent to Scott in 1803, and consists of thirty stanzas—all published in Beattie's *Life of Campbell*. The piece was greatly improved by the condensation, but the following omitted verses on the English sailors are striking:

Not such a mind possessed
England's tar;
'Twas the love of noble game
Set his oaken heart on flame.
For to him 'twas all the same—
Sport and war.

All hands and eyes on watch
As they keep—
By their motion light as wings,
By each step that haughty springs,
You might know them for the kings
Of the deep.

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From 'The Last Man.'

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom—
The sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of time!
I saw the last of human mould
That shall creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

The sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The earth with age was wan;
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands—
In plague and famine some:
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood,
As if a storm passed by;
Saying: 'We are twins in death, proud sun;
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis mercy bids thee go.
For thou, ten thousand thousand years,
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow. . . .

'This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heavenly spark
Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim,
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of victory,
And took the sting from death!'

A Thought suggested by the New Year.

The more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages:
A day to childhood seems a year,
And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,
Ere passion yet disorders,
Steals, lingering like a river smooth
Along its grassy borders.

But as the care-worn cheek grows wan,
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
Ye stars that measure life to man,
Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath,
And life itself is vapid,
Why, as we reach the falls of death
Feel we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange—yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding;
When one by one our friends have gone,
And left our bosoms bleeding?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness;
And those of youth, a seeming length,
Proportioned to their sweetness.

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS.

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS, author of 'The Monk,' was born in London in the year 1775. His father was deputy-secretary in the War-office, and owner of extensive West Indian possessions. Matthew was educated at Westminster School, where he was more remarkable for his love of theatrical exhibitions than for his love of learning. On leaving Westminster, he was entered of Christ Church College, Oxford, but remained only a short period, being sent to Germany with a view of acquiring a knowledge of the language of that country. When a child, Lewis had pored over Glanville on Witches, and other books of diablerie; and in Germany he found abundant food of the same description. Romance and the drama were his favourite studies; and whilst resident abroad, he composed the story of 'The Monk,' a work more extravagant in its use of supernatural

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as Scott says, 'a martinet in the accuracy of rhymes and numbers.' Sir Walter has recorded that Lewis was fonder of great people than he ought to have been, either as a man of talent or as a man of fashion. 'He had always,' he says, 'dukes and duchesses in his mouth, and was pathetically fond of any one that had a title: you would have sworn he had been a *parvenu* of yesterday; yet he had lived all his life in good society.'* Yet Scott regarded Lewis with no small affection. 'He was,' added he, 'one of the kindest and best creatures that ever lived. His father and mother lived separately. Mr. Lewis allowed his son a handsome income, but reduced it by more than one-half when he found that he paid his mother a moiety of it. Mat. restricted himself in all his expenses, and shared the diminished income with her as before. He did much good by stealth, and was a most generous creature.' The sterling worth of his character has been illustrated by the publication of his correspondence, which, slumbering twenty years after his death, first disclosed to the public the calm good sense, discretion, and right feeling which were concealed by the exaggerated romance of his writings, and his gay and frivolous appearance and manners. The death of Lewis's father made the poet a man of independent fortune. He succeeded to considerable plantations in the West Indies, besides a large sum of money; and in order to ascertain personally the condition of the slaves on his estate, he sailed for the West Indies in 1815. Of this voyage he wrote a narrative, and kept journals, forming the most interesting and valuable production of his pen. The manner in which the negroes received him on his arrival amongst them he thus describes:

'As soon as the carriage entered my gates, the uproar and confusion which ensued sets all description at defiance. The works were instantly all abandoned; everything that had life came flocking to the house from all quarters; and not only the men, and the women, and the children, but "by a bland assimilation," the hogs, and the dogs, and the geese and the fowls, and the turkeys, all came hurrying along by instinct, to see what could possibly be the matter, and seemed to be afraid of arriving too late. Whether the pleasure of the

* Of this weakness Byron records an amusing instance: 'Lewis, at Oatlands, was observed one morning to have his eyes red and his air sentimental: being asked why, he replied, that when people said anything kind to him it affected him deeply, "and just now the Duchess (of York) has said something so kind to me, that"—— Here tears began to flow. "Never mind, Lewis," said Colonel Armstrong to him—"never mind—don't cry—*she could not mean it.*"' Lewis was of extremely diminutive stature. 'I remember a picture of him,' says Scott, 'by Saunders, being handed round at Dalkeith House. The artist had ingeniously flung a dark folding mantle around the form, under which was half hid a dagger, a dark lantern, or some such cut-throat appurtenance. With all this, the features were preserved and ennobled. It passed from hand to hand into that of Henry, Duke of Buccleuch, who, hearing the general voice affirm that it was very like—said aloud: "Like Mat. Lewis! Why that picture is like a MAN!" He looked, and lo! Mat. Lewis's head was at his elbow. This boyishness went through life with him. He was a child, and a spoiled child—but a child of high imagination, and so he wasted himself on ghost-stories and German romances. He had the finest ear for the rhythm of verse I ever met with—finer than Byron's.'

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negroes was sincere, may be doubted; but, certainly, it was the loudest that I ever witnessed; they all talked together, sang, danced, shouted, and, in the violence of their gesticulations, tumbled over each other, and rolled about upon the ground. Twenty voices at once inquired after uncles and aunts, and grandfathers and great-grandmothers of mine, who had been buried long before I was in existence, and whom, I verily believe, most of them only knew by tradition. One woman held up her little naked black child to me, grinning from ear to ear—"Look massa, look here! him nice lilly neger for massa!" Another complained—"So long since none come see we, massa; good massa come at last." As for the old people, they were all in one and the same story: now they had lived once to see massa, they were ready for dying to-morrow—"them no care." The shouts, the gaiety, the wild laughter, their strange and sudden bursts of singing and dancing, and several old women, wrapped up in large cloaks, their heads bound round with different-coloured handkerchiefs, leaning on a staff, and standing motionless in the middle of the hubbub, with their eyes fixed upon the portico which I occupied, formed an exact counterpart of the festivity of the witches in Macbeth. Nothing could be more odd or more novel than the whole scene; and yet there was something in it by which I could not help being affected. Perhaps it was the consciousness that all these human beings were my slaves.'

Lewis returned to England in 1816, but went back to Jamaica the following year. He found that his attorney had grossly mismanaged his property, being generally absent on business of his own, and intrusting the whole to an overseer, who was of a tyrannical disposition. Having adjusted his affairs, the 'Monk' embarked on his return home. The climate, however, had impaired his health, and he died of fever while the ship was passing through the Gulf of Florida in July 1818. Lewis may thus be said to have fallen a martyr to his love of justice and humanity, and the circumstance sheds a lustre on his memory far surpassing mere literary fame.

Durandarte and Belerma

Sad and fearful is the story
Of the Roncevalles flight;
On those fatal plains of glory
Perished many a gallant knight.

There fell Durandarte; never
Verse a nobler chieftain named;
He, before his lips for ever
Closed in silence, thus exclaimed:

'Oh, Belerma! oh, my dear one,
For my pain and pleasure born;
Seven long years I served thee, fair one,
Seven long years my fee was scorn.

'And when now thy heart, replying
To my wishes, burns like mine,
Cruel fate, my bliss denying,
Bids me every hope resign.

'Ah! though young I fall, believe me,
Death would never claim a sigh,
'Tis to lose thee, 'tis to leave thee,
Makes me think it hard to die!

'Oh! my cousin, Montesinos,
By that friendship firm and dear,
Which from youth has lived between us,
Now my last petition hear.

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When my soul, these limbs forsaking,
Eager seeks a purer air,
From my breast the cold heart taking,
Give it to Belerma's care.

'Say, I of my lands possessor
Named her with my dying breath;
Say, my lips I oped to bless her,
Ere they closed for aye in death:

'Twice a week, too, how sincerely
I adored her, cousin say;
Twice a week, for one who dearly
Loved her, cousin, bid her pray.

'Montesinos, now the hour
Marked by fate is near at hand;
Lo! my arm has lost its power;
Lo! I drop my trusty brand.

'Eyes, which forth beheld me going,
Homewards ne'er shall see me flie;
Cousin, stop those tears o'erflowing,
Let me on thy bosom die.

'Thy kind hand my eyelids closing,
Yet one favour I implore—
Pray thou for my soul's reposing,
When my heart shall throb no more.

'So shall Jesus, still attending,
Gracious to a Christian's vow,
Pleased accept my ghost ascending,
And a seat in heaven allow.'

Thus spoke gallant Durandarte;
Soon his brave heart broke in twain.
Greatly joyed the Moorish party
That the gallant knight was slain.

Bitter weeping, Montesinos
Took him from his helm and glaive;
Bitter weeping, Montesinos
Dug his gallant cousin's grave.

To perform his promise made, he
Cut the heart from out the breast
That Belerma, wretched lady!
Might receive the last bequest.

Sad was Montesinos' heart, he
Felt distress his bosom rend.
'Oh! my cousin, Durandarte,
Woe is me to view thy end!

'Sweet in manners, fair in favour,
Mild in temper, fierce in fight,
Warrior noblest, gentlest, bravest,
Never shall behold the light,

'Cousin, lo! my tears bedew thee.
How shall I thy loss survive?
Durandarte, he who slew thee,
Wherefore left he me alive?'

Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogine.

A warrior so bold, and a virgin so bright,
Conversed as they sat on the green;
They gazed on each other with tender delight:
Alonzo the brave was the name of the knight—
The maiden's the Fair Imogine.

'And, oh!' said the youth, 'since to-morrow I go
To fight in a far distant land,
Your tears for my absence soon ceasing to flow,
Some other will court you, and you will bestow
On a wealthier suitor your hand!'

'Oh! hush these suspicions,' Fair Imogine said,
'Offensive to love and to me;
For, if you be living, or if you be dead,
I swear by the Virgin that none in your stead
Shall husband of Imogine be.

'If e'er I, by lust or by wealth led aside,
Forget my Alonzo the Brave,
God grant that, to punish my falsehood and pride,
Your ghost at the marriage may sit by my side,
May tax me with perjury, claim me as a bride,
And bear me away to the grave!'

To Palestine hastened the hero so bold
His love she lamented him sore;

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But scarce had a twelvemonth elapsed, when, behold!
A baron, all covered with jewels and gold,
Arrived at Fair Imogine's door.

His treasures, his presents, his spacious domain,
Soon made her untrue to her vows;
He dazzled her eyes, he bewildered her brain;
He caught her affections, so light and so vain,
And carried her home as his spouse.

And now had the marriage been blest by the priest;
The revelry now was begun;
The tables they groaned with the weight of the feast,
Nor yet had the laughter and merriment ceased,
When the bell at the castle tolled—one.

Then first with amazement Fair Imogine found
A stranger was placed by her side:
His air was terrific; he uttered no sound—
He spake not, he moved not, he looked not around
But earnestly gazed on the bride.

His visor was closed, and gigantic his height,
His armour was sable to view;
All pleasure and laughter were hushed at his sight;
The dogs, as they eyed him, drew back in affright;
The lights in the chamber burned blue!

His presence all bosoms appeared to dismay;
The guests sat in silence and fear;
At length spake the bride—while she trembled: 'I pray
Sir knight, that your helmet aside you would lay,
And deign to partake of our cheer.'

The lady is silent; the stranger complies—
His visor he slowly unclosed;
O God! what a sight met Fair Imogine's eyes!
What words can express her dismay and surprise
When a skeleton's head was exposed!

All present then uttered a terrified shout,
All turned with disgust from the scene;
The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out,
And sported his eyes and his temples about,
While the spectre addressed Imogine:

'Behold me, thou false one, behold me!' he cried;
'Remember Alonzo the Brave!
God grants that, to punish thy falsehood and pride,
My ghost at thy marriage should sit by thy side;
Should tax thee with perjury, claim thee as bride,
And bear thee away to the grave!'

Thus saying, his arms round the lady he wound,
While loudly she shrieked in dismay;
Then sunk with his prey through the wide-yawning ground,
Nor ever again was Fair Imogine found,
Or the spectre that bore her away.

Not long lived the baron; and none, since that time,
To inhabit the castle presume;
For chronicles tell that, by order sublime,
There Imogine suffers the pain of her crime,
And mourns her deplorable doom.

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At midnight, four times in each year, does her sprite,
When mortals in slumber are bound,
Arrayed in her bridal apparel of white,
Appear in the hall with the skeleton knight,
And shriek as he whirls her around!

While they drink out of skulls newly torn from the grave,
Dancing round them the spectres are seen;
Their liquor is blood, and this horrible stave
They howl: 'To the health of Alonzo the Brave,
And his consort, the Fair Imogine!'

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WALTER SCOTT was born in the city of Edinburgh—'mine own romantic town'—on the 15th of August 1771. His father was a respectable Writer to the Signet: his mother, Anne Rutherford, was daughter of a physician in extensive practice, and professor of medicine in the university of Edinburgh. By both parents the poet was remotely connected with some good ancient Scottish families—a circumstance gratifying to his feelings of nationality, and to his imagination. Delicate health, arising chiefly from lameness, led to his being placed under the charge of some relations in the country; and when a mere child, yet old enough to receive impressions from country life and Border stories, he resided with his grandfather at Sandy-Knowe, a romantic situation a few miles from Kelso. The ruined tower of Smailholm—the scene of Scott's ballad, 'The Eve of St. John'—was close to the farm, and beside it were the Eildon Hills, the river Tweed, Dryburgh Abbey, and other poetical and historical objects, all enshrined in the lonely contemplative boy's fancy and recollection. He afterwards resided with another relation at Kelso, and there, at the age of thirteen, he first read Percy's 'Reliques,' in an antique garden, under the shade of a huge platanus, or oriental plane-tree. This work had as great an effect in making him a poet as Spenser had on Cowley, but with Scott the seeds were long in germinating. Very early, however, he had tried his hand at verse. The following, among other lines, were discovered wrapped up in a cover inscribed by Dr. Adam of the High School, 'Walter Scott, July 1783:'

On the Setting Sun.

Those evening clouds, that setting ray,
And beauteous tint, serve to display
Their great Creator's praise;
Then let the short-lived thing called man,
Whose life's comprised within a span,
To him his homage raise.

We often praise the evening clouds,
And tints so gay and bold,
But seldom think upon our God,
Who tinged these clouds with gold.

The religious education of Scott may be seen in this effusion: his father was a rigid Presbyterian. The youthful poet passed through

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the High School and university of Edinburgh, and made some proficiency in Latin, and in the classes of ethics, moral philosophy, and history. He had an aversion to Greek, and we may regret, with Lord Lytton, that he refused 'to enter into that chamber in the magic palace of literature in which the sublimest relics of antiquity are stored.' He knew generally, but not critically, the German, French, Italian, and Spanish languages. He was an insatiable reader, and during a long illness in his youth, stored his mind with a vast variety of miscellaneous knowledge. Romances were among his chief favourites, and he had great facility in inventing and telling stories. He also collected ballads from his earliest years. Scott was apprenticed to his father as a writer, after which he studied for the bar, and put on his gown in his twenty-first year. His health was now vigorous and robust, and he made frequent excursions into the country, which he pleasantly denominated 'raids.' The knowledge of rural life, character, traditions, and anecdotes, which he picked up in these rambles, formed afterwards a valuable mine to him, both as a poet and novelist. His manners were easy and agreeable, and he was always a welcome guest. Scott joined the Tory party; and when the dread of an invasion agitated the country, he became one of a band of volunteers, 'brothers true,' in which he held the rank of quarter-master. His exercises as a cavalry officer, and the jovialities of the mess-room, occupied much of his time; but he still pursued, though irregularly, his literary studies, and an attachment to a Perthshire lady—though ultimately unfortunate—tended still more strongly to prevent his sinking into idle frivolity or dissipation. Henry Mackenzie, the 'Man of Feeling,' had introduced a taste for German literature into the intellectual classes of his native city, and Scott was one of its most eager and ardent votaries. In 1796 he published translations of Burger's 'Lenore' and 'The Wild Huntsman,' ballads of singular wildness and power. Next year, while fresh from his first-love disappointment, he was prepared, like Romeo, to 'take some new infection to his eye,' and meeting at Gilsland, a watering-place in Cumberland, with a young lady of French parentage, Charlotte Margaret Carpenter, he paid his addresses to her, was accepted, and married on the 24th of December.

Miss Carpenter had some fortune, and the young couple retired to a cottage at Lasswade, where they seem to have enjoyed sincere and unalloyed happiness. The ambition of Scott was now fairly awakened—his lighter vanities blown away. His life henceforward was one of severe but cheerful study and application. In 1799, appeared his translation of Goethe's tragedy, 'Goetz von Berlichingen,' and the same year he obtained the appointment of sheriff of Selkirkshire, worth £300 per annum. Scott now paid a series of visits to Liddesdale, for the purpose of collecting the ballad poetry of the Border, an object in which he was eminently successful. In 1802, the result appeared in his 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' which

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contained upwards of forty pieces never before published, and a large quantity of prose illustration, in which might have been seen the germ of that power which he subsequently developed in his novels. A third volume was added next year, containing some imitations of the old minstrels by the poetical editor and his friends. It required little sagacity to forsee that Walter Scott was now to be a popular name in Scotland. His next task was editing the metrical romance of 'Sir Tristrem,' supposed to be written by Thomas the Rhymer, or Thomas of Ercildoune, who flourished about the year 1289. The antiquarian knowledge of Scott, and his poetical taste, were exhibited in the dissertations which accompanied this work, and the imitation of the original which was added to complete the romance. At length, in January 1805, appeared the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' which instantly stamped him as one of the greatest of the living poets. His legendary lore, his love of the chivalrous and supernatural, and his descriptive powers, were fully brought into play; and though he afterwards improved in versatility and freedom, he achieved nothing which might not have been predicted from this first performance. His conception of the Minstrel was inimitable, and won all hearts—even those who were indifferent to the supernatural part of the tale, and opposed to the irregularity of the ballad style. The unprecedented success of the poem inclined Scott to relax any exertions he had ever made to advance at the bar, although his cautious disposition made him at all times fear to depend over-much upon literature. He had altogether a clear income of about £1000 per annum; but his views stretched beyond this easy competence; he was ambitious of founding a family that might vie with the ancient Border names he venerated, and to attain this, it was necessary to become a landed proprietor, and to practise a liberal and graceful hospitality. Well was he fitted to adorn and dignify the character! But his ambition, though free from any tinge of sordid acquisition, proved a snare for his strong good sense and penetration. Scott and his family had gone to reside at Ashestiel, a beautiful residence on the banks of the Tweed, as it was necessary for him, in his capacity of sheriff, to live part of the year in the county of Selkirk. Shortly after the publication of the 'Lay,' he entered into partnership with his old school-fellow, James Ballantyne, then rising into extensive business as a printer in Edinburgh. The copartnery was kept a secret, and few things in business that require secrecy are prosperous or beneficial. The establishment, upon which was afterwards ingrafted a publishing business, demanded large advances of money, and Scott's name became mixed up with pecuniary transactions and losses to a great amount. In 1806, the powerful friends of the poet procured him the appointment of one of the principal clerkships of the Court of Sessions, worth about £1300 per annum; but the emoluments were not received by Scott until six years after the date of his appointment, when his predecessor died. In his share of the printing

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business, and the certainty of his clerkship, the poet seemed, however, to have laid up—in addition to his literary gains and his sheriffdom—an honourable and even opulent provision for his family. In 1808, appeared his great poem of 'Marmion' (for the copyright of which Constable paid one thousand guineas), the most magnificent of his chivalrous tales, and the same year he published his edition of Dryden. In 1810, appeared the 'Lady of the Lake,' which was still more popular than either of its predecessors; in 1811, 'The Vision of Don Roderick;' in 1813, 'Rokeby,' and 'The Bridal of Triermain;' in 1814, 'The Lord of the Isles;' in 1815, 'The Field of Waterloo;' and in 1817, 'Harold the Dauntless.' Some dramatic pieces, scarcely worthy of his genius, were also written during this busy period. It could not be concealed that the latter works of the Great Minstrel were inferior to his early ones. His style was now familiar, and the world had become tired of it. Byron had made his appearance, and the readers of poetry were bent on the new worship. Scott, however, was too dauntless and intrepid, and possessed of too great resources, to despond under this reverse. 'As the old mine gave symptoms of exhaustion,' says Bulwer-Lytton, 'the new mine, ten times more affluent, at least in the precious metals, was discovered; and just as in "Rokeby" and "Triermain" the Genius of the Ring seemed to flag in its powers, came the more potent Genius of the Lamp in the shape of "Waverley."' The long and magnificent series of his prose fictions we shall afterwards advert to. They were poured forth even more prodigally than his verse, and for seventeen years—from 1814 to 1831—the world hung with delight on the varied creations of the potent enchanter. Scott had now removed from his pleasant cottage at Ashestiel: the territorial dream was about to be realised. In 1811, he purchased a hundred acres of moorland on the banks of the Tweed, near Melrose. The neighbourhood was full of historical associations, but the spot itself was bleak and bare. Four thousand pounds were expended on this purchase; and the interesting and now immortal name of Abbotsford was substituted for the very ordinary one of 'Cartley Hole.' Other purchases of land followed, generally at prices considerably above their value—Kaeside, £4100; Outfield of Toftfield, £6000; Toftfield and parks, £10,000; Abbotslea, £3000; field at Langside, £5000; Shearing Flat, £3500; Broomilees, £4200; Short Acres and Scrabtree Park, £700, &c. From these farms and *pendicles* was formed the estate of Abbotsford. In planting and draining, about £500 were expended; and in erecting the mansion-house—that 'romance of stone and lime,' as it has been termed—and constructing the garden, &c., a sum not less than £20,000 was spent. In his baronial residence the poet received innumerable visitors—princes, peers, and poets—men of all ranks and grades. His mornings were devoted to composition—for he had long practised the invaluable habit of early rising—and the rest of the day to riding

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among his plantations, thinning or lopping his trees, and in the evening entertaining his guests and family. The honour of the baronetcy was conferred upon him in 1820, by George IV., who had taste enough to appreciate his genius. Never, certainly, had literature done more for any of its countless votaries, ancient or modern. Shakspeare had retired early on an easy competency, and also become a rural squire; but his gains must have been chiefly those of the theatrical manager or actor, not of the poet. Scott's splendour was purely the result of his pen: to this he owed his acres, his castle, and his means of hospitality. His official income was but as a feather in the balance. Who does not wish that the dream had continued to the end of his life? It was suddenly and painfully dissolved. The commercial distresses of 1825–6 fell upon publishers as on other classes, and the bankruptcy of Constable and Company involved the poet in losses and engagements to a very large amount. His wealth, indeed, had been almost wholly illusory; for he had been paid for his works chiefly by bills, and these ultimately proved valueless. In the management of his publishing-house, Scott's sagacity seems to have forsaken him: unsaleable works were printed in thousands; and while these losses were yearly accumulating, the princely hospitalities of Abbotsford knew no check or pause. Heavy was the day of reckoning—terrible the reverse; for when the spell broke in January, 1826, it was found that, including the Constable engagements, Scott's commercial liabilities exceeded £120,000, and there was a private debt of £10,000. If this was a blot in the poet's scutcheon, never, it might be said, did man make nobler efforts to redeem the honour of his name. He would listen to no overtures of composition with his creditors—his only demand was for time. He ceased 'doing the honours for all Scotland,' sold off his Edinburgh house, and taking lodgings there, laboured incessantly at his literary tasks. 'The fountain was awakened from its inmost recesses, as if the spirit of affliction had troubled it in his passage.' Before his death the commercial debt was reduced to £54,000.

English literature presents two memorable and striking events which have never been paralleled in any other nation. The first is, Milton advanced in years, blind, and in misfortune, entering upon the composition of a great epic that was to determine his future fame, and hazard the glory of his country in competition with what had been achieved in the classic ages of antiquity. The counterpart to this noble picture is Walter Scott, at nearly the same age, his private affairs in ruin, undertaking to liquidate by intellectual labours alone, a debt of £120,000. Both tasks may be classed with the moral sublime of life. Glory, pure and unsullied, was the ruling aim and motive of Milton; honour and integrity formed the incentives to Scott. Neither shrunk from the steady prosecution of his gigantic self-imposed labour. But years rolled on, seasons returned and passed away, amidst public cares and private calamity, and the

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pressure of increasing infirmities, ere the seed sown amidst clouds and storms was white in the field. In six years Milton had realized the object of his hopes and prayers by the completion of 'Paradise Lost.' His task was done; the field of glory was gained; he held in his hand his passport to immortality. In six years Scott had nearly reached the goal of his ambition. He had ranged the wide fields of romance, and the public had liberally rewarded their illustrious favourite. The ultimate prize was within view, and the world cheered him on, eagerly anticipating his triumph; but the victor sank exhausted on the course. He had spent his life in the struggle. The strong man was bowed down, and his living honour, genius, and integrity were extinguished by delirium and death.

In February 1830, Scott had an attack of paralysis. He continued, however, to write several hours every day. In April 1831, he suffered a still more severe attack; and he was prevailed upon, as a means of withdrawing him from mental labour, to undertake a foreign tour. The Admiralty furnished a ship of war, and the poet sailed for Malta and Naples. At the latter place he resided from the 17th of December 1831 to the 16th of April following. He still laboured at unfinished romances, but his mind was in ruins. From Naples the poet went to Rome. On the 11th of May, he began his return homewards, and reached London on the 13th of June. Another attack of apoplexy, combined with paralysis, had laid prostrate his powers, and he was conveyed to Abbotsford a helpless and almost unconscious wreck. He lingered on for some time, listening occasionally to passages read to him from the Bible, and from his favourite author Crabbe. Once he tried to write, but his fingers would not close upon the pen. He never spoke of his literary labours or success. At times his imagination was busy preparing for the reception of the Duke of Wellington at Abbotsford; at other times he was exercising the functions of Scottish judge, as if presiding at the trial of members of his own family. His mind never appeared to wander in its delirium towards these works which had filled all Europe with his fame. This fact is of interest in literary history. But the contest was soon to be over; 'the plough was nearing the end of the furrow.' 'About half-past one, P.M.,' says Mr. Lockhart, 'on the 21st of September 1832, Sir Walter breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day—so warm that every window was wide open—and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes.'

Call it not vain; they do not err
Who say, that when the poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshipper,
And celebrates his obsequies;
Who say tall cliff and cavern lone
For the departed bard make moan;

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That mountains weep in crystal rill;
That flowers in tears of balm distil;
Through his loved groves that breezes sigh,
And oaks, in deeper groans, reply;
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave.

Lay of the Last Minstrel.

The novelty and originality of Scott's style of poetry, though exhausted by himself, and debased by imitators, formed his first passport to public favour and applause. The English reader had to go back to Spencer and Chaucer ere he could find so knightly and chivalrous a poet, or such paintings of antique manners and institutions. The works of the elder worthies were also obscured by a dim and obsolete phraseology; while Scott, in expression, sentiment, and description, could be read and understood by all. The perfect clearness and transparency of his style is one of his distinguishing features; and it was further aided by his peculiar versification. Coleridge had exemplified the fitness of the octosyllabic measure for romantic narrative poetry, and parts of his 'Christabel' having been recited to Scott, he adopted its wild rhythm and harmony, joining to it some of the abruptness and irregularity of the old ballad metre. In his hands it became a powerful and flexible instrument, whether for light narrative and pure description, or for scenes of tragic wildness and terror, such as the trial and death of Constance in 'Marmion,' or the swell and agitation of a battle-field. The knowledge and enthusiasm requisite for a chivalrous poet Scott possessed in an eminent degree. He was an early worshipper of 'hoar antiquity.' He was in the maturity of his powers—thirty-four years of age—when the 'Lay' was published, and was perhaps better informed on such subjects than any other man living. Border story and romance had been the study and the passion of his whole life. In writing 'Marmion' and 'Ivanhoe,' or in building Abbotsford, he was impelled by a natural and irresistible impulse. The baronial castle, the court and camp—the wild Highland chase, feud, and foray—the antique blazonry, and institutions of feudalism, were constantly present to his thoughts and imagination. Then, his powers of description were unequalled—certainly never surpassed. His landscapes, his characters and situations, were all real delineations; in general effect and individual details, they were equally perfect. None of his contemporaries had the same picturesqueness, fancy, or invention; none so graphic in depicting manners and customs; none so fertile in inventing incidents; none so fascinating in narrative, or so various and powerful in description. His diction was proverbially careless and incorrect. Neither in prose nor poetry was Scott a polished writer. He looked only at broad and general effects; his words had to make pictures, not melody. Whatever could be grouped and described, whatever was visible and tangible, lay within his reach. Below the surface

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he had less power. The language of the heart was not his familiar study; the passions did not obey his call. The contrasted effects of passion and situation he could portray vividly and distinctly—the sin and suffering of Constance, the remorse of Marmion and Bertram, the pathetic character of Wilfrid, the knightly grace of Fitz-James, and the rugged virtues and savage death of Roderick Dhu, are all fine specimens of moral painting. Byron has nothing better, and indeed the noble poet in some of his tales copied or paraphrased the sterner passages of Scott. But even in these gloomy and powerful traits of his genius, the force lies in the situation, not in the thoughts and expression. There are no talismanic words that pierce the heart or usurp the memory; none of the impassioned and reflective style of Byron, the melodious pathos of Campbell, or the profound sympathy and philosophy of Wordsworth.

The great strength of Scott undoubtedly lay in the prolific richness of his fancy, in his fine healthy moral feeling, and in the abundant stores of his memory, that could create, collect, and arrange such a multitude of scenes and adventures; that could find materials for stirring and romantic poetry in the most minute and barren antiquarian details; and that could reanimate the past, and paint the present, in scenery and manners, with a vividness and energy unknown since the period of Homer.

The 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' is a Border story of the sixteenth century, related by a minstrel, the last of his race. The character of the aged minstrel, and that of Margaret of Branksome, are very finely drawn; Deloraine, a coarse Border chief or moss-trooper, is also a vigorous portrait; and in the description of the march of the English army, the personal combat with Musgrave, and the other feudal accessories of the piece, we have finished pictures of the olden time. The goblin page is no favourite of ours, except in so far as it makes the story more accordant with the times in which it is placed. The introductory lines to each canto form an exquisite *setting* to the dark feudal tale, and tended greatly to cause the popularity of the poem. The minstrel is thus described:

The Aged Minstrel.

The way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the bards was he
Who sung of Border chivalry;
For, well-a-day! their date was fled;
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them, and at rest.
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
He caroled, light as lark at morn;

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No longer, courted and carressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay:
Old times were changed, old manners gone;
A stranger filled the Stuart's throne;
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door,
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.

Not less picturesque are the following passages, which instantly became popular:

Description of Melrose Abbey.

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress, alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,
Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruined pile;
And, home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair! . . .
The moon on the east oriel shone,
Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
By foliaged tracery combined;
Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand,
In many a freakish knot, had twined;
Then framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone.
The silver light, so pale and faint,
Shewed many a prophet and many a saint,
Whose image on the glass was dyed:
Full in the midst, his cross of red
Triumphant Michael brandished,
And trampled the Apostate's pride.
The moonbeams kissed the holy pane,
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.

Love of Country

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well:
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

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O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft, [left;
Sole friends thy woods and streams were
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's streams still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way:
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my withered cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot stone,
Though there forgotten and alone,
The bard may draw his parting groan.

'Marmion' is a tale of Flodden Field, the fate of the hero being connected with that memorable engagement. The poem does not possess the unity and completeness of the 'Lay,' but if it has greater faults, it has also greater beauties. Nothing can be more strikingly picturesque than the two opening stanzas of this romance:

Norham Castle at Sunset.

Day set on Norham's castled steep,
And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
And Cheviot's mountains lone:
The battled towers, the donjon keep,
The loophole grates where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone.
The warriors on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening sky,
Seemed forms of giant height:
Their armor, as it caught the rays,
Flashed back again the western blaze,
In lines of dazzling light.
St. George's banner, broad and gay,
Now faded, as the fading ray
Less bright, and less, was flung;
The evening gale had scarce the power
To wave it on the donjon tower,
So heavily it hung.
The scouts had parted on their search,
The castle gates were barred;
Above the gloomy portal arch,
Timing his footsteps to a march,
The warder kept his guard,
Low humming, as he paced along,
Some ancient Border gathering-song.

The same minute painting of feudal times characterises both poems, but by a strange oversight—soon seen and regretted by the author—the hero is made to commit the crime of forgery, a crime unsuited to a chivalrous and half-civilised age. The battle of Flodden, and the death of Marmion, are among Scott's most spirited descriptions. The former is related as seen from a neighbouring hill; and the progress of the action—the hurry, the impetuosity, and confusion of the fight below, as the different armies rally or are repulsed—is given with such animation, that the whole scene is brought before the reader with the vividness of reality. The first tremendous onset is thus dashed off with inimitable power, by the mighty minstrel:

Battle of Flodden.

'But see! look up—on Flodden bent,
The Scottish foe has fired his tent.'
And sudden, as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till,
Was wreathed in sable smoke;
Volumed and fast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war!
As down the hill they broke;
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march; their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain-throne
King James did rushing come.
Scarce could they hear or see their foes,
Until at weapon-point they close.
They close in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway and with lance's thrust;

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And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air. . . .
Long looked the anxious squires; their eye
Could in the darkness nought descry.
At length the freshening western blast
Aside the shroud of battle cast;
And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
Above the brightening cloud appears;
And in the smoke the pennons flew,
As in the storm the white sea-mew.
Then marked they, dashing broad and far,
The broken billows of the war,
And plumed crests of chieftains brave,
Floating like foam upon the wave;
But nought distinct they see:
Wide raged the battle on the plain;
Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
Wild and disorderly.

Evening fell on the deadly struggle, and the spectators were forced from the agitating scene.

But as they left the darkening heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death,
The English shafts in volleys hailed,
In headlong charge their horses assailed;
Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep,
To break the Scottish circle deep.
That fought around their king.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the ring;
The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight;
Linked in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well;
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded king.
Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shattered bands;
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain-waves from wasted lands
Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foemen know;
Their king, their lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field of snow
When streams are swoln and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.
Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
While many a broken band,
Disordered, through her currents dash,
To gain the Scottish land;
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.
Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong:
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife and carnage drear
Of Flodden's fatal field,
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield!

The hero receives his death-wound, and is borne off the field. The description, detached from the context, loses much of its interest; but the mingled effects of mental agony and physical suffering, of remorse and death, on a bad but brave spirit trained to war, is described with true sublimity:

Death of Marmion.

When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:
'Where 's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace, where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
Redeem my pennon—charge again!
Cry—"Marmion to the rescue!"—Vain!
Last of my race, on battle plain
That shout shall ne'er be heard again!
Yet my last thought is England's:—fly;
To Dacre bear my signet-ring;
Tell him his squadrons up to bring.
Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie:
Tunstall lies dead upon the field;
His life-blood stains the spotless shield;
Edmund is down—my life is reft;
The Admiral alone is left.
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire—
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,
Or victory and England's lost.
Must I bid twice? Hence, varlets! fly!

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Leave Marmion here alone—to die.
They parted, and alone he lay;
Clare drew her from the sight away,
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan.
And hath he murmured: "Is there none,
Of all my halls have nursed,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst!'

O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!—
Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When, with the baron's casque, the maid
To the nigh streamlet ran:
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.
She stooped her by the runnel's side,
But in abhorrence backward drew;
For, oozing from the mountain side,
Where raged the war, a dark red tide
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
Where shall she turn?—behold her mark
A little fountain-cell,
Where water, clear as diamond spark,
In a stone basin fell.
Above, some half-worn letters say,

Drink . weary . pilgrim . drink . and . pray.
For . the . kind . soul . of . Sybil . Grey.
Who . built . this . cross . and . well.

She filled the helm, and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied
A monk supporting Marmion's head;
A pious man, whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.
Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
And, as she stooped his brow to lave—
'Is it the hand of Clare,' he said,
'Or injured Constance, bathes my head?'
Then as remembrance rose—
'Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!
I must redress her woes.
Short space, few words, are mine to spare;
Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!'
'Alas!' she said, 'the while—
O think of your immortal weal!
In vain for Constance is your zeal;
She—died at Holy Isle.'
Lord Marmion started from the ground,
As light as if he felt no wound;
Though in the action burst the tide,
In torrents, from his wounded side.
'Then it was truth!'—he said—'I knew
That the dark presage must be true.
I would the Fiend to whom belongs
The vengeance due to all her wrongs,
Would spare me but a day!
For wasting fire, and dying groan,
And priests slain on the altar-stone,
Might bribe him for delay.

It may not be!—this dizzy trance—
Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
And doubly cursed my failing brand!
A sinful heart makes feeble hand.'
Then fainting down on earth he sunk,
Supported by the trembling monk.

With fruitless labour Clara bound,
And strove to stanch, the gushing wound:
The monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the church's prayers;
Ever, he said, that, close and near,
A lady's voice was in his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear,
For that she ever sung,
'In the lost battle borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying!'
So the notes rung;
'Avoid thee, Fiend!—with cruel hand,
Shake not the dying sinner's sand!—
O look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine;
O think on faith and bliss!
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
But never aught like this.'
The war that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,
And 'Stanley!' was the cry;
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye:
With dying hand, above his head
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted 'Victory!—
Charge, Chester, charge; On, Stanley on!'
Were the last words of Marmion.

We may contrast with this the *silent* and appalling death-scene of Roderick Dhu, in the 'Lady of the Lake.' The savage chief expires while listening to a tale chanted by the bard or minstrel of his clan:

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At first, the chieftain to his chime,
With lifted hand, kept feeble time;
That motion ceased; yet feeling strong,
Varied his look as changed the song:
At length no more his deafened ear
The minstrel's melody can hear:
His face grows sharp; his hands are clenched,
As if some pang his heart-strings wrenched;
Set are his teeth, his fading eye
Is sternly fixed on vacancy.
Thus, motionless and moanless, drew
His parting breath, stout Roderick Dhu.

The 'Lady of the Lake' is more richly picturesque than either of the former poems, and the plot is more regular and interesting. 'The subject,' says Sir John Mackintosh, 'is a common Highland irruption; but at a point where the neighbourhood of the Lowlands affords the best contrast of manners—where the scenery affords the noblest subject of description—and where the wild clan is so near to the court that their robberies can be connected with the romantic adventures of a disguised king, an exiled lord, and a high-born beauty. The whole narrative is very fine.' It was the most popular of the author's poems: in a few months twenty thousand copies were sold, and the district where the action of the poem lay was visited by countless thousands of tourists. With this work closed the great popularity of Scott as a poet. 'Rokeby,' a tale of the English Cavaliers and Roundheads, was considered a failure, though displaying the utmost art and talent in the delineation of character and passion. 'Don Roderick' is vastly inferior to 'Rokeby;' and 'Harold' and 'Triermain' are but faint copies of the Gothic epics, however finely finished in some of the tender passages. The 'Lord of the Isles' is of a higher mood. It is a Scottish story of the days of Bruce, and has the characteristic fire and animation of the minstrel, when, like Rob Roy, he has his foot on his native heath. Bannockburn may be compared with Flodden Field in energy of description, though the poet is sometimes lost in the chronicler and antiquary. The interest of the tale is not well sustained throughout, and its chief attraction consists in the descriptive powers of the author, who, besides his feudal halls and battles, has drawn the magnificent scenery of the West Highlands—the cave of Staffa, and the dark desolate grandeur of the Coriusk lakes and mountains—with equal truth and sublimity. The lyrical pieces of Scott are often very happy. The old ballad strains may be said to have been his original nutriment as a poet, and he is consequently often warlike and romantic in his songs. But he has also gaiety, archness, and tenderness, and if he does not touch deeply the heart, he never fails to paint to the eye and imagination.

The Sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill.

The sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill,
In Ettrick's vale is sinking sweet;
The westland wind is hush and still,
The lake lies sleeping at my feet.
Yet not the landscape to mine eye
Bears those bright hues that once it bore:
Though evening, with her richest dye,
Flames o'er the hills of Ettrick's shore

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With listless look along the plain,
I see Tweed's silver current glide,
And coldly mark the holy fane
Of Melrose rise in ruined pride.
The quiet lake, the balmy air,
The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree—
Are they still such as once they were.
Or is the dreary change in me?

Alas, the warped and broken board,
How can it bear the painter's dye?
The harp of strained and tuneless chord,
How to the minstrel's skill reply?
To aching eyes each landscape lowers.
To feverish pulse each gale blows chill;
And Araby's or Eden's bowers
Were barren as this moorland hill.

Coronach.—From the 'Lady of the Lake.'

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
When our need was the sorest.
The font, reappearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.

The autumn winds rushing,
Waft the leaves that are soarest,
But our flower was in flushing
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correl, (1)
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever!

Song from 'Quentin Durward.'

Ah! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea,
The orange flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea.
The lark, his lay who thrilled all day,
Sits hushed his partner nigh.
Breeze, bird, and flower confess the hour,
But where is County Guy?

The village maid steals through the shade
Her shepherd's suit to hear;
To beauty shy, by lattice high,
Sings high-born cavalier.
The star of Love, all stars above,
Now reigns o'er earth and sky;
And high and low the influence know—
But where is County Guy?

Song from 'The Pirate.'

Love wakes and weeps
While Beauty sleeps!
O for music's softest numbers,
To pomp a theme
For Beauty's dream,
Soft as the pillow of her slumbers!

Through groves of palm
Sigh gales of balm,
Fire-flies on the air are wheeling;
While through the gloom
Comes soft perfume,
The distant beds of flowers revealing.

O wake and live!
No dreams can give
A shadowed bliss the real excelling;
No longer sleep,
From lattice peep,
And list the tale that love is telling!

Hymn of the Hebrew Maid.—From 'Ivanhoe.'

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

1 Or *cor-i*, the hollow side of the hill where game usually lies.

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There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen;
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But, present still, though now unseen!
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent nig
Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, trump, and horn.
But Thou hast said, 'The blood of goat,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
A contrite heart, a humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice.'

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.

Scott retreated from poetry into the wide and open field of prose fiction as the genius of Byron began to display its strength and fertility. A new, or at least a more finished, nervous, and lofty style of poetry was introduced by the noble author, who was as much a mannerist as Scott, but of a different school. He excelled in painting the strong and gloomy passions of our nature, contrasted with feminine softness and delicacy. Scott, intent upon the development of his plot, and the chivalrous machinery of his Gothic tales, is seldom personally present to the reader. Byron delighted in self-portraiture. His philosophy of life was false and pernicious; but the splendour of the artist concealed the deformity of his design. Parts were so nobly finished, that there was enough for admiration to rest upon, without analysing the whole. He conducted his readers through scenes of surpassing beauty and splendour—by haunted streams and mountains, enriched with the glories of ancient poetry and valour: but the same dark shadow was ever by his side—the same scorn and mockery of human hope and ambition. The sententious force and elevation of his thoughts and language, his eloquent expression of sentiment, and the mournful and solemn melody of his tender and pathetic passages, seemed, however, to do more than atone for his want of moral truth and reality. The man and the poet were so intimately blended, and the spectacle presented by both was so touching, mysterious, and lofty, that Byron concentrated a degree of interest and anxiety on his successive public appearances, which no author ever before was able to boast. Scott had created the public taste for animated poetry, and

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Byron, taking advantage of it, soon engrossed the whole field. For a few years it seemed as if the world held only one great poet. The chivalry of Scott, the philosophy of Wordsworth, the abstract theory and imagination of Southey, and even the lyrical beauties of Moore and Campbell, were for a time eclipsed by this new and greater light. The rank, youth, and misfortunes of Byron, his exile from England, the mystery which he loved to throw around his history and feelings, the apparent depth of his sufferings and attachments, and his very misanthropy and scepticism—relieved by bursts of tenderness and pity, and by the incidental expression of high and holy feelings—formed a combination of personal circumstances in aid of the legitimate effects of his passionate and graceful poetry, which is unparalleled in the history of modern literature. Such a result is even more wonderful than the laurelled honours awarded to Virgil and Petrarch, if we consider the difference between ancient and modern manners, and the temperament of the northern nations compared with that of the 'sunny south.' Has the spell yet broke? Has the glory faded into 'the common light of day?' Undoubtedly the later writings of the noble bard helped to dispel the illusion. To competent observers, these works added to the impression of Byron's powers as an original poet, but they tended to exorcise the spirit of romance from his name and history; and what 'Don Juan' failed to effect, was accomplished by the biography of Moore. His poetry, however, must always have a powerful effect on minds of poetical and warm sensibilities. If it is a 'rank unweeded garden,' it also contains glorious fruits and plants of celestial seed. The *art* of the poet will be a study for the ambitious few; his *genius* will be a source of wonder and delight to all who love to contemplate the workings of human passion, in solitude and society, and the rich effects of taste and imagination.

The incidents of Byron's life may be briefly related. He was born in Holles Street, London, on the 22d of January 1788, the only son of Captain John Byron of the Guards, and Catherine Gordon of Gight, an Aberdeenshire heiress. The lady's fortune was soon squandered by her profligate husband, and she retired to the city of Aberdeen, to bring up her son on a reduced income of about £130 per annum. The little lame boy, endeared to all in spite of his mischief, succeeded his grand-uncle, William, Lord Byron, in his eleventh year; and the happy mother sold off her effects—which realised just £74, 17s. 4d.—and left Aberdeen for Newstead Abbey. The seat of the Byrons was a large and ancient, but dilapidated structure, founded as a priory in the twelfth century by Henry II., and situated in the midst of the fertile and interesting district once known as Sherwood Forest. On the dissolution of the monasteries it was conferred by Henry VIII. on Sir John Byron, steward of Manchester and Rochdale, who converted the venerable convent into a castellated mansion. The family was ennobled by Charles I., in consequence of

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high and honourable service rendered to the royal cause during the Civil War. On succeeding to the title, Byron was put to a private school at Dulwich, and from thence he was sent to Harrow. During his minority, the estate was let to another party, but its youthful lord occasionally visited the seat of his ancesters; and whilst there in 1803, he conceived a passion for a young lady in the neighbourhood, who, under her name of Mary Chaworth, has obtained a poetical immortality. So early as his eighth year, Byron fell in love with a simple Scottish maiden, Mary Duff; and hearing of her marriage, several years afterwards, was, he says, like a thunder-stroke to him. He had also been captivated with a boyish love for his cousin, Margaret Parker, 'one of the most beautiful of evanescent beings,' who died about a year or two afterwards. He was fifteen when he met Mary Chaworth, and 'conceived an attachment which, young as he was even then for such a feeling, sunk so deep into his mind as to give a colour to all his future life.' The father of the lady had been killed in a duel by Lord Byron, the eccentric grand-uncle of the poet, and the union of the young peer with the heiress of Annesley Hall 'would,' said Byron, 'have healed feuds in which blood had been shed by our fathers; it would have joined lands broad and rich; it would have joined at least *one* heart, and two persons not ill-matched in years—she was two years my elder—and—and—and *what* has been the result?' Mary Chaworth saw little in the lame boy, and became the betrothed of another. They had one parting interview in the following year, which, in his poem of the 'Dream,' Byron has described in the most exquisite colours of descriptive poetry.

I saw two beings in the hues of youth,
Standing upon a hill; a gentle hill,
Green and of mild declivity, the last
As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such,
Save that there was no sea to lave its base
But a most living landscape, and the wave
Of woods and corn-fields, and the abodes of men
Scattered at intervals, and wreathing smoke
Arising from such rustic roofs; the hill
Was crowned with a peculiar diadem
Of trees, in circular array, so fixed,
Not by the sport of nature, but of man:
These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
Gazing—the one to all that was beneath,
Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her;
And both were young, and one was beautiful:
And both were young—yet not alike in youth.
As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
The maid was on the eve of womanhood;
The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,
And that was shining on him.

This boyish idolatry nursed the spirit of poetry in Byron's mind. He was recalled, however, from his day-dreams and disappointment, by

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his removal to Trinity College, Cambridge, in October 1805. At Harrow he had been an idle irregular scholar, though he eagerly devoured all sorts of learning excepting that which was prescribed for him; and at Cambridge he pursued the same desultory course of study. In 1807 appeared his first volume of poetry, printed at Newark, under the title of 'Hours of Idleness.' There were indications of genius in the collection, but many errors of taste and judgment. The vulnerable points were fiercely assailed, the merits overlooked, in a short critique in the 'Edinburgh Review'—understood to be written by Lord Brougham—and the young poet replied by his vigorous satire, 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' which disarmed, if it did not discomfit, his opponent. While his name was thus rising in renown, Byron left England for a course of foreign travel, and in two years visited the classic shores of the Mediterranean, and resided some time in Greece and Turkey.

In the spring of 1812 appeared the first two cantos of 'Childe Harold,' the fruit of his foreign wanderings, and his splendidly enriched and matured poetical taste. 'I awoke one morning,' he said, 'and found myself famous.' A rapid succession of eastern tales followed —the 'Giaour' and the 'Bride of Abydos' in 1813; the 'Corsair' and 'Lara' in 1814. In the 'Childe,' he had shewn his mastery over the complicated Spenserian stanza: in these he adopted the heroic couplet, and the lighter verse of Scott, with equal freedom and success. No poet had ever more command of the stores of the English language. At this auspicious and exultant period, Byron was the idol of the gay circles of London. He indulged in all their pleasures and excesses—studying by fits and starts at midnight, to maintain the splendour of his reputation. Satiety and disgust succeeded to this round of heartless pleasures, and in a better mood, though without any fixed attachment, he proposed and was accepted in marriage by a northern heiress, Miss Millbanke, daughter of Sir Ralph Millbanke, a baronet in the county of Durham. The union cast a shade on his hitherto bright career. A twelvemonth's extravagance, embarrassments, and misunderstandings, dissolved the union, and the lady retired to the country seat of her parents from the discord and perplexity of her own home. She refused, like the wife of Milton, to return, and the world of England seemed to applaud her resolution. One child—afterwards Countess of Lovelace—was the fruit of this unhappy marriage. Before the separation took place, Byron's muse, which had been lulled or deadened by the comparative calm of domestic life, was stimulated to activity by his deepening misfortunes, and he produced the 'Siege of Corinth' and 'Parisina.' Miserable, reckless, yet conscious of his own newly-awakened strength, Byron left England—

Once more upon the waters, yet once more!—

and visiting France and Brussels, pursued his course along the Rhine to Geneva. Here, in six months, he had composed the third canto of

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'Childe Harold,' and the 'Prisoner of Chillon.' His mental energy gathered force from the loneliness of his situation, and his disgust with his native country. The scenery of Switzerland and Italy next breathed its inspiration; 'Manfred' and the 'Lament of Tasso' were produced in 1817. In the following year, whilst residing chiefly at Venice, and making one memorable visit to Rome, he completed 'Childe Harold,' and threw off his light humourous poem of 'Beppo,' the first-fruits of the more easy and genial manners of the continent on his excitable temperament. At Venice, and afterwards at Ravenna, Byron resided till 1821, writing various works—'Mazeppa,' the first five cantos of 'Don Juan,' and his dramas of 'Marino Faliero,' 'Sardanapalus,' the 'Two Foscari,' 'Werner,' 'Cain,' the 'Deformed Transformed,' &c. The year 1822 he passed chiefly at Pisa, continuing 'Don Juan,' which ultimately extended to sixteen cantos. We have not touched on his private history and indulgences. At Venice he plunged into the grossest excesses, and associated (says Shelley) 'with wretches who seemed almost to have lost the gait and physiognomy of man.' From this state of debasement he was partly rescued by an attachment to a young Romagnese lady of twenty, recently married to an old and wealthy nobleman, Count Guiccioli. The license of Italian matters permitted the intercourse until the lady took the bold step of deserting her husband. She was then thrown upon Byron, and they continued to live together until the poet departed for Greece. His genius had begun to 'pale its fire:' his dramas were stiff, declamatory, and undramatic; and the successive cantos of 'Don Juan' betrayed the downward course of the poet's habits. The wit and knowledge of that wonderful poem—its passion, variety, and originality—were now debased with inferior matter; and the world saw with rejoicing the poet break away from his Circean enchantments, and enter upon a new and nobler field of exertion. He had sympathised deeply with the Italian Carbonari in their efforts for freedom, but a still more interesting country and people claimed his support. His youthful travels and poetical enthusiasm still endeared the 'blue Olympus' to his recollection, and in the summer of 1823 he set sail for Greece, to aid in the struggle for its independence. His arrangements were made with judgment, as well as generosity.

Byron knew mankind well, and his plans for the recovery and regeneration of Greece evinced a spirit of patriotic freedom and warm sympathy with the oppressed, happily tempered with practical wisdom and discretion. He arrived, after some danger and delay, at Missolonghi, in Western Greece, on the 4th of January, 1824. All was discord and confusion—a military mob and contending chiefs—turbulence, rapacity, and fraud. In three months he had done much, by his influence and money, to compose differences, repress cruelty, and introduce order. His fluctuating and uncertain health, however, gave way under so severe a discipline. On the 9th of April he was overtaken by a heavy shower whilst taking his daily ride, and an

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attack of fever and rheumatism followed. Prompt and copious bleeding might have subdued the inflammation, but to this remedy Byron was strongly opposed. It was at length resorted to after seven days of increasing fever, but the disease was then too powerful for remedy. The patient sank into a state of lethargy, and, though conscious of approaching death, could only mutter some indistinct expressions about his wife, his sister, and child. He lay insensible for twenty-four hours, and opening his eyes for a moment, shut them for ever, and expired on the evening of the 19th of April 1824. The people of Greece publicly mourned for the irreparable loss they had sustained, and the sentiment of grief was soon conveyed to the poet's native country, where his name was still a talisman, and his early death was felt by all as a personal calamity. The body of Byron was brought to England, and after lying in state in London, was interred in the family vault in the village church of Hucknall, near Newstead.

Byron has been sometimes compared with Burns. Death and genius have levelled mere external distinctions, and the peer and peasant stand on the same elevation, to meet the gaze and scrutiny of posterity. Both wrote directly from strong personal feelings and impulses; both were the slaves of irregular, uncontrolled passion, and the prey of disappointed hopes and constitutional melancholy; both, by a strange perversity, loved to exaggerate their failings and dwell on their errors; and both died, after a life of extraordinary intellectual activity and excitement, at nearly the same age. We allow for the errors of Burns's position, and Byron's demands a not less tender and candid construction. Neglected in his youth—thwarted in his first love—left without control or domestic influence when his passions were strongest—

Lord of himself, that heritage of woe—

intoxicated with early success and the incense of almost universal admiration, his irregularities must be regarded more with pity than reprehension. After his unhappy marriage, the picture is clouded with darker shadows. The wild license of his continental life it would be impossible to justify. His excesses, especially intemperance, became habitual, and impaired both his genius and his strength. He struggled on with untamed pride and trembling susceptibility, but he had almost exhausted the springs of his poetry and his life; and it is too obvious that the pestilential climate of Missolonghi only accelerated an event which a few years must have consummated in Italy.

The genius of Byron was as versatile as it was energetic. 'Childe Harold' and 'Don Juan' are perhaps the greatest poetical works of this century, and in the noble poet's tales and minor poems there is a grace, an interest, and romantic picturesqueness, that render them peculiarly fascinating to youthful readers. The 'Giaour' has passages of still higher description and feeling—particularly that fine

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burst on modern Greece contrasted with its ancient glory, and the exquisitely pathetic and beautiful comparison of the same country to the human frame bereft of life:

Picture of Modern Greece.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
Ere the first day of death is fled—
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress—
Before decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,
And marked the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that's there—
The fixed yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek—
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not—wins not—weeps not—now,
And but for that chill changeless brow,
Where cold Obstruction's apathy
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;
Yes—but for these—and these alone—
Some moments—ay, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power,
So fair—so calm—so softly sealed
The first—last look—by death revealed!
Such is the aspect of this shore;
'Tis Greece—but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start—for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath,
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb—
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling past away!
Spark of that flame—perchance of heavenly birth—
Which gleams—but warms no more its cherished earth!

The 'Prisoner of Chillon' is also natural and affecting: the story is painful and hopeless, but it is told with inimitable tenderness and simplicity. The *reality* of the scenes in 'Don Juan' must strike every reader. Byron, it is well known, took pains to collect his materials. His account of the shipwreck is drawn from narratives of actual occurrences, and his Grecian pictures, feasts, dresses, and holiday pastimes, are literal transcripts from life. Coleridge thought the character of Lambro, and especially the description of his return, the finest of all Byron's efforts; it is more dramatic and lifelike than any other of his numerous paintings. Haidee is also the most captivating of all his heroines. His Gulnares and Medoras, his Corsairs and dark mysterious personages—

Linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes—

are monstrosities in nature, and do not possess one tithe of the interest

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or permanent poetical beauty that centres in the lonely residence in the Cyclades. The English descriptions in 'Juan' are greatly inferior. There is a palpable falling off in poetical power, and the peculiar prejudices and forced ill-natured satire of the poet are brought prominently forward. Yet even here we have occasionally a flash of the early light that 'led astray.' The sketch of Aurora Raby is graceful and interesting—compared with Haidee, it is something like Fielding's Amelia coming after Sophia Western; and Newstead Abbey is described with a clearness and beauty not unworthy the author of 'Childe Harold.' The Epicurean philosophy of the 'Childe' is visible in every page of 'Don Juan,' but it is no longer grave, dignified, and misanthropical: it is mixed up with wit, humour, the keenest penetration, and the most astonishing variety of expression, from colloquial carelessness and ease, to the highest and deepest tones of the lyre. The poet has the power of Mephistophiles over the scenes and passions of human life and society—disclosing their secret workings, and stripping them of all conventional allurements and disguises. Unfortunately, his knowledge is more of evil than of good. The distinctions between virtue and vice had been broken down or obscured in his own mind, and they are undistinguishable in 'Don Juan.' Early sensuality had tainted his whole nature. He portrays generous emotions and moral feelings—distress, suffering, and pathos—and then dashes them with burlesque humor, wild profanity, and unseasonable mockery. In 'Childe Harold' we have none of this moral anatomy, or its accompanying licentiousness; but there is abundance of scorn and defiance of the ordinary pursuits and ambition of mankind. The fairest portions of the earth are traversed in a spirit of bitterness and desolation by one satiated with pleasure, contemning society, the victim of a dreary and hopeless scepticism. Such a character would have been repulsive if the poem had not been adorned with the graces of animated description, and original and striking sentiment. The poet's sketches of Spanish and Grecian scenery, and his glimpses of the life and manners of the classic mountaineers, are as true as were ever transferred to canvas; and not less striking are the meditations of the Pilgrim on the particular events which adorned or cursed the soil he trod. Thus, on the field of Albuera, he conjures up a noble image:

Red Battle—The Demon of War.

Hark! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note?
Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?
Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote;
Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath
Tyrants and tyrants' slaves?—the fires of death,
The bale-fires flash on high; from rock to rock
Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe;
Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock.

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Lo! where the giant on the mountain stands,
His blood-red tresses deepening in the sun,
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon.
Restless it rolls, now fixed, and now anon
Flashing afar—and at his iron feet
Destruction cowers to mark what deeds are done;
For on this morn three potent nations meet,
To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet.

In surveying the ruins of Athens, the spirit of Byron soars to its loftiest flight, picturing its fallen glories, and indulging in the most touching and magnificent strain of his sceptical philosophy.

Ancient Greece.

Ancient of days! august Athena! where,
Where are thy men of might? thy grand in soul?
Gone—glimmering through the dream of things that were,
First in the race that led to glory's goal,
They won, and passed away—is this the whole?
A school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour!
The warrior's weapon, and the sophist's stole,
Are sought in vain, and o'er each mouldering tower,
Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of power.

Son of the morning, rise! approach you here!
Come, but molest not your defenceless urn;
Look on this spot—a nation's sepulchre!
Abode of gods, whose shrines no longer burn.
Even gods must yield—religions take their turn;
'Twas Jove's—'tis Mahomet's—and other creeds
Will rise with other years, till man shall learn
Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds;
Poor child of Doubt and Death, whose hope is built on reeds.

Bound to the earth, he lifts his eyes to heaven—
Is't not enough, unhappy thing, to know
Thou art? Is this a boon so kindly given,
That being, thou wouldst be again, and go,
Thou know'st not, reck'st not, to what region, so
On earth no more, but mingled with the skies?
Still wilt thou dream on future joy and woe?
Regard and weigh yon dust before it flies:
That little urn saith more than thousand homilies.

Or burst the vanished hero's lofty mound:
Far on the solitary shore he sleeps;
He fell, and fall ng, nations mourned around:
But now not one of saddening thousands weeps,
Nor warlike worshipper his vigil keeps
Where demi-gods appeared, as records tell.
Remove yon skull from out the scattered heaps:
Is that a temple where a god may dwell?
Why, even the worm at last disdains her shattered cell.

Look on this broken arch, its ruined wall,
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul;
Yes, this was once ambition's airy hall,
The dome of thought, the palace of the soul;
Behold through each lack-lustre eyeless hole,

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The gay recess of wisdom and of wit,
And passion's host, that never brooked control:
Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,
People this lonely tower, this tenement refit?

Well didst thou speak, Athena's wisest son!
'All that we know is, nothing can be known.'
Why should we shrink from what we cannot shun?
Each hath his pang, but feeble sufferers groan
With brain-born dreams of evil all their own.
Pursue what chance or fate proclaimeth best;
Peace waits us on the shores of Acheron:
There no forced banquet claims the sated guest,
But silence spreads the couch of ever-welcome rest.

Yet if, as holiest men have deemed, there be
A land of souls beyond that sable shore,
To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee
And sophists, madly vain of dubious lore,
How sweet it were in concert to adore
With those who made our mortal labours light!
To hear each voice we feared to hear no more!
Behold each mighty shade revealed to sight,
The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all who taught the right!

The third canto of 'Childe Harold' is more deeply imbued with a love of nature than any of his previous productions. A new power had been imparted to him on the shores of the 'Leman lake.' He had just escaped from the strife of London and his own domestic unhappiness, and his conversations with Shelley might have turned him more strongly to this pure poetical source. The poetry of Wordsworth had also unconsciously lent its influence. An evening scene by the side of the lake is thus exquisitely described:

Lake Leman (Geneva).

Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

It is the hush of night; and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen—
Save darkened Jura, whose capped heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood: on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more;

He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill!
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes,
Starts into voice a moment—then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill—

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But that is fancy, for the star-light dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven!
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires—'tis to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

A forcible contrast to this still scene is then given in a brief description of the same landscape during a thunder-storm:

The sky is changed!—and such a change! O night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night: most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black—and now the glee
Of the loud hill shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

In the fourth canto there is a greater throng of images and objects. The poet opens with a sketch of the peculiar beauty and departed greatness of Venice, rising from the sea, 'with her tiara of proud towers' in airy distance. He then resumes his pilgrimage—moralises on the scenes of Petrarch and Tasso, Dante and Boccaccio—and visits the lake of Thrasimene and the temple of Clitumnus.

Temple of Clitumnus.

But thou, Clitumnus! in thy sweetest wave
Of the most living crystal that was e'er
The haunt of river-nymph, to gaze and lave
Her limbs where nothing hid them, thou dost rear
Thy grassy banks whereon the milk-white steer
Grazes; the purest god of gentle waters!
And most serene of aspect and most clear!
Surely that stream was unprofaned by slaughters,
A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest daughters!

And on thy happy shore a temple still,
Of small and delicate proportion, keeps,
Upon a mild declivity of hill,

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Its memory of thee; beneath it sweeps
Thy current's calmness; oft from out it leaps
The finny darter with the glittering scales,
Who dwells and revels in thy glassy deeps,
While, chance, some scattered water-lily sails
Down where the shallower wave still tells its bubbling tales.

The Greek statues at Florence are then inimitably described, after which the poet visits Rome, and revels in the ruins of the Palatine and Coliseum, and the glorious remains of ancient art. We give two of these portraitures:

Statue of Apollo.

Or view the Lord of the unerring bow,
The God of life, and poesy, and light—
The Sun in human limbs arrayed, and brow
All radiant from his triumph in the fight;
The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow bright
With an immortal's vengeance; in his eye
And nostril beautiful disdain, and might
And majesty, flash their full lightnings by,
Developing in that one glance the Deity.

But in his delicate form—a dream of Love,
Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast
Longed for a deathless lover from above,
And maddened in that vision—are expressed
All that ideal beauty ever blessed
The mind within its most unearthly mood,
When each conception was a heavenly guest—
A ray of immortality—and stood
Starlike, around, until they gathered to a god!

The Gladiator.

I see before me the gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand; his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony.
And his drooped head sinks gradually low:
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him; he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not; his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away:
He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay;
There were his young barbarians all at play.
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday.
All this rushed with his blood. Shall he expire,
And unavenged? Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire!

The poem concludes abruptly with an apostrophe to the sea, his 'joy of youthful sports,' and a source of lofty enthusiasm and pleasure in his solitary wanderings on the shores of Italy and Greece.

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Apostrophe to the Ocean.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan—
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,
And howling to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth: there let him lay.

The armaments which thunder-strike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war:
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters washed them power while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou;
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play,
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow:
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving, boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

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And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear;
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

An Italian Evening on the Banks of the Brenta. From 'Childe Harold.'

The moon is up, and yet it is not night—
Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
Of glory streams along the alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains: heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colours seems to be
Melted to one vast Iris of the west,
Where the day joins the past eternity,
While on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest.

A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
Rolled o'er the peak of the far Rhætian hill,
As day and night contending were, until
Nature reclaimed her order: gently flows
The deep-eyed Brenta, where their hues instil
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
Which streams upon her stream, and glassed within it glows.

Filled with the face of heaven, which, from afar,
Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,
From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse:
And now they change; a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new colour as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is gray.

Midnight Scene in Rome.—From 'Manfred.'

The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains. Beautiful!
I linger yet with nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learned the language of another world.
I do remember me, that in my youth,
When I was wandering, upon such a night
I stood within the Coliseum's wall,
'Midst the chief relics of all-mighty Rome:
The trees which grew along the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar
The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber; and
More near, from out the Cæsars' palace came
The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,

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Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
Within a bowshot. Where the Cæsars dwelt,
And dwell the tuneless birds of night amidst
A grove which springs through levelled battlements,
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;
But the gladiator's bloody circus stands
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection!
While Cæsar's chambers and the Augustan halls
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.
And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which softened down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and filled up,
As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries;
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old—
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns!

The following extracts are from 'Don Juan:'

The Shipwreck.

'Twas twilight, and the sunless day went down
Over the waste of waters; like a veil
Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose the frown
Of one whose hate is masked but to assail.
Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shewn,
And grimly darkled o'er the faces pale,
And the dim desolate deep: twelve days had Fear
Been their familiar, and now Death was here. . . .

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell—
Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave—
Then some leaped overboard with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave;
And the sea yawned around her like a hell,
And down she sucked with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rushed,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hushed,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows; but at intervals there gushed,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony. . . .

There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,
And with them their two sons, of whom the one
Was more robust and hardy to the view;
But he died early; and when he was gone,
His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw
One glance on him, and said: 'Heaven's will be done!
I can do nothing;' and he saw him thrown
Into the deep without a tear or groan.

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The other father had a weaklier child,
Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate;
But the boy bore up long, and with a mild
And patient spirit held aloof his fate;
Little he said, and now and then he smiled,
As if to win a part from off the weight
He saw increasing on his father's heart,
With the deep deadly thought that they must part.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised
His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam
From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed:
And when the wished for shower at length was come,
And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half glazed,
Brightened, and for a moment seemed to roam,
He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain
Into his dying child's mouth; but in vain!

The boy expired—the father held the clay,
And looked upon it long; and when at last
Death left no doubt, and the dead burden lay
Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,
He watched it wistfully, until away
'Twas borne by the rude wave wherein 'twas cast;
Then he himself sunk down all dumb and shivering,
And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering.

Description of Haidee.

Her brow was overhung with coins of gold
That sparkled o'er the auburn of her hair;
Her clustering hair, whose longer locks were rolled
In braids behind; and though her stature were
Even of the highest for a female mould,
They nearly reached her heels; and in her air
There was a something which bespoke command,
As one who was a lady in the land.

Her hair, I said, was auburn; but her eyes
Were black as death, their lashes the same hue,
Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow lies
Deepest attraction; for when to the view
Forth from its raven fringe the full glance flies,
Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow flew:
'Tis as the snake late coiled, who pours his length,
And hurls at once his venom and his strength.

Her brow was white and low; her cheek's pure dye,
Like twilight, rosy still with the set sun;
Short upper lip—sweet lips! that make us sigh
Ever to have seen such; for she was one
Fit for the model of a statuary
(A race of mere impostors when all's done—
I've seen much finer women, ripe and real,
Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal).

Haidee visits the shipwrecked Don Juan.

And down the cliff the island virgin came,
And near the cave her quick light footsteps drew,
While the sun smiled on her with his first flame,
And young Aurora kissed her lips with dew.
Taking her for her sister; just the same
Mistake you would have made on seeing the two,

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Although the mortal, quite as fresh and fair,
Had all the advantage too of not being air.

And when into the cavern Haidee stepped
All timidly, yet rapidly, she saw
That, like an infant, Juan sweetly slept;
And then she stopped and stood as if in awe
(For sleep is awful), and on tiptoe crept
And wrapt him closer, lest the air, too raw,
Should reach his blood; then o'er him, still as death,
Bent, with hushed lips, that drank his scarce-drawn breath.

And thus, like to an angel o'er the dying,
Who die in righteousness, she leaned; and there
All tranquilly the shipwrecked boy was lying,
As o'er him lay the calm and stirless air:
But Zoe the meantime some eggs was frying,
Since, after all, no doubt the youthful pair
Must breakfast, and betimes—lest they should ask it,
She drew out her provision from the basket. . . .

And now, by dint of fingers and of eyes,
And words repeated after her, he took
A lesson in her tongue; but by surmise,
No doubt, less of her language than her look;
As he who studies fervently the skies,
Turns oftener to the stars than to his book;
Thus Juan learned his alpha beta better
From Haidee's glance than any graven letter.

'Tis pleasing to be schooled in a strange tongue
By female lips and eyes—that is, I mean
When both the teacher and the taught are young;
As was the case, at least, where I have been;
They smile so when one's right, and when one's wrong,
They smile still more, and then there intervene
Pressure of hands, perchance even a chaste kiss;
I learned the little that I know by this.

Haidee and Juan at the Feast

Haidee and Juan carpeted their feet
On crimson satin, bordered with pale blue;
Their sofa occupied three parts complete
Of the apartment—and appeared quite new;
The velvet cushions—for a throne more meet—
Were scarlet, from whose glowing centre grew
A sun embossed in gold, whose rays of tissue,
Meridian-like, were seen all light to issue.

Crystal and marble, plate and porcelain,
Had done their work of splendour; Indian mats
And Persian carpets, which the heart bleed to stain,
Over the floors were spread; gazelles and cats,
And dwarfs and blacks, and such-like things, that gain
Their bread as ministers and favourites—that's
To say, by degradation—mingled there
As plentiful as in a court or fair.

There was no want of lofty mirrors, and
The tables, most of ebony inlaid
With mother-of-pearl or ivory, stood at hand,
Or were of tortoise-shell or rare woods made,
Fretted with gold or silver—by command,

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The greater part of these were ready spread
With viands and sherbets in ice—and wine—
Kept for all comers, at all hours to dine.

Of all the dresses, I select Haidee's:
She wore two jelicks—one was of pale yellow;
Of azure, pink, and white was her chemise—
'Neath which her breast heaved like a little billow;
With buttons formed of pearls as large as peas,
All gold and crimson shone her jelick's fellow.
And the striped white gauze baracan that bound her,
Like fleecy clouds about the moon flowed round her.

One large gold bracelet clasped each lovely arm,
Lockless—so pliable from the pure gold
That the hand stretched and shut it without harm,
The limb which it adorned its only mould;
So beautiful—its very shape would charm,
And clinging as if loath to lose its hold:
The purest ore inclosed the whitest skin
That e'er by precious metal was held in.

Around, as princess of her father's land,
A light gold bar above her instep rolled
Announced her rank; twelve rings were on her hand;
Her hair was starred with gems; her veil's fine fold
Below her breast was fastened with a band
Of lavish pearls, whose worth could scarce be told;
Her orange-silk full Turkish trousers furled
About the prettiest ankle in the world.

Her hair's long auburn waves down to her heel
Flowed like an alpine torrent, which the sun
Dyes with his morning light—and would conceal
Her person if allowed at large to run,
And still they seemed resentfully to feel
The silken fillet's curb, and sought to shun
Their bonds whene'er some Zephyr caught began
To offer his young pinion as her fan.

Round her she made an atmosphere of life;
The very air seemed lighter from her eyes,
They were so soft, and beautiful, and rife,
With all we can imagine of the skies,
And pure as Psyche ere she grew a wife—
Too pure even for the purest human ties;
Her overpowering presence made you feel
It would not be idolatry to kneel.

Her eyelashes, though dark as night, were tinged—
It is the country's custom—but in vain;
For those large black eyes were so blackly fringed,
The glossy rebels mocked the jetty stain,
And in her native beauty stood avenged:
Her nails were touched with henna; but again
The power of art was turned to nothing, for
They could not look more rosy than before.

Juan had on a shawl of black and gold,
But a white baracan, and so transparent
The sparkling gems beneath you might behold,
Like small stars through the Milky-way apparent;
His turban, furled in many a graceful fold,

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An emerald aigrette with Haidee's hair in't
Surmounted as its clasp—a glowing crescent,
Whose rays shone ever trembling, but incessant.

And now they were diverted by their suite,
Dwarfs, dancing-girls, black eunuchs, and a poet;
Which made their new establishment complete;
The last was of great fame, and liked to shew it:
His verses rarely wanted their due feet—
And for his theme—he seldom sung below it,
He being paid to satirise or flatter,
As the Psalms say, 'inditing a good matter.'

The Death of Haidee.

Afric is all the sun's, and as her earth,
Her Human clay is kindled; full of power
For good or evil, burning from its birth,
The Moorish blood partakes the planet's hour.
And, like the soil beneath it, will bring forth:
Beauty and love were Haidee's mother's dower;
But her large dark eye shewed deep Passion's force,
Though sleeping like a lion near a source.

Her daughter, tempered with a milder ray,
Like summer clouds all silvery, smooth, and fair,
Till slowly charged with thunder, they display
Terror to earth and tempest to the air,—
Had held till now her soft and milky way;
But, overwrought with passion and despair,
The fire burst forth from her Numidian veins,
Even as the simoom sweeps the blasted plains.

The last sight which she saw was Juan's gore,
And he himself o'ermastered and cut down;
His blood was running on the very floor
Where late he trod, her beautiful, her own;
Thus much she viewed an instant and no more—
Her struggles ceased with one convulsive groan;
On her sire's arm, which until now scarce held
Her writhing, fell she like a cedar felled.

A vein had burst, and her sweet lips' pure dyes
Were dabbled with the deep blood which ran o'er,
And her head drooped as when the lily lies
O'ercharged with rain: her summoned handmaids bore
Their lady to her couch with gushing eyes;
Of herbs and cordials they produced their store:
But she defied all means they could employ,
Like one life could not hold nor death destroy.

Days lay she in that state unchanged, though chill—
With nothing livid, still her lips were red;
She had no pulse, but death seemed absent still;
No hideous sign proclaimed her surely dead:
Corruption came not, in each mind to kill
All hope: to look upon her sweet face bred
New thoughts of life, for it seemed full of soul—
She had so much, earth could not claim the whole. . . . .

Her handmaids tended, but she heeded not;
Her father watched, she turned her eyes away;
She recognised no being, and no spot,
However dear or cherished in their day;

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They changed from room to room, but all forgot;
Gentle, but without memory, she lay;
At length those eyes, which they would fain be weaning
Back to old thoughts, waxed full of fearful meaning.

And then a slave bethought her of a harp:
The harper came and tuned his instrument:
At the first notes, irregular and sharp,
On him her flashing eyes a moment bent;
Then to the wall she turned, as if to warp
Her thoughts from sorrow through her heart re-sent;
And he began a long low island song
Of ancient days ere tyranny grew strong.

Anon her thin wan fingers beat the wall
In time to his old tune; he changed the theme,
And sung of Love; the fierce name struck through all
Her recollection; on her flashed the dream
Of what she was, and is, if ye could call
To be so being: in a gushing stream
The tears rushed forth from her o'erclouded brain,
Like mountain mists at length dissolved in rain.

Twelve days and nights she withered thus; at last,
Without a groan, or sigh, or glance, to shew
A parting pang, the spirit from her passed:
And they who watched her nearest could not know
The very instant, till the change that cast
Her sweet face into shadow, dull and slow,
Glazed o'er her eyes—the beautiful, the black—
Oh to possess such lustre, and then lack!

Thus lived—thus died she; never more on her
Shall sorrow light, or shame. She was not made
Through years or moons the inner weight to bear,
Which colder hearts endure till they are laid
By age in earth: her days and pleasures were
Brief, but delightful—such as had not stayed
Long with her destiny; but she sleeps well
By the sea-shore whereon she loved to dwell.

That isle is now all desolate and bare,
Its dwellings down its tenants passed away;
None but her own and father's grave is there,
And nothing outward tells of human clay;
Ye could not know where lies a thing so fair;
No one is there to shew, no tongue to say
What was; no dirge except the hollow seas
Mourns o'er the beauty of the Cyclades.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY was born at his father's seat, Field Place, near Horsham, in Sussex, August 4, 1792. His grandfather, Sir Bysshe Shelley, was then living, and his father, Timothy Shelley (who afterwards succeeded to the title and estate), was a member of the House of Commons. The family was of great antiquity, tracing its descent from one of the followers of William of Normandy. In worldly prospects and distinction the poet therefore surpassed most of his tuneful brethren; yet this only served to render his un-

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happy and strange destiny the more conspicuously wretched. When ten years of age, he was put to a public school, Sion House, where he was harshly treated both by his instructors and by tyrannical schoolfellows. He was fond of reading, especially wild romances and tales of *diableric;* and when very young he wrote two novels, 'Zastrozzi,' and 'St. Irvyne, or the Rosicrucian.' From Sion House, Shelley was removed to Eton, where his sensitive spirit was again wounded by ill-usage and by the system of fagging tolerated at Eton. His resistance to all established authority and opinion displayed itself while at school, and in the introduction to his 'Revolt of Islam,' he has portrayed his early impressions in some sweet and touching stanzas:

> Thoughts of great deeds were mine, dear friend, when first
> The clouds which wrap this world from youth did pass.
> I do remember well the hour which burst
> My spirit's sleep: a fresh May-dawn it was,
> When I walked forth upon the glittering grass,
> And wept, I knew not why: until there rose
> From the near school-room voices that, alas!
> Were but one echo from a world of woes—
> The harsh and grating strife of tyrants and of foes.
>
> And then I clasped my hands and looked around,
> But none was near to mock my streaming eyes,
> Which poured their warm drops on the sunny ground;
> So, without shame, I spake: 'I will be wise,
> And just, and free, and mild, if in me lies
> Such power, for I grow weary to behold
> The selfish and the strong still tyrannise
> Without reproach or check.' I then controlled
> My tears, my heart grew calm, and I was meek and bold.
>
> And from that hour did I with earnest thought
> Heap knowledge from forbidden mines of lore;
> Yet nothing that my tyrants knew or taught
> I cared to learn, but from that secret store
> Wrought linked armour for my soul, before
> It might walk forth to war among mankind;
> Thus power and hope were strengthened more and more
> Within me, till there came upon my mind
> A sense of loneliness, a thirst with which I pined.

With these feelings and predilections (exaggerated, however, in expression, as all his personal statements were), Shelley went to Oxford. He studied hard but irregularly, and spent much of his leisure in chemical experiments. He incessantly speculated, thought, and read, as he himself has stated. At the age of fifteen he wrote two short prose romances. He had also great facility in versification, and threw off various effusions. The 'forbidden mines of lore' which had captivated his boyish mind at Eton were also diligently explored, and he was soon an avowed republican and sceptic. He published a volume of political rhymes, entitled 'Posthumous Poems of my Aunt Margaret Nicholson,' the said Margaret being the unhappy maniac who attempted to stab George III.; and he issued a syllabus from Hume's 'Essays,' at the same time challenging the authorities of Oxford to a

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public controversy on the subject. Shelley was at this time just seventeen years of age! In conjunction with a fellow-collegian, Mr. Hogg, he composed a small treatise, 'The Necessity of Atheism;' and the result was that both the heterodox students were, in 1811, expelled from college. They went to London, where Shelley still received support from his family; Mr. Hogg removed to York, and nearly half a century afterwards (1858) became the biographer of the early life of his poet-friend. It was the cardinal article of Shelley's faith, that if men were but taught and induced to treat their fellows with love, charity, and equal rights, this earth would realise Paradise. He looked upon religion as it was professed, and, above all, practised, as hostile, instead of friendly, to the cultivation of those virtues which would make men brothers.' Mrs. Shelley conceives that, in the peculiar circumstances, this was not to be wondered at. 'At the age of seventeen, fragile in health and frame, of the purest habits in morals, full of devoted generosity and universal kindness, glowing with ardour to attain wisdom, resolved, at every personal sacrifice, to do right, burning with a desire for affection and sympathy, he was treated as a reprobate, cast forth as a criminal. The cause was, that he was sincere, that he believed the opinions which he entertained to be true, and he loved truth with a martyr's love; he was ready to sacrifice station, and fortune, and his dearest affections, at its shrine. The sacrifice was demanded from, and made by, a youth of seventeen.'

It appears that in his youth Shelley was equally inclined to poetry and metaphysics, and hesitated to which he should devote himself. He ended in uniting them, by no means to the advantage of his poetry. At the age of eighteen he produced a wild atheistical poem, 'Queen Mab,' written in the rhythm of Southey's 'Thalaba,' and abounding in passages of great power and melody. He had been strongly attached to his cousin, an accomplished young lady, Miss Grove, but after his expulsion from college and from home, communication with this lady was prohibited. He then became enamoured of another beauty—a handsome blonde of sixteen, but in social position inferior to himself. This was a Miss Harriet Westbrook, daughter of a person who had kept the Mount Street Coffee-house, London—a place of fashionable resort—and had retired from business with apparently competent means. Mr. Westbrook had put his daughter to a boarding-school, at which one of Shelley's sisters was also placed. The result was an elopement after a few weeks' acquaintance, and a marriage in Edinburgh in August 1811. This still further exasperated his friends, and his father cut off his allowance. An uncle, Captain Pilfold, one of Nelson's captains at the Nile and Trafalgar—generously supplied the youthful pair with money, and they lived for some time in Cumberland, where Shelley made the acquaintance of Southey, Wordsworth, De Quincey, and Wilson. His literary ambition must have been excited by this intercourse; but he suddenly departed for Dublin,

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whence he again removed to the Isle of Man, and afterwards, to Wales. Two children were born to them. In March 1814, Shelley was married a second time to Harriet Westbrook, the ceremony taking place in St. George's Church, Hanover Square. Unfortunately about this time the poet became enamoured of the daughter of Mr. Godwin, a young lady who could 'feel poetry and understand philosophy,' which he thought his wife was incapable of, and Harriet refusing to agree to a separation, Shelley, at the end of July in the same year, left England in the company of Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin.

They made a six weeks' tour on the continent, of which he wrote a journal, and returned to London. It was discovered that, by the provisions of the deed of entail, the fee-simple of the Shelley estate was vested in the poet after his father's death, and he had thus power to raise money. According to his friend, Thomas L. Peacock, Shelley purchased an annuity of £1000 a year from his father, who had previously allowed him £200! The poet now established himself on the banks of the Thames, and there composed his poem, 'Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude' (1816), designed, as he states, to represent a youth of uncorrupted feelings and adventurous genius, led forth by an imagination inflamed and purified through familiarity with all that is excellent and majestic, to the contemplation of the universe. The mind of his hero, however, becomes awakened, and thirsts for intercourse with an intelligence similar to itself. He seeks in vain for a prototype of his conception; and blasted by his disappointment, he descends to an untimely grave. In this picture, Shelley undoubtedly drew from his own experience, and in none of his subsequent works has he excelled the descriptive passages in 'Alastor.' The copious picturesqueness of his language, and the boldness of his imagination, are here strikingly exemplified. Symptoms of pulmonary disease having appeared, Shelley again repaired to the continent, in the summer of 1816, and first met with Lord Byron at the Lake of Geveva. His health being restored, he returned to England, and settled himself at Great Marlow in Buckinghamshire. His unfortunate wife committed suicide by drowning herself in the Serpentine River in December 1816, and Shelley married Miss Godwin a few weeks afterwards (December 30), the prospect of succession for his children to a large entailed estate having apparently removed his repugnance to matrimony. A new source of obloquy and misery was, however, opened. Shelley claimed his children; their mother's family refused to give them up: they resisted the claim in Chancery, and the decree of the Lord Chancellor (Eldon) was given against him. The ground of Lord Eldon's judgment was that Shelley had published and maintained, and carried out in practice, the doctrine that marriage was a contract binding only during mutual pleasure, and that such practice was injurious to the best interests of society. In a poetical fragment on the subject, he invokes a curse on the

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administrator of the law, 'by a parent's outraged love,' and in one exquisite verse—

> By all the happy see in children's growth,
> That undeveloped flower of budding years,
> Sweetness and sadness interwoven both,
> Source of the sweetest hopes and saddest fears!

At Marlow, Shelley composed the 'Revolt of Islam' (1818), a poem more energetic than 'Alastor,' yet containing the same allegorical features and peculiarities of thought and style, and rendered more tedious by the want of human interest. It is honourable to Shelley that, during his residence at Marlow, he was indefatigable in his attentions to the poor; his widow relates that, in the winter, while bringing out his poem, he had a severe attack of ophthalmia, caught while visiting the poor cottages. This certainly stamps with reality his pleadings for the human race, though the nature of his philosophy and opinions would have deprived them of the highest of earthly consolations. The poet now prepared to go abroad. A strong sense of injury, and a burning desire to redress what he termed the wrongs of society, rendered him miserable in England, and he hoped also that his health would be improved by a milder climate. Accordingly, on the 12th of March, 1818, he quitted this country, never to return. He went direct to Italy. In 1819 appeared 'Rosalind and Helen,' and the same year 'The Cenci,' a tragedy, dedicated to Mr. Leigh Hunt. 'Those writings,' he remarks in the dedication, 'which I have hitherto published, have been little else than visions which impersonate my own apprehensions of the beautiful and the just. I can also perceive in them the literary defects incidental to youth and impatience; they are dreams of what ought to be, or may be. The drama which I now present to you is a sad reality. I lay aside the presumptuous attitude of an instructor, and am content to paint, with such colours as my own heart furnishes, that which has been.' The painting is dark and gloomy; but, in spite of a revolting plot, and the insane, unnatural character of Cenci, Shelley's tragedy is one of the best of modern times. As an effort of intellectual strength, and an embodiment of human passion, it may challenge a comparison with any dramatic work since Otway; and it is incomparably the best of the poet's productions.

In 1821 was published 'Prometheus Unbound,' which he had written while resident in Rome. 'This poem,' he says, 'was chiefly written upon the mountainous ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, among the flowery glades and thickets of odoriferous blossoming trees, which are extended in ever-winding labyrinths upon its immense platforms and dizzy arches suspended in the air. The bright blue sky of Rome, and the effect of the vigorous awakening of spring in that divinest climate, and the new life with which it drenches the spirits even to inspiration, were the inspiration of this drama.' No change of scene, however, could permanently affect the nature of Shelley's

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speculations, and his 'Prometheus' is as mystical and metaphysical and as daringly sceptical as any of his previous works. The cardinal point of his system is described by Mrs. Shelley as a belief that a man could be so perfectionised as to be able to expel evil from his own nature, and from the greater part of the creation; and the subject he loved best to dwell on was the image of one warring with the evil principle, oppressed not only by it, but by all, even the good, who were deluded into considering evil a necessary portion of humanity. His remaining works are 'Hellas;' 'The Witch of Atlas;' 'Adonais,' 'Epipsychidion;' and a variety of shorter productions, with scenes translated from Calderon and the 'Faust' of Goethe. In Italy, Shelley renewed his acquaintance with Lord Byron, who thought his philosophy 'too spiritual and romantic.' He was temperate in his habits, gentle, affectionate, and generous; so that even those who most deeply deplored or detested his opinions, were charmed with the intellectual purity and benevolence of his life. His favourite amusement was boating and sailing; and whilst returning one day, the 8th of July 1822, from Leghorn—whither he had gone to welcome Leigh Hunt to Italy—the boat in which he sailed, accompanied by Mr. Williams, formerly of the 8th Dragoons, and a single seaman, went down in the Bay of Spezia, and all perished. A volume of Keats's poetry was found open in Shelley's coat-pocket when his body was washed ashore. The remains of the poet were reduced to ashes by fire, and being taken to Rome, were deposited in the Protestant burial-ground, near those of a child he had lost in that city.

A complete edition of Shelley's Poetical Works, with notes by his widow, was published in four volumes, 1839; and the same accomplished lady gave to the world two volumes of his prose 'Essays, Letters from Abroad, Translations and Fragments.' Shelley's was a dream of romance—a tale of mystery and grief. That he was sincere in his opinions, and benevolent in his intentions, is now undoubted. He looked upon the world with the eyes of a visionary, bent on unattainable schemes of intellectual excellence and supremacy. His delusion led to misery, and made him, for a time, unjust to others. It alienated him from his family and friends, blasted his prospects in life, and distempered all his views and opinions. It is probable that, had he lived to a riper age, he might have modified some of those extreme speculative and pernicious tenets, and we have no doubt that he would have risen into a purer atmosphere of poetical imagination. The troubled and stormy dawn was fast yielding to the calm noonday brightness. He had worn out some of his fierce antipathies and morbid affections; a happy domestic circle was gathered around him: and the refined simplicity of his tastes and habits, joined to wider and juster views of human life, would imperceptibly have given a new tone to his thoughts and studies. He had a high idea of the art to which he devoted his faculties.

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'Poetry,' he says in one of his essays, 'is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best minds. We are aware of evanescent visitations of thought and feeling, sometimes associated with place or person, sometimes regarding our own mind alone, and always arising unforeseen and departing unbidden, but elevating and delightful beyond all expression; so that, even in the desire and the regret they leave, there cannot but be pleasure, participating as it does in the nature of its object. It is, as it were, the interpenetration of a diviner nature through our own; but its footsteps are like those of a wind over the sea, which the morning calm erases, and whose traces remain only, as on the wrinkled sand which paves it. These and corresponding conditions of being are experienced principally by those of the most delicate sensibility and the most enlarged imagination; and the state of mind produced by them is at war with every base desire. The enthusiasm of virtue, love, patriotism, and friendship is essentially linked with such emotions; and whilst they last, self appears as what it is, an atom to a universe. Poets are not only subject to these experiences as spirits of the most refined organisation, but they can colour all that they combine with the evanescent hues of this ethereal world; a word, a trait in the representation of a scene or passion, will touch the enchanted chord, and reanimate, in those who have ever experienced those emotions, the sleeping, the cold, the buried image of the past. Poetry thus makes immortal all that is best and most beautiful in the world; it arrests the vanishing apparitions which haunt the interlunations of life, and veiling them, or in language or in form, sends them forth among mankind, bearing sweet news of kindred joy to those with whom their sisters abide—abide, because there is no portal of expression from the caverns of the spirit which they inhabit into the universe of things. Poetry redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity in man.'

The remote abstract character of Shelley's poetry, and its general want of anything real or tangible, by which the sympathies of the heart are awakened, must always prevent its becoming popular. Even to Charles Lamb it was 'icy cold.' He was a pantheistic dreamer and idealist. Yet the splendour of his lyrical verse—so full, rich, and melodious—and the grandeur of some of his conceptions, stamp him a great poet. His influence on the succession of English poets since his time has been inferior only to that of Wordsworth. Macaulay doubted whether any modern poet possessed in an equal degree the 'highest qualities of the great ancient masters.' His diction is singularly classical and imposing in sound and structure. He was a close student of the Greek and Italian poets. The descriptive passages in 'Alastor,' and the river-voyage at the conclusion of the 'Revolt of Islam,' are among the most finished of his productions. His better genius leads him to the pure waters and the depth of forest shades, which none of his contemporaries knew so well how to de-

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scribe. Some of the minor poems—'The Cloud,' 'The Skylark,' &c.—are imbued with a fine lyrical and poetic spirit. One striking peculiarity of his style is his constant personification of inanimate objects. In 'The Cenci' we have a strong and almost terrible illustration of this feature of his poetry:

I remember,
Two miles on this side of the fort, the road
Crosses a deep ravine; 'tis rough and narrow,
And winds with short turns down the precipice;
And in its depth there is a mighty rock
Which has from unimaginable years
Sustained itself with terror and with toil
Over a gulf, and with the agony
With which it clings, seems slowly coming down;
Even as a wretched soul, hour after hour,
Clings to the mass of life, yet clinging, leans,
And leaning, makes more dark the dread abyss
In which it fears to fall—beneath this crag,
Huge as despair, as if in weariness,
The melancholy mountain yawns; below
You hear, but see not, an impetuous torrent
Raging among the caverns, and a bridge
Crosses the chasm; and high above there grow,
With intersecting trunks, from crag to crag,
Cedars and yews, and pines, whose tangled hair
Is matted in one solid roof of shade
By the dark ivy's twine. At noonday here
'Tis twilight, and at sunset blackest night.

The Flight of the Hours in 'Prometheus' is equally vivid, and touched with a wild inimitable grace:

Behold!
The rocks are cloven, and through the purple night
I see cars drawn by rainbow-winged steeds,
Which trample the dim winds: in each there stands
A wild-eyed charioteer urging their flight.
Some look behind, as fiends pursued them there,
And yet I see no shapes but the keen stars:
Others, with burning eyes, lean forth and drink
With eager lips the wind of their own speed,
As if the thing they loved fled on before,
And now, even now, they clasp it. Their bright locks
Stream like a comet's flashing hair: they all sweep onward.
These are the immortal Hours,
Of whom thou didst demand. One waits for thee.

Opening of Queen Mab.

How wonderful is death,
Death and his brother sleep!
One, pale as yonder waning moon,
With lips of lurid blue;
The other, rosy as the morn
When, throned on ocean's wave,
It blushes o'er the world:
Yet both so passing wonderful!

Hath then the gloomy Power,
Whose reign is in the tainted sepulchres,
Seized on her sinless soul?
Must then that peerless form
Which love and admiration cannot view
Without a beating heart, those azure veins
Which steal like streams along a field of snow,
That lovely outline, which is fair
As breathing marble, perish?
Must putrefaction's breath
Leave nothing of this heavenly sight
But loathsomeness and ruin?

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Spare nothing but a gloomy theme
On which the lightest heart might moralise?
Or is it only a sweet slumber
Stealing o'er sensation,
Which the breath of roseate morning
Chaseth into darkness?
Will Ianthe wake again,
And give that faithful bosom joy
Whose sleepless spirit waits to catch
Light, life, and rapture from her smile?

Her dewy eyes are closed,
And on their lids, whose texture fine
Scarce hides the dark blue orbs beneath,
The baby Sleep is pillowed:
Her golden tresses shade
The bosom's stainless pride,
Curling like tendrils of the parasite
Around a marble column.

Hark! whence that rushing sound?
'Tis like the wondrous strain
That round a lonely ruin swells,
Which, wandering on the echoing shore,
The enthusiast hears at evening:
'Tis softer than the west wind's sign;
'Tis wilder than the unmeasured notes
Of that strange lyre whose strings
The genii of the breezes sweep:
Those lines of rainbow light
Are like the moonbeams when they fall
Through some cathedral window, but the teints
Are such as may not find
Comparison on earth.

Behold the chariot of the fairy queen!
Celestial coursers paw the unyielding air;
Their filmy pennons at her word they furl,
And stop obedient to the reins of light:
These the queen of spells drew in;
She spread a charm around the spot,
And leaning graceful from the ethereal car,
Long did she gaze, and silently,
Upon the slumbering maid.

*The Cloud.**

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers
Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,

* 'The odes *To the Skylark* and *The Cloud*, in the opinion of many critics, bear a purer poetical stamp than any other of his productions. They were written as his mind prompted, listening to the carolling of the bird aloft in the azure sky of Italy; or marking the cloud as it sped across the heavens, while he floated in his boat on the Thames. No poet was ever warmed by a more genuine and unforced inspiration. His extreme sensibility gave the intensity of passion to his intellectual pursuits, and rendered his mind keenly alive to every perception of outward objects, as well as his internal sensations. Such a gift is, among the sad vicissitudes of human life, the disappointments we meet, and the galling sense of our own mistakes and errors, fraught with pain; to escape from such he delivered up his soul to poetry, and felt happy when he sheltered himself from the influence of human sympathies in the wildest regions of fancy.'—MRS. SHELLEY, *Pref. to Post. Works.*

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Moved by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack
When the morning-star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings;
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.
That orbed maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the Moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's tin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with the burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-coloured bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,

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And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and upbuild it again.

To a Skylark.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still, and higher,
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not;

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glowworm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the view.

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Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves:

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine,

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught:
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever could come near.

Better than all measures
Of delight and sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

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From 'The Sensitive Plant.'

A Sensitive Plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the spring arose on the garden fair,
And the spirit of love fell everywhere;
And each flower and herb on earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet want,
As the companionless Sensitive Plant.

The snowdrop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mixed with fresh odour, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness;

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair, and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green;

And the hyacinth purple, and white, and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense;

And the rose like a nymph to the bath addrest,
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare;

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
As a Mænad, its moonlight-coloured cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows;
And all rare blossoms from every clime,
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream whose inconstant bosom,
Was prankt under boughs of embowering blossom,
With golden and green light, slanting through
Their heaven of many a tangled hue,

Broad water-lilies lay tremulously,
And starry river-buds glimmered by,
And around them the soft stream did glide and dance
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and of moss,
Which led through the garden along and across,
Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,
Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees,

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Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells
As fair as the fabulous asphodels;
And flowrets which, drooping as day drooped too,
Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and blue,
To roof the glowworm from the evening dew.

And from this undefiled Paradise
The flowers—as an infant's awakening eyes
Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet
Can first lull, and at last must awaken it—

When heaven's blithe winds had unfolded them,
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,
Shone smiling to heaven, and every one
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun;

For each one was interpenetrated
With the light and the odour its neighbour shed,
Like young lovers whom youth and love make dear,
Wrapt and filled by their mutual atmosphere.

But the Sensitive Plant, which could give small fruit
Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the root,
Received more than all, it loved more than ever,
Where none wanted but it, could belong to the giver;

For the Sensitive Plant has no bright flower;
Radiance and odour are not its dower:
It loves even like Love, its deep heart is full,
It desires what it has not—the beautiful!

The light winds which, from unsustaining wings,
Shed the music of many murmurings;
The beams which dart from many a star
Of the flowers whose hues they bear afar;

The plumed insects swift and free,
Like golden boats on a sunny sea,
Laden with light and odour which pass
Over the gleam of the living grass;

The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie
Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides high,
Then wander like spirits among the spheres,
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it bears,

The quivering vapours of dim noontide,
Which like a sea o'er the warm earth glide,
In which every sound, and odour, and beam,
Move as reeds in a single stream;

Each and all like ministering angels were
For the Sensitive Plant sweet joy to bear,
Whilst the lagging hour of the day went by,
Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

And when evening descended from heaven above,
And the earth was all red, and the air was all love,
And delight, though less bright, was far more deep,
And the day's veil fell from the world of sleep,

And the beasts, and the birds, and the insects were drowned
In an ocean of dreams without a sound;
Whose waves never mark, though they ever impress
The light sand which paves it—consciousness,

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(Only overhead the sweet nightingale
Ever sang more sweet as the day might fall,
And snatches of its Elysian chant
Were mixed with the dreams of the Sensitive Plant);

The Sensitive Plant was the earliest
Up-gathered into the bosom of rest;
A sweet child weary of its delight,
The feebleest, and yet the favourite,
Cradled within the embrace of night.

Forest Scenery.—From 'Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude.'

The noonday sun
Now shone upon the forest, one vast mass
Of mingling shade, whose brown magnificence
A narrow vale embosoms. There huge caves,
Scooped in the dark base of those airy rocks,
Mocking its moans, respond and roar for ever.
The meeting boughs and implicated leaves
Wove twilight o'er the poet's path, as led
By love, or dream, or god, or mightier death,
He sought in nature's dearest haunt, some bank,
Her cradle and his sepulchre. More dark
And dark the shades accumulate—the oak,
Expanding its immense and knotty arms,
Embraces the light beech. The pyramids
Of the tall cedar overarching frame
Most solemn domes within, and far below,
Like clouds suspended in an emerald sky,
The ash and the acacia floating hang.
Tremulous and pale. Like restless serpents clothed
In rainbow and in fire, the parasites,
Starred with ten thousand blossoms, flow around
The gray trunks; and, as gamesome infants' eyes,
With gentle meanings and most innocent wiles,
Fold their beams round the hearts of those that love,
These twine their tendrils with the wedded boughs,
Uniting their close union; the woven leaves
Make network of the dark-blue light of day
And the night's noontide clearness, mutable
As shapes in the weird clouds. Soft mossy lawns
Beneath these canopies extend their swells,
Fragrant with perfumed herbs, and eyes with blooms
Minute yet beautiful. One darkest glen
Sends from its woods of musk-rose, twined with jasmine,
A soul-dissolving odour, to invite
To some more lovely mystery. Through the dell
Silence and twilight here, twin sisters, keep
Their noonday watch, and sail among the shades,
Like vapourous shapes half seen; beyond, a well,
Dark, gleaming, and of most translucent wave,
Images all the woven boughs above;
And each depending leaf, and every speck
Of azure sky, darting between their chasms;
Nor aught else in the liquid mirror laves
Its portraiture, but some inconstant star
Between one foliaged lattice twinkling fair,
Or painted bird, sleeping beneath the moon,
Or gorgeous insect, floating motionless
Unconscious of the day, ere yet his wings
Have spread their glories to the gaze of noon.

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Stanzas written in Dejection, near Naples.

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent light,
The breath of the moist air is light,
Around its unexpanded buds;
Like many a voice of one delight,
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
The city's voice itself is soft, like Solitude's.

I see the deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds strown;
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers thrown;
I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of the noontide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion;
How sweet, did any heart now share in my emotion!

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within, nor calm around,
Nor that content, surpassing wealth,
The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory crowned;
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
Others I see whom these surround—
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne, and yet must bear,
Till death like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,
As I, when this sweet day is gone,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan;
They might lament—for I am one
Whom men love not; and yet regret,
Unlike this day, which, when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.

On a Faded Violet.

The colour from the flower is gone,
Which like thy sweet eyes smiled on me:
The odour from the flower is flown,
Which breathed of thee, and only thee.

A withered, lifeless, vacant form,
It lies on my abandoned breast,
And mocks the heart which yet is warm
With cold and silent rest.

I weep—my tears revive it not;
I sigh—it breathes no more on me;
Its mute and uncomplaining lot
Is such as mine should be.

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Lines to an Indian Air.

I arise from dreams of thee,
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright;
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how?—
To thy chamber window, sweet.

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark and silent stream,
The Champak odours fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart,
As I must do on thine,
O beloved as thou art!

O lift me from the grass!
I die, I faint, I fail;
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast;
Oh! press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last.

To ——.

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

JOHN KEATS.

JOHN KEATS was born in London, October 29, 1795, in the house of his grandfather, who kept a livery-stable at Moorfields. He received his education at Enfield, and in his fifteenth year was apprenticed to a surgeon. Most of his time, however, was devoted to the cultivation of his literary talents, which were early conspicuous. During his apprenticeship, he made and carefully wrote out a literal translation of Virgil's 'Æneid,' but he does not appear to have been familiar with more difficult Latin poetry, nor to have even commenced learning the Greek language (Lord Houghton). One of his earliest friends and critics was Mr. Leigh Hunt, who, being shown some of his poetical pieces, was struck, he says, with the exuberant specimens of genuine though young poetry that were laid before him, and the promise of which was seconded by the fine fervid countenance of the writer. A volume of these juvenile poems was published in 1817. In 1818 Keats published his 'Endymion, a Poetic Romance,' defective in many parts, but evincing rich though undisciplined powers of imagination. The poem was criticised, in a strain of contemptuous severity, by Mr. John Wilson Croker in the 'Quarterly Review;' and such was the sensitiveness of the young poet—panting for distinction, and flattered by a few private friends—that the critique imbittered his existence. 'The first effects,' says Shelley, 'are described to me to have resembled insanity, and it was by assiduous watching that he was restrained from effecting purposes of suicide. The agony of his sufferings at length produced the rupture of a blood-vessel in the lungs, and the usual process of consumption appears to have begun.' The process *had* begun, as was too soon apparent; but the disease was a family one, and would probably have appeared had no hostile criticism existed. Lord Houghton, Keats's

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biographer, states that the young poet profited by the attacks of the critics, their effect being 'to purify his style, correct his tendency to exaggeration, enlarge his poetical studies, and produce, among other improved efforts, that very 'Hyperion' which called forth from Byron a eulogy as violent and unqualified as the former onslaught.' Byron had termed the juvenile poetry of Keats, 'the drivelling idiotism of the manikin.' Keats's poetry falling into the hands of Jeffrey, he criticised it in the 'Edinburgh Review,' in a spirit of kindliness and just appreciation which formed a strong contrast to the criticism in the 'Quarterly.' But this genial critique did not appear till 1820, too late to cheer the then dying poet. 'Mr. Keats,' says the eloquent critic, 'is, we understand, still a very young man; and his whole works, indeed, bear evidence enough of the fact. They manifestly require, therefore, all the indulgence that can be claimed for a first attempt; but we think it no less plain that they deserve it; for they are flushed all over with the rich lights of fancy, and so coloured and bestrown with the flowers of poetry, that, even while perplexed and bewildered in their labyrinths, it is impossible to resist the intoxication of their sweetness, or to shut our hearts to the enchantments they so lavishly present.

'The models upon which he has formed himself in the "Endymion," the earliest and by much the most considerable of his poems, are obviously the "Faithful Shepherdess" of Fletcher, and the "Sad Shepherd" of Ben Jonson, the exquisite metres and inspired diction of which he has copied with great boldness and fidelity; and, like his great originals, has also contrived to impart to the whole piece that true rural and poetical air which breathes only in them and in Theocritus—which is at once homely and majestic, luxurious and rude, and sets before us the genuine sights, and sounds, and smells of the country, with all the magic and grace of Elysium.' The genius of the poet was still further displayed in his latest volume, 'Lamia, Isabella, the Eve of St. Agnes,' &c. This volume was well received. The state of the poet's health now became so alarming that, as a last effort for life, he was advised to try the milder climate of Italy. A young friend, Mr. Severn, an artist (now British consul at Rome), generously abandoned his professional prospects at home, in order to accompany Keats; and they sailed in September 1820. The invalid suffered severely during the voyage, and he had to endure a ten days' quarantine at Naples. The thoughts of a young lady to whom he was betrothed, and the too great probability that he would see her no more, added a deeper gloom to his mind, and he seems never to have rallied from this depression. At Rome, Mr. Severn watched over him with affectionate care; Dr. Clark also was unremitting in his attendance; but he daily got worse, and died on the 23d of February 1821. Keats was buried in the Protestant cemetery at Rome, one of the most beautiful spots on which the eye and heart of man can rest. 'It is,' says Lord Houghton, 'a grassy slope

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amid verdurous ruins of the Honorian walls of the diminished city, and surmounted by the pyramidal tomb which Petrarch attributed to Remus, but which antiquarian truth has ascribed to the humbler name of Caius Cestius, a tribune of the people only remembered by his sepulchre. In one of those mental voyages into the past which often precede death, Keats had told Severn that "he thought the intensest pleasure he had received in life was in watching the growth of flowers;" and another time, after lying a while still and peaceful, he said: "I feel the flowers growing over me." And there they do grow even all the winter long—violets and daisies mingling with the fresh herbage, and, in the words of Shelley, "making one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place." Keats had a few days before his death expressed a wish to Mr. Severn that on his gravestone should be the inscription: "Here lies one whose name was writ in water." Shelley honoured the memory of Keats with his exquisite elegy 'Adonais.' Even Byron felt that the young poet's death was a loss to literature. The fragment of 'Hyperion,' he said, "seems actually inspired by the Titans: it is as sublime as Æschylus."*

It was the misfortune of Keats, as a poet, to be either extravagantly praised or unmercifully condemned. The former was owing to the generous partialities of friendship, somewhat obtrusively displayed; the latter, in some degree, to resentment of that friendship, connected as it was with party politics and peculiar views of society as well as of poetry. In the one case his *faults*, and in the other his *merits*, were entirely overlooked. A few years dispelled these illusions and prejudices. Keats was a true poet. If we consider his extreme youth and delicate health, his solitary and interesting self-instruction, the severity of the attacks made upon him by his hostile and powerful critics, and, above all, the original richness and picturesqueness of his conceptions and imagery, even when they run to waste, he appears to be one of the greatest of the young poets—resembling the Milton of 'Lycidas,' or the Spencer of the 'Tears of the Muses.' What easy, finished, statuesque beauty and classic expression, for example, are displayed in this picture of Saturn and Thea!

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* Byron could not, however, resist the seeming smartness of saying in *Don Juan* that Keats was killed off by one critique:

'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuffed out by an article!

Mr. Croker, writing to a friend about this 'article,' in a letter which we have seen, said: 'Gifford added some pepper to my grill.' . . miserable piece of cookery they made of it! High as is now the fame of Keats, it is said he died 'admired only by his personal friends and by Shelley: and even ten years after his death, when the first Memoir was proposed, the woman he had loved had so little belief in his poetical reputation, that she wrote to Mr. Dilke: "The kindest act would be to let him rest for ever in the obscurity to which circumstances have condemned him."'—*Papers of a Critic*, vol. i. p. 11.

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Saturn and Thea.—From 'Hyperion.'

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
Sat gray-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair;
Forest on Forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feathered grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
By reason of his fallen divinity
Spreading a shade: the Naiad 'mid her reeds
Pressed her cold finger closer to her lips.
Along the margin sand large footmarks went
No further than to where his feet had strayed,
And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
Unsceptred; and his realmless eyes were closed;
While his bowed head seemed listening to the earth,
His ancient mother for some comfort yet.
It seemed no force could wake him from his place;
But there came one, who with a kindred hand
Touched his wide shoulders, after bending low
With reverence, though to one who knew it not.
She was a goddess of the infant world;
By her in stature the tall Amazon
Had stood a pigmy's height: she would have ta'en
Achilles by the hair, and bent his neck;
Or with a finger stayed Ixion's wheel.
Her face was large as that of Memphian sphinx,
Pedestaled haply in a palace court,
When sages looked to Egypt for their lore.
But oh! how unlike marble was that face!
How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self!
There was a listening fear in her regard,
As if calamity had but begun;
As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
Was, with its stored thunder, labouring up.
One hand she pressed upon that aching spot
Where beats the human heart, as if just there,
Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain;
The other upon Saturn's bended neck
She laid, and to the level of his ear
Leaning with parted lips, some words she spake
In solemn tenor and deep organ tone;
Some mouring words, which in our feeble tongue
Would come in these like accents—oh! how frail.
To that large utterance of the early gods!—
'Saturn, look up! though wherefore, poor old king?
I cannot say, "O wherefore sleepest thou?"
For heaven is parted from thee, and the earth
Knows thee not, thus afflicted, for a god;
And ocean, too, with all its solemn noise,
Has from thy sceptre passed, and all the air
Is emptied of thine hoary majesty,
Thy thunder, conscious of the new command,

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Rumbles reluctant o'er our fallen house,
And thy sharp lightning in unpractised hands
Scorches and burns our once serene domain.
O aching time! O moments big as years!
All, as ye pass, swell out the monstrous truth,
And press it so upon our weary griefs
That unbelief has not a space to breathe.
Saturn, sleep on! Oh, thoughtless, why did I
Thus violate thy slumbrous solitude?
Why should I ope my melancholy eyes?
Saturn, sleep on! while at thy feet I weep.'

As when, upon a tranced summer night,
Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
Save from one gradual solitary gust
Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,
As if the ebbing air had but one wave;
So came these words and went.

The antique grace and solemnity of passages like this must be felt by every lover of poetry. The chief defects of Keats are his want of distinctness and precision, and the carelessness of his style. There would seem to have been even affectation in his disregard of order and regularity; and he heaps up images and conceits in such profusion, that they often form grotesque and absurd combinations, which fatigue the reader. Deep feeling and passion are rarely given to young poets redolent of fancy, and warm from the perusal of the ancient authors. The difficulty with which Keats had mastered the classic mythology gave it an undue importance in his mind; a more perfect knowledge would have harmonised its materials, and shewn him the beauty of chasteness and simplicity of style; but Mr. Leigh Hunt is right in his opinion that the poems of Keats, with all their defects, will be the 'sure companions in field and grove' of those who love to escape 'out of the strife of commonplaces into the haven of solitude and imagination.'

One line in 'Endymion' has become familiar as a 'household word' wherever the English language is spoken—

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.

The Lady Madeline at her Devotions.—From the 'Eve of St. Agnes.'

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
Its little smoke in pallid moonshine died:
She closed the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air and visions wide:
No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!
But to her heart her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side;
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain, and die heart-stifled in her dell.

A casement high and triple-arched there was
All garlanded with carven imageries

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Of fruit, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device
Innumerable, of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep damasked wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory like a saint:
She seemed a splendid angel newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven: Porphyro grew faint:
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

Hymn to Pan.—From 'Endymion.'

O thou, whose mighty palace-roof doth hang
From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth
Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life, death
Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness;
Who lovest to see the hamadryads dress
Their ruffled locks where meeting hazels darken;
And through whose solemn hours dost sit, and hearken
The dreary melody of bedded reeds—
In desolate places, where dank moisture breeds
The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth,
Bethinking thee, how melancholy loath
Thou wast to lose fair Syrinx—do thou now,
By thy love's milky brow,
By all the trembling mazes that she ran,
Hear us, great Pan!

O thou for whose soul-soothing quiet turtles
Passion their voices cooingly 'mong myrtles,
What time thou wanderest at eventide
Through sunny meadows that outskirt the side
Of thine embossed realms: O thou to whom
Broad-leaved fig-trees even now foredoom
Their ripened fruitage; yellow-girted bees
Their golden honeycombs; our village leas
Their fairest blossomed beans and poppied corn;
The chuckling linnet its five young unborn,
To sing for thee; low creeping strawberries
Their summer coolness; pent-up butterflies
Their freckled wings; yea, the fresh budding year
All its completion—be quickly near,
By every wind that nods the mountain pine,
O forester divine!

Thou to whom every faun and satyr flies
For willing service; whether to surprise
The squatted hare while in half-sleeping fit;
Or upward ragged precipices flit
To save poor lambkins from the eagle's maw;
Or by mysterious enticement draw
Bewildered shepherds to their path again;
Or to tread breathless round the frothy main,

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And gather up all fancifulest shells
For thee to tumble into Naiads' cells,
And, being hidden, laugh at their out-peeping;
Or to delight thee with fantastic leaping,
The while they pelt each other on the crown
With silvery oak-apples, and fir-cones brown—
By all the echoes that about thee ring,
Hear us, O satyr king!

O hearkener to the loud-clapping shears,
While ever and anon to his shorn peers
A ram goes bleating: winder of the horn,
When snouted wild-boars, routing tender corn,
Anger our huntsmen: breather round our farms,
To keep off mildews and all weather harms:
Strange ministrant of undescribèd sounds,
That come a-swooning over hollow grounds,
And wither drearily on barren moors:
Dread opener of the mysterious doors
Leading to universal knowledge—see,
Great son of Dryope,
The many that are come to pay their vows,
With leaves about their brows!

Be still the unimaginable lodge
For solitary thinkings; such as dodge
Conception to the very bourne of heaven,
Then leave the naked brain; be still the leaven,
That, spreading in this dull and clodded earth,
Gives it a touch ethereal—a new birth:
Be still a symbol of immensity;
A firmament reflected in a sea;
An element filling the space between;
An unknown—but no more: we humbly screen
With uplift hands our foreheads, lowly bending,
And giving out a shout most heaven-rending,
Conjure thee to receive our humble Pæan,
Upon thy Mount Lycean!

Ode to a Nightingale.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness,
That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provencal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm south,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

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Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret,
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the queen-moon is on her throne,
Clustered around by all her starry fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous blooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable moth endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast fading violets covered up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Called him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstacy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oftimes hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the hill-stream.

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Up the hillside; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley's glades:
Was it a vision or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?

To Autumn.

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage tree,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes, whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind:
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,
While barrèd clouds bloom the soft dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river swallows, borne aloft,
Or sinking, as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now, with treble soft,
The redbreast whistles from a garden croft,
And gathering swallows twitter from the skies.

Sonnets.

On First Looking into Chapman's Homer.

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdom seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

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On England.

Happy is England! I could be content
To see no other verdure than its own;
To feel no other breezes than are blown
Through its tall woods with high romances blent
Yet do I sometimes feel a languishment
For skies Italian, and an inward groan
To sit upon an Alp as on a throne.
And half forgot what world or worldling meant.
Happy is England, sweet her artless daughters;
Enough their simple loveliness for me;
Enough their whitest arms in silence clinging:
Yet do I often warmly burn to see
Beauties of deeper glance and hear their singing,
And float with them about their summer waters.

DR. REGINALD HEBER.

DR. REGINALD HEBER, bishop of Calcutta, was born April 21, 1788, at Malpas in Cheshire, where his father had a living. In his seventeenth year he was admitted of Brazen-nose College, Oxford, and soon distinguished himself by his classical attainments. In 1803 he obtained the university prize for Latin hexameters, his subject being the 'Carmen Seculare.' Applying himself to English verse, Heber, in 1803, composed his poem of 'Palestine,' which has been considered the best prize-poem the university has ever produced. Parts of it were set to music; and it had an extensive sale. Previous to its recitation in the theatre of the university, the young author read it to Sir Walter Scott, then on a visit to Oxford; and Scott observed, that in the verses on Solomon's Temple, one striking circumstance had escaped him—namely, that no tools were used in its construction. Reginald retired for a few minutes to the corner of the room, and returned with the beautiful lines:

No hammer fell, no ponderous axes rung;
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung.
Majestic silence!

His picture of Palestine, in its now fallen and desolate state, is pathetic and beautiful:

Palestine.

Reft of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widowed Queen! forgotten Sion, mourn!
Is this thy place, sad city, this thy throne,
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone?
While suns unblest their angry lustre fling,
And wayworn pilgrims seek the scanty spring?
Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy viewed?
Where now thy might, which all those kings subdued?
No martial myriads muster in thy gate;
No suppliant nations in thy temple wait;
No prophet-bards, the glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song:
But lawless Force and meagre Want are there,
And the quick-darting eye of restless Fear,
While cold Oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid,
Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade.

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He has also given a striking sketch of the Druses, the hardy mountain race descended from the Crusaders:

The Druses.

Fierce, hardy, proud, in conscious freedom bold,
Those stormy seats the warrior Druses hold;
From Norman blood their lofty line they trace,
Their lion-courage proves their generous race.
They, only they, while all around them kneel
In sullen homage to the Thracian steel,
Teach their pale despot's waning moon to fear
The patriot terrors of the mountain spear.
Yes, valorous chiefs, while yet your sabres shine,
The native guard of feeble Palestine,
Oh, ever thus, by no vain boast dismayed,
Defend the birthright of the cedar shade!
What though no more for you the obedient gale
Swells the white bosom of the Tyrian sail;
Though now no more your glittering marts unfold
Sidonian dyes and Lusitanian gold;
Though not for you the pale and sickly slave
Forgets the light in Ophir's wealthy cave;
Yet yours the lot, in proud contentment blest,
Where cheerful labour leads to tranquil rest.
No robber-rage the ripening harvest knows;
And unrestrained the generous vintage flows;
Nor less your sons to manliest deeds aspire;
And Asia's mountains glow with Spartan fire,
So when, deep sinking in the rosy main,
The western sun forsakes the Syrian plain,
His watery rays refracted lustre shed,
And pour their latest light on Carmel's head,
Yet shines your praise, amid surrounding gloom,
As the lone lamp that trembles in the tomb;
For few the souls that spurn a tyrant's chain,
And small the bounds of freedom's scanty reign.

In 1805 Heber took his degree of B.A., and the same year gained the prize for the English essay. He was elected to a fellowship at All Souls' College, and soon after went abroad, travelling over Germany, Russia, and the Crimea. On his return he took his degree of A.M. at Oxford. He appeared again as a poet in 1809, his subject being 'Europe, or Lines on the Present War.' The struggle in Spain formed the predominating theme of Heber's poem. He was now presented to the living of Hodnet; and at the same time he married Amelia, daughter of Dr. Shipley, dean of St. Asaph. The duties of a parish pastor were discharged by Heber with unostentatious fidelity and application. He also applied his vigorous intellect to the study of divinity, and in 1815 preached the Bampton Lecture, the subject selected by him for a course of sermons being the Personality and Office of the Christian Comforter. He was an occasional contributor to the 'Quarterly Review;' and in 1822 he wrote a copious life of Jeremy Taylor, and a review of his writings, for a complete edition of Taylor's works. Contrary to the advice of prudent friends, he accepted, in 1823, the difficult task of bishop of Calcutta, and no man

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could have entered on his mission with a more Christian or apostolic spirit. His whole energies appear to have been devoted to the projourney to Travancore, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Doran, of the Church Missionary Society. On the 1st of April he arrived at Trichinopoly, and had twice service on the day following. He went the next day, Monday, at six o'clock in the morning, to see the native Chistians in the fort, and attend divine service. He then returned to the house of a friend, and went into the bath preparatory to his dressing for breakfast. His servant, conceiving he remained too long, entered the room, and found the bishop dead at the bottom of the bath. Medical assistance was applied, but every effort proved ineffectual; death had been caused by apoplexy. The loss of so valuable a public man, equally beloved and venerated, was mourned by all classes, and every honour was paid to his memory. At the time of his death he was only in his forty-third year—a period too short to have developed those talents and virtues which, as one of his admirers in India remarked, rendered his course in life, from the moment that he was crowned with academical honours till the day of his death, one track of light, the admiration of Britain and of India. The widow of Dr. Heber published a Memoir of his Life, with selections from his letters; and also a Narrative of his Journey through the Upper Provinces of India from Calcutta to Bombay.

Missionary Hymn.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft on Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strewn,
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high;
Shall we to man benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

From Bishop Heber's Journal.

If thou wert by my side, my love,
How fast would evening fail,
In green Bengala's palmy grove,
Listening the nightingale!

If thou, my love, wert by my side,
My babies at my knee,
How gaily would our pinnace glide
O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning gray,
When on our deck reclined,
In careless ease my limbs I lay,
And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream
My twilight steps I guide,
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try
The lingering noon to cheer,
But miss thy kind approving eye,
Thy meek attentive ear.

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But when of morn or eve the star
Beholds me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on! then on! where duty leads,
My course be onward still;
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads,
O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

That course, nor Delhi's kingly gates,
Nor wild Malwah detain;
For sweet the bliss us both awaits
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,
Across the dark-blue sea;
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay
As then shall meet in thee!

CHARLES WOLFE.

The Rev. Charles Wolfe (1791–1823), a native of Dublin, may be said to have earned a literary immortality by one short poem. Reading in the 'Edinburgh Annual Register' a description of the death and interment of Sir John Moore on the battle-field of Corunna, this amiable young poet turned it into verse with such taste, pathos, and even sublimity, that his poem has obtained an imperishable place in our literature. The subject was attractive—the death of a brave and popular general on the field of battle, and his burial by his companions-in-arms—and the poet himself dying when young, beloved and lamented by his friends, gave additional interest to the production. The ode was published anonymously in an Irish newspaper in 1817, and was ascribed to various authors; Shelly considering it not unlike a first draught by Campbell. In 1841 it was claimed by a Scottish student and teacher, who ungenerously and dishonestly sought to pluck the laurel from the grave of its owner. The friends of Wolfe came forward, and established his right beyond any further question or controversy; and the new claimant was forced to confess his imposture, at the same time expressing his contrition for his misconduct. Wolfe was a curate in the established church, and died of consumption. His literary remains have been published, with a memoir of his life by Archdeacon Russell.

The Burial of Sir John Moore.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried:
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

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We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory!

The passage in the 'Edinburgh Annual Register' (1808) on which Wolfe founded his ode was written by Southey, and is as follows: 'Sir John Moore had often said that if he was killed in battle, he wished to be buried where he fell. The body was removed at midnight to the citadel of Corunna. A grave was dug for him on the rampart there by a body of the 9th regiment, the aides-de-camp attending by turns. No coffin could be procured, and the officers of his staff wrapped the body, dressed as it was, in a military cloak and blankets. The interment was hastened; for about eight in the morning some firing was heard, and the officers feared that if a serious attack were made, they should be ordered away, and not suffered to pay him their last duty. The officers of his family bore him to the grave; the funeral-service was read by the chaplain; and the corpse was covered with earth.' In 1817 Wolfe took orders, and was first curate of Ballyclog, in Tyrone, and afterwards of Donoughmore. His incessant attention to his duties, in a wild and scattered parish, not only quenched his poetical enthusiasm, but hurried him to an untimely grave.

Song.

The following pathetic lyric is adapted to the Irish air 'Grammachree.' Wolfe said he on one occasion sung the air over and over till he burst into a flood of tears, in which mood he composed the song.

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be:
It never through my mind had passed
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last
And thou shouldst smile no more!

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain!

But when I speak—thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

If thou wouldst stay e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own;
But there I lay thee in thy grave—
And I am now alone!

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I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
In thinking too of thee:
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore!

THE DIBDINS—JOHN COLLINS.

CHARLES DIBDIN (1745-1814) was celebrated as a writer of naval songs, 'the solace of sailors in long voyages, in storms, and in battles,' and he was also an actor and dramatist. His sea-songs are said to exceed a thousand in number! His sons, Charles and Thomas, were also dramatists and song-writers, but inferior to the elder Dibdin. THOMAS DIBDIN (1771-1841) published his 'Reminiscences,' containing curious details of theatrical affairs. We subjoin two of the sea-songs of the elder Charles Dibdin:

Tom Bowling.

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling.
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For Death has broached him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare;
His friends were many and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair:
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly;
Ah, many's the time and oft!
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus Death, who kings and tars despatches,
In vain Tom's life has doffed;
For though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

Poor Jack.

Go, patter to lubbers and swabs, do you see,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
A tight-water boat and good sea-room give me,
And it a'nt to a little I'll strike.
Though the tempest top-gallant mast smack smooth should smite
And shiver each splinter of wood,
Clear the deck, stow the yards, and bouse everything tight
And under reef foresail we'll scud:
Avast! nor don't think me a milksop so soft,
To be taken for trifles aback;
For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!

I heard our good chaplain palaver one day
About souls, heaven, mercy and such;
And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and belay;
Why, 'twas just all as one as High Dutch;
For he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
Without orders that come down below;
And a many fine things that proved clearly to me
That Providence takes us in tow:
For, says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so soft
Take the top-sails of sailors aback,
There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!

We may add here an English song as truly national as any of Dibdin's, though of a totally different character. It was written by JOHN COLLINS, of whom we can learn nothing except that he was one of the proprietors of the 'Birmingham Daily Chronicle,' and died in 1808. It seems to have been suggested by Dr. Walter Pope's song of 'The Old Man's Wish.'

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In the Downhill of Life.

In the downhill of life, when I find I'm declining,
May my lot no less fortunate be
Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for reclining,
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea;
With an ambling pad-pony to pace o'er the lawn,
While I carol away idle sorrow,
And blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn,
Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade too,
As the sunshine or rain may prevail;
And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade too,
With a barn for the use of the flail:
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow;
I'll envy no nabob his riches or fame,
Nor what honours await him to-morrow

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely
Secured by a neighbouring hill;
And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly
By the sound of a murmuring rill:
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
With my friends may I share what to-day may afford,
And let them spread the table to-morrow.

And when I at last must throw off this frail covering
Which I've worn for three-score years and ten,
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hovering,
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again:
But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow;
As this old worn-out stuff which is threadbare to-day,
May become everlasting to-morrow.

HERBERT KNOWLES.

HERBERT KNOWLES, a native of Canterbury (1798-1817), produced, when a youth of eighteen, the following fine religious stanzas, which, being published in an article by Southey in the 'Quarterly Review,' soon obtained general circulation and celebrity: they have much of the steady faith and devotional earnestness of Cowper.

Lines Written in the Churchyard of Richmond, Yorkshire.

Lord, it is good for us to be here: if thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias.—*Matthew* xvii. 4.

Methinks it is good to be here.
If thou wilt let us build—but for whom?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear;
But the shadows of eve that encompass with gloom
The abode of the dead and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? Ah no!
Affrighted, he shrinketh away;
For see, they would pin him below
In a small narrow cave, and, begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

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To Beauty? Ah no! she forgets
The charms which she wielded before;
Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
The skin which but yesterday fools could adore.
For the smoothness it held or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride,
The trappings which dizen the proud?
Alas, they are all laid aside,
And here's neither dress nor adornments allowed,
But the long winding-sheet and the fringe of the shroud.

To Riches? Alas! 'tis in vain;
Who hid. in their turns have been hid;
The treasures are squandered again;
And here in the grave are all metals forbid
But the tinsel that shines on the dark coffin-lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford,
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
Ah! here is a plentiful board!
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?
Ah no! they have withered and died,
Or fled with the spirit above.
Friends, brothers, and sisters are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow?—the dead cannot grieve;
Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,
Which Compassion itself could relieve.
Ah, sweetly they slumber, nor love, hope, or fear;
Peace! peace is the watchward, the only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?
Ah no! for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow!
Beneath the cold dead, and around the dark stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise!
The second to Faith, which insures it fulfilled;
And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both when He rose to the skies.

ROBERT POLLOK.

In 1827 appeared a religious poem in blank verse, entitled 'The Course of Time,' by Robert Pollok, which speedily rose to great popularity, especially among the more serious and dissenting classes in Scotland. The author was a young licentiate of the Scottish Secession Church. Many who scarcely ever looked into modern poetry were tempted to peruse a work which embodied their favourite theological tenets, set off with the graces of poetical fancy and description; while to the ordinary readers of imaginative literature, the poem had force and originality enough to challenge an attentive perusal. 'The Course of Time' is a long poem, extending to ten books, written in a style that sometimes imitates the lofty march of Milton, and at other

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times resembles that of Blair and Young. The object of the poet is to describe the spiritual life and destiny of man; and he varies his religious speculations with episodical pictures and narratives, to illustrate the effects of virtue or vice. The sentiments of the author are strongly Calvinistic, and in this respect, as well as in a certain crude ardour of imagination and devotional enthusiasm, the poem reminds us of the style of the old Scottish theologians. It is often harsh, turgid, and vehement, and deformed by a gloomy piety which repels the reader, in spite of many fine passages and images that are scattered throughout the work. With much of the spirit and the opinions of Cowper, Pollok wanted his taste. Time might have mellowed the fruits of his genius; for certainly the design of such an extensive poem, and the possession of a poetical diction copious and energetic, by a young man reared in circumstances by no means favourable for the cultivation of a literary taste, indicate remarkable intellectual power and force of character. 'The Course of Time,' says Professor Wilson, 'though not a poem, overflows with poetry.' Hard as was the lot of the young poet in early life, he reverts to that period with poetic rapture:

> Wake, dear remembrances! wake, childhood-days!
> Loves, friendships, wake! and wake thou, morn and even!
> Sun, with thy orient locks, night, moon, and stars!
> And thou, celestial bow, and all ye woods,
> And hills and vales, first trode in dawning life,
> And hours of holy musing, wake!

Robert Pollok was destined, like Henry Kirke White, to an early grave. He was born in the year 1799, at Muirhouse, in the parish of Eaglesham, Renfrewshire, and after the usual instruction in country schools, was sent to the university of Glasgow. He studied five years in the divinity hall under Dr. Dick. Some time after leaving college, he wrote a series of 'Tales of the Covenanters,' in prose, which were published anonymously. His application to his studies brought on symptoms of pulmonary disease, and shortly after he received his license to preach, in the spring of 1827, it was too apparent that his health was in a precarious and dangerous state. This tendency was further confirmed by the composition of his poem. Removal to the south-west of England was pronounced necessary for the poet's pulmonary complaint, and he went to reside at Shirley Common, near Southampton. The milder air of this place effected no improvement, and after lingering on a few weeks, Pollok died on the 17th of September 1827. The same year had witnessed his advent as a preacher and a poet, and his untimely death. 'The Course of Time,' however, continued to be a popular poem, and has gone through a vast number of editions, both in this country and in America, while the interest of the public in its author has led to a memoir of his life, published in 1843. Pollok was interred in the churchyard at Millbrook, the parish in which Shirley Common is situated, and some

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of his admirers have erected an obelisk of granite to point out the poet's grave.

Love.—From Book V.

Hail love, first love, thou word that sums all bliss!
The sparkling cream of all Time's blessedness,
The silken down of happiness complete!
Discerner of the ripest grapes of joy
She gathered and selected with her hand,
All finest relishes, all fairest sights,
All rarest odours, all divinest sounds,
All thoughts, all feelings dearest to the soul:
And brought the holy mixture home, and filled
The heart with all superlatives of bliss.
But who would that expound, which words transcends,
Must talk in vain. Behold a meeting scene
Of early love, and thence infer its worth.

It was an eve of autumn's holiest mood,
The corn-fields, bathed in Cynthia's silver light,
Stood ready for the reaper's gathering hand;
And all the winds slept soundly. Nature seemed
In silent contemplation to adore
Its maker. Now and then the aged leaf
Fell from its fellows, rustling to the ground;
And, as it fell, bade man think on his end.
On vale and lake, on wood and mountain high,
With pensive wing outspread, sat heavenly Thought,
Conversing with itself. Vesper looked forth
From out her western hermitage, and smiled:
And up the east, unclouded, rode the moon
With all her stars, gazing on earth intense
As if she saw some wonder working there.
Such was the night, so lovely, still, serene,
When, by a hermit thorn that on the hill
Had seen a hundred flowery ages pass,
A damsel kneeled to offer up her prayer—
Her prayer nightly offered, nightly heard.
This ancient thorn had been the meeting-place
Of love, before his country's voice had called
The ardent youth to fields of honour far
Beyond the wave: and hither now repaired,
Nightly, the maid, by God's all-seeing eye
Seen only, while she sought this boon alone—
'Her lover's safety, and his quick return.'
In holy, humble attitude she kneeled,
And to her bosom, fair as moonbeam, pressed
One hand, the other lifted up to heaven.
Her eye, upturned, bright as the star of morn,
As violet meek, excessive ardour streamed,
Wafting away her earnest heart to God.
Her voice, scarce uttered, soft as Zephyr's sighs
On morning's lily cheek, though soft and low,
Yet heard in heaven, heard at the mercy-seat.
A tear-drop wandered on her lovely face;
It was a tear of faith and holy fear;
Pure as the drops that hang at dawning-time
On yonder willows by the stream of life.
On her the moon looked steadfastly; the stars
That circle nightly round the eternal throne
Glanced down, well pleased; and everlasting Love
Gave gracious audience to her prayer sincere.

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Oh, had her lover seen her thus alone,
Thus holy, wrestling thus, and all for him!
Nor did he not; for ofttimes Providence
With unexpected joy the fervent prayer
Of faith surprised. Returned from long delay,
With glory crowned of righteous actions won,
The sacred thorn, to memory dear, first sought
The youth, and found it at the happy hour
Just when the damsel kneeled herself to pray.
Wrapped in devotion, pleading with her God,
She saw him not, heard not his foot approach.
All holy images seemed too impure
To emblem her he saw. A seraph kneeled,
Beseeching for his ward before the throne,
Seemed fittest, pleased him best. Sweet was the thought!
But sweeter still the kind remembrance came
That she was flesh and blood formed for himself,
The plighted partner of his future life.
And as they met, embraced, and sat embowered
In woody chambers of the starry night,
Spirits of love about them ministered,
And God approving, blessed the holy joy!

Friendship.—From the Same.

Nor unremembered is the hour when friends
Met. Friends, but few on earth, and therefore dear;
Sought oft, and sought almost as oft in vain;
Yet always sought, so native to the heart,
So much desired and coveted by all.
Nor wonder thou—thou wonderest not, nor need'st.
Much beautiful, and excellent, and fair
Was seen beneath the sun; but nought was seen
More beautiful, or excellent or fair
Than face of faithful friend, fairest when seen
In darkest day; and many sounds were sweet,
Most ravishing and pleasant to the ear;
But sweeter none than voice of faithful friend:
Sweet always, sweetest heard in loudest storm.
Some I remember, and will ne'er forget;
My early friends, friends of my evil day;
Friends in my mirth, friends in my misery too:
Friends given by God in mercy and in love;
My counsellors, and comforters, and guides;
My joy in bliss, my second bliss in joy;
Companions of my young desires; in doubt,
My oracles, my wings in high pursuit.
Oh, I remember, and will ne'er forget
Our meeting spots, our chosen sacred hours,
Our burning words that uttered all the soul,
Our faces beaming with unearthly love;
Sorrow with sorrow sighing, hope with hope
Exulting, heart embracing heart entire!
As birds of social feather helping each
His fellow's flight, we soared into the skies,
And cast the clouds beneath our feet, and earth,
With all her tardy leaden-footed cares,
And talked the speech, and ate the food of heaven!
These I remember, these selectest men,
And would their names record; but what avails
My mention of their name? Before the throne
They stand illustrious 'mong the loudest harps,

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And will receive thee glad, my friend and theirs—
For all are friends in heaven, all faithful friends;
And many friendships in the days of time
Begun, are lasting here, and growing still;
So grows ours evermore, both theirs and mine.
Nor is the hour of lonely walk forgot
In the wide desert, where the view was large.
Pleasant were many scenes, but most to me
The solitude of vast extent, untouched
By hand of art, where nature sowed herself,
And reaped her crops; whose garments were the clouds;
Whose minstrels, brooks; whose lamps, the moon and stars;
Whose organ-choir, the voice of many waters;
Whose banquets, morning dews; whose heroes, storms;
Whose warriors, mighty winds; whose lovers, flowers;
Whose orators, the thunderbolts of God;
Whose palaces, the everlasting hills;
Whose ceiling, heaven's unfathomable blue;
And from whose rocky turrets, battled high,
Prospect immense spread out on all sides round,
Lost now beneath the welkin and the main,
Now walled with hills that slept above the storm.
Most fit was such a place for musing men,
Happiest sometimes when musing without aim.

Happiness.—From the same.

Whether in crowds or solitudes, in streets
Or shady groves, dwelt Happiness, it seems
In vain to ask; her nature makes it vain;
Though poets much, and hermits, talked and sung
Of brooks and crystal founts, and weeping dews,
And myrtle bowers, and solitary vales,
And with the nymph made assignations there,
And wooed her with a love-sick oaten reed;
And sages too, although less positive,
Advised their sons to court her in the shade.
Delirious babble all! Was happiness
Was self-approving, God-approving joy,
In drops of dew, however pure? in gales,
However sweet? in wells, however clear?
Or groves, however thick with verdant shade?
True, these were of themselves exceeding fair;
How fair at morn and even! worthy the walk
Of loftiest mind, and gave, when all within
Was right, a feast of overflowing bliss;
But were the occasion, not the cause of joy.
They waked the native fountains of the soul
Which slept before, and stirred the holy tides
Of feeling up, giving the heart to drink
From its own treasures draughts of perfect sweet.
The Christian faith, which better knew the heart
Of man, him thither sent for peace, and thus
Declared: Who finds it, let him find it there;
Who finds it not, for ever let him seek
In vain; 'tis God's most holy, changeless will,
True Happiness had no localities,
No tones provincial, no peculiar garb.
Where Duty went, she went, with Justice went,
And went with Meekness, Charity, and Love.
Where'er a tear was dried, a wounded heart
Bound up, a bruised spirit with the dew

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Of sympathy anointed, or a pang
Of honest suffering soothed, or injury
Repeated oft, as oft by love forgiven;
Where'er an evil passion was subdued,
Or Virtue's feeble embers fanned; where'er
A sin was heartily abjured and left;
Where'er a pious act was done, or breathed
A pious prayer, or wished a pious wish;
There was a high and holy place, a spot
Of sacred light, a most religious fane,
Where Happiness, descending, sat and smiled.
But these apart. In sacred memory lives
The morn of life, first morn of endless days,
Most joyful morn! Nor yet for nought the joy.
A being of eternal date commenced,
A young immortal then was born! And who
Shall tell what strange variety of bliss
Burst on the infant soul, when first it looked
Abroad on God's creation fair, and saw
The glorious earth and glorious heaven, and face
Of man sublime, and saw all new, and felt
All new! when thought awoke, though never more
To sleep! when first it saw, heard, reasoned, willed,
And triumphed in the warmth of conscious life!
Nor happy only, but the cause of joy,
Which those who never tasted always mourned.
What tongue!—no tongue shall tell what bliss o'erflowed
The mother's tender heart, while round her hung
The offspring of her love, and lisped her name;
As living jewels dropped unstained from heaven,
That made her fairer far, and sweeter seem,
Than every ornament of costliest hue!
And who hath not been ravished, as she passed
With all her playful band of little ones,
Like Luna with her daughters of the sky,
Walking in matron majesty and grace?
All who had hearts here pleasure found: and oft
Have I, when tired with heavy task, for tasks
Were heavy in the world below, relaxed
My weary thoughts among their guiltless sports,
And led them by their little hands a-field,
And watched them run and crop the tempting flower—
Which oft, unasked, they brought me, and bestowed
With smiling face, that waited for a look
Of praise—and answered curious questions, but
In much simplicity, but ill to solve:
And heard their observations strange and new;
And settled whiles their little quarrels, soon
Ending in peace, and soon forgot in love.
And still I looked upon their loveliness,
And sought through nature for similitudes
Of perfect beauty, innocence, and bliss,
And fairest imagery round me thronged:
Dew-drops at day-spring on a seraph's locks,
Roses that bathe about the well of life.
Young Loves, young Hopes, dancing on Morning's cheek,
Gems leaping in the coronet of Love!
So beautiful, so full of life, they seemed
As made entire of beams of angel's eyes.
Gay, guileless, sportive, lovely little things!
Playing around the den of sorrow, clad

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In smiles, believing in their fairy hopes,
And thinking man and woman true! all joy,
Happy all day, and happy all the night!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, a religious poet of deservedly high reputation, was borne at Irvine, in Ayrshire, November 4, 1771. His father was a Moravian missionary, who died whilst propagating Christianity in the Island of Tobago. The poet was educated at the Moravian school at Fulneck, near Leeds, but declined being a priest, and was put apprentice to a grocer at Mirfield, near Fulneck. In his sixteenth year, with 3s. 6d. in his pocket, he ran off from Mirfield, and after some suffering, became a shop-boy in the village of Wath, in Yorkshire. He next tried London, carrying with him a collection of his poems, but failed in his efforts to obtain a publisher. In 1791, he obtained a situation as clerk in a newspaper office in Sheffield; and his master failing, Montgomery, with the aid of friends, established the 'Sheffield Iris,' a weekly journal, which he conducted with marked ability, and in a liberal, conciliatory spirit, up to the year 1825. His course did not always run smooth. In January 1794, amidst the excitement of that agitated period, he was tried on a charge of having printed a ballad, written by a clergyman of Belfast, on the demolition of the Bastille in 1789; which was then interpreted into a seditious libel. The poor poet, notwithstanding the innocence of his intentions, was found guilty, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment in the castle of York, and to pay a fine of £20. In January 1795 he was tried for a second imputed political offence—a paragraph in his paper which reflected on the conduct of a magistrate in quelling a riot at Sheffield. He was again convicted, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment in York Castle, to pay a fine of £30, and to give security to keep the peace for two years. 'All the persons,' says the amiable poet, writing in 1840 'who were actively concerned in the prosecutions against me in 1794 and 1795, are dead, and, without exception, they died in peace with me. I believe I am quite correct in saying, that from each of them distinctly, in the sequel, I received tokens of good-will, and from several of them substantial proofs of kindness. I mention not this as a plea in extenuation of offences for which I bore the penalty of the law; I rest my justification, in these cases, now on the same grounds, and no other, on which I rested my justification then. I mention the circumstance to the honour of the deceased, and as an evidence that, amidst all the violence of that distracted time, a better spirit was not extinct, but finally prevailed, and by its healing influence did indeed comfort those who had been conscientious sufferers.'

Mr. Montgomery's first volume of poetry—he had previously written occasional pieces in his newspaper—appeared in 1806, and was entitled 'The Wanderer of Switzerland, and other Poems.' It speedily went

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through two editions; and his publishers had just issued a third, when the 'Edinburgh Review' of January 1807 'denounced the unfortunate volume in a style of such authoritative reprobation as no mortal verse could be expected to survive.' The critique, indeed, was insolent and unfeeling—written in the worst style of the 'Review,' when all the sins of its youth were full-blown and unchecked. Among other things, the reviewer predicted that in less than three years nobody would know the name of 'The Wanderer of Switzerland,' or of any other of the poems in the collection. Within eighteen months from the utterance of this oracle, a fourth impression—1500 copies—of the condemned volume was passing through the press whence the 'Edinburgh Review' itself was issued, and it has now reached nearly twenty editions. The next work of the poet was 'The West Indies,' a poem in four parts, written in honour of the abolition of the African slave-trade by the British legislature in 1807. The poem is in the heroic couplet, and possesses a vigour and freedom of description, and a power of pathetic painting, much superior to anything in the first volume. Mr. Montgomery afterwards published 'Prison Amusements,' written during his nine months' confinement in York Castle in 1794 and 1795. In 1813 he came forward with a more elaborate performance, 'The World before the Flood,' a poem in the heroic couplet, and extending to ten short cantos. His pictures of the antediluvian patriarchs in their happy valley, the invasion of Eden by the descendants of Cain, the loves of Javan and Zillah, the translation of Enoch, and the final deliverance of the little band of patriarch families from the hand of the giants, are sweet and touching, and elevated by pure and lofty feeling. Connected with some patriotic individuals in his own neighbourhood 'in many a plan for lessening the sum of human misery at home and abroad,' our author next published 'Thoughts on Wheels' (1817), directed against state lotteries; and 'The Climbing Boy's Soliloquies,' published about the same time, in a work written by different authors, to aid in effecting the abolition, at length happily accomplished, of the cruel and unnatural practice of employing boys in sweeping chimneys. In 1819 he published 'Greenland,' a poem in five cantos, containing a sketch of the ancient Moravian Church, its revival in the eighteenth century, and the origin of the missions by that people to Greenland in 1733. The poem, as published, is only a part of the author's original plan, but the beauty of its polar descriptions and episodes recommended it to public favour. The only other long poem by Mr. Montgomery is 'The Pelican Island,' suggested by a passage in Captain Flinder's voyage to Terra Australis, describing the existence of the ancient haunts of the pelican in the small islands on the coast of New Holland. The work is in blank verse, in nine short cantos, and the narrative is supposed to be delivered by an imaginary being who witnesses the series of events related, after the whole has happened. The poem abounds in minute and delicate descriptions of

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natural phenomena—has great felicity of diction and expression—and altogether possesses more of the power and fertility of the master than any other of the author's works.

Besides the works we have enumerated, Mr. Montgomery threw off a number of small effusions, published in different periodicals, and short translations from Dante and Petrarch. On his retirement in 1825 from the 'invidious station' of newspaper editor, which he had maintained for more than thirty years, through good report and evil report, his friends and neighbours of Sheffield, of every shade of political and religious distinction invited him to a public entertainment, at which the late Earl Fitzwilliam presided. There the happy and grateful poet 'ran through the story of his life even from his boyish days,' when he came amongst them, friendless and a stranger, from his retirement at Fulneck among the Moravian brethren, by whom he was educated in all but knowledge of the world. He spoke with pardonable pride of the success which had crowned his labours as an author. 'Not, indeed,' he said 'with fame and fortune, as these were lavished on my greater contemporaries, in comparison with whose magnificent possessions on the British Parnassus my small plot of ground is no more than Naboth's vineyard to Ahab's kingdom; but it is my own; it is no copyhold; I borrowed it, I leased it from none. Every foot of it I enclosed from the common myself; and I can say that not an inch which I had once gained have I ever lost.' In 1830 and 1831 Mr. Montgomery was selected to deliver a course of lectures at the Royal Institution on Poetry and General Literature, which he prepared for the press, and published in 1833. A pension of £200 per annum was, at the instance of Sir Robert Peel, conferred upon Mr. Montgomery, which he enjoyed till his death in 1854, at the ripe age of eighty-three. A collected edition of his works, with autobiographical and illustrative matter, was issued in 1841 in four volumes, and Memoirs of his Life and Writings have been published by two of his friends, John Holland and James Everett. A tone of generous and enlightened morality pervades all the writings of this poet. He was the enemy of the slave-trade and of every form of oppression, and the warm friend of every scheme of philanthropy and improvement. The pious and devotional feelings displayed in his early effusions colour all his poetry. In description, however, he is not less happy; and in his 'Greenland' and 'Pelican Island' there are passages of great beauty, evincing a refined taste and judgment in the selection of his materials. His late works had more vigour and variety than those by which he first became distinguished. Indeed, his fame was long confined to what is termed the religious world, till he shewed, by his cultivation of different styles of poetry, that his depth and sincerity of feeling, the simplicity of his taste, and the picturesque beauty of his language, were not restricted to purely spiritual themes. His smaller poems enjoy a popularity almost equal to those of Moore, which, though differing widely

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in subject, they resemble in their musical flow, and their compendious happy expression and imagery.

Greenland.

'Tis sunset; to the firmament serene
The Atlantic wave reflects a gorgeous scene;
Broad in the cloudless west, a belt of gold
Girds the blue hemisphere; above unrolled
The keen clear air grows palpable to sight,
Embodied in a flush of crimson light,
Through which the evening-star, with milder gleam,
Descends to meet her image in the stream.
Far in the east, what spectacle unknown
Allures the eye to gaze on it alone?
Amidst black rocks, that lift on either hand
Their countless peaks, and mark receding land;
Amidst a tortuous labyrinth of seas,
That shine around the Arctic Cyclades;
Amidst a coast of dreariest continent,
In many a shapeless promontory rent;
O'er rocks, seas, islands, promontories spread,
The ice-blink[1] rears its undulated head. (I)
On which the sun, beyond the horizon shrined,
Hath left his richest garniture behind;
Piled on a hundred arches, ridge by ridge,
O'er fixed and fluid strides the alpine bridge,
Whose blocks of sapphire seem to mortal eye
Hewn from cerulean quarries in the sky;
With glacier battlements that crowd the spheres,
The slow creation of six thousand years,
Amidst immensity it towers sublime,
Winter's eternal palace, built by Time:
All human structures by his touch are borne
Down to the dust: mountains themselves are worn
With his light footsteps; here for ever grows,
Amid the region of unmelting snows,
A monument: where every flake that falls
Gives adamantine firmness to the walls.
The sun beholds no mirror in his race,
That shews a brighter image of his face:
The stars, in their nocturnal vigils, rest
Like signal-fires on its illumined crest;
The gliding moon around the ramparts wheels,
And all its magic lights and shades reveals:
Beneath, the tide with equal fury raves,
To undermine it through a thousand caves;
Rent from its roof, though thundering fragments oft
Plunge to the gulf, immovable aloft,
From age to age, in air, o'er sea, on land,
Its turrets heighten and its piers expand.
Hark! through the calm and silence of the scene,
Slow, solemn, sweet, with many a pause between,
Celestial music swells along the air!
No! 'tis the evening-hymn of praise and prayer
From yonder deck, where, on the stern retired,

1 The term ice-blink is generally applied by mariners to the nocturnal illumination in the heavens, which denotes to them the proximity of ice-mountains. In this place a description is attempted of the most stupendous accumulation of ice in the known world, which has been long distinguished by this peculiar name by the Danish navigators.—MONTGOMERY.

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Three humble voyagers. (1) with looks inspired,
And hearts enkindled with a holier flame
Than ever lit to empire or to fame
Devoutly stand: their choral accents rise
On wings of harmony beyond the skies;
And, 'midst the songs that seraph-minstrels sing,
Day without night, to their immortal king
These simple strains, which erst Bohemian hills
Echoed to pathless woods and desert rills
Now heard from Shetland's azure bound—are known
In heaven; and He who sits upon the throne
In human form, with mediatorial power,
Remembers Calvary, and hails the hour
When, by the Almighty Father's high decree,
The utmost north to him shall bow the knee,
And, won by love, an untamed rebel race
Kiss the victorious sceptre of his grace.
Then to his eye, whose instant glance pervades
Heaven's heights, earth's circle, hell's profoundest shades,
Is there a group more lovely than those three
Night-watching pilgrims on the lonely sea?
Or to his ear, that gathers, in one sound,
The voices of adoring worlds around,
Comes there a breath of more delightful praise
Than the faint notes his poor disciples raise,
Ere on the treacherous main they sink to rest,
Secure as leaning on their Master's breast?
They sleep; but memory wakes; and dreams array
Night in a lively masquerade of day;
The land they seek, the land they leave behind,
Meet on mid-ocean in the plastic mind;
One brings forsaken home and friends so nigh,
That tears in slumber swell the unconscious eye:
The other opens, with prophetic view,
Perils which e'en their fathers never knew
(Though schooled by suffering, long inured to toil,
Outcasts and exiles from their natal soil);
Strange scenes, strange men; untold, untried distress;
Pain, hardships, famine, cold, and nakedness,
Diseases; death in every hideous form,
On shore, at sea, by fire, by flood, by storm;
Wild beasts, and wilder men—unmoved with fear,
Health, comfort, safety, life, they count not dear,
May they but hope a Saviour's love to shew,
And warn one spirit from eternal woe;
Nor will they faint, nor can they strive in vain,
Since thus to live is Christ, to die is gain.
'Tis morn: the bathing moon her lustre shrouds;
Wide o'er the east impends an arch of clouds
That spans the ocean; while the infant dawn
Peeps through the portal o'er the liquid lawn
That ruffled by an April gale appears,
Between the gloom and splendour of the sphere,
Dark-purple as the moorland heath, when rain
Hangs in low vapours over the autumnal plain:
Till the full sun, resurgent from the flood,
Looks on the waves, and turns them into blood;
But quickly kindling, as his beams aspire,
The lambent billows play in forms of fire.

1 The first Christian missionaries to Greenland.

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Where is the vessel? Shining through the light,
Like the white sea-fowl's horizontal flight.
Yonder she wings, and skims, and cleaves her way
Through refluent foam and iridescent spray.

Night.

Night is the time for rest;
How sweet, when labours close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose,
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed!

Night is the time for dreams;
The gay romance of life,
When truth that is, and truth that seems,
Blend in fantastic strife;
Ah! visions less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by daylight are!

Night is the time for toil;
To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield;
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sang or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep;
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory where sleep
The joys of other years;
Hopes that were angels in their birth,
But perished young like things on earth!

Night is the time to watch;
On ocean's dark expanse
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full moon's earliest glance,
That brings into the home-sick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care
Brooding on hours misspent,
To see the spectre of despair
Come to our lonely tent;
Like Brutus, 'midst his slumbering host,
Summoned to die by Cæsar's ghost.

Night is the time to think;
Then from the eye the soul
Takes flight, and on the utmost brink
Of yonder starry pole,
Discerns beyond the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray;
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away;
So will his followers do;
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And commune there alone with God.

Night is the time for death;
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath
From sin and suffering cease:
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends—such death be mine!

The Pelican Island.

Light as a flake of foam upon the wind,
Keel-upward from the deep emerged a shell,
Shaped like the moon ere half her horn is filled:
Fraught with young life, it righted as it rose,
And moved at will along the yielding water.
The native pilot of this little bark
Put out a tier of oars on either side,
Spread to the wafting breeze a twofold sail,
And mounted up and glided down the billow
In happy freedom, pleased to feel the air,
And wander in the luxury of light.
Worth all the dead creation, in that hour,
To me appeared this lonely Nautilus,
My fellow-being, like myself alive.
Entranced in contemplation, vague yet sweet,
I watched its vagrant course and rippling wake,
Till I forgot the sun amidst the heavens.
It closed, sunk dwindled to a point, then nothing;
While the last bubble crowned the dimpling eddy
Through which mine eye still giddily pursued it,
A joyous creature vaulted through the air—

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The aspiring fish that fain would be a bird,
On long, light wings, that flung a diamond-shower
Of dew-drops round its evanescent form,
Sprang into light and instantly descended.
Ere I could greet the stranger as a friend,
Or mourn his quick departure, on the surge
A shoal of dolphins, tumbling in wild glee,
Glowed with such orient tints, they might have been
The rainbow's offspring, when it met the ocean
In that resplendent vision I had seen.
While yet in ecstasy I hung o'er these,
With every motion pouring out fresh beauties,
As though the conscious colours came and went
At pleasure, glorying in their subtle changes—
Enormous o'er the flood, Leviathan
Looked forth, and from his roaring nostrils sent
Two fountains to the sky, then plunged amain
In headlong pastime through the closing gulf.

The Recluse.

A fountain issuing into light,
Before a marble palace, threw
To heaven its column, pure and bright,
Returning thence in showers of dew;
But soon a humbler course it took,
And glid away a nameless brook.

Flowers on its grassy margin sprang,
Flies o'er its eddying surface played;
Birds 'midst the alder-branches sang,
Flocks through the verdant meadows strayed;
The weary there lay down to rest,
And there the halcyon built her nest.

'Twas beautiful to stand and watch
The fountain's crystal turn to gems,
And from the sky such colours catch
As if 'twere raining diadems;
Yet all was cold and curious art,
That charmed the eye, but missed the heart.

Dearer to me the little stream,
Whose unimprisoned waters run,
Wild as the changes of a dream,
By rock and glen, through shade and sun;

Its lovely links had power to bind
In welcome chains my wandering mind.

So thought I when I saw the face
By happy portraiture revealed,
Of one adorned with every grace,
Her name and date from me concealed,
But not her story; she had been
The pride of many a splendid scene.

She cast her glory round a court,
And frolicked in the gayest ring,
Where fashion's high-born minions sport
Like sparkling fireflies on the wing;
But thence, when love had touched her soul,
To nature and to truth she stole.

From din, and pageantry, and strife,
'Midst woods and mountains, vales and plains,
She treads the paths of lowly life,
Yet in a bosom-circle reigns,
No fountain scattering diamond-showers,
But the sweet streamlet watering flowers.

Aspirations of Youth.

Higher, higher, will we climb,
Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country's story;
Happy, when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls!

Deeper, deeper, let us toil
In the mines of knowledge;
Nature's wealth and learning's spoil,
Win from school and college:
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward! onward, will we press
Through the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty.
Minds are of supernal birth,
Let us make a heaven of earth.

Closer, closer, then we knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside comforts sit,
In the wildest weather;
Oh, they wander wide who roam,
For the joys of life, from home.

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Nearer, dearer bands of love
Draw our souls in union,
To our Father's house above,
To the saints' communion;
Thither every hope ascend,
There may all our labours end.

The Common Lot.

Once, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man: and who was he?
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown:
His name has perished from the earth,
This truth survives alone:

That joy, and grief, and hope, and fear,
Alternate triumphed in his breast;
His bliss and woe—a smile, a tear!
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffered—but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoyed—but his delights are fled;
Had friends—his friends are now no more:
And foes—his foes are dead.

He loved—but whom he loved the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb:
Oh, she was fair! but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;
Encountered all that troubles thee:
He was—whatever thou hast been;
He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Ere while his portion, life, and light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of him afford no other trace
Than this—there lived a man!

Prayer.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death:
He enters heaven by prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, 'Behold, he prays!'

The saints in prayer appear as one
In word, and deed, and mind,
When with the Father and his Son
Their fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray!

Home.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside:
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores

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The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace;
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life!
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around;
Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home!

THE HON. WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER.

The HON. WILLIAM ROBERT SPENCER (1770–1834) published occasional poems of that description named *vers de societe*, whose highest object is to gild the social hour. They were exaggerated in compliment and adulation, and wittily parodied in the 'Rejected Addresses.' As a companion, Mr. Spencer was much prized by the brilliant circles of the metropolis; but, if we may credit an anecdote told by Rogers, he must have been heartless and artificial. Moore wished that Spencer should bail him when he was in custody after the affair of the duel with Jeffrey. 'Spencer did not seem much inclined to do so, remarking that he could not well go out, for it was *already twelve o'clock*, and he had to be dressed *by four*.' Spencer, falling into pecuniary difficulties, removed to Paris, where he died. His poems were collected and published in 1835. Mr. Spencer translated the 'Leonora' of Bürger with great success, and in a vein of similar excellence composed some original ballads, one of which, marked by simplicity and pathos, we subjoin:

Berth Gelert, or the Grave of the Greyhound.

The spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerily smiled the morn;
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Obeyed Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer:
'Come, Gelert, come, wert never last
Llewelyn's horn to hear.

'Oh, where doth faithful Gelert roam,
The flower of all his race;
So true, so brave—a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase?

'Twas only at Llewelyn's board
The faithful Gelert fed;
He watched, he served, he cheered his lord,
And sentinelled his bed.

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In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John;
But now no Gelert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as o'er the rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells
The many-mingled cries!

That day Llewelyn little loved
The chase of hart and hare;
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewelyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But, when he gained his castle-door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound all o'er was smeared with gore;
His lips, his fangs, ran blood.

Llewelyn gazed with fierce surprise;
Unused such looks to meet,
His favourite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched and licked his feet.

Onward, in haste, Llewelyn passed,
And on went Gelert too;
And still, where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shocked his view.

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
With blood-stained covert rent;
And all around, the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child—no voice replied—
He searched with terror wild;
Blood, blood he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child.

'Hell-hound! my child's by thee de-
The frantic father cried; [voured,
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side.

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
No pity could impart;
But still his Gelert's dying yell
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh:
What words the parent's joy could tell
To hear his infant's cry!

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap
His hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
The cherub boy he kissed.

Nor scathe had he, nor harm, nor dread,
But, the same couch beneath,
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Llewelyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear;
His gallant hound the wolf had slain
To save Llewelyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's woe!
'Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic blow which laid thee low
This heart shall ever rue.'

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture decked;
And marbles storied with his praise
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

There, never could the spearman pass,
Or forrester unmoved;
There, oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewelyn's sorrow proved.

And there he hung his horn and spear,
And there as evening fell,
In fancy's ear he oft would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell.

And, till great Snowden's rocks grow old,
And cease the storm to brave,
The consecrated spot shall hold
The name of Gelert's Grave.'

To ——.

Too late I stayed—forgive the crime;
Unheeded flew the hours;
How noiseless falls the foot of Time,
That only treads on flowers!

What eye with clear account remarks
The ebbing of the glass,
When all its sands are diamond sparks,
That dazzle as they pass!

Oh, who to sober measurement
Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of Paradise have lent
Their plumage for his wings!

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Stanzas.

When midnight o'er the moonless skies
Her pall of transient death has spread,
When morta's sleep, when spectres rise,
And nought is wakeful but the dead:

The shade of youthful hope is there,
That lingered long, and latest died;
Ambition all dissolved to air,
With phantom honours by his side.

No bloodless shape my way pursues,
No sheeted ghost my couch annoys;
Visions more sad my fancy views,
Visions of long-departed joys!

What empty shadows glimmer nigh?
They once were Friendship, Truth, and Love!
Oh, die to thought, to memory die,
Since lifeless to my heart ye prove!

These last two verses, Sir Walter Scott, who knew and esteemed Spencer, quotes in his diary, terming them 'fine lines,' and expressive of his own feelings amidst the wreck and desolation of his fortunes at Abbotsford.

HENRY LUTTRELL.

Another man of wit and fashion, and a pleasing versifier, was HENRY LUTTRELL (1770–1851), author of 'Advice to Julia: a Letter in Rhyme,' 1820, and 'Crockford House,' 1827. Mr. Luttrell was a favourite in the circle of Holland House: 'none of the talkers whom I meet in London society,' said Rogers, 'can slide in a brilliant thing with such readiness as he does.' The writings of these witty and celebrated conversationists seldom do justice to their talents, but there are happy descriptive passages and touches of light satire in Luttrell's verses. Rogers used to quote an epigram made by his friend on the celebrated vocalist, Miss Tree:

On this *tree* when a nightingale settles and sings,
The *tree* will return her as good as she brings.

Luttrell sat in the Irish parliament before the Union. He is said to have been a natural son of Lord Carhampton. The following are extracts from the 'Advice to Julia:'

London in Autumn.

'Tis August. Rays of fiercer heat
Full on the scorching pavement beat.
As o'er it the faint breeze, by fits
Alternate, blows and intermits.
For short-lived green, a russet brown
Stains every withering shrub in town.
Darkening the air, in clouds arise
Th' Egyptian plagues of dust and flies;

At rest, in motion—forced to roam
Abroad, or to remain at home,
Nature proclaims one common lot
For all conditions—'Be ye hot!'
Day is intolerable—Night
As close and suffocating quite:
And still the mercury mounts higher,
Till London seems *again* on fire.

The November Fog of London.

First, at the dawn of lingering day,
It rises of an ashy gray;
Then deepening with a sordid stain
Of yellow, like a lion's mane.
Vapour importunate and dense,
It wars at once with every sense.
The ears escape not. All around
Returns a dull unwonted sound.
Loath to stand still, afraid to stir,

The chilled and puzzled passenger,
Oft blundering from the pavement, fails
To feel his way along the rails;
Or at the crossings, in the roll
Of every carriage dreads the pole.
Scarce an eclipse, with pall so dun,
Blots from the face of heaven the sun.
But soon a thicker, darker cloak
Wraps all the town, behold, in smoke,

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Which steam-compelling trade disgorges
From all her furnaces and forges
In pitchy clouds, too dense to rise,
Descends rejected from the skies;
Till struggling day, extinguished quite
At noon gives place to candle-light.
O Chemistry, attractive maid,
Descend, in pity, to our aid:
Come with thy all-pervading gases,
Thy crucibles, retorts, and glasses,
Thy fearful energies and wonders,
Thy dazzling lights and mimic thunders;
Let Carbon in thy train be seen,
Dark Azote and fair Oxygen,
And Wollaston and Davy guide
The car that bears thee, at the side.
If any power can, any how
Abate these nuisances, 'tis thou;
And see, to aid thee, in the blow,
The bill of Michael Angelo;
Oh join—success a thing of course is—
Thy heavenly to his mortal forces;
Make all chimneys chew the cud
Like hungry cows, as chimneys should!
And since 'tis only smoke we draw
Within our lungs at common law,
Into their thirsty tubes be sent
Fresh air, by act of parliament.

HENRY GALLY KNIGHT.

Some Eastern tales in the manner and measure of Byron were written by an accomplished man of fortune, MR. HENRY GALLY KNIGHT (1786–1846). The first of these, 'Ilderim, a Syrian Tale,' was published in 1816. This was followed by 'Phrosyne, a Grecian Tale,' 'Alashtar, an Arabian Tale,' 1817. Mr. Knight also wrote a dramatic poem, 'Hannibal in Bithynia.' Though evincing poetical taste and correctness in the delineation of Eastern manners—for Mr. Knight had travelled—these poems failed in exciting attention; and their author turned to the study of our mediæval architecture. His 'Architectural Tour in Normandy,' and 'Ecclesiastical Architecture of Italy from the Time of Constantine to the Fifteenth Century'—the latter a splendidly illustrated work—are valuable additions to this branch of our historical literature.

SAYERS—HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

Several other minor poets of considerable merit at the beginning of this period, were read and admired by poetical students and critics, who have affectionately preserved their names, though the works they praised are now forgotten. DR. FRANK SAYERS, of Norwich (1763–1817) has been specially commemorated by Southey, though even in 1826 the laureate admitted that Sayers was 'out of date.' The works of this amiable physician consisted of 'Dramatic Sketches of the Ancient Northern Mythology,' 1790; 'Disquisitions, Metaphysical and Literary,' 1793; 'Nugæ Poeticæ,' 1803; 'Miscellanies,' 1805; &c. The works of Sayers were collected and republished, with an account of his life, by William Taylor of Norwich, in 1823.

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS (1762–1827) was very early in life introduced to public notice by Dr. Kippis, who recommended her first work, 'Edwin and Elfrida' (1782). She went to reside in France, imbibed republican opinions, and was near suffering with the Girondists during the tyranny of Robespierre. She was a voluminous writer both in prose and verse, author of 'Letters from France,' 'Travels in Switerland,' 'Narrative of events in France,' 'Correspondence of Louis XVI., with Observations,' &c. In 1823 she

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collected and re-published her poems. To one of the pieces in this edition she subjoins the following note: 'I commence the sonnets with that to Hope, from a predilection in its favour, for which I have a proud reason: it is that of Mr. Wordsworth, who lately honoured me with his visits while at Paris, having repeated it to me from memory, after a lapse of many years.'

Sonnet to Hope.

Oh, ever skilled to wear the form we love!
To bid the shapes of fear and grief depart!
Come, gentle Hope! with one gay smile remove
The lasting sadness of an aching heart.
Thy voice, benign enchantress! let me hear;
Say that for me some pleasures yet shall bloom,
That Fancy's radiance, Friendship's precious tear,
Shall soften, or shall chase, misfortune's gloom.
But come not glowing in the dazzling ray,
Which once with dear illusions charmed my eye,
Oh, strew no more, sweet flatterer! on my way
The flowers I fondly thought too bright to die;
Visions less fair will soothe my pensive breast,
That asks not happiness, but longs for rest!

LEIGH HUNT.

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT, a poet and essayist of the lively and descriptive, not the *intense* school, was born at Southgate, in Middlesex, October 19, 1784. His father was a West Indian; but being in Pennsylvania at the time of the American war, he espoused the British interest with so much warmth, that he had to leave the new world and seek a subsistence in the old. He took orders in the Church of England, and was some time tutor to the nephew of Lord Chandos, near Southgate. His son—who was named after his father's pupil, Mr. Leigh—was educated at Christ's Hospital, where he continued till his fifteenth year. 'I was then,' he says, 'first deputy Grecian; and had the honour of going out of the school in the same rank, at the same age, and for the same reason as my friend Charles Lamb. The reason was, that I hesitated in my speech. It was understood that a Grecian was bound to deliver a public speech before he left school, and to go into the church afterwards; and as I could do neither of these things, a Grecian I could not be.' Leigh was then a poet, and his father collected his verses, and published them with a large list of subscribers. He has himself described this volume as a heap of imitations, some of them clever enough for a youth of sixteen, but absolutely worthless in every other respect. In 1805 Mr. Hunt's brother set up a paper called 'The News,' and the poet went to live with him, and write the theatrical criticisms in it. Three years afterwards, they established, in joint-partnership, 'The Examiner,' a weekly journal conducted with distinguished ability. The poet was more literary than political in his tastes and lucubrations; but unfortunately, he ventured some strictures on the prince-

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regent, terming him 'a fat Adonis of fifty,' with other personalities, and he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment. The poet's captivity was not without its bright side. He had much of the public sympathy, and his friends—Byron and Moore being of the number—were attentive in their visits. One of his two rooms on the 'ground-floor' he converted into a picturesque and poetical study: 'I papered the walls with a trellis of roses; I had the ceiling coloured with clouds and sky; the barred windows were screened with Venetian blinds; and when my bookcases were set up, with their busts and flowers, and a pianoforte made its appearance, perhaps there was not a handsomer room on that side of the water. I took a pleasure, when a stranger knocked at the door, to see him come in and stare about him. The surprise on issuing from the Borough, and passing through the avenues of a jail, was dramatic. Charles Lamb declared there was no other such room except in a fairy tale. But I had another surprise, which was a garden. There was a little yard outside railed off from another belonging to the neighbouring ward. This yard I shut in with green pailings, adorned it with a trellis, bordered it with a thick bed of earth from a nursery, and even contrived to have a grass-plot. The earth I filled with flowers and young trees. There was an apple-tree from which we managed to get a pudding the second year. As to my flowers, they were allowed to be perfect. A poet from Derbyshire [Mr. Moore] told me he had seen no such heart's-ease. I bought the 'Parnaso Italiano' while in prison, and used often to think of a passage in it while looking at this miniature piece of horticulture:

Mio picciol orto,
A me sei vigna, e campo, e selva, e prato.—BALDI.
My little garden,
To me thou'rt vineyard, field, and wood, and meadow.

Here I wrote and read in fine weather, sometimes under an awning. In autumn, my trellises were hung with scarlet-runners, which added to the flowery investment. I used to shut my eyes in my arm-chair, and affect to think myself hundreds of miles off. But my triumph was in issuing forth of a morning. A wicket out of the garden led into the large one belonging to the prison. The latter was only for vegetables, but it contained a cherry-tree, which I twice saw in blossom.'*

This is so interesting a little picture, and so fine an example of making the most of adverse circumstances, that it should not be omitted in any life of Hunt. The poet, however, was not so well fitted to battle with the world, and apply himself steadily to worldly business, as he was to dress his garden and nurse his poetical fancies. He fell into difficulties, from which he was never afterwards wholly free. On leaving prison, he published his 'Story of Rimini,' an Italian tale in verse, containing some exquisite lines and passages.

* *Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries.*

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The poet subsequently altered 'Rimini' considerably, but without improving it. He set up a small weekly paper, 'The Indicator,' on a plan of the periodical essayists, which was well received. He also gave to the world two small volumes of poetry, 'Foliage,' and 'The Feast of the Poets.' In 1822, Mr. Hunt went to Italy to reside with Lord Byron, and to establish 'The Liberal,' a crude and violent melange of poetry and politics, both in the extreme of liberalism. This connection was productive of mutual disappointment and disgust. 'The Liberal' did not sell; Byron's titled and aristocratic friends cried out against so plebeian a partnership; and Hunt found that the noble poet, to whom he was indebted in a pecuniary sense, was cold, sarcastic, and worldly-minded. Still more unfortunate was it that Hunt should afterwards have written the work 'Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries' (1828), in which his disappointed feelings found vent, and their expression was construed into ingratitude. His life was spent in struggling with influences contrary to his nature and poetical temperament. In 1835, he produced 'Captain Sword and Captain Pen'—a poetical denunciation of war. In 1840, he greeted the birth of the Princess-royal with a copy of verses, from which we extract some pleasing lines:

Behold where thou dost lie,
Heeding nought, remote or nigh,
Nought of all the news we sing
Dost thou know, sweet ignorant thing;
Nought of planet's love nor people's;
Nor dost hear the giddy steeples
Carolling of thee and thine,
As if heaven had rained them wine:
Nor dost care for all the pains
Of ushers and of chamberlains,
Nor the doctors' learned looks,
Nor the very bishop's books,
Nor the lace that wraps thy chin,
No, nor for thy rank a pin.
E'en thy father's loving hand
Nowise dost thou understand,
When he makes thee feebly grasp
His finger with a tiny clasp;
Nor dost thou know thy very mother's
Balmy bosom from another's,
Though thy small blind eyes pursue it;
Nor the arms that draw thee to it;
Nor the eyes that, while they fold thee,
Never can enough behold thee!

In the same year Hunt brought out a drama, 'A Legend of Florence,' and in 1842 a narrative poem, 'The Palfrey.' His poetry, generally, is marked by a profusion of imagery, of sprightly fancy, and animated description. Some quaintness and affectation in his style and manner fixed upon him the name of a Cockney poet; but his studies had lain chiefly in the elder writers, and he imitated with success the lighter and more picturesque parts of Chaucer and Spenser. Boccaccio, and the gay Italian authors, appear also to have been among his favourites. His prose essays have been collected and published under the title of 'The Indicator and the Companion, a Miscellany for the Fields and the Fireside.' They are deservedly popular—full of literary anecdote, poetical feeling, and fine sketches both of town and country life. Other prose works were published by Hunt, including 'Sir Ralph Esher,' a novel (1844); 'The Town' (1848); 'Autobiography and Reminiscences' (1850); 'The Religion of the Heart' (1853); 'Biographical and Critical Notices of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar' (1855);

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'The Old Court Suburb' (1855); with several volumes of selections, sketches, and critical comments. The egotism of the author is undisguised; but in all Hunt's writings, his peculiar tastes and romantic fancy, his talk of books and flowers, and his love of the domestic virtues and charities—though he had too much imagination for his judgment in the serious matters of life—impart a particular interest and pleasure to his personal disclosures. In 1847, the crown bestowed a pension of £200 a year on the veteran poet. He died August 28, 1859. His son, Thornton Hunt, published a selection from his 'Correspondence' (1862).

May Morning at Ravenna.—From 'Rimini.'

The sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May,
Round old Ravenna's clear-shewn towers and bay,
A morn, the loveliest which the year has seen,
Last of the spring, yet fresh with all its green;
For a warm eve, and gentle rains at night,
Have left a sparkling welcome for the light,
And there's a crystal clearness all about;
The leaves are sharp, the distant hills look out;
A balmy briskness comes upon the breeze;
The smoke goes dancing from the cottage trees;
And when you listen, you may hear a coil
Of bubbling springs about the grassy soil;
And all the scene, in short—sky, earth, and sea,
Breathes like a bright-eyed face, that laughs out openly.
'Tis nature, full of spirits, waked and springing:
The birds to the delicious time are singing,
Darting with freaks and snatches up and down,
Where the light woods go seaward from the town;
While happy faces, striking through the green
Of leafy roads, at every turn are seen;
And the far ships, lifting their sails of white
Like joyful hands, come up with scattered light,
Com · gleaming up, true to the wished-for day,
And chase the whistling brine, and swirl into the bay.
Already in the streets the stir grows loud,
Of expectation and a bustling crowd.
With feet and voice the gathering hum contends,
The deep talk heaves, the ready laugh ascends;
Callings, and clapping doors, and curs unite,
And shouts from mere exuberance of delight;
And armed bands, making important way,
Gallant and grave, the lords of holiday,
And nodding neighbors, greeting as they run,
And pilgrims, chanting in the morning sun.

Description of a Fountain.—From 'Rimini.'

And in the midst, fresh whistling through the scene,
The lightsome fountain starts from out the green,
Clear and compact; till, at its height o'errun,
It shakes its loosening silver in the sun.

Funeral of the Lovers in 'Rimini.'

The days were then at close of autumn—still,
A little rainy, and, towards nightfall, chill;
There was a fitful moaning air abroad;

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And ever and anon, over the road,
The last few leaves came fluttering from the trees,
Whose trunks now thronged to sight, in dark varieties.
The people, who, from reverence, kept at home,
Listened till afternoon to hear them come;
And hour and hour went by, and nought was heard
But some chance horse-man or the wind that stirred,
Till towards the vesper-hour; and then, 'twas said,
Some heard a voice, which seemed as if it read;
And others said that they could hear a sound
Of many horses trampling the moist ground.
Still, nothing came—till on a sudden, just
As the wind opened in a rising gust,
A voice of chanting rose, and, as it spread,
They plainly heard the anthem for the dead.
It was the choristers who went to meet
The train, and now were entering the first street.
Then turned aside that city, young and old,
And in their lifted hands the gushing sorrow rolled.
But of the older people, few could bear
To keep the window, when the train drew near;
And all felt double tenderness to see
The bier approaching, slow and steadily,
On which those two in senseless coldness lay,
Who but a few short months—it seemed a day—
Had left their walls, lovely in form and mind,
In sunny manhood he—she first of womankind.
They say that when Duke Guido saw them come,
He clasped his hands, and looking round the room,
Lost his old wits for ever. From the morrow
None saw him after. But no more of sorrow.
On that same night, those lovers silently
Were buried in one grave, under a tree;
There, side by side, and hand in hand, they lay
In the green ground; and on fine nights in May
Young hearts betrothed used to go there to pray.

To T. L. H., Six Years Old, during a Sickness.

Sleep breathes at last from out thee,
My little patient boy;
And balmy rest about thee
Smooths off the day's annoy.
I sit me down, and think
Of all thy winning ways;
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillowed meekness,
Thy thanks to all that aid,
Thy heart, in pain and weakness,
Of fancied faults afraid;
The little trembling hand
That wipes thy quiet tears,
These, these are things that may demand
Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had, severe ones,
I will not think of now;
And calmly 'midst my dear ones
Have wasted with dry brow;
But when thy fingers press
And pat my stooping head,
I cannot bear the gentleness—
The tears are in their bed.

Ah! first-born of thy mother,
When life and hope were new,
Kind playmate of thy brother,
Thy sister, father, too;
My light, wherever I go,
My bird, when prison-bound,
My hand-in-hand companion—no,
My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say 'He has departed'—
'His voice'—'his face'—'is gone;'—
To feel impatient-hearted,
Yet feel we must bear on;
Ah, I could not endure
To whisper of such woe,
Unless I felt this sleep insure
That it will not be so.

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Yes, still he's fixed, and sleeping!
This silence too the while—
Its very hush and creeping
Seem whispering us a smile:
Something divine and dim
Seems going by one's ear,
Like parting wings of seraphim,
Who say, 'We've finished here.'

Dirge.

Blest is the turf, serenely blest,
Where throbbing hearts may sink to rest,
Where life's long journey turns to sleep,
Nor ever pilgrim wakes to weep.
A little sod, a few sad flowers,
A tear for long-departed hours,
Is all that feeling hearts request
To hush their weary thoughts to rest.
There shall no vain ambition come
To lure them from their quiet home;
Nor sorrow lift, with heart-strings riven,
The meek imploring eye to heaven;
Nor sad remembrance stoop to shed
His wrinkles on the slumberer's head;
And never, never love repair
To breathe his idle whispers there!

To the Grasshopper and the Cricket.

Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass;

O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth
To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song—
Indoors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.

Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel.

Abou Ben Adhem—may his tribe increase!—
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said:
'What writest thou?' The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered: 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay not so,'
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still; and said: 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.'
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And shewed the names whom love of God had blest,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

The above striking little narrative poem is taken from the 'Bibliothe que Orientale' of D'Herbelot.

JOHN CLARE.

JOHN CLARE, one of the most truly uneducated of English poets, and one of the best of our rural describers, was born at Helpstone, a village near Peterborough, in 1793. His parents were peasants—his

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father a helpless cripple and a pauper. John obtained some education by his own extra work as a ploughboy; from the labour of eight weeks he generally acquired as many pence as paid for a month's schooling. At thirteen years of age he met with Thomson's 'Seasons,' and hoarded up a shilling to purchase a copy. At day-break on a spring morning he walked to the town of Stamford—six or seven miles off—to make the purchase, and had to wait some time till the shops were opened. This is a fine trait of boyish enthusiasm, and of the struggles of youthful genius. Returning to his native village with the precious purchase, as he walked through the beautiful scenery of Burghley Park, he composed his first piece of poetry, which he called the 'Morning Walk.' This was soon followed by the 'Evening Walk,' and some other pieces. A benevolent exciseman instructed the young poet in writing and arithmetic, and he continued his obscure but ardent devotion to his rural muse. In 1817, while working at Bridge Casterton, in Rutlandshire, he resolved on risking the publication of a volume. By hard working day and night, he got a pound saved, that he might have a prospectus printed. This was accordingly done, and a 'Collection of Original Trifles' was announced to subscribers, the price not to exceed 3s. 6d. 'I distributed my papers,' he says; 'but as I could get at no way of pushing them into higher circles than those with whom I was acquainted, they consequently passed off as quietly as if they had still been in my possession, unprinted and unseen.' Only seven subscribers came forward! One of these prospectuses, however, led to an acquaintance with Mr. Edward Drury, bookseller, Stamford, and through this gentleman the poems were published by Messrs. Taylor and Hessey, London, who purchased them from Clare for £20. The volume was brought out in January, 1820, with an interesting well-written introduction, and bearing the title, 'Poems Descriptive of Rural Life and Scenery, by John Clare, a Northamptonshire Peasant.' The attention of the public was instantly awakened to the circumstances and the merits of Clare. The magazines and reviews were unanimous in his favour In a short time he was in possession of a little fortune. The late Earl Fitzwilliam sent £100 to his publishers, which, with the like sum advanced by them, was laid out in the purchase of stock; the Marquis of Exeter allowed him an annuity of fifteen guineas for life; the Earl of Spencer a further annuity of £10, and various contributions were received from other noblemen and gentlemen, so that the poet had a permanent allowance of £30 per annum. He married his 'Patty of the Vale,' 'the rosebud in humble life,' the daughter of a neighbouring farmer; and in his native cottage at Helpstone, with his aged and infirm parents and his young wife by his side—all proud of his now rewarded and successful genius—Clare basked in the sunshine of a poetical felicity. The writer of this recollects with melancholy pleasure paying a visit to the poet at this genial season in company with one of his publishers. The humble dwelling wore an air of comfort and contented happiness. Shelves

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were fitted up filled with books, most of which had been sent as presents. Clare read and liked them all! He took us to see his favourite scene, the haunt of his inspiration. It was a low fall of swampy ground, used as a pasture, and bounded by a dull rushy brook, overhung with willows. Yet here Clare strayed and mused delighted.

Flow on, thou gently plashing stream,
O'er weed-beds wild and rank;
Delighted I've enjoyed my dream
Upon thy mossy bank:
Bemoistening many a weedy stem,
I've watched thee wind so clearly,
And on thy bank I found the gem
That makes me love thee dearly.

In 1821 Clare came forward again as a poet. His second publication was entitled 'The Village Minstrel and other Poems,' in two volumes. The first of these pieces is in the Spenserian stanza, and describes the scenes, sports, and feelings of rural life—the author himself sitting for the portrait of Lubin, the humble rustic who 'hummed his lowly dreams

Far in the shade where poverty retires.'

The descriptions of scenery, as well as the expression of natural emotion and generous sentiment in this poem, exalted the reputation of Clare as a true poet. He afterwards contributed short pieces to the annuals and other periodicals, marked by a more choice and refined diction. The poet's prosperity was, alas! soon over. His discretion was not equal to his fortitude: he speculated in farming, wasted his little hoard, and amidst accumulating difficulties, sank into nervous despondency and despair. He was placed an inmate in Dr. Allen's private lunatic asylum in the centre of Epping Forest, where he remained for about four years. He then effected his escape, but shortly afterwards was taken to the Northampton lunatic asylum, where he had to drag on a miserable existence of twenty more years. He died May 20, 1864. So sad a termination of his poetical career it is painful to contemplate. Amidst the native wild-flowers of his song we looked not for the 'deadly nightshade'—and, though the examples of Burns, of Chatterton, and Bloomfield, were better fitted to inspire fear than hope, there was in Clare a naturally lively and cheerful temperament, and an apparent absence of strong and dangerous passions, that promised, as in the case of Allan Ramsay, a life of humble yet prosperous contentment and happiness. Poor Clare's muse was the true offspring of English country-life. He was a faithful painter of rustic scenes and occupations, and he noted every light and shade of his brooks, meadows, and green lanes. His fancy was buoyant in the midst of labour and hardship; and his imagery, drawn directly from nature, is various and original. Careful finishing could not be expected from the rustic poet, yet there is often a fine delicacy and beauty in his pieces. In grouping and forming his pictures, he has recourse to new and original expressions—as for example:

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Brisk winds the lightened branches shake
By pattering, plashing drops confessed;
And, where oaks dripping shade the lake,
Paint *crimping dimples* on its breast.

One of his sonnets is singularly rich in this vivid word-painting:

Sonnet to the Glow-worm.

Tasteful illumination of the night,
Bright scattered, twinkling star of spangled earth!
Hail to the nameless coloured dark and light,
The witching nurse of thy illumined birth.
In thy still hour how dearly I delight
To rest my weary bones, from labour free;
In lone spots, out of hearing, out of sight,
To sigh day's smothered pains; and pause on thee,
Bedecking dangling brier and ivied tree.
Or diamonds tipping on the grassy spear;
Thy pale-faced glimmering light I love to see,
Gliding and glistering in the dew-drop near:
O still-hour's mate! my easing heart sobs free,
While tiny bents low bend with many an added tear.

The delicacy of some of his sentimental verses, mixed up in careless profusion with others less correct or pleasing, may be seen from the following part of a ballad, 'The Fate of Amy:'

The flowers the sultry summer kills,
Spring's milder suns restore;
But innocence, that fickle charm,
Blooms once, and blooms no more.

The swains who loved no more admire,
Their hearts no beauty warms;
And maidens triumph in her fall
That envied once her charms.

Lost was that sweet simplicity;
Her eye's bright lustre fled;
And o'er her cheeks, where roses bloomed
A sickly paleness spread.

So fades the flower before its time,
Where canker-worms assail;
So droops the bud upon its stem
Beneath the sickly gale.

What is Life?

And what is Life? An hour-glass on the run,
A mist retreating from the morning sun,
A busy, bustling, still-repeated dream.
Its length? A minute's pause, a moment's thought.
And Happiness? A bubble on the stream,
That in the act of seizing shrinks to nought.

And what is Hope? The puffing gale of morn,
That robs each floweret of its gem—and dies;
A cobweb, hiding disappointment's thorn,
Which stings more keenly through the thin disguise.

And what is Death? Is still the cause unfound?
That dark mysterious name of horrid sound?
A long and lingering sleep the weary crave.
And Peace? Where can its happiness abound?
Nowhere at all, save heaven and the grave

Then what is Life? When stripped of its disguise,
A thing to be desired it cannot be;
Since everything that meets our foolish eyes
Gives proof sufficient of its vanity.

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'Tis but a trial all must undergo,
To teach unthankful mortals how to prize
That happiness vain man's denied to know,
Until he's called to claim it in the skies.

Summer Morning.

'Tis sweet to meet the morning breeze,
Or list the giggling of the brook;
Or, stretched beneath the shade of trees,
Peruse and pause on nature's book;

When nature every sweet prepares
To entertain our wished delay—
The images which morning wears,
The wakening charms of early day!

Now let me tread the meadow paths,
Where glittering dew the ground illumes,
As sprinkled o'er the withering swaths
Their moisture shrinks in sweet perfumes.

And hear the beetle sound his horn,
And hear the skylark whistling nigh,
Sprung from his bed of tufted corn,
A hailing minstrel in the sky.

First sunbeam, calling night away
To see how sweet thy summons seems;
Split by the willow's wavy gray,
And sweetly dancing on the streams.

How fine the spider's web is spun,
Unnoticed to vulgar eyes;
Its silk thread glittering in the sun
Art's bungling vanity defies.

Roaming while the dewy fields
'Neath their morning burden lean,
While its crop my searches shields,
Sweet I scent the blossomed bean.

Making oft remarking stops;
Watching tiny nameless things
Climb the grass's spiry tops
Ere they try their gauzy wings.

So emerging into light,
From the ignorant and vain
Fearful genius takes her flight,
Skimming o'er the lowly plain.

The Primrose—A Sonnet.

Welcome, pale primrose! starting up between
Dead matted leaves of ash and oak that strew
The every lawn, the wood, and spinney through,
'Mid creeping moss and ivy's darker green;
How much thy presence beautifies the ground!
How sweet thy modest and unaffected pride
Glows on the sunny bank and wood's warm side!
And where thy fairy flowers in groups are found,
The school-boy roams enchantedly along,
Plucking the fa rest with a rude delight:
While the meek shepherd stops his simple song,
To gaze a moment on the pleasing sight;
O'erjoyed to see the flowers that truly bring
The welcome news of sweet returning spring.

The Thrush's Nest—A Sonnet.

Within a thick and spreading hawthorn bush
That overhung a molehill, large and round,
I heard from morn to morn a merry thrush
Sing hymns of rapture, while I drank the sound
With joy—and oft an unintruding guest,
I watched her secret toils from day to day;
How true she warped the moss to form her nest,
And modelled it within with wood and clay.
And by and by, like heath-bells gilt with dew,
There lay her shining eggs as bright as flowers,

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Ink-spotted over, shells of green and blue:
And there I witnessed, in the summer hours,
A brood of nature's minstrels chirp and fly,
Glad as the sunshine and the laughing sky.*

First-love's Recollections.

First-love will with the heart remain
When its hopes are all gone by;
As frail rose-blossoms still retain
Their fragrance when they die:
And joy's first dreams will haunt the mind
With the shades 'mid which they sprung,
As summer leaves the stems behind
On which spring's blossoms hung.

Mary, I dare not call thee dear,
I've lost that right so long;
Yet once again I vex thine ear
With memory's idle song.
I felt a pride to name thy name,
But now that pride hath flown,
And burning blushes speak my shame,
That thus I love thee on.

How loath to part, how fond to meet,
Had we two need to be;
At sunset, with what eager feet
I hastened unto thee!

Scarce nine days passed us ere we met
In spring, nay, wintry weather;
Now nine years' suns have risen and set,
Nor found us once together.

Thy face was so familiar grown,
Thyself so often nigh,
A moment's memory when alone,
Would bring thee in mine eye;
But now my very dreams forget
That witching look to trace;
Though there thy beauty lingers yet,
It wears a stranger's face.

When last that gentle cheek I prest,
And heard thee feign adieu,
I little thought that seeming jest
Would prove a word so true!
A fate like this hath oft befell
Even loftier hopes than ours;
Spring bids full many buds to swell,
That ne'er can grow to flowers.

Dawnings of Genius.

In those low paths which poverty surrounds,
The rough rude ploughman, off his fallow grounds—
That necessary tool of wealth and pride—
While moiled and sweating, by some pasture's side,
Will often stoop, inquisitive to trace
The opening beauties of a daisy's face;
Oft will he witness, with admiring eyes,
The brook's sweet dimples o'er the pebbles rise;
And often bent, as o'er some magic spell,
He'll pause and pick his shaped stone and shell;
Raptures the while his inward powers inflame,
And joys delight him which he cannot name;
Ideas picture pleasing views to mind,
For which his language can no utterance find;
Increasing beauties, freshening on his sight,
Unfold new charms and witness more delight;
So while the present please, the past decay,
And in each other, losing, melt away.
Thus pausing wild on all he saunters by,
He feels enraptured, though he knows not why;

* Montgomery says quaintly but truly of this sonnet: 'Here we have in miniature the history and geography of a thrush's nest, so simply and naturally set forth, that one might think such strains

No more difficile
Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle.

But let the heartless critic who despises them try his own hand either at a bird's nest or a sonnet like this; and when he has succeeded in making the one, he may have some hope of being able to make the other.'

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And hums and mutters o'er his joys in vain,
And dwells on something which he can't explain.
The bursts of thought with which his soul's perplexed,
Are bred one moment, and are gone the next;
Yet still the heart will kindling sparks retain,
And thoughts will rise and Fancy strive again.
So have I marked the dying ember's light,
When on the hearth it fainted from my sight,
With glimmering glow oft redden up again,
And sparks crack brightening into life in vain;
Still lingering out its kindling hope to rise,
Till faint, and fainting, the last twinkle dies.
Dim burns the soul, and throbs the fluttering heart,
Its painful pleasing feelings to impart;
Till by successless sallies wearied quite,
The memory fails, and Fancy takes her flight;
The wick, confined within its socket, dies,
Borne down and smothered in a thousand sighs.

JAMES AND HORACE SMITH.

JAMES SMITH (1775–1839) was a lively and amusing author both in prose and verse. His father Mr. Robert Smith, was an eminent legal practitioner in London, and solicitor to the Board of Ordnance—a gentleman of learning and accomplishments, whose latter years were gratified by the talents and reputation of his two sons, James and Horace. James, the eldest, was educated at a school at Chigwell, in Essex, and was usually at the head of his class. For this retired 'school-boy spot' he ever retained a strong affection, rarely suffering, as his brother relates, a long interval to elapse without paying it a visit, and wandering over the scenes that recalled the truant excursions of himself and chosen playmates, or the solitary rambles and musings of his youth. Two of his latest poems are devoted to his reminiscences of Chigwell. After the completion of his education, James Smith was articled to his father, was taken into partnership in due time, and eventually succeeded to the business, as well as to the appointment of solicitor to the Ordnance. With a quick sense of the ridiculous, a strong passion for the stage and the drama, and a love of London society and manners, Smith became a town wit and humorist—delighting in parodies, theatrical colloquies, and fashionable criticism. His first pieces appear to have been contributed to the 'Pic-nic' newspaper, established by Colonel Henry Greville, which afterwards merged into 'The Cabinet,' both being solely calculated for the topics and feelings of the day. A selection from the 'Pic-nic' papers, in two small volumes, was published in 1803. He next joined the writers for the 'London Review'—a journal established by Cumberland the dramatist, on the principle of affixing the writer's name to his critique. The Review proved a complete failure. The system of publishing names was an unwise innovation, destroying equally the harmless curiosity of the reader, and the critical independence of the author, and Cumberland, besides, was too vain, too irritable and poor, to secure a good list of contributors. Smith then became a

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constant writer in 'The Monthly Mirror'—wherein Henry Kirke White first attracted the notice of what may be termed the literary world—and in this work appeared a series of poetical imitations, entitled 'Horace in London,' the joint production of James and Horace Smith. These parodies were subsequently collected and published in one volume in 1813, after the success of the 'Rejected Addresses' had rendered the authors famous. Some of the pieces display a lively vein of town levity and humour, but many of them also are very trifling and tedious. In one stanza, James Smith has given a true sketch of his own tastes and character:

> Me toil and ease alternate share,
> Books, and the converse of the fair
> (To see is to adore 'em);
> With these, and London for my home,
> I envy not the joys of Rome,
> The Circus or the Forum!

To London he seems to have been as strongly attached as Dr. Johnson himself. 'A confirmed metropolitan in all his tastes and habits, he would often quaintly observe, that London was the best place in summer, and the only place in winter; or quote Dr. Johnson's dogma: "Sir, the man that is tired of London is tired of existence." At other times he would express his perfect concurrence with Dr. Mosley's assertion that in the country one is always maddened with the noise of nothing; or laughingly quote the Duke of Queensberry's rejoinder, on being told one sultry day in September, that London was exceedingly empty: "Yes, but it's fuller than the country." He would not, perhaps, have gone quite so far as his old friend Jekyll, who used to say, that "if compelled to live in the country, he would have the approach to his house paved like the streets of London, and hire a hackney-coach to drive up and down the street all day long;" but he would relate, with great glee, a story shewing the general conviction of his dislike to ruralities. He was sitting in the library at a country-house, when a gentleman, informing him that the family were all out, proposed a quiet stroll into the pleasure-grounds. "Stroll! why, don't you see my gouty shoe?" "Yes, but what then? You don't really mean to say that you have got the gout? I thought you had only put on that shoe to avoid being shewn over the improvements."'* There is some good-humoured banter and exaggeration in this dislike of ruralities; and accordingly we find that, as Johnson found his way to the remote Hebrides, Smith occasionally transported himself to Yorkshire and other places, the country seats of friends and noblemen. The 'Rejected Addresses' appeared in 1812, having engaged James and Horace Smith six weeks, and proving 'one of the luckiest hits in literature.' The directors of Drury Lane Theatre had offered a premium for the best poetical address to be spoken on opening the new

* Memoir prefixed to Smith's *Comic Miscellanies*, 2 vols. 1841.

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edifice; and a casual hint from Mr. Ward, secretary to the theatre, suggested to the witty brothers the composition of a series of humorous addresses, professedly composed by the principal authors of the day.

The work was ready by the opening of the theatre, but, strange to say, it was with difficulty that a publisher could be procured, although the authors asked nothing for copyright. At length, Mr. John Miller, a dramatic publisher, undertook the publication, offering to give half the profits, should there be any. In an advertisement prefixed to a late edition (the twenty-second!), it is stated that Mr. Murray, who had refused without even looking at the manuscript, purchased the copyright in 1819, after the book had run through sixteen editions, for £131. The success of the work was indeed almost unexampled. The articles written by James Smith consisted of imitations of Wordsworth, Cobbett, Southey, Coleridge, Crabbe, and a few travesties. Some of them are inimitable, particularly the parodies on Cobbett and Crabbe, which were also among the most popular. Horace Smith contributed imitations of Walter Scott, Moore, Monk Lewis, W. T. Fitzgerald—whose 'Loyal Effusion' is irresistibly ludicrous for its extravagant adulation and fustian—Dr. Johnson, &c. The imitation of Byron was a joint effusion, James contributing the first stanza—the key-note, as it were—and Horace the remainder. The amount of talent displayed by the two brothers was pretty equal; for none of James Smith's parodies are more felicitous than that of Scott by Horace. The popularity of the 'Rejected Addresses' seems to have satisfied the ambition of the elder poet. He afterwards confined himself to short anonymous pieces in 'The New Monthly Magazine' and other periodicals, and to the contribution of some humorous sketches and anecdotes towards Mr. Mathews's theatrical entertainments, the authorship of which was known only to a few. The 'Country Cousins,' 'Trip to France,' and 'Trip to America,' mostly written by Smith, and brought out by Mathews at the English Opera-house, not only filled the theatre, and replenished the treasury, but brought the witty writer a thousand pounds—a sum to which, we are told, the receiver seldom made allusion without shrugging up his shoulders, and ejaculating: 'A thousand pounds for nonsense!' Mr. Smith was still better paid for a trifling exertion of his muse; for, having met at a dinner-party the late Mr. Strahan, the king's printer, then suffering from gout and old age, though his faculties remained unimpaired, he sent him next morning the following *jeu d'esprit:*

Your lower limbs seemed far from stout
When last I saw you walk;
The cause I presently found out
When you began to talk.

The power that props the body's length,
In due proportion spread,
In you mounts upwards, and the strength
All settles in the head.

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Mr. Strahan was so much gratified by the compliment that he made an immediate codicil to his will, by which he bequeathed to the writer the sum of £3000. Horace Smith, however, mentions that Mr. Strahan had other motives for his generosity, for he respected and loved the man quite as much as he admired the poet. James made a happier, though in a pecuniary sense, less lucky epigram on Miss Edgeworth:

> We every-day bards may 'anonymous' sign—
> That refuge, Miss Edgeworth, can never be thine.
> Thy writings where satire and moral unite,
> Must bring forth the name of their author to light.
> Good and bad join in telling the source of their birth;
> The bad own their EDGE, and the good own their WORTH.

The easy social bachelor-life of James Smith was much impaired by hereditary gout. He lived temperately, and at his club dinner restricted himself to his half-pint of sherry: but as a professed joker and 'diner-out,' he must often have been tempted to over-indulgence and irregular hours. Attacks of gout began to assail him in middle life, and he gradually lost the use and the very form of his limbs, bearing all his sufferings, as his brother states, 'with an undeviating and unexampled patience.' One of the stanzas in his poem on Chigwell displays his philosophic composure at this period of his life:

> World, in thy ever-busy mart
> I 've acted no unnoticed part—
> Would I resume it? O no!
> Four acts are done, the jest grows stale;
> The waning lamps burn dim and pale,
> And reason asks—*Cui Bono?*

He held it a humiliation to be ill, and never complained or alluded to his own sufferings. He died on the 24th December 1839, aged sixty-five. Lady Blessington said: 'If James Smith had not been a *witty man*, he must have been a *great man*.' His extensive information and refined manners, joined to an inexhaustible fund of liveliness and humour, and a happy uniform temper, rendered him a fascinating companion. The writings of such a man give but a faint idea of the original; yet in his own walk of literature James Smith has few superiors. Anstey comes most directly into competition with him; yet it may be safely said that the 'Rejected Addresses' will live as long as the 'New Bath Guide.'

HORACE SMITH, the latest surviving partner of this literary duumvirate—the most constant and interesting, perhaps, since that of Beaumont and Fletcher, and more affectionate from the relationship of the parties—afterwards distinguished himself by various novels and copies of verses in 'The New Monthly Magazine.' He was one of the first imitators of Sir Walter Scott in his historical romances. His 'Brambletye House,' a tale of the civil wars, published in 1826, was received with favour by the public, though some of its descriptions of the plague in London were copied too literally from

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Defoe, and there was a want of spirit and truth in the embodiment of some of the historical characters. The success of this effort inspired the author to venture into various fields of fiction. He wrote 'Tor Hill;' 'Zillah, a Tale of the Holy City;' 'The Midsummer Medley;' 'Walter Colyton;' 'The Involuntary Prophet;' 'Jane Lomax;' 'The Moneyed Man;' 'Adam Brown;' 'The Merchant;' &c. None of these seem destined to live. Mr. Smith was as remarkable for generosity as for wit and playful humour. Shelley said once: 'I know not what Horace Smith must take me for sometimes; I am afraid he must think me a strange fellow; but is it not odd, that the only truly generous person I ever knew, who had money to be generous with, should be a stockbroker! And he writes poetry too,' continued Mr. Shelley, his voice rising in a fervour of astonishment —'he writes poetry and pastoral dramas, and yet knows how to make money, and does make it, and is still generous.' The poet also publicly expressed his regard for Mr. Smith:

Wit and sense,
Virtue and human knowledge, all that might
Make this dull world a business of delight,
Are all combined in H. S.

This truly estimable man died July 12, 1849, aged seventy. Apart from the parodies, James Smith did nothing so good as Horace Smith's 'Address to the Mummy,' which is a felicitous compound of fact, humour, and sentiment, forcibly and originally expressed:

The Theatre.—By the Rev. G. C. [*Crabbe.*]

'Tis sweet to view, from half-past five to six,
Our long wax-candles, with short cotton wicks,
Touched by the lamplighter's Promethean art,
Start into light, and make the lighter start:
To see red Phœbus through the gallery pane
Tinge with his beam the beams of Drury Lane,
While gradual parties fill our widened pit,
And gape, and gaze, and wonder, ere they sit. . . .
What various swains our motley walls contain!
Fashion from Moorfields, honour from Chick Lane;
Bankers from Paper Buildings here resort,
Bankrupts from Golden Square and Riches Court:
From the Haymarket canting rogues in grain,
Gulls from the Poultry, sots from Water Lane;
The lottery cormorant, the auction shark,
The full-price master, and the half-price clerk;
Boys who long linger at the gallery door,
With pence twice five, they want but twopence more,
Till some Samaritan the twopence spares,
And sends them jumping up the gallery stairs.
Critics we boast who ne'er their malice balk,
But talk their minds, we wish they'd mind their talk;
Big worded bullies, who by quarrels live,
Who give the lie, and tell the lie they give;
Jews from St. Mary Axe, for jobs so wary,
That for old clothes they'd even axe St. Mary;
And bucks with pockets empty as their pate,
Lax in their gaiters, laxer in their gait;

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Who oft, when we our house lock up, carouse
With tippling tipstaves in a lock-up house.
Yet here, as elsewhere, chance can joy bestow,
Where scowling fortune seemed to threaten woe.
John Richard William Alexander Dwyer
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire;
But when John Dwyer listed in the Blues,
Emanuel Jennings polished Stubb's shoes.
Emanuel Jennings brought his youngest boy
Up as a corn-cutter—a safe employ;
In Holywell Street, St. Pancras, he was bred—
At number twenty-seven, it is said—
Facing the pump, and near the Granby's head.
He would have bound him to some shop in town,
But with a premium he could not come down;
Pat was the urchin's name, a red-haired youth,
Fonder of purl and skittle-grounds than truth.
Silence, ye gods! to keep your tongues in awe,
The muse shall tell an accident she saw.
Pat Jenning in the upper gallery sat;
But leaning forward Jennings lost his hat;
Down from the gallery the beaver flew,
And spurned the one, to settle in the two.
How shall he act? Pay at the gallery door
Two shillings for what cost when new but four?
Or till half-price, to save his shilling, wait,
And gain his hat again at half-past eight?
Now, while his fears anticipate a thief,
John Mullins whispers: 'Take my handkerchief.'
'Thank you,' cries Pat, 'but one won't make a line.
'Take mine,' cried Wilson; 'And,' cried Stokes, 'take mine.'
A motley cable soon Pat Jennings ties,
Where Spitalfields with real India vies
Like Iris' bow, down darts the painted hue,
Starred, striped, and spotted, yellow, red, and blue,
Old calico, torn silk, and muslin new.
George Green below, with palpitating hand,
Loops the last 'kerchief to the beaver's band;
Upsoars the prize; the youth, with joy unfeigned,
Regained the felt, and felt what he regained,
While to the applauding galleries grateful Pat
Made a low bow, and touched the ransomed hat.

The Baby's Debut.—By W. W. [*Wordsworth.*]

Spoken in the character of Nancy Lake, a girl eight years of age, who is drawn upon the stage in a child's chaise by Samuel Hughes, her uncle's porter.

My brother Jack was nine in May,
And I was eight on New-Year's Day;
So in Kate Wilson's shop
Papa (he's my papa and Jack's)
Bought me, last week, a doll of wax,
And brother Jack a top.

Jack's in the pouts, and this it is,
He thinks mine came to more than his,
So to my drawer he goes,
Takes out the doll, and, O my stars!
He pokes her head between the bars,
And melts off half her nose!

Quite cross, a bit of string I beg,
And tie it to his peg-top's peg,
And bang, with might and main,
Its head against the parlour-door:
Off flies the head, and hits the floor,
And breaks a window-pane.

This made him cry with rage and spite;
Well, let him cry, it serves him right.
A pretty thing, forsooth!
If he's to melt, all scalding hot,
Half my doll's nose, and I am not
To draw his peg-top's tooth!

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Aunt Hannah heard the window break,
And cried: 'O naughty Nancy Lake,
Thus to distress your aunt:
No Drury Lane for you to-day!'
And while papa said: 'Pooh, she may!'
Mamma said: 'No, she shan't!'

Well, after many a sad reproach,
They got into a hackney-coach,
And trotted down the street.
I saw them go: one horse was blind;
The tails of both hung down behind;
Their shoes were on their feet.

The chaise in which poor brother Bill
Used to be drawn to Pentonville,
Stood in the lumber-room:
I wiped the dust from off the top,
While Molly mopped it with a mop,
And brushed it with a broom.

My uncle's porter, Samuel Hughes,
Came in at six to black the shoes
(I always talk to Sam):
So what does he, but takes and drags
Me in the chaise along the flags,
And leaves me where I am.

My father's walls are made of brick,
But not so tall and not so thick
As these; and, goodness me!
My father's beams are made of wood,
But never, never half so good
As these that now I see.

What a large floor! 'tis like a town!
The carpet, when they lay it down,
Won't hide it, I'll be bound:
And there's a row of lamps; my eye!
How they do blaze! I wonder why
They keep them on the ground.

At first I caught hold of the wing,
And kept away; but Mr. Thing-
Umbob, the prompter man,
Gave with his hand my chaise a shove,
And said: 'Go on, my pretty love;
Speak to 'em, little Nan.

'You've only got to curtsey, whisp-
Er, hold your chin up, laugh and lisp,
And then you're sure to take:
I've known the day when brats not quite
Thirteen got fifty pounds a night,
Then why not Nancy Lake?'

But while I'm speaking, where's papa?'
And where's my aunt? and where'
mamma?
Where's Jack? Oh, there they sit!
They smile, they nod; I'll go my ways,
And order round poor Billy's chaise,
To join them in the pit.

And now, good gentlefolks, I go
To join mamma, and see the show;
So, bidding you adieu,
I curtsey, like a pretty miss,
And if you'll blow to me a kiss,
I'll blow a kiss to you.

[*Blows kiss, and exit.*

A Tale of Drury Lane.—By W. S. [*Scott.*]

As Chaos which, by heavenly doom,
Had slept in everlasting gloom,
Started with terror and surprise,
When light first flashed upon her eyes:
So London's sons in night-cap woke,
In bed-gown woke her dames,
For shouts were heard 'mid fire and
smoke,
And twice ten hundred voices spoke,
'The playhouse is in flames.'
And lo! where Catherine Street extends,
A fiery tale its lustre lends
To every window-pane:
Blushes each spout in Martlet Court,
And Barbican, moth-eaten fort,
And Covent Garden kennels sport
A bright ensanguined drain;
Meux's new brewhouse shews the light,
Rowland Hill's chapel, and the height
Where patent shot they sell;
The Tennis Court, so fair and tall,
Partakes the ray, with Surgeons' Hall.
The Ticket Porters' house of call,
Old Bedlam, close by London Wall,
Wright's shrimp and oyster shop withal,
And Richardson's hotel.

Nor these alone, but far and wide
Across the Thames's gleaming tide,
To distant fields the blaze was borne;
And daisy white and hoary thorn
In borrowed lustre seemed to sham
The rose or red sweet Wil-li-am.
To those who on the hills around
Beheld the flames from Drury's mound,
As from a lofty altar rise;
It seemed that nations did conspire,
To offer to the god of fire
Some vast stupendous sacrifice!
The summoned firemen woke at call,
And hied them to their stations all.
Starting from short and broken snooze,
Each sought his ponderous hobnailed
shoes;
But first his worsted hosen plied,
Plush breeches next in crimson dyed,
His nether bulk embraced;
Then jacket thick of red or blue,

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Whose massy shoulder gave to view
The badge of each respective crew,
In tin or copper traced.
The engines thundered through the street,
Fire-hook, pie, bucket, all complete,
And torches glared, and clattering feet
Along the pavement paced. . . .
E'en Higginbottom now was posed,
For sadder scene was ne'er disclosed;
Without, within, in hideous show,
Devouring flames resistless glow,
And blazing rafters downward go,
And never halloo 'Heads below!'
Nor notice give at all:
The firemen, terrified, are slow
To bid the pumping torrent flow,
For fear the roof should fall.
Back, Robins, back! Crump, stand aloof!
Whitford, keep near the walls!
Huggins, regard your own behoof,
For, lo! the blazing rocking roof
Down, down in thunder falls!

An awful pause succeeds the stroke,
And o'er the ruins volumed smoke,
Rolling around its pitchy shroud,
Concealed them from the astonished crowd.
At length the mist awhile was cleared,
When lo! amid the wreck upreared,
Gradual a moving head appeared,
And Eagle firemen knew
'Twas Joseph Muggins, name revered,
The foreman of their crew.
Loud shouted all in signs of woe,
'A Muggins to the rescue, ho!'
And poured the hissing tide:
Meanwhile the Muggins fought amain,
And strove and struggled all in vain,
For, rallying but to fall again,
He tottered, sunk, and died!
Did none attempt, before he fell,
To succour one they loved so well?
Yes, Higginbottom did aspire—
His fireman's soul was all on fire—
His brother-chief to save;
But ah! his reckless, generous ire
Served but to share his grave!
'Mid blazing beams and scalding streams,
Through fire and smoke he dauntless broke,
Where Muggins broke before.
But sulphury stench and boiling drench
Destroying sight, o'erwhelmed him quite;
He sunk to rise no more.
Still o'er his head, while Fate he braved,
His whizzing water-pipe he waved;
'Whitford and Mitford, ply your pumps;
You, Clutterbuck, come, stir your stumps;
Why are you in such doleful dumps?
A fireman, and afraid of bumps!
What are they feared on? fools—'od rot 'em!'—
Were the last words of Higginbottom.

Address to the Mummy in Belzoni's Exhibition.—By Horace Smith.

And thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)
In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous!

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy;
Thou hast a tongue, come, let us hear its tune;
Thou'rt standing on thy legs above-ground, mummy!
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon.
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade—
Then say, what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?
Perhaps thou wert a priest—if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

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Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass;
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled,
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
And the great Deluge still had left it green;
Or was it then so old, that history's pages
Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent, incommunicative elf!
Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;
But prithee tell us something of thyself;
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house:
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
What hast thou seen—what strange adventures numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have above-ground, seen some strange mutations;
The Roman empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
Whilst not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold:
A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled:
Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh—immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost for ever?
Oh, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue, that, when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

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JOHN WILSON.

PROFESSOR WILSON, long the distinguished occupant of the chair of moral philosophy in the university of Edinburgh, earned his first laurels by his poetry. He was born on the 18th of May, 1785, in the town of Paisley, where his father had carried on business, and attained to opulence as a manufacturer. At the age of thirteen, the poet was entered of Glasgow University, whence in 1804, he was transferred to Magdalen College, Oxford. Here he carried off the Newdigate prize from a vast number of competitors for the best English poem of fifty lines. Mr. Wilson was distinguished in these youthful years by his fine athletic frame, and a face at once handsome and expressive of genius. A noted capacity for knowledge and remarkable literary powers were at the same time united to a predilection for gymnastic exercises and rural sports. After four years' residence at Oxford, the poet purchased a small but beautiful estate, named Elleray, on the banks of the lake Windermere, where he went to reside. He married—built a house—kept a yacht—enjoyed himself among the magnificent scenery of the lakes—wrote poetry—and cultivated the society of Wordsworth. These must have been happy days. With youth, robust health, fortune, and an exhaustless imagination, Wilson must, in such a spot, have been blest even up to the dreams of a poet. Some reverses, however, came, and, after entering himself of the Scottish bar he sought and obtained his moral philosophy chair. He connected himself also with 'Blackwood's Magazine,' and in this miscellany poured forth the riches of his fancy, learning, and taste—displaying also the peculiarities of his sanguine and impetuous temperament. The most valuable of these contributions were collected and published (1842) in three volumes, under the title of 'The Recreations of Christopher North.'

The criticisms on poetry from the pen of Wilson are often highly eloquent, and conceived in a truly kindred spirit. A series of papers on Spenser and Homer are equally remarkable for their discrimination and imaginative luxuriance. In reference to these 'golden spoils' of criticism, Mr. Hallam characterised the professor as 'a living writer of the most ardent and enthusiastic genius, whose eloquence is as the rush mighty waters.' The poetical works of Wilson consist of the 'Isle of Palms' (1812), the 'City of the Plague' (1816), and several smaller pieces. The broad humour and satire of some of his prose papers form a contrast to the delicacy and tenderness of his acknowledged writings—particularly his poetry. He has an outer and an inner man—one shrewd, bitter, observant, and full of untamed energy; the other calm, graceful, and meditative—'all conscience and tender heart.' He deals generally in extremes, and the prevailing defect of his poetry is its uniform sweetness and feminine softness of character.

'Almost the only passions,' says Jeffrey, 'with which his poetry is conversant, are the gentler sympathies of our nature—tender com-

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passion, confiding affection, and guiltless sorrow. From all these there results, along with most touching and tranquillising sweetness, a certain monotony and languor, which, to those who read poetry for amusement merely, will be apt to appear like dullness, and must be felt as a defect by all who have been used to the variety, rapidity, and energy of the popular poetry of the day.' Some of the scenes in the 'City of the Plague' are, however, exquisitely drawn, and his descriptions of lake and mountain scenery, though idealised by his imagination, are not unworthy of Wordsworth. The *prose* descriptions of Wilson have obscured his *poetical*, because in the former he gives the reins to his fancy, and, while preserving the general outline and distinctive features of the landscape, adds a number of subsidiary charms and attractions. In 1851, Mr. Wilson was granted a pension of £300 per annum; his health had then failed, and he died in Edinburgh on the 3d of April 1854. A complete collection of his works was published by his son-in-law, Professor Ferrier, of St. Andrews, in twelve volumes (1855-58).

A Home Among the Mountains.—From 'City of the Plague.'

MAGDALENE *and* ISABEL.

MAGDALENE. How bright and fair that afternoon returns
When last we parted! Even now I feel
Its dewy freshness in my soul!. Sweet breeze!
That hymning like a spirit up the lake,
Came through the tall pines on yon little isle
Across to us upon the verual shore
With a kind friendly greeting. Frankfort blest
The unseen musician floating through the air,
And, smiling, said: 'Wild harper of the hill!
So mayst thou play thy ditty when once more
This lake I do revisit.' As he spoke
Away died the music in the firmament,
And unto silence left our parting hour.
No breeze will ever steal from nature's heart
So sweet again to me.
What'er my doom
It cannot be unhappy. God hath given me
The boon of resignation: I could die,
Though doubtless human fears would cross my soul,
Calmly even now: yet if it be ordained
That I return unto my native valley,
And live with Frankfort there, why should I fear
To say I might be happy—happier far
Than I deserve to be. Sweet Rydal Lake!
Am I again to visit thee? to hear
Thy glad waves murmuring all around my soul?
ISABEL. Methinks I see us in a cheerful group
Walking along the margin of the bay,
Where our lone summer-house——
MAGD. Sweet mossy cell!
So cool—so shady—silent and composed!
A constant evening full of gentle dreams!
Where joy was felt like sadness, and our grief
A melancholy pleasant to be borne.
Hath the green linnet built her nest this spring

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In her own rose-bush near the quiet door?
Bright solitary bird! she oft will miss
Her human friends: our orchard now must be
A wilderness of sweets, by none beloved.
ISA. One blessed week would soon restore its beauty,
Were we at home. Nature can work no wrong.
The very weeds how lovely! the confusion
Doth speak of breezes, sunshine, and the dew.
MAGD. I hear the murmuring of a thousand bees
In that bright odorous honeysuckle wall
That once inclosed the happiest family
That ever lived beneath the blessed skies.
Where is that family now? O Isabel,
I feel my soul descending to the grave,
And all these loveliest rural images
Fade, like waves breaking on a dreary shore!
ISA. Even now I see a stream of sunshine bathing
The bright moss-roses round our parlour window!
Oh, were we sitting in that room once more!
MAGD. 'Twould seem inhuman to be happy there,
And both my parents dead. How could I walk
On what I used to call my father's walk,
He in his grave! or look upon that tree,
Each year so full of blossoms or of fruit,
Planted by my mother, and her holy name
Graven on its stem by mine own infant hands!

From Lines, 'To a Sleeping Child.'

Art thou a thing of mortal birth,
Whose happy home is on our earth?
Does human blood with life imbue
Those wandering veins of heavenly blue
That stray along thy forehead fair,
Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair?
Oh, can that light and airy breath
Steal from a being doomed to death;
Those features to the grave be sent
In sleep thus mutely eloquent?
Or art thou, what thy form would seem,
The phantom of a blessed dream?
Oh that my spirit's eye could see
Whence burst those gleams of ecstasy!
That light of dreaming soul appears
To play from thoughts above thy years.
Thou smil'st as if thy soul were soaring
To heaven, and heaven's God adoring!
And who can tell what visions high
May bless an infant's sleeping eye!
What brighter throne can brightness find
To reign on than an infant's mind,
Ere sin destroy or error dim
The glory of the seraphim?
Oh, vision fair, that I could be
Again as young, as pure as thee!
Vain wish! the rainbow's radiant form
May view, but cannot brave the storm:
Years can bedim the gorgeous dyes
That paint the bird of Paradise.
And years, so fate hath ordered, roll
Clouds o'er the summer of the soul. . .
Fair was that face as break of dawn,
When o'er its beauty sleep was drawn
Like a thin veil that half-conceals
The light of soul, and half-reveals.
While thy hushed heart with visions wrought,
Each trembling eyelash moved with thought,
And things we dream, but ne'er can speak,
Like clouds came floating o'er thy cheek,
Such summer-clouds as travel light,
When the soul's heaven lies calm and bright;
Till thou awok'st—then to thine eye
Thy whole heart leapt in ecstacy!
And lovely is that heart of thine,
Or sure these eyes could never shine
With such a wild, yet bashful glee,
Gay, half-o'ercome timidity!

From 'Address to a Wild Deer.'

Magnificent creature! so stately and bright!
In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight;
For what hath the child of the desert to dread,
Wafting up his own mountains that far-beaming head;

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Or borne like a whirlwind down on the vale?
Hail! king of the wild and the beautiful!—hail!
Hail! idol divine!—whom nature hath borne
O'er a hundred hill-tops since the mists of the morn,
Whom the pilgrim lone wandering on mountain and moor,
As the vision glides by him, may blameless adore:
For the joy of the happy, the strength of the free,
Are spread in a garment of glory o'er thee.
Up! up to yon cliff! like a king to his throne!
O'er the black silent forest piled lofty and lone—
A throne which the eagle is glad to resign
Unto footsteps so fleet and so fearless as thine.
There the bright heather springs up in love of thy breast.
Lo! the clouds in the depths of the sky are at rest;
And the race of the wild winds is o'er on the hill!
In the hush of the mountains, ye antlers, lie still!—
Though your branches now toss in the storm of delight,
Like the arms of the pine on yon shelterless height,
One moment—thou bright apparition—delay!
Then melt o'er the crags, like the sun from the day.

His voyage is o'er—as if struck by a spell,
He motionless stands in the hush of the dell;
There softly and slowly sinks down on his breast,
In the midst of his pastime enamoured of rest.
A stream in a clear pool that endeth its race—
A dancing ray chained to one sunshiny place—
A cloud by the winds to calm solitude driven—
A hurricane dead in the silence of heaven.

Fit couch of repose for a pilgrim like thee:
Magnificent prison inclosing the free;
With rock wall-encircled—with precipice crowned—
Which, awoke by the sun, thou canst clear at a bound.
'Mid the fern and the heather kind nature doth keep
One bright spot of green for her favourite's sleep;
And close to that covert, as clear to the skies
When their blue depths are cloudless, a little lake lies,
Where the creature at rest can his image behold,
Loking up through the radiance as bright and as bold.

Yes! fierce looks thy nature e'en hushed in repose—
In the depths of thy desert regardless of foes,
Thy bold antlers call on the hunter afar,
With a haughty defiance to come to the war.
No outrage is war to a creature like thee;
The bugle-horn fills thy wild spirit with glee,
As thou bearest thy neck on the wings of the wind,
And the laggardly gaze-hound is tolling behind.
In the beams of thy forehead, that glitter with death—
In feet that draw power from the touch of the heath—
In the wide raging torrent that lends thee its roar—
In the cliff that, once trod, must be trodden no more—
Thy trust—'mid the dangers that threaten thy reign:
But what if the stag on the mountain be slain?
On the brink of the rock—lo! he standeth at bay,
Like a victor that falls at the close of the day—
While the hunter and hound in their terror retreat
From the death that is spurned from his furious feet;
And his last cry of anger comes back from the skies,
As nature's fierce son in the wilderness dies.

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Lines written in a lonely Burial-ground in the Highlands.

How mournfully this burial-ground
Sleeps 'mid old Ocean's solemn sound,
Who rolls his bright and sunny waves
All round these deaf and silent graves!
The cold wan light that glimmers here,
The sickly wild-flowers may not cheer;
If here, with solitary hum,
The wandering mountain-bee doth come,
'Mid the pale blossoms short his stay,
To brighter leaves he booms away.

The sea-bird, with a wailing sound,
Alighteth softly on a mound,
And like an image, sitting there
For hours amid the doleful air,
Seemeth to tell of some dim union,
Some wild and mystical communion,
Connecting with his parent sea
This lonesome stoneless cemetery.

This may not be the burial-place
Of some extinguished kingly race,
Whose name on earth no longer known,
Hath mouldered with the mouldering stone.
That nearest grave, yet brown with mold,
Seems but one summer-twilight old;
Both late and frequent hath the bier
Been on its mournful visit here:
And yon green spot of sunny rest
Is waiting for its destined guest.

I see no little kirk—no bell
On Sabbath tinkleth through this dell;
How beautiful those graves and fair,
That, lying round the house of prayer,
Sleep in the shadow of its grace!
But death hath chosen this rueful place
For his own undivided reign!
And nothing tells that e'er again
The sleepers will forsake their bed—
Now, and for everlasting dead.
For Hope with Memory seems fled!

Wild-screaming bird! unto the sea
Winging thy flight reluctantly.
Slow floating o'er these grassy tombs
So ghost-like, with thy snow-white plumes
At once from thy wild shriek I know
What means this place so steeped in woe!
Here, they who perished on the deep
Enjoy at last unrocking sleep;
For Ocean, from his wrathful breast,
Flung them into this haven of rest,
Where shroudless, coffinless, they lie—
'Tis the shipwrecked seamen's cemetery.

Here seamen old, with grizzled locks,
Shipwrecked before on desert rocks,
And by some wandering vessel taken
From sorrows that seem God-forsaken,
Home-bound, here have met the blast
That wrecked them on death's shore at last!
Old friendless men, who had no tears
To shed, nor any place for fears,
In hearts by misery fortified,
And, without terror, sternly died.
Here many a creature moving bright
And glorious in full manhood's might,
Who dared with an untroubled eye
The tempest brooding in the sky,
And loved to hear that music rave,
And danced above the mountain-wave,
Hath quaked on this terrific strand,
All flung like sea-weeds to the land;
A whole crew lying side by side,
Death-dashed at once in all their pride.
And here the bright-haired, fair-faced boy,
Who took with him all earthly joy,
From one who weeps both night and day
For her sweet son borne far away,
Escaped at last the cruel deep,
In all his beauty lies asleep;
While she would yield all hopes of grace
For one kiss of his pale cold face!
Oh, I could wail in lonely fear,
For many a woful ghost sits here,
All weeping with their fixed eyes!
And what a dismal sound of sighs
Is mingling with the gentle roar
Of small waves breaking on the shore;
While ocean seems to sport and play
In mockery of its wretched prey!

MRS. HEMANS.

MRS. HEMANS (Felicia Dorothea Browne) was born at Liverpool on the 25th September 1793. Her father was a merchant; but, experiencing some reverses, he removed with his family to Wales, and there the young poetess imbibed that love of nature which is displayed in all her works. In her fifteenth year she ventured on publication. Her first volume was far from successful; but she persevered, and in 1812 published another, entitled 'The Domestic

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Affections, and other poems.' The same year she was married to Captain Hemans; but the union does not seem to have been a happy one. She continued her studies, acquiring several languages, and still cultivating poetry. In 1818, Captain Hemans removed to Italy for the benefit of his health. His acomplished wife remained in England, and they never met again. In 1819, she obtained a prize of £50 offered by some patriotic Scotchman for the best poem on the subject of Sir William Wallace. Next year she published 'The Sceptic.' In June 1821, she obtained a prize awarded by the Royal Society of Literature for the best poem on the subject of Dartmoor. Her next effort was a tragedy, the 'Vespers of Palermo,' which was produced at Covent Garden, December 12, 1823; but though supported by the admirable acting of Kemble and Young, it was not successful. In 1826, appeared her best poem, 'The Forest Sanctuary,' and in 1828, 'Records of Woman.' She afterwards produced 'Lays of Leisure Hours,' 'National Lyrics,' &c. In 1829 she paid a visit to Scotland, and was received with great kindness by Sir Walter Scott, Jeffrey, and others of the Scottish literati. In 1830 appeared her 'Songs of the Affections.' The same year she visited Wordsworth, and appears to have been much struck with the secluded beauty of Rydal Lake and Grasmere:

O vale and lake, within your mountain urn
Smiling so tranquilly, and set so deep!
Oft doth your dreamy loveliness return,
Colouring the tender shadows of my sleep
With light Elysian; for the hues that steep
Your shores in melting lustre, seem to float
On golden clouds from spirit-lands remote—
Isles of the blest—and in our memory keep
Their place with holiest harmonies.

Wordsworth said to her one day: 'I would not give up the mists that spiritualize our mountains for all the blue skies of Italy'—an original and poetical expression. On her return from the Lakes, Mrs. Hemans went to reside in Dublin, where her brother, Major Browne, was settled. The education of her family (five boys) occupied much of her time and attention. Ill health, however, pressed heavily on her, and she soon experienced a premature decay of the springs of life. In 1834, appeared her little volume of 'Hymns for Childhood,' and a collection of 'Scenes and Hymns of Life.' She also published some sonnets, under the title of 'Thoughts during Sickness.' Her last strain, produced only about three weeks before her death, was the following fine sonnet, dictated to her brother on Sunday the 26th of April:

Sunday in England.

How many blessed groups this hour are bending,
Through England's primrose meadow-paths, their way
Towards spire and tower, 'midst shadowy elms ascending,
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallowed day;

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The halls, from old heroic ages gray,
Pour their fair children forth; and hamlets low,
With whose thick orchard blooms the soft winds play,
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a freed vernal stream. I may not tread
With them those pathways—to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound; yet, O my God! I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath filled
My chastened heart, and all its throbbings stilled
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness.

This admirable woman and sweet poetess died on the 16th of May 1835, aged forty-one. She was interred in St. Anne's Church, Dublin, and over her grave were inscribed some lines from one of her own dirges:

Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit! rest thee now!
Even while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
Dust to its narrow house beneath!
Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.

A complete collection of the works of Mrs. Hemans, with a memoir by her sister, has been published in six volumes. Though highly popular, and in many respects excellent, we do not think that much of the poetry of Mrs. Hemans will descend to posterity. There is, as Scott hinted, 'too many flowers for the fruit;' more for the ear and fancy, than for the heart and intellect. Some of her shorter pieces and her lyrical productions are touching and beautiful, both in sentiment and expression.

From 'The Voice of Spring.'

I come, I come! ye have called me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song;
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut-flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers:
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains.
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have looked on the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my foot hath been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep-blue sky,
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,

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In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-bough into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain;
They are sweeping on the silvery main,
They are flashing down the mountain-brows,
They are flinging spray on the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves,

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!
Where the violets lie may now be your home.
Ye of the rose-lip and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly;
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine—I may not stay.

Away from the dwellings of careworn men,
The waters are sparkling in grove and glen;
Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth;
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
And Youth is abroad in my green domains. . . .

The summer is hastening, on soft winds borne,
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn;
For me I depart to a brighter shore—
Ye are marked by care, ye are mine no more.
I go where the loved who have left you dwell,
And the flowers are not Death's—fare ye well, farewell!

The Homes of England.

The stately Homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land.
The deer across their greensward bound
Through shade and sunny gleam,
And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry Homes of England!
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light!
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told,
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed Homes of England!
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath-hours!

Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bell chime
Floats through their woods at morn;
All other sounds, in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage Homes of England!
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet-fanes.
Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves,
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair Homes of England!
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be reared
To guard each hallowed wall!
And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God!

The Graves of a Household.

They grew in beauty, side by side,
They filled one home with glee;
Their graves are severed, far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow:
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

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One, 'midst the forest of the West,
By a dark stream is laid—
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are dressed
Above the noble slain:
He wrapped his colours round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth—
Alas for love, if *thou* wert all,
And nought beyond, O earth!

BERNARD BARTON.

BERNARD BARTON (1784–1849), one of the Society of Friends, published in 1820 a volume of miscellaneous poems, which attracted notice, both for their elegant simplicity, and purity of style and feeling, and because they were written by a Quaker. 'The staple of the whole poems,' says a critic in the 'Edinburgh Review,' 'is description and meditation—description of quiet home scenery, sweetly and feelingly wrought out—and meditation, overshaded with tenderness, and exalted by devotion: but all terminating in soothing, and even cheerful views of the condition and prospects of mortality.' Mr. Barton was employed in a banking establishment at Woodbridge, in Suffolk, and he seems to have contemplated abandoning his profession for a literary life. Byron remonstrated against such a step. 'Do not renounce writing,' he said, 'but never trust entirely to authorship. If you have a profession, retain it; it will be, like Prior's fellowship, a last and sure resource.'

Charles Lamb also wrote to him as follows: 'Throw yourself on the world, without any rational plan of support beyond what the chance employ of booksellers would afford you! Throw yourself rather, my dear sir, from the steep Tarpeian rock slap-dash headlong upon iron spikes. If you have but five consolatory minutes between the desk and the bed, make much of them, and live a century in them, rather than turn slave to the booksellers. They are Turks and Tartars when they have poor authors at their beck. Hitherto you have been at arm's-length from them—come not within their grasp. I have known many authors want for bread—some repining, others enjoying the blessed security of a counting-house—all agreeing they had rather have been tailors, weavers—what not?—rather than the things they were. I have known some starved, some go mad, one dear friend literally dying in a workhouse. Oh, you know not—may you never know—the miseries of subsisting by authorship!' There is some exaggeration here. We have known authors by profession who lived cheerfully and comfortably, labouring at the stated sum per sheet as regularly as the weaver at

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his loom, or the tailor on his board; but dignified with the consciousness of following a high and ennobling occupation, with all the mighty minds of past ages as their daily friends and companions. The bane of such a life, when fervid genius is involved, is its uncertainty and its temptations, and the almost invariable incompatibility of the poetical temperament with habits of business and steady application. Yet let us remember the examples of Shakspeare, Dryden, and Pope—all regular and constant labourers—and, in our own day, of Scott, Southey, Moore, and many others. The fault is more generally with the author than with the public. In the particular case of Bernard Barton, however, Lamb counselled wisely. He had not the vigour and popular talents requisite for *marketable* literature; and of this he would seem to have been conscious, for he abandoned his dream of exclusive authorship. Mr. Barton published several volumes of poetry, 'The Widow's Tale,' 'Devotional Verses,' &c. A pension of £100 a year was awarded to him in his latter days.

To the Evening Primrose.

Fair flower, that shunn'st the glare of day,
Yet lov'st to open, meekly bold,
To evening's hues of sober gray,
Thy cup of paly gold;

Be thine the offering owing long
To thee and to this pensive hour,
Of one brief tributary song.
Though transient as thy flower.

I love to watch, at silent eve,
Thy scattered blossoms' lonely light,
And have my inmost heart receive
The influence of that sight.

I love at such an hour to mark
Their beauty greet the night-breeze chill,
And shine, 'mid shadows gathering dark,
The garden's glory still.

For such, 'tis sweet to think the wife,
When cares and griefs the breast invade,
Is friendship's animating smile
In sorrow's dark'ning shade.

Thus it bursts forth, like thy pale cup
Glist'ning amid its dewy tears,
And bears the sinking spirit up
Amid its chilling fears.

But still more animating far,
If meek Religion's eye may trace,
Even in thy glimmering earth-born star
The holier hope of Grace.

The hope that as thy beauteous bloom
Expands to glad the close of day,
So through the shadows of the tomb
May break forth Mercy's ray.

Power and Gentleness, or the Cataract and the Streamlet.

Noble the mountain-stream,
Bursting in grandeur from its vantage-ground;
Glory is in its gleam
Of brightness—thunder in its deafening sound!

Mark, how its foamy spray,
Tinged by the sunbeams with reflected dyes,
Mimics the bow of day
Arching in majesty the vaulted skies;

Thence, in a summer-shower,
Steeping the rocks around—Oh, tell me where
Could majesty and power
Be clothed in forms more beautifully fair?

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Yet lovelier, in my view,
The streamlet flowing silently serene;
Traced by the brighter hue,
And livelier growth it gives—itself unseen!

It flows through flowery meads,
Gladdening the herds which on its margin browse;
Its quiet beauty feeds
The alders that o'ershade it with their boughs.

Gently it murmurs by
The village churchyard; its low, plaintive tone,
A dirge-like melody,
For worth and beauty modest as its own.

More gaily now it sweeps
By the small school-house in the sunshine bright;
And o'er the pebbles leaps,
Like happy hearts by holiday made light.

May not its course express,
In characters which they who run may read,
The charms of gentleness,
Were but its still small voice allowed to plead?

What are the trophies gained
By power, alone, with all its noise and strife,
To that meek wreath, unstained,
Won by the charities that gladden life?

Niagara's streams might fail,
And human happiness be undisturbed:
But Egypt would turn pale,
Were her still Nile's o'erflowing bounty curbed!

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.

Under the name of 'Barry Cornwall,' a new poet appeared in 1815, as author of a small volume of dramatic scenes of a domestic character, written 'in order to try the effect of a more natural style than that which had for a long time prevailed in our dramatic literature.' The experiment was successful, chiefly on account of the pathetic and tender scenes in the sketches. To this dramatic volume succeeded three volumes of poems—'A Sicilian Story,' 'Marcian Colonna,' and 'The Flood of Thessaly,' all published under the *nom de plume* of Barry Cornwall, which became highly popular. His next work was a tragedy, 'Mirandola,' 1821, which was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre, the two principal parts being acted by Macready and Charles Kemble. This also was successful. The subsequent productions of the poet were 'Effigies Poetica' and 'English Songs.' The latter are perhaps the best of Barry Cornwall's works, and the most likely to live: they have the true lyrical spirit. Besides these, the author produced two prose works, a 'Life of Edmund Kean,' the actor, and a biographical sketch of his early friend Charles Lamb. BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (1790–1874) was a native of London, and was the schoolfellow of Byron and Peel at Harrow. He was a barrister at law and one of the Commissioners of Lunacy. Living to a great age, he enjoyed the regard and esteem of a large circle of

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friends and of the literary society of London. In 1857 a windfall came to Mr. Procter and to certain other poets. Mr. John Kenyon, a wealthy West Indian gentleman, fond of literary society, and author of a 'Rhymed Plea for Tolerance,' left more than £140,000 in legacies to individuals whom he loved or admired. Included in this number were Elizabeth Barrett Browning, £4000; her husband, £6500; and to Mr. Procter also £6500.

Address to the Ocean.

O thou vast Ocean! ever-sounding sea!
Thou symbol of a drear immensity!
Thou thing that windest round the solid world
Like a huge animal, which, downward hurled
From the black clouds, lies weltering and alone,
Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone.
Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep
Is as a giant's slumber, loud and deep.
Thou speakest in the east and in the west
At once, and on thy heavily-laden breast
Fleets come and go, and shapes that have no life
Or motion, yet are moved and meet in strife.
The earth hath nought of this: no chance or change
Ruffles its surface, and no spirits dare
Give answer to the tempest-wakened air;
But o'er its wastes the weakly tenants range
At will, and wound its bosom as they go
Ever the same, it hath no ebb, no flow:
But in their stated rounds the seasons come,
And pass like visions to their wonted home;
And come again, and vanish; the young Spring
Looks ever bright with leaves and blossoming;
And Winter always winds his sullen horn,
When the wild Autumn, with a look forlorn,
Dies in his stormy manhood; and the skies
Weep, and flowers sicken, when the summer flies.
Oh! wonderful thou art, great element:
And fearful in thy spleeny humours bent,
And lovely in repose; thy summer form
Is beautiful, and when thy silver waves
Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,
I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,
Marking the sunlight at the evening hour,
And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach—
Eternity—Eternity—and Power.

Marcelia.

It was a dreary place. The shallow brook
That ran throughout the wood, there took a turn
And widened: all its music died away
And in the place a silent eddy told
That there the stream grew deeper. There dark trees
Funereal—cypress, yew, and shadowy pine,
And spicy cedar—clustered, and at night
Shook from their melancholy branches sounds
And sighs like death: 'Twas strange, for through the day
They stood quite motionless, and looked, methought,
Like monumental things, which the sad earth
From its green bosom had cast out in pity,

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To mark a young girl's grave. The very leaves
Disowned their natural green, and took black
And mournful hue; and the rough brier, stretching
His straggling arms across the rivulet,
Lay like an armed sentinel there, catching
With his tenacious leaf, straws, withered boughs,
Moss that the banks had lost, coarse grasses which
Swam with the current, and with these it hid
The poor Marcella's death-bed. Never may net
Of venturous fisher be cast in with hope,
For not a fish abides there. The slim deer
Snorts as he ruffles with his shortened breath
The brook, and panting flies the unholy place,
And the white heifer lows, and passes on;
The foaming hound laps not, and winter birds
Go higher up the stream. And yet I love
To loiter there; and when the rising moon
Flames down the avenue of pines, and looks
Red and dilated through the evening mists,
And checkered as the heavy branches sway
To and fro with the wind, I stay to listen,
And fancy to myself that a sad voice,
Praying, comes moaning through the leaves, as 'twere
For some misdeed. The story goes that some
Neglected girl—an orphan whom the world
Frowned upon—once strayed thither, and 'twas thought
Cast herself in the stream. You may have heard
Of one Marcella, poor Nolina's daughter, who
Fell ill and came to want? No! Oh, she loved
A wealthy man who marked her not. He wed,
And then the girl grew sick, and pined away,
And drowned herself for love.

An Invocation to Birds.

Come, all ye feathery people of mid air,
Who sleep 'midst rocks, or on the mountain summits
Lie down with the wild winds; and ye who build
Your homes amidst green leaves by grottoes cool;
And ye who on the flat sands hoard your eggs
For suns to ripen, come! O phœnix rare!
If death hath spared, or philosophic search
Permit thee still to own thy haunted nest,
Perfect Arabian—lonely nightingale!
Dusk creature, who art silent all day long,
But when pale eve unseals thy clear throat, loosest
Thy twilight music on the dreaming boughs
Until they waken. And thou, cuckoo bird,
Who are the ghost of sound, having no shape
Material, but dost wander far and near,
Like untouched echo whom the woods deny
Sight of her love—come all to my slow charm;
Come thou, sky-climbing bird, wakener of morn,
Who springest like a thought unto the sun,
And from his golden floods dost gather wealth—
Epithalamium and Pindarique song—
And with it enrich our ears; come all to me,
Beneath the chamber where my lady lies,
And, in your several musics, whisper—Love!

The following are from Mr. Procter's collection of 'Songs:'

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King Death.

King Death was a rare old fellow,
He sat where no sun could shine,
And he lifted his hand so yellow,
And poured out his coal-black wine.
Hurrah for the coal-black wine!

There came to him many a maiden
Whose eyes had forgot to shine,
And widows with grief o'erladen,
For a draught of his coal-black wine.
Hurrah for the coal-black wine!

The scholar left all his learning,
The poet his fancied woes,
And the beauty her bloom returning,
Like life to the fading rose.
Hurrah for the coal-black wine!

All came to the rare old fellow,
Who laughed till his eyes dropped brine,
And he gave them his hand so yellow,
And pledged them in Death's black wine
Hurrah for the coal-black wine!

The Nights.

Oh, the Summer night
Has a smile of light,
And she sits on a sapphire throne;
Whilst the sweet winds load her
With garlands of odour,
From the bud to the rose o'er-blown!

But the Autumn night
Has a piercing sight
And a step both strong and free;
And a voice for wonder,
Like the wrath of the thunder,
When he shouts to the stormy sea!

And the Winter night
Is all cold and white,
And she singeth a song of pain;
Till the wild bee hummeth,
And the warm Spring cometh,
When she dies in a dream of rain!

Oh, the night brings sleep
To the greenwoods deep,
To the bird of the woods its nest;
To care soft hours,
To life new powers,
To the sick and the weary—rest!

Song for Twilight.

Hide me, O twilight air!
Hide me from thought, from care,
From all things foul or fair,
Until to-morrow!
To-night I strive no more;
No more my soul shall soar:
Come, sleep, and shut the door
'Gainst pain and sorrow!

If I must see through dreams,
Be mine Elysian gleams,
Be mine by morning streams
To watch and wander;

So may my spirit cast
(Serpent-like) off the past,
And my free soul at last
Have leave to ponder

And shouldst thou 'scape control,
Ponder on love, sweet soul;
On joy, the end and goal
Of all endeavour:
But if earth's pains will rise
(As damps will seek the skies),
Then, night, seal thou mine eyes,
In sleep for ever.

Death of Amelia Wentworth.

AMELIA—MARIAN.

MARIAN. Are you awake, dear lady?
AMELIA. Wide awake.
There are the stars abroad, I see. I feel
As though I had been sleeping many a day.
What time o' the night is it?
MAR. About the stroke of midnight.
AMEL. Let it come. The skies are calm
And bright; and so, at last, my spirit is.
Whether the heavens have influence on the mind
Through life, or only in our days of death,
I know not; yet, before, ne'er did my soul
Look upwards with such hope of joy, or pine
For that hope's deep completion. Marion!
Let me see more of heaven. There—enough.

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Are you not well, sweet girl?
MAR. O yes; but you
Speak now so strangely: you were wont to talk
Of plain familiar things, and cheer me: now
You set my spirit drooping.
AMEL. I have spoke
Nothing but cheerful words, thou idle girl.
Look, look, above! the canopy of the sky,
Spotted with stars, shines like a bridal-dress:
A queen might envy that so regal blue
Which wraps the world o' nights. Alas, alas!
I do remember in my follying days
What wild and wanton wishes once were mine,
Slaves—radiant gems—and beauty with no peer,
And friends (a ready host)—but I forget.
I shall be dreaming soon, as once I dreamt
When I had hope to light me. Have you no song,
My gentle girl, for a sick woman's ear?
There's one I've heard you sing: 'They said his eye'—
No, that's not it: the words are hard to hit.
'His eye like the mid-day sun was bright'——
MAR. 'Tis so.
You've a good memory. Well, listen to me.
I must not trip, I see.
AMEL. I hearken. Now.

Song.

His eye like the mid-day sun was bright,
Hers had a proud but a milder light,
Clear and sweet like the cloudless moon:
Alas! and must it fade as soon?

His voice was like the breath of war,
But hers was fainter—softer far;
And yet, when he of his long love sighed,
She laughed in scorn—he fled and died.

MAR. There is another verse, of a different air,
But indistinct—like the low-moaning
Of summer winds in the evening: thus it runs—

They said he died upon the wave,
And his bed was the wild and bounding billow;
Her bed shall be a dry earth grave:
Prepare it quick, for she wants her pillow.

AMEL. How slowly and how silently doth time
Float on his starry journey. Still he goes,
And goes, and goes, and doth not pass away.
He rises with the golden morning, calmly,
And with the moon at night. Methinks I see
Him stretching wide abroad his mighty wings,
Floating for ever o'er the crowds of men,
Like a huge vulture with its prey beneath.
Lo! I am here, and time seems passing on:
To-morrow I shall be a breathless thing—
Yet he will still be here; and the blue hours
Will laugh as gaily on the busy world
As though I were alive to welcome them.
There's one will shed some tears. Poor Charles!

CHARLES *enters.*

CH. I am here.
Did you not call?

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AMEL. You come in time. My thoughts
Were full of you, dear Charles. Your mother—
I take that title—in her dying hour
Has privilege to speak unto your youth.
There's one thing pains me, and I would be calm.
My husband has been harsh unto me—yet
He *is* my husband; and you'll think of this
If any sterner feeling move your heart?
Seek no revenge for me. You will not?—Nay,
Is it so hard to grant my last request?
He is my husband: he was father, too,
Of the blue-eyed boy you were so fond of once.
Do you remember how his eyelids closed
When the first summer rose was opening?
'Tis now two years ago—more, more: and I—
I now am hastening to him. Pretty boy!
He was my only child. How fair he looked
In the white garment that encircled him—
'Twas like a marble slumber; and when we
Laid him beneath the green earth in his bed,
I thought my heart was breaking—yet I lived:
But I am weary now.

MAR. You must not talk,
Indeed, dear lady; nay——

CH. Indeed you must not.

AMEL. Well, then, I will be silent; yet not so.
For ere we journey, ever should we take
A sweet leave of our friends, and wish them well,
And tell them to take heed, and bear in mind
Our blessings. So, in your breast, dear Charles,
Wear the remembrance of Amelia.
She ever loved you—ever; so as might.
Become a mother's tender love—no more.
Charles, I have lived in this too bitter world
Now almost thirty seasons: you have been
A child to me for one-third of that time.
I took you to my bosom, when a boy,
Who scarce had seen eight springs come forth and vanish.
You have a warm heart, Charles, and the base crowd
Will feed upon it, if—but you must make
That heart a grave, and in it bury deep
Its young and beautiful feelings.

CH. I will do
All that you wish—all; but you cannot die
And leave me?

AMEL. You shall see how calmly Death
Will come and press his finger, cold and pale,
On my now smiling lip: these eyes men swore
Were brighter than the stars that fill the sky,
And yet they must grow dim: an hour——

CH. Oh, no!
No, no! oh, say not so! I cannot bear
To hear you talk thus. Will you break my heart?

AMEL. No: I would caution it against a change
That soon must happen. Calmly let us talk.
When I am dead——

CH. Alas, alas!

AMEL. This is
Not as I wish: you had a brave spirit.
Bid it come forth. Why, I have heard you talk
Of war and danger—Ah!—

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WENTWORTH *enters.*

MAR. She's pale—speak, speak.
CH. O my lost mother!—How! You here?
WENT. I am come.
To pray her pardon. Let me touch her hand.
Amelia! she faints: Amelia! [*She dies.*
Poor faded girl! I was too harsh—unjust.
CH. Look!
MAR. She has left us.
CH. It is false. Revive!
Mother, revive, revive!
MAR. It is in vain.
CH. Is it then so? My soul is sick and faint.
O mother, mother! I—I cannot weep.
Oh for some blinding tears to dim my eyes,
So I might not gaze on her! And has death
Indeed, indeed struck *her*—so beautiful;
So wronged; and never erring; so beloved
By one—who now has nothing left to love?
O thou bright heaven! if thou art calling now
Thy brighter angels to thy bosom—rest;
For lo! the brightest of thy host is gone—
Departed—and the earth is dark below.
And now—I 'll wander far and far away,
Like one that hath no country. I shall find
A sullen pleasure in that life, and when
I say 'I have no friend in all the world,'
My heart will swell with pride, and make a show
Unto itself of happiness; and in truth
There is, in that same solitude, a taste
Of pleasure which the social never know.
From land to land I'll roam, in all a stranger,
And, as the body gains a braver look,
By staring in the face of all the winds,
So from the sad aspects of different things
My soul shall pluck a courage, and bear up
Against the past. And now—for Hindustan.

REV. HENRY HART MILMAN.

The REV. HENRY HART MILMAN, long the accomplished and venerated Dean of St. Paul's, was a native of London, son of an eminent physician, Sir Francis Milman, and was born in the year 1791. He distinguished himself as a classical scholar, and in 1815 was made a fellow of Brazenose College, Oxford. He also held (1821) the office of professor of poetry in the university. In the church Mr. Milman was some time vicar of Reading; then rector of St. Margaret's Westminster; and finally (1849) dean of St. Paul's. He died September 24, 1868. Dean Milman first appeared as an author in 1817, when his tragedy of 'Fazio' was published. It was afterwards acted with success at Drury Lane Theatre. In 1820 he published a dramatic poem, 'The Fall of Jerusalem,' and to this succeeded three other dramas, 'Belshazzar' (1822), 'The Martyr of Antioch' (1822), and 'Anne Boleyn' (1826); but none of these were designed for the stage. He also wrote a narrative poem, 'Samor, Lord of the Bright City' (1818), and several smaller pieces. To our prose literature, Milman

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contributed a 'History of the Jews,' a 'History of Early Christianity,' a 'History of Latin Christianity,' a 'History of St. Paul's Cathedral,' a volume of 'Literary Essays,' &c. He edited an edition of Gibbon's Rome, with notes and corrections, and an excellent edition of Horace. These are valuable works. The taste and attainments of Dean Milman are seen in his poetical works; but he wants the dramatic spirit, and also that warmth of passion and imagination which is necessary to vivify his learning and his classical conceptions. His fame will ultimately rest on his histories.

Jerusalem before the Siege.

TITUS. It must be—.
And yet it moves me, Romans! It confounds
The counsel of my firm philosophy,
That Ruin's merciless ploughshare must pass o'er,
And barren salt be sown on yon proud city.
As on our olive-crowned hill we stand,
Where Kedron at our feet its scanty waters
Distils from stone to stone with gentle motion,
As through a valley sacred to sweet peace,
How boldly doth it front us! how majestically!
Like a luxurious vineyard, the hillside
Is hung with marble fabrics, line o'er line,
Terrace o'er terrace, nearer still, and nearer
To the blue heavens. There bright and sumptuous palaces,
With cool and verdant gardens interspersed;
There towers of war that frown in massy strength;
While over all hangs the rich purple eve,
As conscious of its being her last farewell
Of light and glory to that fated city.
And, as our clouds of battle, dust and smoke,
Are melted into air, behold the temple
In undisturbed and lone serenity,
Finding itself a solemn sanctuary
In the profound of heaven! It stands before us
A mount of snow, fretted with golden pinnacles!
The very sun, as though he worshipped there,
Lingers upon the gilded cedar roofs,
And down the long and branching porticoes,
On every flowery-sculptured capital,
Glitters the homage of his parting beams.
By Hercules! the sight might almost win
The offended majesty of Rome to mercy.

Summons of the Destroying Angel to the City of Babylon.

The hour is come! the hour is come! With voice
Heard in thy inmost soul, I summon thee,
Cyrus, the Lord's anointed! And thou river,
That flowest exulting in thy proud approach
To Babylon, beneath whose shadowy walls,
And brazen gates, and gilded palaces,
And groves, that gleam with marble obelisks,
Thy azure bosom shall repose, with lights
Fretted and chequered like the starry heavens:
I do arrest thee in thy stately course,
By him, that poured thee from thine ancient fountain,
And sent thee forth, even at the birth of time,
One of his holy streams, to lave the mounts

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Of Paradise. Thou hear'st me: thou dost check
Abrupt thy waters as the Arab chief
His headlong squadrons. Where the unobserved,
Yet toiling Persian, breaks the ruining mound.
I see thee gather thy tumultuous strength;
And through the deep and roaring Naharmalcha,
Roll on as proudly conscious of fulfilling
The omnipotent command! While, far away,
The lake, that slept but now so calm, nor moved,
Save by the rippling moonshine, heaves on high
Its foaming surface like a whirlpool-gulf,
And boils and whitens with the unwonted tide.
But silent as thy billows used to flow,
And terrible, the hosts of Elam move,
Winding their darksome way profound, where man
Ne'er trod, nor light e'er shone, nor air from heaven
Breathed. O ye secret and unfathomed depths,
How are ye now a smooth and royal way
For the army of God's vengeance! Fellow-slaves
And ministers of the Eternal purpose,
Not guided by the treacherous, injured sons
Of Babylon, but by my mightier arm,
Ye come, and spread your banners, and display
Your glittering arms as ye advance, all white
Beneath the admiring moon. Come on! the gates
Are open—not for banqueters in blood
Like you! I see on either side o'erflow
The living deluge of armed men, and cry,
'Begin, begin! with fire and sword begin
The work of wrath.' Upon my shadowy wings
I pause, and float a little while, to see
Mine human instruments fulfil my task
Of final ruin. Then I mount, I fly,
And sing my proud song, as I ride the clouds,
That stars may hear, and all the hosts of worlds,
That live along the interminable space,
Take up Jehovah's everlasting triumph!

The Fair Recluse.—From 'Samor.'

Sunk was the sun, and up the eastern heaven,
Like maiden on a lonely pilgrimage,
Moved the meek star of eve; the wandering air
Breathed odours; wood, and waveless lake, like man
Slept weary of the garish, babbling day. . . .
But she, the while, from human tenderness
Estranged, and gentler feelings that light up
The cheek of youth with rosy joyous smile,
Like a forgotten lute, played on alone
By chance-caressing airs, amid the wild
Beauteously pale and sadly playful grew,
A lonely child, by not one human heart
Beloved, and loving none: nor strange if learned
Her native fond affections to embrace
Things senseless and inanimate; she loved
All flow'rets that with rich embroidery fair
Enamel the green earth—the odorous thyme,
Wild rose, and roving eglantine; nor spared
To mourn their fading forms with childish tears.
Gray birch and aspen light she loved, that droop
Fringing the crystal stream; the sportive breeze

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That wantoned with her brown and glossy locks;
The sunbeam chequering the fresh bank; ere dawn
Wandering, and wandering still at dewy eve,
By Glenderamakin's flower-empurpled marge,
Derwent's blue lake, or Greta's wildering glen.
Rare sound to her was human voice, scarce heard,
Save of her aged nurse or shepherd maid
Soothing the child with simple tale or song.
Hence all she knew of earthly hopes and fears,
Life's sins and sorrows: better known the voice
Beloved of lark from misty morning cloud
Blithe carolling, and wild melodious notes
Heard mingling in the summer wood or plaint
By moonlight, of the lone night-warbling bird.
Nor they of love unconscious all around
Fearless, familiar they their descants sweet
Tuned emulous; her knew all living shapes
That tenant wood or rock, dun roe or deer,
Sunning his dappled side, at noontide crouched,
Courting her fond caress; nor fled her gaze
The brooding dove, but murmured sounds of joy.

The Day of Judgment.

Even thus amid thy pride and luxury,
O earth! shall that last coming burst on thee,
That secret coming of the Son of Man.
When all the cherub-thronging clouds shall shine,
Irradiate with his bright advancing sign:
When that great husbandman shall wave his fan,
Sweeping, like chaff, thy wealth and pomp away;
Still to the noontide of that nightless day
Shalt thou thy wonted dissolute course maintain.
Along the busy mart and crowded street
The buyer and the seller still shall meet,
And marriage-feasts begin their jocund strain:
Still to the pouring out the cup of woe:
Till earth, a drunkard, reeling to and fro,
And mountains molten by his burning feet,
And heaven his presence own, all red with furnace heat.
The hundred-gated cities then,
The towers and temples, named of men
Eternal, and the thrones of kings;
The gilded summer palaces,
The courtly bowers of love and ease,
Where still the bird of pleasure sings:
Ask ye the destiny of them?
Go, gaze on fallen Jerusalem!
Yea, mightier names are in the fatal roll,
'Gainst earth and heaven God's standard is unfurled;
The skies are shrivelled like a burning scroll,
And one vast common doom ensepulchres the world.
Oh, who shall then survive?
Oh, who shall stand and live?
When all that hath been is no more;
When for the round earth hung in air,
With all its constellations fair
In the sky's azure canopy;
When for the breathing earth, and sparkling sea,
Is but a fiery deluge without shore,
Heaving along the abyss profound and dark—
A fiery deluge, and without an ark?

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Lord of all power, when thou art there alone
On thy eternal fiery-wheeled throne,
That in its high meridian noon
Needs not the perished sun nor moon:
When thou art there in thy presiding state,
Wide-sceptred monarch o'er the realm of doom:
When from the sea-depths, from earth's darkest womb,
The dead of all the ages round thee wait:
And when the tribes of wickedness are strewn
Like forest-leaves in the autumn of thine ire:
Faithful and true! thou still wilt save thine own!
The saints shall dwell within the unharming fire,
Each white robe spotless, blooming every palm.
Even safe as we, by this still fountain's side,
So shall the church, thy bright and mystic bride,
Sit on the stormy gulf a halcyon bird of calm.
Yes, 'mid yon angry and destroying signs,
O'er us the rainbow of thy mercy shines;
We hail, we bless the covenant of its beam,
Almighty to avenge, almightiest to redeem!

REV. GEORGE CROLY.

The REV. GEORGE CROLY (1780-1860), rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, London, was a voluminous writer in various departments—poetry, history, prose fiction, polemics, politics, &c. He was a native of Dublin, and educated at Trinity College. His principal poetical works are—'Paris in 1815,' a description of the works of art in the Louvre; 'The angel of the World, 1820;' 'Verse Illustrations to Gems from the Antique;' 'Pride shall have a Fall,' a comedy; 'Catiline,' a tragedy; 'Poetical Works,' 2 vols., 1830; 'The Modern Orlando,' a satirical poem, 1846 and 1855, &c. His romances of 'Salathiel,' 'Tales of the Great St. Bernard,' and 'Marston,' have many powerful and eloquent passages. The most important of his theological works is 'The Apocalypse of St. John, a new Interpretation,' 1827. Dr. Croly's historical writings consist of a series of 'Sketches' a 'Character of Curran,' 'Political life of Burke,' 'The Personal History of King George the Fourth,' &c. A brief memoir of Dr. Croly was published by his son in 1863.

Pericles and Aspasia.

This was the ruler of the land,
When Athens was the land of fame;
This was the light that led the band,
When each was like a living flame;
The centre of earth's noblest ring,
Of more than men, the more than king.

Yet not by fetter, nor by spear,
His sovereignty was held or won:
Feared—but alone as freemen fear;
Loved—but as freemen love alone;
He waved the sceptre o'er his kind
By nature's first great title—mind!

Resistless words were on his tongue,
Then Eloquence first flashed below;
Full armed to life the portent sprung,
Minerva from the Thunderer's brow!
And his the sole, the sacred hand,
That shook her ægis o'er the land.

And throned immortal by his side,
A woman sits with eye sublime,
Aspasia, all his spirit's bride;
But, if their solemn love were crime,
Pity the beauty and the sage,
Their crime was in their darkened age.

He perished, but his wreath was won;
He perished in his height of fame:
Then sunk the cloud on Athens' sun,
Yet still she conquered in his name.
Filled with his soul, she could not die;
Her conquest was Posterity!

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The French Army in Russia.—From 'Paris in 1815.'

Magnificence of ruin! what has time
In all it ever gazed upon of war,
Of the wild rage of storm, or deadly clime,
Seen, with that battle's vengeance to compare?
How glorious shone the invaders' pomp afar!
Like pampered lions from the spoil they came;
The land before them silence and despair,
The land behind them massacre and flame;
Blood will have tenfold blood. What are they now?
A name.

Homeward by hundred thousands, column-deep,
Broad square, loose squadron, rolling like the flood
When mighty torrents from their channels leap,
Rushed through the land the haughty multitude,
Billow on endless billow; on through wood,
O'er rugged hill, down sunless, marshy vale,
The death-devoted moved, to clangour rude,
Of drum and horn, and dissonant clash of mail,
Glancing disastrous light before that sunbeam pale

Again they reached thee, Borodino! still
Upon the loaded soil the carnage lay,
The human harvest, now stark, stiff, and chill,
Friend, foe, stretched thick together, clay to clay;
In vain the startled legions burst away;
The land was all one naked sepulchre;
The shrinking eye still glanced on dim decay,
Still did the hoof and wheel their passage tear,
Through cloven helms and arms, and corpses mouldering drear.

The field was as they left it; fosse and fort
Steaming with slaughter still, but desolate;
The cannon flung dismantled by its port;
Each knew the mound, the black ravine whose strait
Was won and lost, and thronged with dead, till fate
Had fixed upon the victor—half undone.
There was the hill, from which their eyes elate
Had seen the burst of Moscow's golden zone;
But death was at their heels; they shuddered and rushed on.

The hour of vengeance strikes. Hark to the gale!
As it bursts hollow through the rolling clouds,
That from the north in sullen grandeur sail
Like floating Alps. Advancing darkness broods
Upon the wild horizon, and the woods,
Now sinking into brambles, echo shrill,
As the gusts sweeps them, and those upper floods
Shoot on their leafless boughs the sleet-drops chill,
That on the hurrying crowds in freezing showers distil.

They reach the wilderness! The majesty
Of solitude is spread before their gaze,
Stern nakedness—dark earth and wrathful sky.
If ruins were there, they long had ceased to blaze;
If blood was shed, the ground no more betrays,
Even by a skeleton, the crime of man;
Behind them rolls the deep and drenching haze,
Wrapping their rear in night; before their van
The struggling daylight shews the unmeasured desert wan.

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Still on they sweep, as if their hurrying march
Could bear them from the rushing of His wheel
Whose chariot is the whirlwind. Heaven's clear arch
At once is covered with a lived veil,
In mixed and fighting heaps the deep clouds reel;
Upon the dense horizon hangs the sun,
In sanguine light, an orb of burning steel;
The snows wheel down through twilight, thick and dun;
Now tremble, men of blood, the judgment has begun!

The trumpet of the northern winds has blown
And it is answered by the dying roar
Of armies on that boundless field o'erthrown:
Now in the awful gusts the desert hoar
Is tempested, a sea without a shore,
Lifting its feathery waves. The legions fly;
Volley on volley down the hailstones pour;
Blind, famished, frozen, mad, the wanderers die;
And dying, here the storm but wilder thunder by.

Satan; from a Picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

'Satan dilated stood.'—MILTON.

Prince of the fallen! around thee sweep
The billows of the burning deep;
Above thee lowers the sullen fire,
Beneath thee bursts the flaming spire;
And on thy sleepless vision rise
Hell's living clouds of agonies.

But thou dost like a mountain stand,
The spear unlifted in thy hand;
Thy gorgeous eye—a comet shorn;
Calm into utter darkness borne;
A naked giant, stern, sublime,
Armed in despair, and scorning Time.

On thy curled lip is throned disdain,
That may revenge, but not complain;
Thy mighty cheek is firm, though pale,
There smote the blast of fiery hail.
Yet wan, wild beauty lingers there,
The wreck of an archangel's sphere.

Thy forehead wears no diadem,
The king is in thy eyeballs beam;
Thy form is grandeur unsubdued,
Sole Chief of Hell's dark multitude.
Thou prisoned, ruined, unforgiven!
Yet fit to master all but heaven.

LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON.

This lady was generally known as 'L. E. L.,' in consequence of having first published with her initials only. Her earliest compositions were 'Poetical Sketches,' which appeared in the 'Literary Gazette:' afterwards (1824) she published 'The Improvisatrice,' which was followed by two more volumes, of poetry. She also contributed largely to magazines and annuals, and was the authoress of a novel entitled 'Romance and Reality.' She was born at Hans Place, Chelsea, in 1802, the daughter of Mr. Landon, a partner in the house of Adair, army-agent. Lively, susceptible, and romantic, she early commenced writing poetry. Her father died, and she not only maintained herself, but assisted her relations by her literary labours. In 1838 she was married to Mr. George Maclean, governor of Cape Coast Castle, and shortly afterwards sailed for Cape Coast with her husband. She landed there in August, and was resuming her literary engagements in her solitary African home, when one morning, after writing the previous night some cheerful and affectionate letters to her friends in England, she was (October 16) found dead in her room, lying close to the door, having in her hand a bottle which had contained prussic

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acid, a portion of which she had taken. From the investigation which took place into the circumstances of this melancholy event, it was conjectured that she had undesigningly taken an overdose of the fatal medicine, as a relief from spasms.

Change.

I would not care, at least so much, sweet Spring,
For the departing colour of thy flowers—
The green leaves early falling from thy boughs—
Thy birds so soon forgetful of their songs—
Thy skies, whose sunshine ends in heavy showers;
But thou dost leave thy memory, like a ghost,
To haunt the ruined heart, which still recurs
To former beauty; and the desolate
Is doubly sorrowful when it recalls
It was not always desolate.

When those eyes have forgotten the smile they wear now,
When care shall have shadowed that beautiful brow;
When thy hopes and thy roses together lie dead,
And thy heart turns back, pining, to days that are fled—

Then wilt thou remember what now seems to pass
Like the moonlight on water, the breath-stain on glass:
O maiden, the lovely and youthful, to thee,
How rose-touched the page of thy future must be!

By the past, if thou judge it, how little is there
But blossoms that flourish, but hopes that are fair;
And what is thy present? a southern sky's spring,
With thy feelings and fancies like birds on the wing.

As the rose by the fountain flings down on the wave
Its blushes, forgetting its glass is its grave;
So the heart sheds its colour on life's early hour
But the heart has its fading as well as the flower.

The charmed light darkens, the rose-leaves are gone,
And life, like the fountain, floats colourless on.
Said I, when thy beauty's sweet vision was fled,
How wouldst thou turn, pining, to days like the dead!

Oh, long ere one shadow shall darken that brow,
Wilt thou weep like a mourner o'er all thou lov'st now;
When thy hopes, like spent arrows, fall short of their mark
Or, like meteors at midnight, make darkness more dark:

When thy feelings lie fettered like waters in frost,
Or, scattered too freely, are wasted and lost:
For aye cometh sorrow, when youth hath passed by—
Ah! what saith the proverb? Its memory's a sigh.

Last Verses of L. E. L.

Alluding to the Pole Star, which, in her voyage to Africa, she had nightly watched till it sunk below the horizon.

A star has left the kindling sky—
A lovely northern light;
How many planets are on high,
But that has left the night.

I miss its bright familiar face,
It was a friend to me;
Associate with my native place,
And those beyond the sea.

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It rose upon our English sky,
Shone o'er our English land,
And brought back many a loving eye,
And many a gentle hand.

It seemed to answer to my thought,
It called the past to mind,
And with its welcome presence brought
All I had left behind.

The voyage it lights no longer, ends
Soon on a foreign shore;
How can I but recall the friends
That I may see no more?

Fresh from the pain it was to part—
How could I bear the pain?
Yet strong the omen in my heart
That says—We meet again.

Meet with a deeper, dearer love;
For absence shews the worth
Of all from which we then remove,
Friends, home, and native earth.

Thou lovely polar star, mine eyes
Still turned the first on thee,
Till I have felt a sad surprise,
That none looked up with me.

But thou hast sunk upon the wave,
Thy radiant place unknown;
I seem to stand beside a grave,
And stand by it alone.

Farewell! ah, would to me were given
A power upon thy light!
What words upon our English heaven
Thy loving rays should write!

Kind messages of love and hope
Upon thy rays should be;
Thy shining orbit should have scope
Scarcely enough for me.

Oh, fancy vain, as it is fond,
And little needed too;
My friends! I need not look beyond
My heart to look for you.

JANE TAYLOR—ANN TAYLOR (MRS. GILBERT).

JANE and ANN TAYLOR were members of an English Nonconformist family of the middle rank of life, distinguished through four generations for their attainments in literature and art, and no less distinguished for persevering industry and genuine piety. The grandfather of the sisters, the first of four Isaac Taylors, was an engraver. He had a brother Charles, who edited Calmet's 'Dictionary of the Bible,' and another brother, Josiah, who became eminent as a publisher of architectural works. Isaac, the second son, father of Ann and Jane, besides his engraving business, took a warm interest in the affairs of the 'meeting-house,' and ultimately became pastor of an Independent congregation at Ongar in Essex. The wife of Mr. Taylor (*nee* Ann Martin) was also of literary tastes, and published 'Maternal Solicitude' (1814), 'The Family Mansion' (1819), and other tales, and instructive educational works. The daughters, Ann (1782–1866) and Jane (1783–1824) were born in London, but brought chiefly at Lavenham in Suffolk, whither their father had, for the sake of economy, taken up his residence. His daughters assisted in the engraving, working steadily at their tasks from their thirteenth or fourteenth year, and paying their share of the family expenses. They began their literary career by contributing to a cheap annual, 'The Minors' Pocket-Book,' the publishers of which, Darton and Harvey, induced them to undertake a volume of verses for children.

In 1803 appeared 'Original Poems for Infant Minds,' which were followed by 'Rhymes for the Nursery' (1806), 'Hymns for Infant Minds,' 'Rural Scenes,' 'City Scenes,' &c. The hymns were highly popular, and are still well known. The two little poems, 'My

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Mother,' and 'Twinkle, Twinkle little Star,' can never become obsolete in the nursery. Jane Taylor was authoress of a tale entitled 'Display' (1815), and of 'Essays in Rhyme' (1816), and 'Contributions of Q. Q.' Ann married a Dissenting clergyman, the Rev. Josiah Gilbert, author of a treatise on the Atonement, who died in 1852, and a memoir of whom was written by his widow. When *she* also was removed, her son, Josiah Gilbert, an accomplished artist, and author of 'The Dolomite Mountains;' 'Cadore, or Titian's Country,' &c., published in 1874, 'Autobiography and other Memorials of Mrs. Gilbert (Ann Taylor).' A brother of the accomplished sisters, Isaac Taylor of Stamford Rivers, became still more distinguished as a theological writer, and will be noticed in a subsequent part of this volume.

The Squire's Pew.—*By* JANE TAYLOR.

A slanting ray of evening light
Shoots through the yellow pane;
It makes the faded crimson bright,
And gilds the fringe again:
The window's Gothic framework falls
In oblique shadow on the walls.

And since those trappings first were new,
How many a cloudless day,
To rob the velvet of its hue,
Has come and passed away!
How many a setting sun hath made
That curious lattice-work of shade?

Crumbled beneath the hillock green
The cunning hand must be,
That carved this fretted door, I ween—
Acorn and *fleur-de-lis*;
And now the worm hath done her part
In mimicking the chisel's art.

In days of yore—that now we call—
When James the First was king,
The courtly knight from yonder hall
His train did hither bring;
All seated round in order due,
With broidered suit and buckled shoe.

On damask-cushions, set in fringe,
All reverently they knelt:
Prayer-book with brazen hasp and hinge
In ancient English spelt,
Each holding in a lily hand,
Responsive at the priest's command.

Now streaming down the vaulted aisle,
The sunbeam, long and lone,
Illumes the characters awhile
Of their inscription stone;
And there, in marble hard and cold,
The knight and all his train behold.

Outstretched together are expressed
He and my lady fair,
With hands uplifted on the breast,
In attitude of prayer;
Long-visaged, clad in armor, he;
With ruffled arm and bodice, she.

Set forth in order as they died,
The numerous offspring bend;
Devoutly kneeling side by side,
As though they did intend
For past omissions to atone
By saying endless prayers in stone.

Those mellow days are past and dim,
But generations new,
In regular descent from him,
Have filled the stately pew;
And in the same succession go
To occupy the vault below.

And now the polished, modern squire,
And his gay train appear
Who duly to the hall retire,
A season every year—
And fill the seats with belle and beau,
As 'twas so many years ago.

Perchance, all thoughtless as they tread
The hollow-sounding floor
Of that dark house of kindred dead
Which shall, as heretofore,
In turn, receive to silent rest
Another and another guest—

The feathered hearse and sable train,
In all its wonted state
Shall wind along the village lane,
And stand before the gate;
Brought many a distant county through
To join the final rendezvous.

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And when the race is swept away
All to their dusty beds,
Still shall the mellow evening ray
Shine gaily o'er their heads:
Whilst other faces, fresh and new,
Shall occupy the squire's pew.

From 'The Song of the Tea-Kettle.'—By ANN TAYLOR.

Since first began my ominous song,
Slowly have passed the ages long. . .
Slow was the world my worth to glean,
My visible secret long unseen!
Surly, apart the nations dwelt.
Nor yet the magical impulse felt;
Nor deemed that charity, science, art,
All that doth honour or wealth impart,
Spell-bound, till mind should set them free,
Slumbered, and sung in their sleep—in me!
At length the day in its glory rose,
And off on its spell—the *Engine* goes!
On whom first fell the amazing dream?
WATT woke to fetter the giant Steam,
His fury to crush to mortal rule,
And wield Leviathan as his tool!
The monster, breathing disaster wild,
Is tamed and checked by a tutored child;
Ponderous and blind, of rudest force,
A pin or a whisper guides its course;
Around its sinews of iron play
The viewless bonds of a mental sway,
And triumphs the soul in the mighty dower,
To knowledge, the plighted boon—is *Power!*
Hark! 'tis the din of a thousand wheels
At play with the fences of England's fields;
From its bed upraised, 'tis the flood that pours
To fill little cisterns at cottage doors;
'Tis the many-fingered, intricate, bright machine,
With it flowery film of lace, I ween!
And see where it rushes, with silvery wreath,
The span of yon arched cove beneath;
Stupendous, vital, fiery, bright,
Trailing its length in a country's sight,
Riven are the rocks, the hills give way,
The dim valley rises to unfelt day;
And man, fitly crowned with brow sublime,
Conqueror of distance reigns, and time.
Lone was the shore where the hero mused,
His soul through the unknown leagues transfused,
His perilous bark on the ocean strayed,
And moon after moon, since its anchor weighed,
On the solitude strange and drear, did shine
The untracked ways of that restless brine;
Till at length, his shattered sail was furled,
'Mid the golden sands of a western world!
Still centuries passed with their measured tread,
While winged by the winds the nations sped;
And still did the moon as she watched that deep,
Her triple task o'er the voyagers keep;
And sore farewells, as they hove from land,
Spake of absence long, on a distant strand.
She starts—wild winds at her bosom rage,
She laughs in her speed at the war they wage;
In queenly pomp on the surf she treads,
Scarce waking the sea-things from their beds;
Fleet as the lightning tracks the cloud,

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She glances on, in her glory proud;
A few bright suns, and at rest she lies,
Glittering to transatlantic skies! . . .
Simpleton man! why, who would have thought
To this, the song of a tea-kettle brought!

JOANNA BAILLIE.

Miss Baillie (1762–1851) was the daughter of a Scottish minister, and was born in the manse or parsonage of Bothwell, county of Lanark. In this manse, 'repression of all emotions, even the gentlest, and those most honourable to human nature, seems to have been the constant lesson.' Joanna's sister, Agnes, told Lucy Aiken that their father was an excellent parent: 'when she had once been bitten by a dog thought to be mad, he had sucked the wound, at the hazard, as was supposed, of his own life, but that he had never given her a kiss. Joanna spoke of her yearning to be caressed when a child. She would sometimes venture to clasp her little arms about her mother's knees, who would seem to chide her, but the child knew she liked it.'* Her latter years were spent in comparative retirement at Hempstead, where she died February 23, 1851. Besides her dramas (afterwards noticed), Miss Baillie wrote some admirable Scottish songs and other poetical pieces, which were collected and published under the title of 'Fugitive Verses.' In society, as in literature, this lady was regarded with affectionate respect and veneration, enjoying the friendship of most of her distinguished contemporaries. Lockhart, in his 'Life of Scott,' states that Miss Baillie and her brother, Dr. Matthew Baillie, were among the friends to whose intercourse Sir Walter looked forward with the greatest pleasure, when about to visit the metropolis.

From 'The Kitten.'

Wanton droll, whose harmless play
Beguiles the rustic's closing day,
When drawn the evening fire about,
Sit aged Crone and thoughtless Lout,
And child upon his three-foot stool,
Waiting till his supper cool;
And maid, whose cheek outblooms the rose,
As bright the blazing fagot glows,
Who, bending to the friendly light,
Plies her task with busy sleight;
Come, shew thy tricks and sportive graces,
Thus circled round with merry faces.
Backward coiled, and crouching low,
With glaring eyeballs watch thy foe,
The housewife's spindle whirling round,
Or thread, or straw, that on the ground
Its shadow throws, by urchin sly
Held out to lure thy roving eye;
Then, onward stealing, fiercely spring
Upon the futile, faithless thing.
Now, wheeling round, with bootless skill,
Thy bo-peep tail provokes thee still,
As oft beyond thy curving side
Its jetty tip is seen to glide;
Till, from thy centre starting fair,
Thou sidelong rear'st, with rump in air,
Erected stiff, and gait awry,
Like madam in her tantrums high:
Though ne'er a madam of them all,
Whose silken kirtle sweeps the hall,
More varied trick and whim displays,
To catch the admiring stranger's gaze. . .
The featest tumbler, stage-bedight,
To thee is but a clumsy wight,
Who every limb and sinew strains
To do what cost thee little pains;
For which, I trow, the gaping crowd
Requites him oft with plaudits loud.
But, stopped the while thy wanton play,
Applauses, too, thy feats repay:
For then beneath some urchin's hand,
With modest pride thou tak'st thy stand,
While many a stroke of fondness glides
Along thy back and tabby sides.
Dilated swells thy glossy fur,

* *Memoirs of Lucy Aikin.* London, 1864.

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And loudly sings thy busy pur,
As, timing well the equal sound,
Thy clutching feet bepat the ground,
And all their harmless claws disclose,
Like prickles of an early rose:
While softly from thy whiskered cheek
Thy half-closed eyes peer mild and meek.
But not alone by cottage fire
Do rustics rude thy feats admire;
The learned sage, whose thoughts explore
The widest range of human lore,
Or, with unfettered fancy, fly
Through airy heights of poesy,
Pausing, smiles with altered air
To see thee climb his elbow chair,
Or, struggling on the mat below,
Hold warfare with his slippered toe.
The widowed dame, or lonely maid,
Who in the still, but cheerless shade
Of home unsocial, spends her age,
And rarely turns a lettered page;
Upon her hearth for thee lets fall
The rounded cork, or paper-ball,
Nor chides thee on thy wicked watch
The ends of ravelled skein to catch,
But lets thee have thy wayward will,
Perplexing oft her sober skill.
Even he, whose mind of gloomy bent,
In lonely tower or prison pent,
Reviews the coil of former days,
And loathes the world and all its ways;
What time the lamp's unsteady gleam
Doth rouse him from his moody dream,
Feels, as thou gambol'st round his seat,
His heart with pride less fiercely beat,
And smiles, a link in thee to find
That joins him still to living kind

*From 'Address to Miss Agnes Baillie on her Birthday.'**

Dear Agnes, gleamed with joy and dashed with tears
O'er us have glided almost sixty years,
Since we on Bothwell's bonny braes were seen
By those whose eyes long closed in death have been—
Two tiny imps, who scarcely stooped to gather
The slender harebell on the purple heather;
No taller than the foxglove's spiky stem,
That dew of morning studs with silvery gem.
Then every butterfly that crossed our view
With joyful shout was greeted as it flew;
And moth, and lady-bird, and beetle bright,
In sheeny gold, were each a wondrous sight.
Then as we paddled barefoot, side by side,
Among the sunny shallows of the Clyde,*
Minnows or spotted parr with twinkling fin,
Swimming in mazy rings the pool within,
A thrill of gladness through our bosoms sent,
Seen in the power of early wonderment.
A long perspective to my mind appears,
Looking behind me to that line of years;
And yet through every stage I still can trace
Thy visioned form, from childhood's morning grace
To woman's early bloom—changing, how soon!
To the expressive glow of woman's noon;
And now to what thou art, in comely age,
Active and ardent. Let what will engage
Thy present moment—whether hopeful seeds
In garden-plat thou sow, or noxious weeds
From the fair flower remove, or ancient lore
In chronicle or legend rare explore,
Or on the parlour hearth with kitten play,

* The author and her sister lived to an advanced age, constantly in each other's society. Miss Agnes Baillie died April 27, 1861, aged 100.

* The manse of Bothwell was at some considerable distance from the Clyde, but the two little girls were sometimes sent there in summer to bathe and wade about. Joanna said she 'rambled over the heaths and plashed in the brook most of the day.' One day she said to Lucy Aikin, 'I could not read well till nine years old.' 'O Joanna,' cried her sister, 'not till eleven.'—*Memoirs of Lucy Aikin.*

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Stroking its tabby sides, or take thy way
To gain with hasty steps some cottage door,
On helpful errand to the neighboring poor—
Active and ardent, to my fancy's eye
Thou still art young, in spite of time gone by.
Though oft of patience brief, and temper keen,
Well may it please me, in life's latter scene,
To think what now thou art and long to me hast been.
'Twas thou who woo'dst me first to look
Upon the page of printed book,
That thing by me abhorred, and with address
Didst win me from my thoughtless idleness,
When all too old become with bootless haste
In fitful sports the precious time to waste.
Thy love of tale and story was the stroke
At which my dormant fancy first awoke,
And ghosts and witches in my busy brain
Arose in sombre show a motley train.
This new-found path attempting, proud was I
Lurking approval on thy face to spy,
Or hear thee say, as grew thy roused attention,
'What! is this story all thine own invention?'
Then, as advancing through this mortal span,
Our intercourse with the mixed world began;
Thy fairer face and sprightlier courtesy—
A truth that from my youthful vanity
Lay not concealed—did for the sisters twain,
Where'er we went, the greater favour gain;
While, but for thee, vexed with its tossing tide,
I from the busy world had shrunk aside.
And now, in later years, with better grace,
Thou help'st me still to hold a welcome place
With those whom nearer neighbourhood have made
The friendly cheerers of our evening shade.
The change of good and evil to abide,
As partners linked, long have we, side by side,
Our earthly journey held; and who can say
How near the end of our united way?
By nature's course not distant; sad and 'reft
Will she remain—the lonely pilgrim left.
If thou art taken first, who can to me
Like sister, friend, and home-companion be?
Or who, of wonted daily kindness shorn,
Shall feel such loss, or mourn as I shall mourn?
And if I should be fated first to leave
This earthly house, though gentle friends may grieve,
And he above them all, so truly proved
A friend and brother, long and justly loved,
There is no living wight, of woman born,
Who then shall mourn for me as thou wilt mourn.
Thou ardent, liberal spirit! quickly feeling
The touch of sympathy, and kindly dealing
With sorrow or distress, for ever sharing
The unhoarded mite, nor for to-morrow caring—
Accept, dear Agnes, on thy natal day,
An unadorned, but not a careless lay.
Nor think this tribute to thy virtues paid
From tardy love proceeds, though long delayed
Words of affection, howsoe'er expressed,
The latest spoken still are deemed the best:
Few are the measured rhymes I now may write;
These are, perhaps, the last I shall indite.

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The Shepherd's Song.

The gowan glitters on the sward,
The lav'rock 's in the sky,
And Collie on my plaid keeps ward,
And time is passing by.
Oh, no! sad an' slow!
I hear nae welcome sound;
The shadow of our trystin' bush,
It wears sae slowly round!

My sheep-bell tinkles frae the west,
My lambs are bleating near,
But still the sound that I lo'e best,
Alack! I canna hear.
Oh, no! sad an' slow!
The shadow lingers still;
And like a lanely ghaist I stand,
And croon upon the hill.

I hear below the water roar,
The mill wi' clackin' din;
And Lucky scoldin' frae her door,
To bring the bairnies in.
Oh, no! sad an' slow!
These are nae sound for me;
The shadow of our trystin' bush,
It creeps sae drearily.

I coft yestreen frae chapman Tam,
A snood of bonnie blue,
And promised when our trystin' cam',
To tie it round her brow.
Oh, no! sad an' slow!
The time it winna pass;
The shadow of that weary thorn
Is tethered on the grass.

Oh now I see her on the way,
She's past the witches' knowe;
She's climbin' up the brownie's brae—
My heart is in a lowe.
Oh, no! 'tis na so!
'Tis glaumrie I hae seen:
The shadow of that hawthorn bush
Will move nae mair till e'en.

My book of grace I'll try to read,
Though conned wi' little skill;
When Collie barks I'll raise my head.
And find her on the hill.
Oh, no! sad an' slow!
The time will ne'er be gane;
The shadow of the trystin' bush
Is fixed like ony stane.

WILLIAM KNOX—THOMAS PRINGLE.

WILLIAM KNOX, a young poet of considerable talent, who died in Edinburgh in 1821, aged thirty-six, was author of 'The Lonely Hearth,' 'Songs of Israel,' 'The Harp of Zion,' &c. Sir Walter Scott thus mentions Knox in his diary: 'His father was a respectable yeoman, and he himself succeeding to good farms under the Duke of Buccleuch, became too soon his own master, and plunged into dissipation and ruin.' His talent then shewed itself in a fine strain of pensive poetry. Knox thus concludes his 'Songs of Israel:'

My song hath closed, the holy dream
That raised my thoughts o'er all below,
Hath faded like the lunar beam,
And left me 'mid a night of woe—
To look and long, and sigh in vain
For friends I ne'er shall meet again.

And yet the earth is green and gay,
And yet the skies are pure and bright;
But, 'mid each gleam of pleasure gay,
Some cloud of sorrow dims my sight:
For weak is now the tenderest tongue
That might my simple songs have sung.

And like to Gilead's drops of balm,
They for a moment soothed my breast;
But earth hath not a power to calm
My spirit in forgetful rest,
Until I lay me side by side
With those that loved me, and have died.

They died—and this a world of woe,
Of anxious doubt and chilling fear;
I wander onward to the tomb,
With scarce a hope to linger here:
But with a prospect to rejoin
The friends beloved, that once were mine.

THOMAS PRINGLE was born in Roxburghshire in 1788. He was concerned in the establishment of 'Blackwood's Magazine,' and was author of 'Scenes of Teviotdale,' 'Ephemerides,' and other poems, all of which display fine feeling and a cultivated taste. Although, from lameness, ill fitted for a life of roughness or hardships, Mr. Pringle,

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with his father and several brothers, emigrated to the Cape of Good Hope in the year 1820, and there established a little township or settlement named Glen Lynden. The poet afterwards removed to Cape Town, the capital; but wearied with his Kaffirland exile, and disagreeing with the governor, he returned to England, and subsisted by his pen. He was sometime editor of the literary annual entitled 'Friendship's Offering.' His services were also engaged by the African Society, as secretary to that body, a situation which he continued to hold until within a few months of his death. In the discharge of its duties he evinced a spirit of active humanity, and an ardent love of the cause to which he was devoted. His last work was a series of 'African Sketches,' containing an interesting personal narrative, interspersed with verses. Mr. Pringle died on the 5th of December, 1834. The following piece was much admired by Coleridge:

Afar in the Desert.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the present, I turn to the past;
And the eye is suffused with r·gretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years;
And the shadows of things that have long since fled,
Flit over the brain like the ghosts of the dead—
Bright visions of glory that vanished too soon—
Day-dreams that departed ere manhood's noon—
Attachments by fate or by falsehood reft—
Companions of early days lost or left—
And my Native Land! whose magical name
Thrills to my heart like electric flame;
The home of my childhood—the haunts of my prime;
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time,
When the feelings were young and the world was new,
Like the fresh bowers of Paradise opening to view!
All—all now forsaken, forgotten, or lone;
And I, a lone exile, remembered of none,
My high aims abandoned, and good acts undone—
Aweary of all that is under the sun;
With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
I fly to the Desert afar from man.
Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife;
The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear;
And the scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear;
And malice and meanness, and falsehood and folly,
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh—
Oh then, there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
Afar in the Desert alone to ride!
There is rapture to vault on the champion steed,
And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
With the death-fraught firelock in my hand—
The only law of the Desert land—

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But 'tis not the innocent to destroy,
For I hate the huntsman's savage joy.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
Away—away from the dwellings of men,
By the wild-deer's haunt, and the buffalo's glen;
By valleys remote, where the oribi plays;
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartebeest graze;
And the gemsbok and eland unhunted recline
By the skirts of gray forests o'ergrown with wild vine;
And the elephant browses at peace in his wood;
And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood;
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the *vley*, where the wild ass is drinking his fill.
Afar in the Desert I love to ride.
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
O'er the brown karroo where the bleating cry
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively;
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
In fields seldom freshened by moisture or rain;
And the stately koodoo exultingly bounds,
Undisturbed by the bay of the hunter's hounds;
And the timorous quagga's wild whistling neigh
Is heard by the brak fountain far away;
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste;
And the vulture in circles wheels high overhead,
Greedy to scent and to gorge on the dead;
And the grisly wolf, and the shrieking jackal,
Howl for their prey at the evening fall;
And the fiend-like laugh of hyenas grim,
Fearfully startles the twilight dim.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
Away—away in the wilderness vast,
Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
And the quivered Korauna or Bechuan
Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan:
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear:
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
And the bat flitting forth from his old hollow stone;
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub taste root
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot:
And the bitter melon, for food and drink,
Is the pilgrim's fare, by the Salt Lake's brink:
A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides:
Nor reedy pool, nor mossy fountain,
Nor shady tree, nor cloud-capped mountain,
Are found—to refresh the aching eye:
But the barren earth and the burning sky,
And the black horizon round and round,
Without a living sight or sound,
Tell to the heart, in its pensive mood,
That this is—Nature's solitude.
And here—while the night-winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the caverned stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,

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And feel as a moth in the Mighty Hand
That spread the heavens and heaved the land—
A 'still small voice' comes through the wild
(Like a father consoling his fretful child),
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear—
Saying, 'Man is distant, but God is near!'

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

The Rev. ROBERT MONTGOMERY obtained a numerous circle of readers and admirers, although his poetry was stilted and artificial, and was severely criticised by Macaulay and others. The glitter of his ornate style, and the religious nature of his subjects, kept up his productions (with the aid of incessant puffing) for several years, but they have sunk into neglect. His principal works are, 'The Omnipresence of the Deity,' 'Satan,' 'Luther,' 'Messiah,' and 'Orford.' He wrote also various religious prose works, and was highly popular with many persons as a divine. He was preacher at Percy Chapel, Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, London, and died in 1855, aged forty-seven.

Description of a Maniac.

Down yon romantic dale, where hamlets few
Arrest the summer pilgrim's pensive view—
The village wonder, and the widow's joy—
Dwells the poor mindless, pale-faced maniac boy:
He lives and breathes, and rolls his vacant eye,
To greet the glowing fancies of the sky;
But on his cheek unmeaning shades of woe
Reveal the withered thoughts that sleep below!
A soulless thing, a spirit of the woods,
He loves to commune with the fields and floods:
Sometimes along the woodlands winding glade,
He starts and smiles upon his pallid shade;
Or scolds with idiot threat the roaming wind,
But rebel music to the ruined mind!
Or on the shell-strewn beach delighted strays
Playing his fingers in the noontide rays:
And when the sea-waves swell their hollow roar,
He counts the billows plunging to the shore;
And oft beneath the glimmer of the moon,
He chants some wild and melancholy tune;
Till o'er his softening features seems to play
A shadowy gleam of mind's reluctant sway.
Thus, like a living dream, apart from men,
From morn to eve he haunts the wood and glen;
But round him, near him, wheresoe'er he rove,
A guardian-angel tracks him from above!
Nor harm from flood or fen shall e'er destroy
The mazy wanderings of the maniac boy.

The Starry Heavens.

Ye quenchless stars! so eloquently bright,
Untroubled sentries of the shadowy night,
While half the world is lapped in downy dreams,
And round the lattice creep your midnight beams
How sweet to gaze upon your placid eyes,

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It 'ambent beauty looking from the skies!
And when, oblivious of the world, we stray
At dead of night along some noiseless way,
How the heart mingles with the moonlit hour,
As if the starry heavens suffused a power!
Full in her dreamy light, the moon presides,
Shrined in a halo, mellowing as she rides;
And far around, the forest and the stream
Bathe in the beauty of her emerald beam;
The lulled winds, too, are sleeping in their caves,
No stormy murmurs roll upon the waves;
Nature is hushed, as if her works adored,
Stilled by the presence of her living Lord!

WILLIAM HERBERT.

The HON. and REV. WILLIAM HERBERT (1778-1847) published in 1806 a series of translations from the Norse, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. Those from the Norse, or Icelandic tongue, were generally admired, and the author was induced to venture on an original poem founded on Scandinavian history and manners. The work was entitled 'Helga,' and was published in 1815. We extract a few lines descriptive of a northern spring, bursting out at once into verdure:

Yestreen the mountain's rugged brow
Was mantled o'er with dreary snow;
The sun set red behind the hill,
And every breath of wind was still;
But ere he rose, the southern blast
A veil o'er heaven's blue arch had cast;
Thick rolled the clouds, and genial rain
Poured the wild deluge o'er the plain.
Fair glens and verdant vales appear,
And warmth awakes the budding year
Oh, 'tis the touch of fairy hand
That wakes the spring of northern land!
It warms not there by slow degrees,
With changeful pulse, the uncertain breeze;
But sudden on the wondering sight
Bursts forth the beam of living light,
And instant verdure springs around,
And magic flowers bedeck the ground.
Returned from regions far away,
The red-winged throstle pours his lay;
The soaring snipe salutes the spring,
While the breeze whistles through his wing;
And, as he hails the melting snows,
The heathcock claps his wings and crows.

After a long interval of silence, Mr. Herbert came forward in 1838 with an epic poem, entitled 'Attila,' founded on the establishment of Christianity by the discomfiture of the mighty attempt of the Gothic king to establish a new antichristian dynasty upon the wreck of the temporal power of Rome at the end of the term of 1200 years, to which its duration had been limited by the forebodings of the heathens. He published also an able historical treatise on 'Attila and his Predecessors' (1838). Mr. Herbert wrote some tales, a volume of sermons, and various treatises on botany and other branches of natural history. His select works were published in two volumes in 1842. He originally studied law, and was for some time a member of the House of Commons, where he was likely to rise into distinction, had he not withdrawn from public life, and taken orders in the church. He died dean of Manchester.

Musings on Eternity.—From 'Attila.'

How oft, at midnight, have I fixed my gaze
Upon the blue unclouded firmament,

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With thousand spheres illumined; each perchance
The powerful centre of revolving worlds!
Until by strange excitement stirred, the mind
Hath longed for dissolution so it might bring
Knowledge, for which the spirit is athirst,
Open the darkling stores of hidden time,
And shew the marvel of eternal things,
Which, in the bosom of immensity,
Wheel round the God of nature. Vain desire! . .
Enough
To work in trembling my salvation here,
Waiting thy summons, stern mysterious Power,
Who to thy silent realm hast called away
All those whom nature twined around my heart
In my fond infancy, and left me here
Denuded of their love!
Where are ye gone,
And shall we wake from the long sleep of death,
To know each other, conscious of the ties
That linked our souls together, and draw down
The secret dew-drop on my cheek, whene'er
I turn unto the past? or will the change
That comes to all renew the altered spirit
To other thoughts, making the strife or love
Of short mortality a shadow past,
Equal illusion? Father, whose strong mind
Was my support, whose kindness as the spring
Which never tarries! Mother, of all forms
That smiled upon my budding thoughts, most dear!
Brothers! and thou, mine only sister! gone
To the still grave, making the memory
Of all my earliest time a thing wiped out,
Save from the glowing spot, which lives as fresh
In my heart's core as when we last in joy
Were gathered round the blithe paternal board!
Where are ye? Must your kindred spirits sleep
For many a thousand years, till by the trump
Roused to new being? Will old affections then
Burn inwardly, or all our loves gone by
Seem but a speck upon the roll of time,
Unworthy our regard? This is too hard
For mortals to unravel, nor has He
Vouchsafed a clue to man, who bade us trust
To Him our weakness, and we shall wake up
After his likeness, and be satisfied.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

EBENEZER ELLIOTT, sprung from the manufacturing classes of England, and completely identified with them in feelings and opinions, was born at Masborough, in Yorkshire, March 7, 1781. His father was an iron-founder, and he himself wrought at this business for many years. He followed Crabbe in depicting the condition of the poor as miserable and oppressed, tracing most of the evils he deplores to the social and political institutions of his country. He was not, however, a 'destructive,' as the following epigram shews:

What is a Communist? One who has yearnings
For equal division of unequal earnings.

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The laws relating to the importation of corn were denounced by Elliott as specially oppressive, and he inveighed against them with a fervour of manner and a harshness of phraseology which ordinary minds feel as repulsive, even while acknowledged as flowing from the offended benevolence of the poet. His vigorous and exciting political verses helped, in no small degree, to swell the cry which at length compelled the legislature to abolish all restrictions on the importation of corn.

> For thee, my country, thee, do I perform,
> Sternly, the duty of a man born free,
> Heedless, though ass, and wolf, and venomous worm,
> Shake ears and fangs, with brandished bray, at me.

Fortunately, the genius of Elliott redeemed his errors of taste: his delineation of humble virtue and affection, and his descriptions of English scenery, are excellent. He wrote from genuine feelings and impulses, and often rose into pure sentiment and eloquence. The Corn-law Rhymer, as he was popularly termed, appeared as a poet in 1823, but it was at a later period—from 1830 to 1836—that he produced his 'Corn-law Rhymes' and other works, which stamped him as a true genius, and rendered his name famous. He was honoured with critical notices from Southey, Bulwer, and Wilson, and became, as has justly been remarked, as truly and popularly the poet of Yorkshire—its heights, dales, and 'broad towns'—as Scott was the poet of Tweedside, or Wordsworth of the Lakes. His career was manly and honourable, and latterly he enjoyed comparatively easy circumstances, free from manual toil. He died at his house near Barnsley on the 1st of December, 1849. Shortly after his death, two volumes of prose and verse were published from his papers.

To the Bramble Flower.

Thy fruit full well the school-boy knows,
Wild bramble of the brake!
So put thou forth thy small white rose;
I love it for his sake.
Though woodbines flaunt and roses glow
O'er all the fragrant bowers,
Thou needst not be ashamed to shew
Thy satin-threaded flowers:
For dull the eye, the heart is dull,
That cannot feel how fair,
Amid all beauty beautiful,
Thy tender blossoms are!
How delicate thy gauzy frill!
How rich thy branchy stem!
How soft thy voice when woods are still,
And thou sing'st hymns to them:
While silent showers are falling slow,
And 'mid the general hush,
A sweet air lifts the little bough,
Lone whispering through the bush!
The primrose to the grave is gone;
The hawthorn flower is dead;
The violet by the mossed gray stone
Hath laid her weary head;
But thou, wild bramble! back dost bring,
In all their beauteous power,
The fresh green days of life's fair spring,
And boyhood's blossomy hour.
Scorned bramble of the brake! once more
Thou bidd'st me be a boy,
To gad with thee the woodlands o'er,
In freedom and in joy.

The Excursion.

Bone-weary, many-childed, trouble-tried!
Wife of my bosom, wedded to my soul!
Mother of nine that live, and two that died!
This day, drink health from nature's mountain-bowl;

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Nay, why lament the doom which mocks control?
The buried are not lost, but gone before.
Then dry thy tears, and see the river roll
O'er rocks, that crowned you time-dark heights of yore,
Now, tyrant-like, dethroned, to crush the weak no more.

The young are with us yet, and we with them:
Oh, thank the Lord for all he gives or takes—
The withered bud, the living flower, or gem!
And He will bless us when the world forsakes!
Lo! where thy fisher-born, abstracted, takes,
With his fixed eyes, the trout he cannot see!
Lo! starting from his earnest dream, he wakes!
While our glad Fanny, with raised foot and knee,
Bears down at Noe's side the bloom-bowed hawthorn tree.

Dear children! when the flowers are full of bees;
When sun-touched blossoms shed their fragrant snow;
When song speaks like a spirit, from the trees
Whose kindled greenness hath a golden glow;
When, clear as music, rill and river flow,
With trembling hues, all changeful, tinted o'er
By that bright pencil which good spirits know
Alike in earth and heaven—'tis sweet, once more,
Above the sky-tinged hills to see the storm-bird soar.

'Tis passing sweet to wander, free as air,
Blithe truants in the bright and breeze-blessed day,
Far from the town—where stoop the sons of care
O'er plans of mischief, till their souls turn gray,
And dry as dust, and dead-alive are they—
Of all self-buried things the most unblessed:
O Morn! to them no blissful tribute pay!
O Night's long-courted slumbers! bring no rest
To men who laud man's foes, and deem the basest best!

God! would they handcuff thee? and, if they could,
Chain the free air, that, like the daisy, goes
To every field; and bid the warbling wood
Exchange no music with the willing rose
For love-sweet odours, where the woodbine blows
And trades with every cloud and every beam
Of the rich sky! Their gods are bonds and blows,
Rocks, and blind shipwreck; and they hate the stream
That leaves them still behind, and mocks their changeless dream.

They know ye not, ye flowers that welcome me,
Thus glad to meet, by trouble parted long!
They never saw ye—never may they see
Your dewy beauty, when the throstle's song
Floweth like starlight, gentle, calm, and strong!
Still, Avarice, starve their souls! still, lowest Pride,
Make them the meanest of the basest throng!
And may they never, on the green hill's side,
Embrace a chosen flower, and love it as a bride!

Blue Eyebright!* loveliest flower of all that grow
In flower-loved England! Flower, whose hedge-side gaze
Is like an infant's! What heart doth not know,
Thee, clustered smiler of the bank! where plays
The sunbeam with the emerald snake, and strays

* The Germander Speedwell.

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The dazzling rill, companion of the road
Which the lone bard most loveth, in the days
When hope and love are young? Oh, come abroad,
Blue Eyebright! and this rill shall woo thee with an ode.

Awake, blue Eyebright, while the singing wave
Its cold, bright, beauteous, soothing tribute drops
From many a gray rock's foot and dripping cave;
While yonder, lo, the starting stone-chat hops!
While here the cotter's cow its sweet food crops;
While black-faced ewes and lambs are bleating there:
And, bursting through the briers, the wild ass stops—
Kicks at the strangers—then turns round to stare—
Then lowers his large red ears, and shakes his long dark hair.

Pictures of Native Genius.

O faithful love, by poverty embraced!
Thy heart is fire amid a wintry waste;
Thy joys are roses born on Hecla's brow;
Thy home is Eden warm amid the snow;
And she, thy mate, when coldest blows the storm,
Clings then most fondly to thy guardian form;
E'en as thy taper gives intensest light,
When o'er thy bowed roof darkest falls the night.
Oh, if thou e'er hast wronged her, if thou e'er
From those mild eyes hast caused one bitter tear
To flow unseen, repent, and sin no more!
For richest gems, compared with her, are poor;
Gold, weighed against her heart, is light—is vile;
And when thou sufferest, who shall see her smile?
Sighing, ye wake, and sighing, sink to sleep,
And seldom smile without fresh cause to weep
(Scarce dry the pebble, by the wave dashed o'er,
Another comes, to wet it as before);
Yet while in gloom your freezing day declines,
How fair the wintry sunbeam when it shines!
Your foliage, where no summer leaf is seen,
Sweetly embroiders earth's white veil with green;
And your broad branches, proud of storm-tried strength,
Stretch to the winds in sport their stalwart length.
And calmly wave, beneath the darkest hour,
The ice-born fruit, the frost-defying flower.
Let luxury, sickening in profusion's chair,
Unwisely pamper his unworthy heir,
And, while he feeds him, blush and tremble too!
But love and labour, blush not, fear not you!
Your children—splinters from the mountain's side—
With rugged hands, shall for themselves provide.
Parent of valour, cast away thy fear!
Mother of men, be proud without a tear!
While round your hearth the woe-nursed virtues move,
And all that manliness can ask of love;
Remember Hogarth, and abjure despair;
Remember Arkwright, and the peasant Clare.
Burns, o'er the plough, sung sweet his wood-notes wild,
And richest Shakspeare was a poor man's child.
Sire, green in age, mild, patient, toil-inured,
Endure thine evils as thou hast endured.
Behold thy wedded daughter, and rejoice!
Hear hope's sweet accents in a grandchild's voice
See freedom's bulwarks in thy sons arise,

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And Hampden. Russell. Sidney in your eyes!
And should some new Napoleon's curse subdue
All hearths but thine, let him behold them too,
And timely shun a deadlier Waterloo.
Northumbrian vales! ye saw in silent pride,
The pensive brow of lowly Akenside,
When, poor yet learned, he wandered young and free,
And felt within the strong divinity.
Scenes of his youth, where first he wooed the Nine,
His spirit still is with you, vales of Tyne!
As when he breathed, your blue-belled paths along,
The soul of Plato into British song.
Born in a lowly hut an infant slept,
Dreamful in sleep, and sleeping, smiled or wept:
Silent the youth—the man was grave and shy:
His parents loved to watch his wondering eye:
And lo! he waved a prophet's hand, and gave,
Where the winds soar, a pathway to the wave!
From hill to hill bade air-hung rivers stride,
And flow through mountains with a conqueror's pride:
O'er grazing herds, lo! ships suspended sail,
And Brindley's praise hath wings in every gale!
The worm came up to drink the welcome shower;
The redbreast quaffed the raindrop in the bower;
The flaskering duck through freshened lilies swam;
The bright roach took the fly below the dam;
Ramped the glad colt, and cropped the pensile spray;
No more in dust uprose the sultry way;
The lark was in the cloud; the woodbine hung
More sweetly o'er the chaffinch while he sung;
And the wild rose, from every dripping bush,
Beheld on silvery Sheaf the mirrored blush;
When calmly seated on his panniered ass,
Where travellers hear the steel hiss as they pass,
A milk-boy, sheltering from the transient storm,
Chalked, on the grinder's wall, an infant's form;
Young Chantrey smiled; no critic praised or blamed;
And golden Promise smiled, and thus exclaimed:
'Go, child of genius! rich be thine increase;
Go—be the Phidias of the second Greece!'

A Poet's Prayer.

Almighty Father! let thy lowly child,
Strong in his love of truth, be wisely bold—
A patriot bard by sycophants reviled,
Let him live usefully, and not die old!
Let poor men's children, pleased to read his lays,
Love, for his sake, the scenes where he hath been.
And when he ends his pilgrimage of days,
Let him be buried where the grass is green,
Where daisies, blooming earliest, linger late
To hear the bee his busy note prolong;
There let him slumber, and in peace await
The dawning morn, far from the sensual throng,
Who scorn the wind-flower's blush, the redbreast's lovely song.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

Mr. Bayly (1797–1839) was, next to Moore, the most successful song-writer of our age, and he composed a number of light dramas. He was the son of a solicitor, near Bath. Destined for the church,

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he studied for some time at Oxford, but ultimately came to depend chiefly on literature for support. His latter years were marked by misfortunes, under the pressure of which he addressed some beautiful verses to his wife:

Address to a Wife.

Oh, hadst thou never shared my fate,
More dark that fate would prove,
My heart were truly desolate
Without thy soothing love.

But thou hast suffered for my sake,
Whilst this relief I found,
Like fearless lips that strive to take
The poison from a wound.

My fond affection thou hast seen,
Then judge of my regret,
To think more happy thou hadst been
If we had never met!

And has that thought been shared by thee?
Ah, no! that smiling cheek
Proves more unchanging love for me
Than laboured words could speak.

But there are true hearts which the sight
Of sorrow summons forth:
Though known in days of past delight,
We knew not half their worth.

How unlike some who have professed
So much in friendship's name,
Yet calmly pause to think how best
They may evade her claim.

But ah! from them to thee I turn.
They'd make me loathe mankind,
Far better lessons I may learn
From thy more holy mind.

The love that gives a charm to home,
I feel they cannot take:
We'll pray for happier years to come,
For one another's sake.

Oh, No! We never Mention Him.

Oh no! we never mention him, his name is never heard;
My lips are now forbid to speak that once familiar word:
From sport to sport they hurry me, to banish my regret;
And when they win a smile from me, they think that I forget.

They bid me seek in change of scene the charms that others see;
But were I in a foreign land, they'd find no change in me.
'Tis true that I behold no more the valley where we met,
I do not see the hawthorn-tree; but how can I forget?

For oh! there are so many things recall the past to me—
The breeze upon the sunny hills, the billows of the sea;
The rosy tint that decks the sky before the sun is set;
Ay, every leaf I look upon forbids me to forget.

They tell me he is happy now, the gayest of the gay;
They hint that he forgets me, too—but I heed not what they say:
Perhaps like me he struggles with each feeling of regret:
But if he loves as I have loved, he never can forget.

This amiable poet died of jaundice in 1839. His songs contain the pathos of a section of our social system; but they are more calculated to attract attention by their refined and happy diction, than to melt us by their feeling. Several of them, as 'The Soldier's Tear,' 'She Wore a Wreath of Roses;' 'Oh, no! We never Mention Him;' and 'We met—'twas in a crowd,' attained to an extraordinary popularity. Of his livelier ditties, 'I'd be a Butterfly' was the most felicitous: it expresses the Horatian philosophy in terms exceeding even Horace in gaiety.

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What though you tell me each gay little rover
Shrinks from the breath of the first autumn day:
Surely 'tis better, when summer is over,
To die when all fair things are fading away.
Some in life's winter may toil to discover
Means of procuring a weary delay—
I'd be a butterfly, living a rover,
Dying when fair things are fading away!

THE REV. JOHN KEBLE.

In 1827 appeared a volume of sacred poetry, entitled 'The Christian Year: Thoughts in Verse for the Sundays and Holidays throughout the Year.' The work has had extraordinary success. The object of the author was to bring the thoughts and feelings of his readers into more entire unison with those recommended and exemplified in the English Prayer-Book, and some of his little poems have great tenderness, beauty, and devotional feeling. Thus, on the text: 'So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face of all the earth: and they left off to build the city' (Genesis, xi. 8), we have this descriptive passage:

Since all that is not Heaven must fade,
Light be the hand of Ruin laid
Upon the home I love:
With lulling spell let soft Decay
Steal on, and spare the Giant sway,
The crash of tower and grove.

Far opening down some woodland deep,
In their own quiet glades should sleep
The relics dear to thought,
And wild-flower wreaths from side to side
Their wavering tracery hang, to hide
What ruthless Time has wrought.

Another text (Proverbs, xiv. 10) suggests a train of touching sentiment:

Why should we faint and fear to live alone,
Since all alone, so Heaven has willed, we die,
Nor even the tenderest heart, and next our own,
Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh?

Each in his hidden sphere of joy or woe
Our hermit spirits dwell, and range apart,
Our eyes see all around, in gloom or glow,
Hues of their own, fresh borrowed from the heart.

The following is one of the poems entire:

Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.

The vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak, and not lie: though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry.—*Habakkuk*, ii 3.

The morning mist is cleared away,
Yet still the face of heaven is gray,
Nor yet th' autumnal breeze has stirred the grove,
Faded yet full, a paler green
Skirts soberly the tranquil scene,
The redbreast warbles round this leafy cove.

Sweet messenger of 'calm decay,'
Saluting sorrow as you may,
As one still bent to find or make the best,
In thee, and in this quiet mead,
The lesson of sweet peace I read,
Rather in all to be resigned than blest.

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'Tis a low chant, according well
With the soft solitary knell,
As homeward from some grave beloved we turn,
Or by some holy death-bed dear,
Most welcome to the chastened ear
Of her whom Heaven is teaching now to mourn.

O cheerful tender strain! the heart
That duly bears with you its part,
Singing so thankful to the dreary blast,
Though gone and spent its joyous prime,
And on the world's autumnal time,
'Mid withered hues and sere, its lot be cast:

That is the heart for thoughtful seer,
Watching, in trance nor dark nor clear,*
The appalling Future as it nearer draws:
His spirit calmed the storm to meet,
Feeling the rock beneath his feet,
And tracing through the cloud th' eternal Cause.

That is the heart for watchman true
Waiting to see what GOD will do,
As o'er the Church the gathering twilight falls:
No more he strains his wistful eye,
If chance the golden hours be nigh,
By youthful Hope seen beaming round her walls.

Forced from his showy paradise,
His thoughts to Heaven the steadier rise;
There seek his answer when the world reproves:
Contented in his darkling round,
If only he be faithful found,
When from the east th' eternal morning moves.

The REV. JOHN KEBLE (1792–1866), author of 'The Christian Year,' was the son of a country clergyman, vicar of Coln-St-Aldwinds, Gloucestershire. At the early age of fifteen he was elected a scholar of Corpus Christi, Oxford, and having distinguished himself both in classics and mathematics was in 1811 elected to a Fellowship at Oriel. He was for some years tutor and examiner at Oxford, but afterwards lived with his father, and assisted him as curate. The publication of 'The Christian Year,' and the marvellous success of the work, brought its author prominently before the public, and in 1833 he was appointed professor of poetry at Oxford. About the same time the Tractarian movement began, having originated in a sermon on national apostacy, preached by Keble in 1833; Newman became leader of the party, and after he had gone over to the Church of Rome, Keble was chief adviser and counsellor. He also wrote some of the more important Tracts, inculcating, as has been said, 'deep submission to authority, implicit reverence for Catholic tradition, firm belief in the divine prerogatives of the priesthood, the real nature of the sacraments, and the danger of independent speculation.' Such principles, fettering the understanding, are never likely

* It shall come to pass in that day, that the light shall not be clear, nor dark.—*Zechariah*, xiv. 6.

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to be popular, but they were held by Keble with saint-like sincerity and simplicity of character. In 1835, the poetical divine became vicar of Hursley, near Winchester. In 1846, he published a second volume of poems, 'Lyra Innocentium,' and he was author of a 'Life of Wilson, Bishop of Sodor and Man,' and editor of an edition of 'Hooker's Works.' The poetry of Keble is characterized by great delicacy and purity both of thought and expression. It is occasionally prosaic and feeble, but always wears a sort of apostolic air, and wins its way to the heart.

NOEL THOMAS CARRINGTON,

A Devonshire poet, MR. CARRINGTON (1777–1830), has celebrated some of the scenery and traditions of his native district in pleasing verse. His works have been collected into two volumes, and consist of 'The Banks of Tamar,' 1820; 'Dartmoor' (his best poem), 1826; 'My Native Village;' and miscellaneous pieces.

The Pixies of Devon.

The age of pixies, like that of chivalry, is gone. There is, perhaps, at present, scarcely a house which they are reputed to visit. Even the fields and lanes which they formerly frequented seem to be nearly forsaken. Their music is rarely heard; and they appear to have forgotten to attend their ancient midnight dance.—DREW'S *Cornwall.*

They are flown.
Beautiful fictions of our father's, wove
In Superstition's web when Time was young,
And fondly loved and cherished: they are flown
Before the wand of Science! Hills and vales,
Mountains and moors of Devon, ye have lost
The enchantments, the delights, the visions all,
The elfin visions that so blessed the sight
In the old days romantic. Nought is heard,
Now, in the leafy world, but earthly strains—
Voices, yet sweet, of breeze, and bird, and brook,
And water-fall; the day is silent else.
And night is strangely mute! the hymnings high—
The immortal music, men of ancient times
Heard ravished oft, are flown! Oh, ye have lost,
Mountains and moors, and meads, the radiant throngs
That dwelt in your green solitudes, and filled
The air, the fields, with beauty and with joy
Intense; with a rich mystery that awed
The mind, and flung around a thousand hearths
Divinest tales, that through the enchanted year
Found passionate listeners!
The very streams
Brightened with visitings of these so sweet
Ethereal creatures! They were seen to rise
From the charmed waters, which still brighter grew
As the pomp passed to land, until the eye
Scarce bore the unearthly glory. Where they trod,
Young flowers, but not of this world's growth, arose,
And fragrance, as of amaranthine bowers,
Floated upon the breeze. And mortal eyes
Looked on their revels all the luscious night;

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And, unreproved, upon their ravishing forms
Gazed wistfully, as in the dance they moved,
Voluptuous to the thrilling touch of harp
Elysian!
And by gifted eyes were seen
Wonders—in the still air; and beings bright
And beautiful, more beautiful than throng
Fancy's ecstatic regions, peopled now
The sunbeam, and now rode upon the gale
Of the sweet summer noon. Anon they touched
The earth's delighted bosom, and the glades
Seemed greener, fairer—and the enraptured woods
Gave a glad leafy murmur—and the rills
Leaped in the ray for joy; and all the birds
Threw into the intoxicating air their songs,
All soul. The very archings of the grove,
Clad in cathedral gloom from age to age,
Lightened with living splendours; and the flowers,
Tinged with new hues and lovelier, upsprung
By millions in the grass, that rustled now
To gales of Araby!
The seasons came
In bloom or blight, in glory or in shade;
The shower or sunbeam fell or glanced as pleased
These potent elves. They steered the giant cloud
Through heaven at will, and with the meteor flash
Came down in death or sport; ay, when the storm
Shook the old woods, they rode, on rainbow wings,
The tempest; and, anon, they reined its rage
In its fierce mid career. But ye have flown,
Beautiful fictions of our fathers! flown
Before the wind of Science, and the hearths
Of Devon, as lags the disenchanted year,
Are passionless and silent!

Some poet-translators of this period merit honourable mention.

ARCHDEACON WRANGHAM.

The Rev. Francis Wrangham (1769–1843), rector of Hunmanby, Yorkshire, and archdeacon of Chester, in 1795 wrote a prize poem on the 'Restoration of the Jews,' and translations in verse. He was the author of four Seaton prize-poems on sacred subjects, several sermons, an edition of Langhorne's Plutarch, and dissertations on the British empire in the East, on the translation of the Scriptures into the oriental languages, &c. His occasional translations from the Greek and Latin, and his macaronic verses, or sportive classical effusions among his friends, were marked by fine taste and felicitous adaptation. He continued his favourite studies to the close of his long life, and was the ornament and delight of the society in which he moved.

HENRY FRANCIS CARY.

The Rev. Henry Francis Cary (1772–1844), by his translation of Dante, has earned a high and lasting reputation. He was early distinguished as a classical scholar at Christ's Church, Oxford, and was familiar with almost the whole range of Italian, French, and English

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literature. In 1805 he published the 'Inferno' of Dante in blank verse, and an entire translation of the 'Divina Commedia,' in the same measure, in 1814. He afterwards translated the 'Birds' of Aristophanes, and the 'Odes' of Pindar, and wrote short memoirs in continuation of Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets,' which, with lives of the early French poets, appeared anonymously in the 'London Magazine.' For some years Mr. Cary held the office of assistant-librarian in the British Museum, and enjoyed a pension of £200 per annum. A Memoir of this amiable scholar was written by his son, the Rev. H. Cary, and published in 1847. First brought into notice by the prompt and strenuous exertions of Coleridge, Mr. Cary's version of the Florentine poet passed through four editions during the life of the translator. We subjoin a specimen.

Francesca of Rimini.

In the second circle of hell, Dante, in his 'vision,' witnesses the punishment of carnal sinners, who are tossed about ceaselessly in the dark air by furious winds. Amongst these he meets with Francesca of Rimini, who, with her lover Paolo, was put to death. The father of the unfortunate lady was the friend and protector of Dante.

I began: 'Bard! willingly
I would address those two together coming.
Which seem so light before the wind.' He thus:
'Note thou, when nearer they to us approach,
Then by that love which carries them along,
Entreat; and they will come.' Soon as the wind
Swayed them toward us, I thus framed my speech:
'O wearied spirits! come and hold discourse
With us, if by none else restrained.' As doves,
By fond desire invited, on wide wings
And firm, to their sweet nest returning home,
Cleave the air, wafted by their will along;
Thus issued, from that troop where Dido ranks,
They, through the ill air speeding, with such force
My cry prevailed, by strong affection urged.
'O gracious creature, and benign! who goest
Visiting, through this element obscure,
Us, who the world with bloody stain imbrued;
If, for a friend, the King of all we owned,
Our prayer to him should for thy peace arise,
Since thou hast pity on our evil plight.
Of whatsoe'er to hear or to discourse
It pleases thee, that will we hear, of that
Freely with thee discourse, while e'er the wind,
As now, is mute. The land that gave me birth,
Is situate on the coast, where Po descends
To rest in ocean with his sequent streams.
'Love, that in gentle heart is quickly learnt,
Entangled him by that fair form, from me
Ta'en in such cruel sort, as grieves me still:
Love, that denial takes from none beloved,
Caught me with pleasing him so passing well,
That, as thou see'st he yet deserts me not.
Love brought us to one death: Caina (1) waits
The soul who split our life.' Such were their words;
At hearing which downward I bent my looks,

1 The place to which murderers are doomed.

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And held them there so long, that the bard cried:
'What art thou pondering?' I, in answer, thus:
'Alas! by what sweet thoughts, what fond desire,
Must they at length to that ill pass have reached!'
Then turning, I to them my speech addressed,
And thus began: 'Francesca! your sad fate,
Even to tears, my grief and pity moves.
But tell me; in the time of your sweet sighs,
By what and how Love granted, that ye knew
Your yet uncertain wishes.' She replied:
'No greater grief than to remember days
Of joy, when misery is at hand! T at kens
Thy learned instructor. Yet so eagerly
If thou art bent to know the primal root,
From whence our love got being, I will do
As one who weeps and tells his tale. One day,
For our delight, we read of Lancelot, (1)
How him love thralled. Alone we were, and no
Suspicion near us. Ofttimes by that reading
Our eyes were drawn together, and the hue
Fled from our altered cheek. But at one point
Alone we fell. When of that smile we read,
The wished smile, so rapturously kissed
By one so deep in love, then he, who ne'er
From me shall separate, at once my lips
All trembling kissed. The book and writer both
Were love's purveyors. In its leaves that day
We read no more.' (2) While thus one spirit spake,
The other wailed so sorely that, heart-struck,
I, through compassion fainting, seemed not far
From death; and like a corse fell to the ground.

Ugolini and his Sons in the Tower of Famine.

During the contests between the Guelph and the Ghibellines, in 1289, Count Ugolini with two of his sons and two grandsons, were confined by Archbishop Ruggieri in a tower; the tower was locked, and the key thrown into the Arno, and all food was withheld from them. In a few days, they died of hunger. Dante describes the future punishment of Ugolini and the cardinal as being 'pent in one hollow of the ice.' The awful deaths in the tower are thus related by the ghost of the count.

A small grate
Within that mew, which for my sake the name
Of famine bears, where others yet must pine,
Already through its opening several moons
Had shewn me, when I slept the evil sleep
That from the future tore the curtain off.
The one, methought, as master of the sport,
Rode forth to chase the gaunt wolf and his whelps,
Unto the mountain which forbids the sight
Of Lucca to the Pisans. With lean brachs,
Inquisitive and keen, before him ranged
Lanfranchi with Sismondi and Gualandi.
After short course the father and the sons
Seemed tired and lagging, and methought I saw
The sharp tusks gore their sides. When I awoke,

1 One of the knights of the Round Table, and the lover of Ginevra, or Guinever, celebrated in romance.

2 A fine representation of this scene in marble formed part of the Manchester Exhibition of 1857. It was from the collection of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, and was executed by Mr. A. Munro, sculptor, a young artist cut off prematurely by death in 1871.

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Before the dawn, amid their sleep I heard
My sons—for they were with me—weep and ask
For bread . . .
Now had they wakened; and the hour drew near
When they were wont to bring us food; the mind
Of each misgave him through his dream; and I
Heard, at its outlet underneath, locked up
The horrible tower: whence, uttering not a word,
I looked upon the visage of my sons.
I wept not: so all stone I felt within.
They wept: and one, my little Anselm, cried:
'Thou lookest so! father, what ails thee?' Yet
I shed no tear, nor answered all that day
Nor the next night, until another sun
Came out upon the world. When a faint beam
Had to our doleful prison made its way,
And in four countenances I descried
The image of my own, on either hand
Through agony I bit; and they who thought
I did it through desire of feeding, rose
O' the sudden, and cried: 'Father, we should grieve
Far less if thou wouldst eat of us; thou gavest
These weeds of miserable flesh we wear;
And do thou strip them off from us again.'
Then, not to make them sadder, I kept down
My spirit in stillness. That day and the next
We were all silent. Oh, obdurate earth!
Why open'dst not upon us? When we came
To the fourth day, then Gaddo at my feet
Outstretched did fling him, crying: 'Hast no help
For me, my father?' There he died: and e'en
Plainly, as thou seest me, saw I the three
Fall one by one 'twixt the fifth day and sixth:
Whence I betook me, now grown blind, to grope
Over them all, and for three days aloud
Called on them who were dead. Then, fasting got
The mastery of grief.

A select descriptive passage of Dante, imitated by Gray (first line in the 'Elegy),' and by Byron ('Don Juan,' canto iii. 108), is thus rendered by Cary:

Now was the hour that wakens fond desire
In men at sea, and melts their thoughtful heart
Who in the morn have bid sweet friends farewell;
And pilgrim newly on his road with love
Thrills, if he hear the vesper-bell from far,
That seems to mourn for the expiring day,

WILLIAM STEWART ROSE.

WILLIAM STEWART ROSE (1775–1843), the translator of Ariosto, and a man of fine talent and accomplishments, was the second son of Mr. George Rose, Treasurer of the Navy, &c. After his education at Eton and Cambridge, Mr. Rose was introduced to public life, and he obtained the appointment of reading-clerk to the House of Lords. His tastes, however, were wholly literary. To gratify his father, he began 'A Naval History of the Late War,' vol. i., 1802, which he never completed. His subsequent works were a translation of the

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romance of 'Amadis de Gaul,' 1803; a translation, in verse from the French of Le Grand, of 'Partenopex de Blois,' 1807: 'Letters to Henry Hallam, Esq., from the North of Italy,' 2 vols., 1819; and a translation of the 'Animali Parlanti' of Casti, 1819, to which he prefixed introductory addresses at each canto to his friends Ugo Fosoolo, Frere, Walter Scott, &c. In 1823, he published a condensed translation of Boiardo's 'Orlando Innamorato,' and also commenced his version of the 'Orlando Fuiroso,' which was completed in 1831. The latter is the happiest of Mr. Rose's translations; it has wonderful spirit, as well as remarkable fidelity, both in form and meaning, to the original. The translator dedicated his work in a graceful sonnet to Sir Walter Scott, 'who,' he says, 'persuaded me to resume the work, which had been thrown aside, on the ground that such labour was its own reward:'

Scott, for whom Fame a gorgeous garland weaves,
Who what was scattered to the wasting wind,
As grain too coarse to gather or to bind,
Bad'st me collect and gird in goodly sheaves;
If this poor seed hath formed its stalks and leaves,
Transplanted from a softer clime, and pined
For lack of southern suns in soil unkind,
Where Ceres or Italian Flora grieves;
And if some fruit, however dwindled, fill
The doubtful ear, though scant the crop and bare—
Ah, how unlike the growth of Tuscan hill,
Where the glad harvest springs behind the share—
Peace be to thee! who taught me that to till
Was sweet, however paid the peasant's care.

Besides his translations, Mr. Rose was author of a volume of poems, entitled 'The Crusade of St. Louis,' &c., 1810; and 'Rhymes,' a small volume of epistles to his friends; tales, sonnets, &c. He was also an occasional contributor to the 'Edinburgh' and 'Quarterly Reviews.' Ill-health latterly compelled Mr. Rose to withdraw in a great measure from society; 'but in every event and situation of life,' says his biographer, Mr. Townsend, 'whether of sorrow or sickness, joy or pleasure, the thoughtful politeness of a perfect gentleman never forsook him.'* And thus he became the best translator of Ariosto, one of whose merits was that even in jesting he never forgot that he was a gentleman, while in his most extraordinary narratives and adventures there are simple and natural touches of feeling and expression that command sympathy. The *ottava rima* stanza of Ariosto was followed by Rose.—Hook in his translation adopted the heroic couplet with marvellous success. As a specimen, we give two stanzas:

Let him make haste his feet to disengage,
Nor lime his wings, whom Love has made a prize;
For love, in fine, is nought but frenzied rage,
By universal suffrage of the wise:
And albeit some may shew themselves more sage

* Memoir prefixed to Bohn's edition of the *Orlando Furioso*, 1858.

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Than Roland, they but sin in other guise.
For what proves folly more than on this shelf,
Thus for another to destroy one's self?

Various are love's effects; but from one source
All issue, though they lead a different way.
He is, as 'twere, a forest where, perforce,
Who enters its recesses go astray:
And here and there pursue their devious course:
In sum, to you, I, for conclusion, say,
He who grows old in love, besides all pain
Which waits such passion, well deserves a chain.

WILLIAM TAYLOR.

One of our earliest translators from the German was WILLIAM TAYLOR of Norwich (1765-1836). In 1796 appeared his version of Burger's 'Lenore.' Before the publication of this piece, Mrs. Barbauld—who had been the preceptress of Taylor—read it to a party in Edinburgh at which Walter Scott was present. The impression made upon Scott was such that he was induced to attempt a version himself, and though inferior in some respects to that of Taylor, Scott's translation gave promise of poetical power and imagination. Mr. Taylor afterwards made various translations from the German, which he collected and published in 1830 under the title of 'A Survey of German Poetry.' 'Mr. Taylor,' says a critic in the 'Quarterly Review' (1843), 'must be acknowledged to have been the first who effectually introduced the modern poetry and drama of Germany to the English reader, and his version of the 'Nathan' of Lessing, the 'Iphigenia' of Goethe, and Schiller's 'Bride of Messina,' are not likely to be supplanted, though none of them are productions of the same order with Coleridge's 'Wallenstein.' In 1843 an interesting Memoir of Taylor, containing his correspondence with Southey, was published in two volumes, edited by J. W. Robberds, Norwich.

THE EARL OF ELLESMERE

In 1823 this nobleman (1800-1857) published a translation of Goethe's 'Faust' and Schiller's 'Song of the Bell.' This volume was followed in 1824 by another, 'Translations from the German, and Original Poems.' In 1830 he translated 'Hernani, or the Honour of a Castilian,' a tragedy from the French of Victor Hugo. To the close of his life, this accomplished nobleman continued to adapt popular foreign works—as Pindemonte's 'Donna Charitea,' Michael Beer's 'Paria,' the 'Henri Trois' of Dumas, &c. He translated and re-arranged Schimmer's 'Siege of Vienna,' and edited the 'History of Peter the Cruel, King of Castile and Leon' (two vols., 1851). In 1839 he undertook a voyage to the Mediterranean in his yacht, and on his return home printed for private circulation 'The Pilgrimage,' 'Mediterranean Sketches,' &c., which were afterwards published with illustrations. A dramatic piece, 'Bluebeard,' acted with so

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cess at private theatricals, also proceeded from his pen. He occasionally contributed an article to the 'Quarterly Review,' and took a lively interest in all questions affecting literature and art. Of both he was a munificent patron. His lordship, by the death of his father, the first Duke of Sutherland, in 1833, succeeded to the great Bridgewater estates in Lancashire, and to his celebrated gallery of pictures, valued at £150,000. He was raised to the peerage as Earl of Ellesmere in 1846. The translations of this nobleman are characterised by elegance and dramatic spirit, but his 'Faust' is neither very vigorous nor very faithful. His original poetry is graceful, resembling, though inferior, that of Rogers. We subjoin one specimen, in which Campbell seems to have been selected as the model.

The Military Execution.

His doom has been decreed,
He has owned the fatal deed,
And its sentence is here to abide.
No mercy now can save;
They have dug the yawning grave,
And the hapless and the brave
Kneels beside.

No bandage wraps his eye;
He is kneeling there to die,
Unblinded, undaunted, alone,
His latest prayer has ceased,
And the comrade and the priest,
From their last sad task released,
Both are gone.

His kindred are not near
The fatal knell to hear,
They can but weep when the deed 'tis done;
They would shriek, and wail, and pray:
It is well for him to-day
That his friends are far away—
All but one.

Yes, in his mute despair,
The faithful hound is there,
He has reached his master's side with a spring.
To the hand which reared and fed,
Till its ebbing pulse hath fled,
Till that hand is cold and dead,
He will cling.

What art, or lure, or wile,
That one can now beguile
From the side of his master and friend?
He has gnawed his cord in twain;
To the arm which strives in vain
To repel him, he will strain
To the end.

The tear-drop who can blame?
Though it dim the veteran's aim
And each breast along the line heave the sigh.
For 'twere cruel now to save;
And together in that grave,
The faithful and the brave,
Let them lie.

In 1820–22, THOMAS MITCHELL (1783–1845) published translations in verse of Aristophanes, in which the sense and spirit of the 'Old Comedian' were admirably rendered. Mr. Mitchell also edited some of the plays of Sophocles, and superintended the publication of some of the Greek works which issued from the Oxford Clarendon press.

VISCOUNT STRANGFORD (1780–1855), long the British Ambassador at Lisbon and other foreign courts, in 1803 published a version of 'Poems from the Portuguese of Camoens, with remarks on his Life and Writings.' The translation was generally condemned for its loose and amatory character, but some of the lyrical pieces have much beauty. A sarcastic notice of Strangford will be found in Byron's 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' and Moore dedicated to him one of his finest epistles. To the last, the old nobleman delighted in literary and antiquarian pursuits, and was much esteemed.

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SCOTTISH POETS.

ROBERT BURNS.

After the publication of Fergusson's poems, in a collected shape, in 1773, there was an interval of about thirteen years, during which no writer of eminence arose in Scotland who attempted to excel in the native language of the country. The intellectual taste of the capital ran strongly in favour of metaphysical and critical studies; but the Doric muse was still heard in the rural districts linked to some popular air, some local occurrence or favourite spot, and was much cherished by the lower and middle classes of the people. In the summer of 1786, ROBERT BURNS, the Shakspeare of Scotland, issued his first volume from the obscure press of Kilmarnock, and its influence was immediately felt, and is still operating on the whole imaginative literature of the kingdom.* Burns was then in his twenty-seventh year, having been born in the parish of Alloway, near Ayr, on the 25th of January 1759. His father was a poor farmer, a man of sterling worth and intelligence, who gave his son what education he could afford. The whole, however, was but a small foundation on which to erect the miracles of genius! Robert was taught English well, and by the time he was ten or eleven years of age, he was a critic in substantives, verbs, and particles.'

He was also taught to write, had a fortnight's French, and was one summer quarter at land-surveying. He had a few books, among

* The edition consisted of 600 copies. A second was published in Edinburgh in April 1787, as many as 2800 copies being subscribed for by 1500 individuals. After his unexampled popularity in Edinburgh, Burns took the farm of Ellisland, near Dumfries, married his 'bonny Jean,' and entered upon his new occupation at Whitsunday 1788. He had obtained—what he anxiously desired as an addition to his means as a farmer—an appointment in the Excise; but the duties of this office, and his own convivial habits, interfered with his management of the farm; and he was glad to abandon it. In 1791 he removed to the town of Dumfries, subsisting entirely on his situation in the Excise, which yielded £70 per annum, with an occasional windfall from smuggling seizures. His great ambition was to become a supervisor, from which preferment it was said his 'political heresies excluded him; but it has lately been proved, that if any rebuke was administered to the poet, it must have been verbal, for no censure against him was recorded in the excise books. He was on the list for promotion, and had he lived six months longer he would, in the ordinary routine of the service, have been promoted. In 1793, Burns published a third edition of his poems, with the addition of 'Tam o' Shanter' and other pieces composed at Ellisland. A fourth edition, with some corrections, was published in 1794, and this seems to have been the last authorized edition in the poet's lifetime. He died at Dumfries on the 21st of July 1796, aged thirty-seven years and about six months. The story of the poet's life is so well known, that even this brief statement of dates seems unnecessary. The valuable edition of Dr. Currie appeared in 1800, and realized a sum of £1400 for Burns's widow and family. It contained the correspondence of the poet, and a number of songs, contributed to Johnson's 'Scots Musical Museum,' and Thomson's 'Select Scottish Melodies.' The editions of Burns since 1800 could with difficulty be ascertained; they were reckoned a few years ago at about a hundred. His poems circulate in every shape, and have not yet 'gathered all their fame.'

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which were the 'Spectator,' Pope's works, Allan Ramsay, and a collection of 'English Songs.' Subsequently—about his twenty-third year—his reading was enlarged with the important addition of Thomson, Shenstone, Sterne, and Mackenzie. Other standard works soon followed. As the advantages of a liberal education were not within his reach, it is scarcely to be regretted that his library was at first so small. What books he had, he read and studied thoroughly—his attention was not distracted by a multitude of volumes—and his mind grew up with original and robust vigour. It is impossible to contemplate the life of Burns at this time, without a strong feeling of affectionate admiration and respect. His manly integrity of character—which, as a peasant, he guarded with jealous dignity—and his warm and true heart, elevate him, in our conceptions, almost as much as the native force and beauty of his poetry. We see him in the veriest shades of obscurity, toiling, when a mere youth, 'like a galley-slave,' to support his virtuous parents and their household, yet grasping at every opportunity of acquiring knowledge from men and books—familiar with the history of his country, and loving its very soil—worshipping the memory of Scotland's ancient patriots and defenders, and exploring the scenes and memorials of departed greatness—loving also the simple peasantry around him, 'the sentiments and manners he felt and saw in himself and his rustic compeers.' Burning with a desire to do something for old Scotland's sake, with a heart beating with warm and generous emotions, a strong and clear understanding, and a spirit abhorring all meanness, insincerity, and oppression, Burns, in his early days, might have furnished the subject for a great and instructive moral poem. The true elements of poetry were in his life, as in his writings. The wild stirrings of his ambition—which he so nobly compared to the 'blind gropings of Homer's Cyclops round the walls of his cave'—the precocious maturity of his passions and his intellect, his manly frame, that led him to fear no competitor at the plough, and his exquisite sensibility and tenderness, that made him weep over even the destruction of a daisy's flower or a mouse's nest—these are all moral contrasts or blendings that seem to belong to the spirit of romantic poetry. His writings, as we now know, were but the fragments of a great mind—the hasty outpourings of a full heart and intellect. After he had become the fashionable wonder and idol of his day—soon to be cast into cold neglect and poverty!—some errors and frailties threw a shade on the noble and affecting image, but its higher lineaments were never destroyed. The column was defaced, not broken; and now that the mists of prejudice have cleared away, its just proportions and symmetry are recognized with pride and gratitude by his admiring countrymen.

Burns came as a potent auxiliary or fellow-worker with Cowper, in bringing poetry into the channels of truth and nature. There was only about a year between the 'Task' and the 'Cotter's Saturday

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'Night.' No poetry was ever more instantaneously or universally popular among a people than that of Burns in Scotland. A contemporary, Robert Heron, who then resided in Galloway, contiguous to Ayrshire, states that 'old and young, high and low, learned and ignorant, were alike transported with the poems, and that even ploughmen and maid-servants would gladly have bestowed the wages they earned, if they but might procure the works of Burns.' The volume, indeed, contained matter for all minds—for the lively and sarcastic, the wild and the thoughtful, the poetical enthusiast and the man of the world. So eagerly was the book sought after, that, where copies of it could not be obtained, many of the poems were transcribed and sent round in manuscript among admiring circles. The subsequent productions of the poet did not materially affect the estimate of his powers formed from his first volume. His life was at once too idle and too busy for continuous study; and, alas! it was too brief for the full maturity and development of his talents. Where the intellect predominates equally with the imagination—and this was the case with Burns—increase of years generally adds to the strength and variety of the poet's powers; and we have no doubt that, in ordinary circumstances, Burns, like Dryden, would have improved with age, and added greatly to his fame, had he not fallen at so early a period, before his imagination could be enriched with the riper fruits of knowledge and experience. He meditated a national drama; but we might have looked with more confidence for a series of tales like 'Tam o' Shanter,' which—with the elegy on Captain Matthew Henderson, one of the most highly finished and most precious of his works—was produced in his happy residence at Ellisland. Above two hundred songs were, however, thrown off by Burns in his latter years, and they embraced poetry of all kinds.

Moore became a writer of lyrics, as he informs his readers, that he might express what music conveyed to himself. Burns had little or no technical knowledge of music. Whatever pleasure he derived from it, was the result of personal associations—the words to which airs were adapted, or the locality with which they were connected. His whole soul, however, was full of the finest harmony. So quick and genial were his sympathies, that he was easily stirred into lyrical melody by whatever was good and beautiful in nature. Not a bird sang in a bush, nor a burn glanced in the sun, but it was eloquence and music to his ear. He fell in love with every fine female face he saw; and thus kindled up, his feelings took the shape of song, and the words fell as naturally into their places as if prompted by the most perfect knowledge of music. The inward melody needed no artificial accompaniment. An attempt at a longer poem would have chilled his ardour; but a song embodying some one leading idea, some burst of passion, love, patriotism, or humour, was exactly suited to the impulsive nature of Burns's genius, and to his situation

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and circumstances. His command of language and imagery, always the most appropriate, musical, and graceful, was a greater marvel than the creations of a Handel or Mozart. The Scottish poet, however, knew many old airs—still more old ballads; and a few bars of the music, or a line of the words, served as a key-note to his suggestive fancy. He improved nearly all he touched. The arch humour, gaiety, simplicity, and genuine feeling of his original songs, will be felt as long as 'rivers roll and woods are green.' They breathe the natural character and spirit of the country, and must be coeval with it in existence. Wherever the words are chanted, a picture is presented to the mind; and whether the tone be plaintive and sad, or joyous and exciting, one overpowering feeling takes possession of the imagination. The susceptibility of the poet inspired him with real emotions and passion, and his genius reproduced them with the glowing warmth and truth of nature.

'Tam O'Shanter' is usually considered to be Burns's master-piece; it was so considered by himself, and the judgment has been confirmed by Campbell, Wilson, Montgomery, and almost every critic. It displays more various powers than any of his other productions, beginning with low comic humour and Bacchanalian revelry—the dramatic scene at the commencement is unique, even in Burns—and ranging through the various styles of the descriptive, the terrible, the supernatural, and the ludicrous. The originality of some of the phrases and sentiments, as

> Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious—
> O'er a' the ills of life victorious!

the felicity of some of the similes, and the elastic force and springiness of the versification, must also be considered as aiding in the effect. The poem reads as if it were composed in one transport of inspiration, before the bard had time to cool or to slacken in his fervour; and such we know was actually the case. Next to this inimitable 'tale of truth' in originality, and in happy grouping of images, both familiar and awful, we should be disposed to rank the 'Address to the Deil.' The poet adopted the common superstitions of the peasantry as to the attributes of Satan; but though his 'Address' is mainly ludicrous, he intersperses passages of the highest beauty, and blends a feeling of tenderness and compunction with his objurgation of the Evil One. The effect of contrast was never more happily displayed than in the conception of such a being straying in lonely glens and rustling among trees—in the familiarity of sly humour with which the poet lectures so awful and mysterious a personage—who had, as he says, almost overturned the infant world, and ruined all; and in that strange and inimitable outbreak of sympathy in which a hope is expressed for the salvation, and pity for the fate, even of Satan himself—

> But fare-you-weel, auld Nickie-ben!
> Oh, wad ye tak a thought and men'!

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Ye siblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake;
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Even for your sake!

The 'Jolly Beggars' is another strikingly original production. It is the most dramatic of his works, and the characters are all finely sustained. Currie has been blamed by Sir Walter Scott and others for over-fastidiousness in not admitting that humorous cantata into his edition, but we do not believe that Currie ever saw the 'Jolly Beggars.' The poem was not published till 1801, and was then printed from the only copy known to exist in the poet's handwriting. Of the 'Cotter's Saturday Night,' the 'Mountain Daisy,' or the 'Mouse's Nest,' it would be idle to attempt any eulogy. In these Burns is seen in his fairest colours—not with all his strength, but in his happiest and most heart-felt inspiration—his brightest sunshine and his tenderest tears. The workmanship of these leading poems is equal to the value of the materials. The peculiar dialect of Burns being a composite of Scotch and English, which he varied at will—the Scotch being generally reserved for the comic and tender, and the English for the serious and lofty—his diction is remarkably rich and copious. No poet is more picturesque in expression. This was the result equally of accurate observation, careful study, and strong feeling. His energy and truth stamp the highest value on his writings. He is as literal as Cowper. The banks of the Doon are described as faithfully as those of the Ouse; and his views of human life and manners are as real and as finely moralised. His range of subjects, however, was infinitely more diversified, including a varied and romantic landscape, the customs and superstitions of his country, the delights of good-fellowship and boon society, the aspirations of youthful ambition, and, above all, the emotions of love, which he depicted with such mingled fervour and delicacy. This ecstacy of passion was unknown to the author of the 'Task.' Nor could the latter have conceived anything so truly poetical as the image of Coila; the tutelar genius and inspirer of the peasant youth in his clay-built hut, where his heart and fancy overflowed with love and poetry. Cowper read and appreciated Burns, and we can picture his astonishment and delight on perusing such strains as Coila's address :—

Extract from the 'Vision.'

'With future hope I oft would gaze,
Fond, on thy little early ways,
Thy rudely carolled, chiming phrase,
In uncouth rhymes,
Fired at the simple, artless lays
Of other times.

'I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
Delighted with the dashing roar;
Or when the north his fleecy store
Drove through the sky,
I saw grim nature's visage hoar
Strike thy young eye.

'Or when the deep green-mantled earth
Warm cherished every flow'ret's birth,
And joy and music pouring forth
In every grove,
I saw thee eye the general mirth
With boundless love.

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'When ripened fields and azure skies,
Called forth the reapers' rustling noise,
I saw thee leave their evening joys,
And lonely stalk.
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
In pensive walk.

'When youthful love, warm-blushing, strong,
Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,
Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
The adored Name,
I taught thee how to pour in song,
To soothe thy flame.

I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
Wild send thee Pleasure's devious way,
Misled by Fancy's meteor-ray,
By passion driven;
But yet the light that led astray,
Was light from Heaven.

'I taught thy manners-painting strains,
The loves, the ways of simple swains,
Till now, o'er all my wide domains
Thy fame extends;
And some, the pride of Coila's plains,
Become thy friends.

'Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,
To paint with Thomson's landscape glow;
Or wake the bosom-melting throe,
With Shenstone's art;
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow
Warm on the heart.

'Yet, all beneath the unrivalled rose,
The lowly daisy sweetly blows;
Though large the forest's monarch throws
His army shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows,
Adown the glade.

'Then never murmur nor repine;
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine;
And, trust me, not Potosi's mine,
Nor king's regard,
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine,
A rustic bard.

'To give my counsels all in one—
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;
Preserve the dignity of man,
With soul erect;
And trust, the universal plan
Will all protect.

'And wear thou this'—she solemn said,
And bound the holly round my head:
The polished leaves, and berries red,
Did rustling play;
And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away.

Burns never could have improved upon the grace and tenderness of this romantic vision—the finest revelation ever made of the hope and ambition of a youthful poet. Greater strength, however, he undoubtedly acquired with the experience of manhood. His 'Tam o' Shanter,' and 'Bruce's Address,' are the result of matured powers; and his songs evince a conscious mastery of the art and materials of composition. His 'Vision of Liberty' at Lincluden is a great and splendid fragment. The reflective spirit evinced in his early epistles is found, in his 'Lines written in Friars' Carse Hermitage,' to have settled into a vein of moral philosophy, clear and true as the lines of Swift, and informed with a higher wisdom. It cannot be said that Burns absolutely fails in any kind of composition, except in his epigrams; these are coarse without being pointed or entertaining. Nature, which had lavished on him such powers of humour denied him wit.

In reviewing the intellectual career of the poet, his correspondence must not be overlooked. His prose style was more ambitious than that of his poetry. In the latter he followed the dictates of nature, warm from the heart, whereas in his letters he aimed at being sentimental, peculiar, and striking; and simplicity was sometimes sacrificed for effect. As Johnson considered conversation to be an intellectual arena, wherein every man was bound to do his best, Burns

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seems to have regarded letter-writing in much the same light, and to have considered it necessary at times to display all his acquisitions to amuse, gratify, or astonish his admiring correspondents. Considerable deductions must, therefore, be made from his published correspondence, whether regarded as an index to his feelings and situation, or as models of the epistolary style. In *subject*, he adapted himself too much to the character and tastes of the person he was addressing, and in *style* he was led away by a love of display. A tinge of pedantry and assumption, or of reckless bravado, was thus at times superinduced upon the manly and thoughtful simplicity of his natural character, which sits as awkwardly upon it as the intrusion of Jove or Danae into the rural songs of Allan Ramsay.* Burns's letters, however, are valuable as memorials of his temperament and genius. He was often distinct, forcible, and happy in expression—rich in sallies of imagination and poetical feeling—at times deeply pathetic and impressive. He lifts the veil from the miseries of his latter days with a hand struggling betwixt pride and a broken spirit. His autobiography, addressed to Dr. Moore, written when his mind was salient and vigorous, is as remarkable for its

* The scrape of French in his letters to Dr. Moore, Mrs. Riddel, &c., have an unpleasant effect. 'If he had an affectation in anything,' says Dugald Stewart. 'it was in introducing occasionally [in conversation] a word or phrase from that language.' Campbell makes a similar statement, and relates the following anecdote: 'One of his friends, who carried him into the company of a French lady, remarked, with surprise, that he attempted to converse with her in her own tongue. Their French, however, was mutually unintelligible. As far as Burns could make himself understood, he unfortunately offended the foreign lady. He meant to tell her that she was a charming person, and delightful in conversation, but expressed himself so as to appear to her to mean that she was fond of speaking: to which the Gallic dame indignantly replied, that it was quite as common for poets to be impertinent as for women to be loquacious.' The friend who introduced Burns on this occasion (and who herself related the anecdote to Mr. Campbell) was Miss Margaret Chalmers, afterwards Mrs. Lewis Hay, who died in 1843. The wonder is, that the dissipated aristocracy of the Caledonian Hunt, and the 'buckish tradesmen of Edinburgh,' left any part of the original plainness and simplicity of his manners. Yet his learned friends saw no change in the proud self-sustained and self-measuring poet. He kept his ground, and he asked no more.

'A somewhat clearer knowledge of men's affairs, scarcely of their characters,' says the quaint but true and searching Thomas Carlyle, 'this winter in Edinburgh did afford him; but a sharper feeling of Fortune's unequal arrangements in their social destiny it also left with him. He had seen the gay and gorgeous arena, in which the powerful are born to play their parts; nay, had himself stood in the midst of it; and he felt more bitterly than ever that here he was but a looker-on, and had no part or lot in that splendid game. From this time a jealous indignant fear of social degradation takes possession of him; and perverts, so far as aught could pervert, his private contentment, and his feelings towards his richer fellows. It was clear to Burns that he had talent enough to make a fortune, or a hundred fortunes, could he but have rightly willed this. It was clear also that he willed something far different, and therefore could not make one. Unhappy it was that he had not power to choose the one and reject the other, but must halt forever between two opinions, two objects; making hampered advancement towards either. But so it is with many men; "we long for the merchandise, yet would fain keep the price;" and so stand chaffering with Fate, in vexatious altercation, till the night come, and our fair is over!'

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literary talent as for its modest independence and clear judgment; and the letters to Mrs. Dunlop—in whom he had entire confidence, and whose lady-like manners and high principle rebuked his wilder spirit—are all characterised by sincerity and elegance. One beautiful letter to this lady we are tempted to copy; it is poetical in the highest degree, and touches with exquisite taste on the mysterious union between external nature and the sympathies and emotions of the human frame:

ELLISLAND, *New-year-day Morning*, 1789.

This, dear madam, is a morning of wishes, and would to God that I came under the apostle James's description!—*the prayer of a righteous man availeth much.* In that case, madam, you should welcome in a year full of blessings; everything that obstructs or disturbs tranquillity and self-enjoyment should be removed, and every pleasure that frail humanity can taste should be yours. I own myself so little a Presbyterian, that I approve of set times and seasons of more than ordinary acts of devotion, for breaking in on that habituted routine of life and thought which is so apt to reduce our existence to a kind of instinct, or even sometimes, and with some minds, to a state very little better than mere machinery.

This day, the first Sunday of May, a breezy, blue-skied noon some time about the beginning, and a hoary morning and calm sunny day about the end of autumn; these, time out of mind, have been with me a kind of holiday.

I believe I owe this to that glorious paper in the 'Spectator'—the Vision of Mirza—a piece that struck my young fancy before I was capable of fixing an idea to a word of three syllables: 'On the 5th day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hill of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer.'

We know nothing, or next to nothing, of the substance or structure of our souls, so cannot account for those seeming caprices in them, that one should be particularly pleased with this thing, or struck with that, which on minds of a different cast, makes no extraordinary impression. I have some favourite flowers in spring, among which are the mountain daisy, the harebell, the foxglove, the wild-brier rose, the budding birch, and the hoary hawthorn, that I view and hang over with particular delight. I never hear the loud, solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of gray plovers in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry. Tell me, my dear friend, to what can this be owing? Are we a piece of machinery, which, like the Æolian harp, passive, takes the impression of the passing accident? Or do these workings argue something within us above the trodden clod? I own myself partial to such proofs of those awful and important realities—a God that made all things, man's immaterial and immortal nature, and a world of weal or woe beyond death and the grave

In another of his letters we have this striking autobiographical fragment:

I have been this morning taking a peep through, as Young finely says, 'the dark postern of time long elapsed;' and you will easily guess 'twas a rueful prospect: what a tissue of thoughtlessness, weakness, and folly! My life reminded me of a ruined temple; what strength, what proportion in some parts! what unsightly gaps, what prostrate ruins in others! I kneeled down before the Father of Mercies, and said: 'Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.' I rose eased and strengthened. I despise the superstition of a fanatic, but I love the religion of a man.

And again in a similar strain:

There is scarcely any earthly object gives me more—I do not know if I should call it pleasure—but something which exalts me, something which enraptures me—than to walk in the sheltered side of a wood or high plantation in a cloudy winter-day,

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and hear the stormy wind howling among the trees, and raving over the plain! It is my best season for devotion: my mind is wrapped up in a kind of enthusiasm to Him, who, in the pompous language of the Hebrew bard, 'walks on the wings of the wind.'

To the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, Burns seems to have clung with fond tenacity; it survived the wreck or confusion of his early impressions, and formed the strongest and most soothing of his beliefs. In other respects his creed was chiefly practical. 'Whatever mitigates the woes, or increases the happiness of others,' he says, 'this is my criterion of goodness; and whatever injures society at large, or any individual in it, this is my measure of iniquity.' The same feeling he had expressed in one of his early poems:

But deep this truth impressed my mind,
Through all his works abroad,
The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles God.

Conjectures have been idly formed as to the probable effect which education would have had on the mind of Burns. We may as well speculate on the change which might be wrought by the engineer, the planter, and agriculturist, in assimilating the wild scenery of Scotland to that of England. Who would wish—if it were possible—by successive graftings, to make the birch or the pine approximate to the oak or the elm? Nature is various in all her works, and has diversified genius as much as she has done her plants and trees. In Burns we have a genuine Scottish poet; why should we wish to mar the beautiful order and variety of nature by making him a Dryden or a Gray? Education could not have improved Burns's songs, his 'Tam o' Shanter,' or any other of his great poems. He would never have written them but for his situation and feelings as a peasant—and could he have written anything better? The whole of that world of passion and beauty which he has laid open to us might have been hid for ever; and the genius which was so well and worthily employed in embellishing rustic life, and adding new interest and glory to his country, would only have placed him in the long procession of English poets, stripped of his originality, and bearing, though proudly, the ensign of conquest and submission

From the Epistle to James Smith.

This while my notion's ta'en a skient
To try my fate in guid black prent;
But still the mair I'm that way bent,
Something cries 'Hoolie!
I red you, honest man, tak tent!
Ye'll shaw your folly.

'There's ither poets, much your betters,
Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters,
Hae thought they had insured their debtors
A' future ages;
Now moths deform in shapeless tatters,
Their unknown pages.'

Then farewell hopes o' laurel-boughs,
To garland my poetic brows!
Henceforth I'll rove where busy ploughs
Are whistling thrang,
An' teach the lanely heights an' howes
My rustic sang,

I'll wander on, with tentless heed
How never-halting moments speed,
Till fate shall snap the brittle thread;
Then, all unknown,
I'll lay me with the inglorious dead,
Forgot and gone!

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But why o' death begin a tale?
Just now we're living sound and hale,
Then top and maintop crowd the sail,
Heave care o'er side!
And large before enjoyment's gale,
Let's tak the tide.

This life, sae far 's I understand,
Is a' enchanted fairy land,
Where pleasure is the magic wand,
That, wielded right,
Maks hours like minutes, hand in hand,
Dance by fu' light.

The magic wand then let us wield;
For ance that five-and-forty's speeled,
See, crazy, weary, joyless eild,
Wi' wrinkled face,
Comes hostin' hirplin' owre the field,
Wi' creepin pace.

When ance life's day draws near the gloamin',
Then farewel vacant careless roamin';
And farewel cheerin' tankards foamin',
And social noise;
And farewel dear, deluding woman,
The joy of joys;

O Life! how pleasant in thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning!
Cold-pausing Caution's lesson scorning,
We frisk away,
Like school-boys, at the expected warning,
To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,
We eye the rose upon the brier,
Unmindful that the thorn is near,
Among the leaves!
And though the puny wound appear
Short while it grieves.

From the Epistle to W. Simpson.

We'll sing auld Coila's plains and fells,
Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,
Her banks and braes, her dens and dells,
Where glorious Wallace
Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
Frae southron billies.

At Wallace' name what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By Wallace' side,
Still pressing onward, red-wat shod,
Or glorious died!

Oh, sweet are Coila's haughs and woods,
When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
And jinkin' hares in amorous whids,
Their loves enjoy,
While through the braes the cushat croods
With wailfu' cry!

Even winter bleak has charms to me
When winds rave through the naked tree;
Or frosts on hills of Ochiltree
Are hoary gray:
Or blinding drifts wild furious flee,
Darkening the day!

O Nature! a' thy shows and forms
To feeling, pensive hearts has charms!
Whether the summer kindly warms,
Wi' life and light,
Or winter howls in gusty storms
The lang, dark night!

The Muse, nae poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel he learned to wander,
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
And no think lang;
Oh, sweet to stray, and pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang!

To a Mountain Daisy.

On turning one down with a plough in April 1786.

Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem:
To spare thee now is past my power,
Thou bonny gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet
The bonny lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
Wi' spreckled breast,
When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
The purpling east!

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield:
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

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There in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed.
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
Sweet flow'ret of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betrayed,
And guileless trust,
Till she, like thee, all soiled, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starred!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
Who long with wants and woes has striven,
By human pride or cunning driven
To misery's brink,
Till wrenched of every stay but Heaven,
He, ruined, sink!

Even thou who mourn'st the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crushed beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom.

On Captain Matthew Henderson.

A gentleman who held the patent for his honours immediately from Almighty God.

But now his radiant course is run,
For Matthew's course was bright;
His soul was like the glorious sun,
A matchless, heavenly light!

O Death! thou tyrant fell and bloody!
The meikle devil wi' a woodie
Haurl the hame to his black smiddie,
O'er hurcheon hides,
And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie
Wi' thy auld sides!

He's gane! he's gane! he's frae us torn,
The ae best fellow e'er was born!
Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel' shall mourn
By wood and wild,
Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn,
Frae man exiled!

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns,
That proudly cock your cresting cairns!
Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing yearns,(1)
Where Echo slumbers!
Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,
My wailing numbers!

Mourn ilka grove the cushat ken sh
Ye hazelly shaws and briery dens!
Ye burnies, wimpling down your glens
Wi' toddlin' din,
Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens,
Frae lin to lin!

Mourn, little harebells o'er the lea;
Ye stately foxgloves fair to see;
Ye woodbines hanging bonnilie
In scented bowers;
Ye roses on your thorny tree,
The first o' flowers.

At dawn, when every grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at its head,
At even, when beans their fragrance shed,
I' the rustling gale,
Ye maukins, whiddin' through the glade,
Come join my wail.

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood;
Ye grouse that crap the heather bud;
Ye curlews calling through a clud;
Ye whistling plover;
And mourn, ye whirring paitrick brood!
He's gane for ever!

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals,
Ye fisher herons, watching eels;
Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
Circling the lake;
Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
Rair for his sake.

Mourn, clamering craiks at close o' day,
'Mang fields o' flowering clover gay;
And when ye wing your annual way
Frae our cauld shore,
Tell thae far worlds wha lies in clay,
Wham we deplore.

Ye houlet, frae your ivy bower,
In some auld tree, or eldritch tower,
What time the moon, wi' silent glower
Sets up her horn,
Wail through the dreary midnight hour
Till waukrife morn!

1 Eagles.

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O rivers, forests, hills, and plains!
Oft have ye heard my canty strains:
But now, what else for me remains
But tales of woe?
And frae my een the drapping rains
Maun ever flow.

Mourn, Spring, thou darling of the year,
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear:
Thou, Simmer, while each corny spear
Shoots up its head,
Thy gay, green, flowery tresses shear
For him that's dead.

Thou, Autumn, with thy yellow hair,
In grief thy sallow mantle tear!
Thou, Winter, hurling through the air
The roaring blast,
Wide o'er the naked world declare
The worth we've lost!

Mourn him, thou sun, great source of light!
Mourn, empress of the silent night!
And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,
My Matthew mourn!
For through your orb he's ta'en his flight,
Ne'er to return.

O Henderson! the man—the brother!
And art thou gone, and gone for ever?
And hast thou crossed that unknown river,
Life's dreary bound?
Like thee, where shall we find another
The world around?

Go to your sculptured tombs, ye great,
In a' the tinsel trash o' state!
But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
Thou man of worth!
And weep the ae best fellow's fate
E'er lay in earth.

Macpherson's Farewell.

Farewell, ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destine!
Macpherson's time will not be long
On yonder gallows-tree.
Sae rantingly, sae wantonly
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He played a spring, and danced it round,
Below the gallows-tree.

Oh, what is death but parting breath?
On many a bloody plain
I 've dared his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again!

Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword;
And there 's no a man in all Scotland,
But I'll brave him at a word.

I 've lived a life of sturt and strife;
I die by treacherie;
It burns my heart I must depart
And not avenged be.

Now farewell light—thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky!
May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dares not die!

Menie.

Again rejoicing Nature sees
Her robe assume its vernal hues,
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
All freshly steeped in morning dews.

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
In vain to me the violets spring;
In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
The mavis and the linnet sing.

The merry plough-boy cheers his team,
Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks;
But life to me 's a weary dream,
A dream of ane that never wauks.

The wanton coot the water skims,
Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,

The stately swan majestic swims,
And everything is blessed but I.

The shepherd steeks his faulding slap,
And ower the moorland whistles shill;
Wi' wild, unequal, wandering step,
I meet him on the dewy hill.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Blithe wankens by the daisy's side,
And mounts and sings on flittering wings,
A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.

Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,
And raging bend the naked tree:
Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
When nature all is sad like me!

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Ae Fond Kiss.

'These exquisitely affecting stanzas contain the essence of a thousand love-tales.' —SCOTT.'

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae farewell, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy;
But to see her was to love her;
Love but her and love for ever.

Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae farewell, alas! for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

My Bonny Mary.

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
And fill it in a silver tassie;
That I may drink, before I go,
A service to my bonny lassie;
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry;
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
And I maun leave my bonny Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are ranked ready;
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody;
But it 's not the roar o' sea or shore
Wad make me langer wish to tarry;
Nor shouts o' war that 's heard afar—
It 's leaving thee, my bonny Mary.

Mary Morison.

'One of my juvenile works.'—BURNS. 'Of all the productions of Burns, the pathetic and serious love-songs which he has left behind him in the manner of old ballads, are perhaps those which take the deepest and most lasting hold of the mind. Such are the lines of "Mary Morison," &c.'—HAZLITT.

O Mary, at thy window be,
It is the wished, the trysted hour!
Those smiles and glances let me see,
That make the miser's treasure poor:
How blithely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun,
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen when to the trembling string
The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw.

Though this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
I sighed, and said amang them a',
'Ye are na Mary Morison.'

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
Whase only faut is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt na gie,
At least be pity to me shewn;
A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

Bruce's Address.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front of battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

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By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or die!

*A Vision.**

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa' flower scents the dewy air,
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care;

The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot along the sky;
The fox was howling on the hill,
And the distant echoing glens reply.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the ruined wa's,
Hasting to join the sweeping Nith,
Whose distant roaring swells and fa's.

The cauld blue north was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissing eerie din;
Athort the lift they start and shift,
Like fortune's favours, tint as win.

By heedless chance I turned mine eyes,
And, by the moonbeam, shook to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
Attired as minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
His darin' look had daunted me;
And on his bonnet graved was plain,
The sacred posy—'Libertie!'

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might roused the slumbering dead to hear;
But, oh! it was a tale of woe,
As ever met a Briton's ear.

He sang wi' joy the former day,
He weeping wailed his latter times;
But what he said it was nae play—
I winna ventur't in my rhymes.

To Mary in Heaven.

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

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* A favourite walk of Burns, during his residence in Dumfries, was one along the right bank of the river above the town, terminating at the ruins of Lincluden Abbey and Church, which occupy a romantic situation on a piece of rising ground in the angle at the junction of the Cluden water with the Nith. These ruins include many fine fragments of ancient decorative architecture, and are enshrined in a natural scene of the utmost beauty. Burns, according to his eldest son, often mused amidst the Lincluden ruins. There is one position on a little mount to the south of the church, where a couple of landscapes of witching loveliness are obtained, set, as it were, in two of the windows of the ancient building. It was probably the 'Calvary' of the ancient church precinct. This the younger Burns remembered to have been a favourite resting-place of the poet.

Such is the locality of the grand and thrilling ode, entitled *A Vision*, in which he hints—for more than a hint could not be ventured upon—his sense of the degradation of the ancient manly spirit of his country under the conservative terrors of the passing era. —CHAMBERS'S *Burns*.

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Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green!
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined am'rous round the raptured scene;
The flow'rs sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray—
Till soon, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but th' impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?*

RICHARD GALL.

RICHARD GALL (1776–1800), whilst employed as a printer in Edinburgh, threw off some Scottish songs that became favourites. 'My Only Jo and Dearie O,' for pleasing fancy and musical expression, is not unworthy of Tannahill. 'I remember,' says Allan Cunningham, 'when this song was exceedingly popular; its sweetness and ease, rather than its originality and vigour, might be the cause of its success. The third verse contains a very beautiful picture of early attachment—a sunny bank, and some sweet soft school-girl, will appear to many a fancy when these lines are sung.'

---

* Burns, in his 'Remarks on Scottish Songs,' written for the Laird of Glenriddel, has described the above parting scene. 'My Highland lassie,' he says, 'was a warm-hearted, charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love. After a pretty long tract of the most ardent reciprocal attachment, we met by appointment on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot by the banks of Ayr, where we spent the day in taking a farewell before she should embark for the West Highlands to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of autumn following she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarce landed when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to the grave in a few days before I could even hear of her illness.' Cromek heightens the interesting picture: 'The lovers stood on each side of a small purling brook; they laved their hands in its limpid stream, and holding a Bible between them pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other. They parted, never to meet again.' Subsequent investigation has lessened the romance of this pure love-passage in the poet's life. The 'pretty long tract of attachment,' if we take the expression literally, must have been before Burns's acquaintance with Jean Armour, who soon eclipsed all the other rustic heroines. When Jean and her parents so ruthlessly broke off the connection, Burns turned to Highland Mary; but when Mary embarked for the West Highlands, Jean Armour again obtained the ascendant, and four weeks after the parting with Mary (June 1.), we find the poet writing: 'Never man loved, or rather adored, a woman more than I did her (Jean Armour); and to confess a truth, I do still love her to distraction.' Mary is no more heard of, and is not mentioned by Burns till three years after her decease. Her premature death had recalled her love and her virtues, and embalmed them for ever. The parting scene was exalted and hallowed in his imagination, and kept sacred—not, perhaps, without some feeling of remorse. To Dr. Moore, to his Ayrshire friends, and to Clarinda he spoke freely of all his early loves except that of Mary: his vows to her seem never to have been whispered to any ear but her own. The rapid changes illustrate the poet's 'mobility,' or excessive susceptibility of immediate impressions, which also characterised Byron, and which Byron, less reticent, has defended:

'Tis merely what is called mobility—
A thing of temperament and not of art,
Though seeming so from its supposed facility:
And false, though true; for surely they're sincerest
Who are strongly acted on by what is nearest. *Don Juan*, c. xvi.

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My Only Jo and Dearie O.

Thy cheek is o' the rose's hue,
My only jo and dearie O;
Thy neck is like the silver-dew
Upon the banks sae briery O,
Thy teeth are o' the ivory,
Oh, sweet's the twinkle o' thine ee!
Nae joy, nae pleasure, blinks on me,
My only jo and dearie O.

The bird sings upon the thorn
Its sang o' joy, fu' cheerie O,
Rejoicing in the summer morn,
Nae care to mak' it eerie O;
But little kens the sangster sweet
Aught o' the cares I hae to meet,
That gar my restless bosom beat,
My only jo and dearie O.

Whan we were bairnies on yon brae,
And youth was blinking bonny O,
Aft we wad daff the lee-lang day
Ours joys fu' sweet and mony O;
Aft I wad chase thee o'er the lea,
And round about the thorny tree,
Or pu' the wild-flowers a' for thee,
My only jo and dearie O.

I hae a wish I canna tine,
'Mang a' the cares that grieve me O;
I wish thou wert for ever mine,
And never mair to leave me O:
Then I wad daut thee night and day,
Nor ither wardly care wad hae.
Till life's warm stream forgot to play,
My only jo and dearie O.

Farewell to Ayrshire.

This song of Gall's has often been printed as the composition of Burns, a copy in Burns's handwriting having been found among his papers.

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew;
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Now a sad and last adieu!
Bonny Doon, sae sweet at gloaming,
Fare-thee-weel before I gang—
Bonny Doon, where, early roaming,
First I weaved the rustic sang!

Bowers, adieu! where love decoying,
First enthralled this heart o' mine;
There the saftest sweets enjoying,
Sweets that memory ne'er shall tine!
Friends so dear my bosom ever,
Ye hae rendered moments dear;
But, alas! when forced to sever,
Then the stroke, oh, how severe!

Friends, that parting tear reserve it,
Though 'tis doubly dear to me;
Could I think I did deserve it,
How much happier would I be!
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
Scenes that former thoughts renew;
Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure;
Now a sad and last adieu!

ALEXANDER WILSON.

ALEXANDER WILSON, a distinguished naturalist, was also a good Scottish poet. He was a native of Paisley, and born July 6, 1766. He was brought up to the trade of a weaver, but afterwards preferred that of a pedlar, selling muslin and other wares. In 1789 he added to his other commodities a prospectus of a volume of poems, trusting, as he said,

> If the pedlar should fail to be favoured with sale,
> Then I hope you'll encourage the poet.

He did not succeed in either character; and after publishing his poems, he returned to the loom. In 1792 he issued anonymously his best poem, 'Watty and Meg,' which was at first attributed to Burns.* A foolish personal satire, and not a very wise admiration of the principles of equality disseminated at the time of the French Revolution,

* As Burns was one day sitting at his desk by the side of the window, a well-known hawker, Andrew Bishop, went past crying: '*Watty and Meg*, a new ballad, by Robert Burns.' The poet looked out and said: 'That 's a *lee*, Andrew, but I would make your cleek a baubee if it were mine.' This we heard Mrs. Burns, the poet's widow, relate.

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drove Wilson to America in the year 1794. There he was once more a weaver and a pedlar, and afterwards a schoolmaster. A love of ornithology gained upon him, and he wandered over America collecting specimens of birds. In 1808 appeared his first volume of 'American Ornithology,' and he continued collecting and publishing, traversing swamps and forests in quest of rare birds, and undergoing the greatest privations and fatigues, till he had committed an eighth volume to the press. He sank under his severe labours on the 2nd of August, 1813, and was interred with public honours at Philadelphia. In the 'Ornithology' of Wilson we see the fancy and descriptive powers of the poet. The following extract is part of his account of the bald eagle, and is extremely vivid and striking:

The Bald Eagle.

The celebrated cataract of Niagara is a noted place of resort for the bald eagle, as well on account of the fish procured there, as for the numerous carcases of squirrels, deer, bears, and various other animals that, in their attempts to cross the river above the falls, have been dragged into the current, and precipitated down that tremendous gulf, where, among the rocks that bound the rapids below, they furnish a rich repast for the vulture, the raven and the bald eagle, the subject of the present account. He has been long known to naturalists, being common to both continents, and occasionally met with from a very high northern latitude to the borders of the torrid zone, but chiefly in the vicinity of the sea and along the shores and cliffs of our lakes and large rivers. Formed by nature for braving the severest cold, feeding equally on the produce of the sea and of the land, possessing powers of flight capable of outstripping even the tempests themselves, unawed by anything but man, and, from the ethereal heights to which he soars, looking abroad at one glance on an immeasurable expanse of forests, fields, lakes, and ocean deep below him, he appears indifferent to the little localities of change of seasons, as in a few minutes he can pass from summer to winter, from the lower to the higher regions of the atmosphere, the abode of eternal cold, and from thence descend at will to the torrid or the arctic regions of the earth.

In procuring fish, he displays, in a very singular manner, the genius and energy of his character, which is fierce, contemplative, daring, and tyrannical; attributes not exerted but on particular occasions, but when put forth, overpowering all opposition. Elevated on the high dead limb of some gigantic tree that commands a wide view of the neighbouring shore and ocean, he seems calmly to contemplate the motions of the various feathered tribes that pursue their busy avocations below; the snow-white gulls slowly winnowing the air; the busy tringæ scouring along the sands; trains of ducks streaming over the surface; silent and watchful cranes intent and wading; clamorous crows; and all the winged multitudes that subsist by the bounty of this vast liquid magazine of nature. High over all these, hovers one whose action instantly arrests his whole attention. By his wide curvatures of wing, and sudden suspension in air, he knows him to be the fish-hawk settling over some devoted victim of the deep. His eye kindles at the sight, and balancing himself with head-opened wings on the branch, he watches the result. Down rapid as an arrow from heaven, descends the distant object of his attention, the roar of its wings reaching the ear as it disappears in the deep, making the surges foam around. At this moment the eager looks of the eagle are all ardour; and levelling his neck for flight, he sees the fish-hawk once more emerge, struggling with his prey, and mounting in the air with screams of exultation. These are the signal for our hero, who, launching into the air, instantly gives chase, and soon gains on the fish-hawk; each exerts his utmost to mount above the other, displaying in these efforts the most elegant and sublime aërial evolutions. The unencumbered eagle rapidly advances, and is just on the point of reaching his opponent, when with a sudden scream probably of despair and honest execration, the latter drops his fish: the eagle, poising himself for a moment, as if to take a more certain aim, descends like a whirlwind,

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snatches it in his grasp ere it reaches the water, and bears his ill-gotten booty silently away to the woods.

By way of preface, 'to invoke the clemency of the reader,' Wilson relates the following exquisite trait of simplicity and nature:

In one of my late visits to a friend in the country, I found their youngest son, a fine boy of eight or nine years of age, who usually resides in town for his education, just returning from a ramble through the neighbouring woods and fields, where he had collected a large and very handsome bunch of wild-flowers, of a great many different colours; and presenting them to his mother, said: 'Look, my dear mamma, what beautiful flowers I have found growing on our place! Why, all the woods are full of them! red, orange, and blue, and 'most every colour. Oh! I can gather you a whole parcel of them, much handsomer than these, all growing in our own woods! Shall I, mamma? Shall I go and bring you more?' The good woman received the bunch of flowers with a smile of affectionate complacency; and, after admiring for some time the beautiful simplicity of nature, gave her willing consent, and the little fellow went off on the wings of ecstacy to execute his delightful commission.

The similarity of this little boy's enthusiasm to my own struck me, and the reader will need no explanations of mine to make the application. Should my country receive with the same gracious indulgence the specimens which I here humbly present her; should she express a desire for me to go and bring her more, the highest wishes of my ambition will be gratified; for, in the language of my little friend, our whole woods are full of them, and I can collect hundreds more, much handsomer than these.

The ambition of the poet-naturalist was amply gratified.

A Village Scold.—From 'Watty and Meg.'

I' the throng o' stories tellin',
Shakin' hands and jokin' queer.
Swith! a chap comes on the hallan—
'Mungo! is our Watty here?'

Maggy's weel-kent tongue and hurry
Darted through him like a knife:
Up the door flew—like a fury
In came Watty's scoldin' wife.

'Nasty, gude-for-naething being!
O ye snuffy drucken sow!
Brigin' wife and weans to ruin,
Drinkin' here wi' sic a crew!

'Rise! ye drucken beast o' Bethel!
Drink's your night and day's desire;
Rise this precious hour! or faith I'll
Fling your whiskey i' the fire!'

Watty heard her tongue unhallowed,
Paid his groat wi' little din,
Left the house while Maggie followed,
Flytin' a' the road behin.'

Folk frae every door came lampin',
Maggy curst them ane and a',
Clapped wi' her hands, and stampin',
Lost her baubchel(1) i' the snaw.

Hame, at length, she turned the gavel,
Wi' a face as white 's a clout,
Ragin' like a very devil,
Kickin' stools and chairs about.

'Ye 'll sit wi' your limmers round ye—
Hang you, sir, I 'll be your death!
Little hands my hands, confound you,
But I cleave you to the teeth!'

Watty, wha, 'midst this oration,
Eyed her whiles, but durst na speak,
Sat, like patient Resignation,
Trembling by the ingle-cheek.

Sad his wee drap brose he sippet—
Maggy's tongue gaed like a bell—
Quietly to his bed he slippet,
Sighin' aften to himsel:

'Nane are free frae *some* vexation,
Ilk ane has his ills to dree;
But through a' the hale creation
Is nane mortal vexed like me.'

1 Old shoes

END OF VOLUME V.

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CHAMBERS'S

CYCLOPÆDIA

OF

ENGLISH LITERATURE

A HISTORY, CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL, OF BRITISH AND AMERICAN AUTHORS, WITH SPECIMENS OF THEIR WRITINGS,

ORIGINALLY EDITED BY ROBERT CHAMBERS, LL.D.

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CYCLOPÆDIA

OF

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

SEVENTH PERIOD.

——(1780—1830.)——

REIGNS OF GEORGE III. AND GEORGE IV.

(Continued.)

HECTOR MACNEILL.

HECTOR MACNEILL (1746–1818) was brought up to a mercantile life, but was unsuccessful in most of his business affairs. In 1789, he published a legendary poem, 'The Harp,' and in 1795, his moral tale, 'Scotland's Skaith, or the History o' Will and Jean.' The object of this production was to depict the evil effects of intemperance. A happy rural pair are reduced to ruin, descending by gradual steps till the husband is obliged to enlist as a soldier, and the wife to beg with her children through the country. The situation of the little ale-house, where Will begins his unlucky potations, is finely described.

In a howm, whose bonny burnie
Whimpering rowed its crystal flood,
Near the road where travellers turn aye,
Neat and beild, a cot-house stood:

White the wa's, wi' roof new theekit,
Window broads just painted red;
Lowne 'mang trees and braes it reekit,
Haflins seen and haflins hid.

Up the gavel-end, thick spreadin',
Crap the clasping ivy green,
Back ower, firs the high craigs cleadin',
Raised a' round a cosy screen.

Down below, a flowery meadow
Joined the burnie's rambling line;
Here it was that Howe the widow
That same day set up her sign.

Brattling down the brae, and near its
Bottom, Will first marvelling sees
'Porter, Ale, and British Spirits,'
Painted bright between twa trees.

'Godsake, Tam! here's walth fordrinking!
Wha can this new-comer be?'
'Hout,' quo' Tam, 'there's drouth in thinking—
Let's in, Will, and syne we'll see.'

The rustic friends have a jolly meeting, and do not separate till 'tween twa and three' next morning. A weekly club is set up at

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Maggy Howe's, a newspaper is procured, and poor Will, the hero of the tale, becomes a pot-house politician, and soon goes to ruin. His wife also takes to drinking.

Wha was ance like Willie Gairlace?
Wha in neebouring town or farm?
Beauty's bloom shone in his fair face,
Deadly strength was in his arm.

When he first saw Jeanie Miller,
Wha wi' Jeanie could compare?
Thousands had mair braws and siller,
But war only half sae fair?

See them *now*!—how changed wi' drinking!
A' their youthfu' beauty gane!
Davered, doited, daized, and blinking—
Worn to perfect skin and bane!

In the cauld month o' November—
Claise and cash and credit out—
Cowering ower a dying ember,
Wi' ilk face as white 's a clout!

Bond and bill and debts a' stoppit,
Ilka sheaf selt on the bent;
Cattle, beds, and blankets roupit,
Now to pay the laird his rent

No anither night to lodge here—
No a friend their cause to plead!
He 's ta'en on to be a sodger,
She wi' weans to beg her bread!

The little domestic drama is happily wound up: Jeanie obtains a cottage and protection from the Duchess of Buccleuch; and Will, after losing a leg in battle, returns, 'placed on Chelsea's bounty,' and finds his wife and family.

Sometimes briskly, sometimes flaggin',
Sometimes helpit, Will gat forth;
On a cart, or in a wagon,
Hirpling aye towards the north.

Tired ae e'ening, stepping hooly,
Pondering on his thraward fate,
In the bonny month o' July,
Willie, heedless, tint his gate.

Saft the southland breeze was blawing,
Sweetly sughed the green aik wood;
Loud the din o' streams fast fa'ing,
Strack the ear wi' thundering thud:

Ewes and lambs on braes ran bleating;
Linties chirped on ilka tree;
Frae the west, the sun, near setting,
Flamed on Roslin's tower sae hie.

Roslin's towers and braes sae bonny!
Craigs and water, woods and glen!
Roslin's banks, unpeered by ony,
Save the Muses' Hawthornden!

Ilka scund and charm delighting,
Will—though hardly fit to gang—
Wandered on through scenes inviting,
Listening to the mavis' sang.

Faint at length, the day fast closing,
On a fragrant strawberry steep,
Esk's sweet stream to rest composing,
Wearied nature drapt asleep.

'Soldier, rise!—the dews o' e'ening
Gathering, fa' wi' deadly skaith!
Wounded soldier! if complaining,
Sleep na here, and catch your death.'

Silent stept he on, poor fellow!
Listening to his guide before,
Ower green knowe and flowery hollow,
Till they reach the cot-house door.

Laigh it was, yet sweet and humble;
Decked wi' honeysuckle round;
Clear below, Esk's waters rumble,
Deep glens murmuring back the sound.

Melville's towers, sae white and stately,
Dim by gloaming glint to view;
Through Lasswade's dark woods keek sweetly
Skies sae red, and lift sae blue.

Entering now, in transport mingle
Mother fond and happy wean,
Smiling round a canty ingle,
Bleezing on a clean hearthstane.

'Soldier, welcome! come, be cheery—
Here ye se rest and tak' your bed—
Faint, wae's me! ye seem, and weary,
Pale's your cheek sae lately red!

'Changed I am,' sighed Willie till her;
Changed, nae doubt, as changed can be!
Yet, alas! does Jennie Miller
Nought o' Willie Gairlace see?

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Hae ye marked the dews o' morning
Glittering in the sunny ray,
Quickly fa', when, without warning,
Rough blasts came and shook the spray?

Hae ye seen the bird, fast fleeing,
Drap, when pierced by death mair fleet?
Then see Jean, wi' colour deeing,
Senseless drap at Willie's feet.

After three lang years' affliction—
A' their waes now hushed to rest—
Jean ance mair, in fond affection,
Clasps her Willie to her breast.

The simple truth and pathos of descriptions like these appealed to the heart, and soon rendered Macneill's poem universally popular in Scotland. Its moral tendency was also a strong recommendation, and the same causes still operate in procuring readers for the tale, especially in that class best fitted to appreciate its rural beauties and homely pictures, and to receive benefit from the lessons it inculcates. Macneill wrote several Scottish lyrics, and published a descriptive poem, entitled 'The Links of Forth, or a parting Peep at the Carse of Stirling;' and some prose tales, in which he laments the effect of modern change and improvement. The latter years of the poet were spent in comparative comfort in Edinburgh.

Mary of Castle-Cary.

'Saw ye my wee thing, saw ye my ain thing,
Saw ye my true love down on yon lea?
Crossed she the meadow yestreen at the gloaming,
Sought she the burnie where flowers the haw-tree?
Her hair it is lint-white, her skin it is milk-white,
Dark is the blue of her soft rolling ee;
Red, red are her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses—
Where could my wee thing wander frae me?'

'I saw nae your wee thing, I saw nae your ain thing,
Nor saw I your true love down by yon lea;
But I met my bonny thing late in the gloaming,
Down by the burnie where flowers the haw-tree:
Her hair it was lint-white, her skin it was milk-white,
Dark was the blue of her soft rolling ee;
Red were her ripe lips, and sweeter than roses—
Sweet were the kisses that she gave to me.'

'It was nae my wee thing, it was nae my ain thing,
It was nae my true love ye met by the tree:
Proud is her leal heart, and modest her nature;
She never loved ony till ance she lo'ed me.
Her name it is Mary; she's frae Castle-Cary;
Aft has she sat when a bairn on my knee:
Fair as your face is, were 't fifty times fairer,
Young bragger, she ne'er wad gie kisses to thee.'

'It was then your Mary; she 's frae Castle-Cary;
It was then your true love I met by the tree;
Proud as her heart is, and modest her nature,
Sweet were the kisses that she gave to me.'
Sair gloomed his dark brow, blood-red his cheek grew,
Wild flashed the fire frae his red rolling ee:
'Ye'se rue sair this morning your boasts and your scorning;
Defend ye, fause traitor; fu' loudly ye lie.'

'Away wi' beguiling,' cried the youth, smiling—
Off went the bonnet, the lint-white locks flee,

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The belted plaid fa'ing, her white bosom shawing,
Fair stood the loved maid wi' the dark rolling ee.
'Is it my wee thing, is it my ain thing,
Is it my true love here that I see?'
'O Jamie, forgie me; your heart 's constant to me;
I'll never mair wander, dear laddie, frae thee.'

JOHN MAYNE.

JOHN MAYNE, author of the 'Siller Gun, Glasgow,' and other poems, was a native of Dumfries—born in the year 1761—and died in London in 1836. He was brought up to the printing business, and whilst apprentice in the 'Dumfries Journal' office in 1777, in his sixteenth year, he published the germ of his 'Siller Gun' in a quarto page of twelve stanzas. The subject of the poem is an ancient custom in Dumfries, called 'Shooting for the Siller Gun,' the gun being a small silver tube presented by James VI. to the incorporated trades as a prize to the best marksman. This poem Mr. Mayne continued to enlarge and improve up to the time of his death. The twelve stanzas expanded in two years to two cantos; in another year (1780) the poem was published—enlarged to three cantos—in 'Ruddiman's Magazine;' and in 1808 it was published in London in four cantos. This edition was seen by Sir Walter Scott, who said (in one of his notes to the 'Lady of the Lake') 'that it surpassed the efforts of Fergusson, and came near to those of Burns.'

Mr. Mayne was author of a short poem on 'Hallowe'en,' printed in 'Ruddiman's Magazine' in 1780; and in 1781; he published at Glasgow his fine ballad of 'Logan Braes,' which Burns had seen, and two lines of which he copied into his 'Logan Water.' The 'Siller Gun' is humorous and descriptive, and is happy in both. The author is a shrewd and lively observer, full of glee, and also of gentle and affectionate recollections of his native town and all its people and pastimes. The ballad of 'Logan Braes' is a simple and beautiful lyric, superior to the more elaborate version of Burns. Though long resident in London (as proprietor of the 'Star' newspaper), Mr. Mayne retained his Scottish enthusiasm to the last; and to those who, like ourselves, recollect him in advanced life, stopping in the midst of his duties as a public journalist, to trace some remembrance of his native Dumfries and the banks of the Nith, or to hum over some rural or pastoral song which he had heard forty or fifty years before his name, as well as his poetry, recalls the strength and tenacity of early feelings and local associations.

Logan Braes.

By Logan's streams, that rin sae deep,
Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep,
Herded sheep and gathered slaes,
Wi' my dear lad on Logan braes.
But wae's my heart, thae days are gane,
And I wi' grief may herd alane,
While my dear lad maun face his foes,
Far, far frae me and Logan Braes.

Nae mair at Logan kirk will he
Atween the preachings meet wi' me;
Meet wi me, or when it's mirk,

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Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.
I wee! may sing thae days are gane:
Frae kirk and fair I come alane.
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

At e'en, when hope amaist is gane,
I dauner out and sit alane,
Sit alane beneath the tree
Where aft he kept his tryst wi' me.
Oh! could I see thae days again,
My lover skaithless, and my ain!
Beloved by friends, revered by faes,
We'd live in bliss on Logan braes!

Helen of Kirkconnel.

Helen Irving, a young lady of exquisite beauty and accomplishments, daughter of the Laird of Kirkconnel, in Annadale, was betrothed to Adam Fleming de Kirkpatrick, a young gentleman of rank and fortune in that neighbourhood. Walking with her lover on the sweet banks of the Kirtle, she was murdered by a disappointed and sanguinary rival. This catastrophe took place during the reign of Mary, Queen of Scots, and is the subject of three different ballads: the first two are old, the third is the composition of the author of the 'Siller Gun.' It was first inserted in the 'Edinburgh Annual Register' (1815) by Sir Walter Scott.

I wish I were where Helen lies,
For, night and day, on me she cries;
And, like an angel, to the skies
Still seems to beckon me!
For me she lived, for me she sighed,
For me she wished to be a bride;
For me in life's sweet morn she died
On fair Kirkconnel-Lee!

Where Kirtle waters gently wind,
As Helen on my arm reclined,
A rival with a ruthless mind
Took deadly aim at me;
My love, to disappoint the foe,
Rushed in between me and the blow;
And now her corse is lying low
On fair Kirkconnel-Lee!

Though heaven forbids my wrath to swell,
I curse the hand by which she fell—
The fiend who made my heaven a hell,
And tore my love from me!

For if, where all the graces shine—
Oh! if on earth there's aught divine,
My Helen! all these charms were thine—
They centred all in thee!
Ah, what avails it that, amain,
I clove the assassin's head in twain;
No peace of mind, my Helen slain,
No resting-place for me:
I see her spirit in the air—
I hear the shriek of wild despair,
When Murder laid her bosom bare,
On fair Kirkconnel-Lee!

Oh! when I'm sleeping in my grave,
And o'er my head the rank weeds wave,
May He who life and spirit gave
Unite my love and me! [sighs,
Then from this world of doubts and
My soul on wings of peace shall rise;
And, joining Helen in the skies,
Forget Kirkconnel-Lee! *

Mustering of the Trades to Shoot for the Siller Gun.

The lift was clear, the morn serene,
The sun just glinting ower the scene,
When James M'Noe began again
To beat to arms,
Rousing the heart o' man and wean
Wi' war's alarms.

Frae far and near the country lads
(Their joes ahint them on their yads)
Flocked in to see the show in squads;
And, what was dafter,
Their pawky mithers and their dads
Cam trotting after!

And mony a beau and belle were there,
Doited wi' dozing on a chair;
For, lest they'd, sleeping, spoil their hair,
Or miss the sight,
The gowks, like bairns before a fair,
Sat up a' night!

Wi' hats as black as ony raven,
Fresh as the rose, their beards new shaven,
And a' their Sunday's cleeding having
Sae trim and gay,

* The concluding verse of the old ballad is finer:

I wish I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries,
And I am weary of the skies
For her sake that died for me.

Also an earlier stanza:

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succour me!

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Forth cam our Trades, some orra saving
To wair that day.

Fair fa' ilk canny, caidgy carle,
Weel may he bruik his new apparel!
And never dree the bitter snarl
O' scowlin' wife!
But, blest in pantry, barn, and barrel,
Be blithe through life!

Hech, sirs! what crowds cam into town,
To see them mustering up and down!
Lasses and lads, sunburnt and brown—
Women and weans,
Gentle and semple, mingling, crown
The gladsome scenes!

At first, forenent ilk Deacon's hallan,
His ain brigade was made to fall in;
And, while the muster-roll was calling,
And joy-bells jowing,
Het-pints, weel-spiced, to keep the saul in,
Around were flowing!

Broiled kipper, cheese, and bread and ham,
Laid the foundation for a dram
O' whiskey, gin frae Rotterdam,
Or cherry brandy;
Whilk after, a' was fish that cam
To Jock or Sandy.

Oh! weel ken they wha lo'e their chappin,
Drink maks the auldest swack and strappin';
Gars Care forget the ills that happen—
The blate look spruce—
And even the thowless cock their tappin,
And craw fu' croose!

The muster ower, the different bands
File aff in parties to the sands,
Where, 'mid loud laughs and clapping hands,
Glee'd Geordy Smith
Reviews them, and their line expands
Alang the Nith!

But ne'er, for uniform or air,
Was sic a group reviewed elsewhere!
The short, the tall; fat folk and spare;
Syde coats and dockit;
Wigs, queues, and clubs, and curly hair;
Round hats and cockit!
As to their guns—thae fell engines,
Borrowed or begged, were of a' kinds,
For bloody war, or bad designs,
Or shooting cushies—
Lang fowling-pieces, carabines,
And blunderbusses!

Maist feck, though oiled to mak them glimmer,
Hadna been shot for mony a simmer;
And Fame, the story-telling kimmer,
Jocosely hints
That some o' them had bits o' timmer
Instead o' flints!

Some guns, she threeps, within her ken,
Were spiked, to let nae priming ben;
And, as in twenty there were ten
Worm-eaten stocks,
Sae, here and there, a rozit-end
Held on their locks!

And then, to shew what difference stands
Atween the leaders and their bands,
Swords that, unsheathed since Prestonpans,
Neglected lay,
Were furbished up, to grace the hands
O' chiefs this day!

'Ohon!' says George, and ga'e a grane,
'The age o' chivalry is gane!'
Syne, having ower and ower again
The hale surveyed,
Their route, and a' things else, made plain,
He snuffed, and said:

'Now, gentlemen! now, mind the motion,
And dinna, this time, mak a botion:
Shouther your arms! Oh! haud them tosh on,
And not athraw!
Wheel wi' your left hands to the ocean,
And march awa'!'

Wi' that, the dinlin drums rebound,
Fifes, clarionets, and hautboys sound!
Through crowds on crowds, collected round,
The Corporations
Trudge aff, while Echo's self is drowned
In acclamations!

BARONESS NAIRNE.

CAROLINA OLIPHANT (1766–1845), of the family of Oliphant of Gask, and justly celebrated for her beauty, talents, and worth, wrote several lyrical pieces, which enjoy great popularity. These are, 'The Land o' the Leal, The Laird o' Cockpen, Caller Herrin', The

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Lass o' Gowrie', &c. In 1806 she was married to Major William Murray Nairne, who, in 1824, on the restoration of the attainted Scottish peerages, became Baron Nairne. Shortly before her death, this excellent and accomplished lady gave the Rev. Dr. Chalmers a sum of £300, to assist in his schemes for the amelioration of the poorer classes in Edinburgh.

The Land o' the Leal.

I'm wearin' awa', John,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John;
I'm wearin' awa'
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, John;
There's neither cauld nor care, John;
The day's aye fair
I' the land o' the leal.

Our bonny bairn's there, John;
She was baith gude and fair, John;
And oh! we grudged her sair
To the land o' the leal.
But sorrow's sel' wears past, John—
And joy's a-comin' fast, John—
The joy that's aye to last
In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear's that joy was bought, John,
Sae free the battle fought, John,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
To the land o' the leal.
Oh, dry your glistening ee, John!
My saul langs to be free, John!
And angels beckon me
To the land o' the leal.

Oh, haud ye leal and true, John!
Your day it's wearin' through, John;
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Now, fare-ye-weel, my ain John;
This warld's cares are vain, John;
We'll meet, and we'll be fain,
In the land o' the leal.

The Laird o' Cockpen.

The Laird o' Cockpen he 's proud and he 's great,
His mind is ta'en up with the things o' the state;
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,
But favour wi' wooin' was fashious to seek.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thought she'd look well;
M'Clish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee,
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouthered, and as gude as new;
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;
He put on a ring, a sword and cocked-hat;
And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He took the gray mare, and rade cannilie,
And rapped at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee:
'Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,
She 's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen.'

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flower wine:
'And what brings the Laird at sic a like time?'
She put aff her apron, and on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' down.

And when she cam ben, he bowed fu' low,
And what was his errand he soon let her know;
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said 'Na,'
And wi' a laigh curtsey she turned awa'.

Dumfoundered he was, but nae sigh did he gie;
He mounted his mare—he rade cannilie;
And aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen,
She 's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.

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And now that the Laird his exit had made.
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said;
'Oh! for ane I'll get better, it 's wanr I'll get ten-
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.'

Next time that the Laird and the lady were seen,
They were gaun arm-in-arm to the kirk on the green;
Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen—
But as yet there 's nae chickens appeared at Cockpen.*

Caller Herrin'.†

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
They 're bonny fish and halesome farin';
Wha 'll buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth?

When ye were sleepin' on your pillows,
Dreamed ye aught o' our puir fellows,
Darkling as they faced the billows,
A' to fill the woven willows?
Wha 'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

Wha 'll buy my caller herrin'?
They 're no brought here without brave daring.
Buy my caller herrin',
Hauled through wind and rain.
Wha 'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

Wha 'll buy my caller herrin'?
Oh, ye may ca' them vulgar farin',
Wives and mithers maist despairing
Ca' them lives o' men.
Wha 'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

When the creel o' herrin' passes,
Ladies, clad in silks and laces,
Gather in their braw pelisses,
Cast their heads and screw their faces.
Wha 'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

Caller herrin' 's no got lightly,
Ye can trip the spring fu' tightly,
Spite o' tauntin', flauntin', flingin',
Gow‡ has set you a' a-singin'.
Wha 'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

Neebour wives, now tent my tellin':
When the bonny fish ye 're sellin',
At ae word be in yer dealin';
Truth will stand when a' thing 's failin'.
Wha 'll buy my caller herrin'? &c.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

ROBERT TANNAHILL, a lyrical poet of a superior order, whose songs rival all but the best of Burns's in popularity, was born in Paisley, on the 3d of June 1774. His education was limited, but he was a diligent reader and student. He was early sent to the loom, weaving being the staple trade of Paisley, and continued to follow his occupation in his native town until his twenty-sixth year, when, with one of his younger brothers, he removed to Lancashire. There he continued two years, when the declining state of his father's health induced him to return. He arrived in time to receive the dying blessing of his parent, and a short time afterwards we find him writing to a friend: 'My brother Hugh and I are all that now remain at home with our old mother, bending under age and frailty; and but seven years back, nine of us used to sit at dinner together.' Hugh married, and the poet was left alone with his widowed mother. In a poem, 'The Filial Vow,' he says:

* The last two verses were added by Miss Ferrier, authoress of *Marriage*. They are quite equal to the original.

† *Caller*, cool, fresh; herring new caught.

‡ Neil Gow (1727-1807), a distinguished Scottish violinist, famous for playing the livelier airs known as strathspeys and reels.

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'Twas hers to guide me through life's early day,
To point out virtue's paths, and lead the way;
Now, whilst her powers in frigid languor sleep,
'Tis mine to hand her down life's rugged steep
With all her little weaknesses to bear,
Attentive, kind, to soothe her every care.
'Tis nature bids, and truest pleasure flows
From lessening an aged parent's woes.

The filial piety of Tannahill is strikingly apparent from this effusion, but the inferiority of the lines to any of his Scottish songs shews how little at home he was in English. His mother outlived him thirteen years. Though Tannahill had occasionally composed verses from a very early age, it is was not till after this time that he attained to anything beyond mediocrity. Becoming acquainted with Mr. R. A. Smith, a musical composer, the poet applied himself sedulously to lyrical composition, aided by the encouragement and the musical taste of his friend. Smith set some of his songs to original and appropriate airs, and in 1807 the poet ventured on the publication of a volume of poems and songs, of which the first impression, consisting of 900 copies, was sold in a few weeks. It is related that in a solitary walk on one occasion, his musings were interrupted by the voice of a country-girl in an adjoining field singing by herself a song of his own—

We'll meet beside the dusky glen, on yon burn-side;

and he used to say he was more pleased at this evidence of his popularity, than at any tribute which had ever been paid him. He afterwards contributed some songs to Mr. George Thomson's 'Select Melodies,' and exerted himself to procure Irish airs, of which he was very fond. Whilst delighting all classes of his countrymen with his native songs, the poet fell into a state of morbid despondency, aggravated by bodily weakness and a tendency to consumption. He had prepared a new edition of his poems for the press, and sent the manuscript to Mr. Constable the publisher; but it was returned by that gentleman, in consequence of his having more new works on hand than he could undertake that season. This disappointment preyed on the spirits of the sensitive poet, and his melancholy became deep and habitual. He burned all his manuscripts, and sank into a state of mental derangement. Returning from a visit to Glasgow on the 17th of May 1810, the unhappy poet retired to rest; but 'suspicion having been excited, in about an hour afterwards it was discovered that he had stolen out unperceived. Search was made in every direction, and by the dawn of the morning, the coat of the poet was discovered lying at the side of the tunnel of the neighbouring brook, pointing out but too surely where his body was to be found.'* Tannahill was a modest and temperate man, devoted to his kindred and friends, and of unblemished purity and correctness of conduct.

* Memoir prefixed to Tannahill's Works. Glasgow, 1838.

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His lamentable death arose from no want or irregularity, but was solely caused by that morbid disease of the mind which had overthrown his reason. The poems of this ill-starred son of genius are greatly inferior to his songs. They have all a common-place artificial character. His lyrics, on the other hand, are rich and original, both in description and sentiment. His diction is copious and luxuriant, particularly in describing natural objects and the peculiar features of the Scottish landscape. His simplicity is natural and unaffected; and though he appears to have possessed a deeper sympathy with nature than with the workings of human feeling, or even the passion of love, he is often tender and pathetic. His 'Gloomy Winter's now Awa'' is a beautiful concentration of tenderness and melody

The Braes o' Balquhither.

Let us go, lassie, go,
To the braes o' Blaquhither,
Where the blae-berries grow
'Mang the bonny Highland heather;
Where the deer and the roe,
Lightly bounding together,
Sport the lang summer day
On the braes o' Balquhither,

I will twine thee a bower
By the clear siller fountain,
And I'll cover it o'er
Wi' the flowers of the mountain;
I will range through the wilds,
And the deep glens sae drearie,
And return wi' the spoils
To the bower o' my dearie.

When the rude wintry win'
Idly raves round our dwelling,
And the roar of the linn
On the night-breese is swelling,
So merrily we'll sing,
As the storm rattles o'er us,
Till the dear shelling ring
Wi' the light lilting chorus.

Now the summer's in prime
Wi' the flowers richly blooming,
And the wild mountain thyme
A' the moorlands perfuming;
To our dear native scenes
Let us journey together,
Where glad innocence reigns
'Mang the braes o' Balquhither.

The Braes o' Gleniffer.

Keen blaws the win' o'er the braes o' Gleniffer;
The auld castle turrets are covered wi' snaw;
How changed frae the time when I met wi' my lover
Amang the broom bushes by Stanley green shaw!
The wild-flowers o' summer were spread a' sae bonny,
The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree;
But far to the camp they hae marched my dear Johnie
And now it is winter wi' nature and me.

Then ilk thing around us was blithesome and cheerie,
Then ilk thing around us was bonny and braw;
Now naething is heard but the wind whistling drearie,
And naething is seen but the wide-spreading snaw.
The trees are a' bare, and the birds mute and dowie;
They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they flee;
And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my Johnie:
'Tis winter wi' them, and 'tis winter wi' me.

Yon cauld sleety cloud skiffs alang the bleak mountain,
And shakes the dark firs on the steep rocky brae.
While down the deep glen bawls the snaw-flooded fountain,
That murmured sweetsea to my laddie and me.

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It's no its loud roar on the wintry wind swellin',
It's no the cauld blast brings the tear i' my ee;
For oh! gin I saw but my bonny Scots callan,
The dark days o' winter were summer to me.

The Flower o' Dumblane.

The sun has gane down o'er the lofty Ben-Lomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
While lanely I stray in the calm summer gloamin,
To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.
How sweet is the brier, wi' its sauft fauldin' blossom!
And sweet is the birk, wi' its mantle o' green;
Yet sweeter and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane,

She's modest as ony, and blithe as she's bonny;
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;
And far be the villain, divested of feeling,
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower of Dumblane.
Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'ening;
Thou 'rt dear to the echoes of Calderwood glen;
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winning,
Is charming young Jessie the flower o' Dumblane.

How lost were my days till I met wi' my Jessie!
The sports o' the city seemed foolish and vain;
I ne'er saw a nymph I would ca' my dear lassie,
Till charmed wi' sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.
Though mine were the station o' loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
And reckon as naething the height o' its splendour,
If wanting sweet Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.

Gloomy Winter's now Awa'.

G'oomy winter's now awa'
Saft the westlin breezes blaw;
'Mang the birks o' Stanley-shaw
The mavis sings fu' cheerie O.
Sweet the craw-flower's early bell
Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
Blooming like thy bonny sel',
My young, my artless dearie O.
Come, my lassie, let us stray
O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae,
Blithely spend the gowden day
Midst joys that never wearie O.

Towering o'er the Newton woods,
Lavcrocks fan the snaw-white clouds;
Sliler saughs, wi' downie buds,
Adorn the banks sae brierie O.
Round the sylvan fairy nooks,
Feathery breckans fringe the rocks,
'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
Ald like thing is cheerie O.
Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
Flowers may bloom, and verdure spring,
Joy to me they canna bring,
Unless wi' thee, my dearie O.

SIR ALEXANDER BOSWELL.

Sir Alexander Boswell (1775–1822), the eldest son of Johnson's biographer, was author of some amusing songs, which are still very popular. 'Auld Gudeman, ye're a drucken Carle;' 'Jenny's Bawbel;' 'Jenny dang the Weaver,' &c., display considerable comic humour, and coarse but characteristic painting. The higher qualities of simple rustic grace and elegance he seems never to have attempted. In 1803 Sir Alexander collected his fugitive pieces, and published them under the title of 'Songs chiefly in the Scottish Dialect.' In 1810, he published a Scottish dialogue, in the style of Fergusson, called 'Edinburgh, or the Ancient Royalty; A Sketch of

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Manners, by Simon Gray.' This Sketch is greatly overcharged. Sir Alexander was an ardent lover of our early literature, and reprinted several works at his private printing-press at Auchinleck. When politics ran high, he unfortunately wrote some personal satires, for one of which he received a challenge from Mr. Stuart of Dunearn. The parties met at Auchtertool, in Fifeshire. Conscious of his error, Sir Alexander resolved not to fire at his opponent; but Mr. Stuart's shot took effect, and the unfortunate baronet fell. He died from the wound on the following day, the 26th of March, 1822. He had been elevated to the baronetcy only the year previous. His brother, JAMES BOSWELL (1779–1822), an accomplished scholar and student of our early literature, edited Malone's edition of Shakspeare, 21 vols. 8vo, 1821. Sir Alexander had just returned from the funeral of his brother when he engaged in the fatal duel.

Jenny dang the Weaver.

At Willie's wedding on the green,
The lasses, bonny witches!
Were a' dressed out in aprons clean,
And braw white Sunday mutches;
Auld Maggie bade the lads tak' tent,
But Jock would not believe her;
But soon the fool his folly kent,
For Jenny dang the weaver.
And Jenny dang, Jenny dang,
Jenny dang the weaver,
But soon the fool his folly kent,
For Jenny dang the weaver.

At ilka country-dance or reel,
Wi' her he would be bobbing;
When she sat down, he sat down,
And to her would be gabbing;
Where'er she gaed, baith but and ben,
The coof would never leave her;
Aye keckling like a clocking hen,
But Jenny dang the weaver.
Jenny dang, &c.

Quo' he: 'My lass, to speak my mind,
In troth I needna swither;
You 've bonny een, and if you're kind,
I'll never seek anither:'
He hummed and hawed, the lass cried
'Peugh!'
And bade the coof no deave her,
Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh,
And dang the silly weaver.
And Jenny dang, Jenny dang,
Jenny dang the weaver;
Syne snapt her fingers, lap and leugh,
And dang the silly weaver.

Jenny's Bawbee.

I met four chaps yon birks amang,
Wi' hingin' and faces lang;
I speered at neebour Bauldy Strang,
Wha's thae I see?

Quo's he: Ilk cream-faced, pawky chiel
Thought himsel cunnin as the deil,
And here they cam. awa' to steal
Jenny's bawbee.

The first, a captain till his trade,
Wi' skull ill lined. and back weel clad,
Marched round the barn, and by the shed,
And pappit on his knee.

Quo' he: 'My goodness, nymph, and queen.
Your beauty's dazzled baith my een;'
But deil a beauty he had seen
But—Jenny's bawbee.

A lawyer neist, wi' bletherin' gab,
Wha speeches wove like ony wab,
In ilk ane's corn aye took a dab,
And a' for a fee:

Accounts he had through a' the town,
And tradesmen's tongues nae mair could drown;
Haith now he thought to clout his gown
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

A norland laird neist trotted up,
Wi' bawsent naig and siller whup,
Cried: 'There's my beast, lad, haud the grup,
Or tie 't till a tree.

'What's gowd to me?—I've walth o' lan';
Bestow on ane o' worth your han';'
He thought to pay what he was awn
Wi' Jenny's bawbee.

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A' spruce frae ban'boxes and tubs
A Thing cam neist—but life has rubs—
Foul were the roads, and fou the dubs,
Ah! wae's me!

A' clatty, squintin' through a glass,
He girned, 'I' faith, a bonny lass!'
He thought to win, wi' front o' brass,
Jenny's bawbee.

She bade the laird gang comb his wig,
The sodger no to strut sae big,
The lawyer no to be a prig,
The fool cried: 'Tehee,

'I kent that I could never fail!'
She preened the dish-clout till his tail,
And cooled him wi' a water-pail,
And kept her bawbee.

Good-night, and Joy be wi' Ye a'.

This song is supposed to proceed from the mouth of an aged chieftain.

Good-night, and joy be wi' ye a';
Your harmless mirth has charmed my heart;
May life's fell blasts out ower ye blaw!
In sorrow may ye never part!
My spirit lives, but strength is gone;
The mountain-fires now blaze in vain:
Remember, sons, the deeds I've done,
And in your deeds I'll live again!

When on yon muir our gallant clan
Frae boasting foes their banners tore,
Wha shewed himself a better man,
Or fiercer waved the red claymore?

But when in peace—then mark me there—
When through the glen the wanderer came,
I gave him of our lordly fare,
I gave him here a welcome hame.

The auld will speak, the young maun hear;
Be cantie, but be good and leal;
Your ain ills aye hae heart to bear,
Anither's aye hae heart to feel.
So, ere I set, I'll see you shine,
I'll see you triumph ere I fa';
My parting breath shall boast you mine—
Good-night, and joy be wi' you a'.

The High Street of Edinburgh.—From Edinburgh, or the Ancient Royalty.

Tier upon tier I see the mansion rise,
Whose azure summits mingle with the skies;*
There, from the earth the labouring porters bear
The elements of fire and water high in air;
There, as you scale the steps with toilsome tread,
The dripping barrel madefies your head;
Thence, as adown the giddy round you wheel,
A rising porter greets you with his creel!
Here, in these chambers, ever dull and dark,
The lady gay received her gayer spark,
Who, clad in silken coat, with cautious tread,
Trembled at opening casements overhead;
But when in safety at her porch he trod,
He seized the ring, and rasped the twisted rod.
No idlers then, I trow, were seen to meet,
Linked, six a-row, six hours in Princes Street,
But, one by one, they panted up the hill,
And picked their steps with most uncommon skill;
Then, at the Cross, each joined the motley mob—
'How are ye, Tam?' and, 'How 's a' wi' ye, Bob?'
Next to a neighbouring tavern all retired,
And draughts of wine their various thoughts inspired,
O'er draughts of wine the beau would moan his love;
O'er draughts of wine the cit his bargain drove;
O'er draughts of wine the writer penned the will;
And legal wisdom counselled o'er a gill. . . .
Yes! mark the street, for youth the great resort,
Its spacious width the theatre of sport.

* Sir Alexander seems to have remembered the fourth line in Campbell's 'Pleasures of Hope:'

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There, midst the crowd, the jingling hoop is driven;
Full many a leg is hit, and curse is given.
There, on the pavement, mystic forms are chalked,
Defaced, renewed, delayed—but never balked;
There romping Miss the rounded slate may drop,
And kick it out with persevering hop,
There in the dirty current of the strand,
Boys drop the rival corks with ready hand,
And wading through the puddle with slow pace,
Watch in solicitude the doubtful race!
And there, an active band, with frequent boast,
Vault in succession o'er each wooden post,
Or a bold stripling, noted for his might,
Heads the array, and rules the mimic fight,
From hand and sling now fly the whizzing stones,
Unheeded broken heads and broken bones.
The rival hosts in close engagement mix,
Drive and are driven by the dint of sticks.
The bicker rages, till some mother's fears
Ring a sad story in a bailie's ears.
Her prayer is heard; the order quick is sped,
And from that corps which hapless Porteous led,
A brave detachment probably of two,
Rush like two kites, upon the warlike crew
Who struggling like the fabled frogs and mice,
Are pounced upon and carried in a trice.
But mark that motley group in various garb—
Their vice begins to form her rankling barb;
The germ of gambling sprouts in pitch-and-toss,
And brawls successive tells disputed loss.
From hand to hand the whirling halfpence pass,
And every copper gone, they fly to brass.
Those polished rounds which decorate the coat,
And brilliant shine upon some youth of note,
Offspring of Birmingham's creative art,
Now from the faithful button-holes depart.
To sudden twitch the rending stitches yield,
And enterprise again essays the field.
So, when a few fleet years of his short span
Have ripened this dire passion in the man,
When thousand after thousand takes its flight
In the short circuit of one wretched night,
Next shall the honors of the forest fall,
And ruin desolate the chieftain's hall;
Hill after hill some cunning clerk shall gain;
Then in a mendicant behold a thane!

JAMES HOGG.

JAMES HOGG, generally known by his poetical name of 'The Ettrick Shepherd,' was perhaps the most creative and imaginative of the uneducated poets. His fancy had a wide range, picturing in its flights scenes of wild aerial magnificence and beauty. His taste was very defective, though he had done much to repair his early want of instruction. His occupation of a shepherd, among solitary hills and glens, must have been favourable to his poetical enthusiasm. He was not, like Burns, thrown into society when young, and forced to combat with misfortune. His destiny was unvaried, until he had arrived at a period when the bent of his genius was fixed for life.

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Without society during the day, his evening hours were spent in listening to ancient legends and ballads, of which his mother, like Burns's, was a great reciter. This nursery of imagination he has himself beautifully described:

O list the mystic lore sublime
Of fairy tales of ancient time!
I learned them in the lonely glen,
The last abodes of living men,
Where never stranger came our way
By summer night, or winter day;
Where neighbouring hind or cot was none—
Our converse was with heaven alone—
With voices through the cloud that sung,
And brooding storms that round us hung.
O lady, judge, if judge ye may,
How stern and ample was the sway
Of themes like these when darkness fell,
And gray-haired sires the tales would tell!
When doors were barred, and eldern dame
Plied at her task beside the flame,
That through the smoke and gloom alone
On dim and umbered faces shone—
The bleat of mountain-goat on high,
That from the cliff came quavering by;
The echoing rock the rushing flood,
The cataract's swell, the moaning wood;
The undefined and mingled hum—
Voice of the desert never dumb!
All these have left within this heart
A feeling tongue can ne'er impart;
A wildered and unearthly flame,
A something that's without a name.

Hogg was descended from a family of shepherds, and born in the vale of Ettrick, Selkirkshire. According to the parish register, he was baptised on the 9th of December, 1770. When a mere child, he was put out to service, acting first as a cow-herd, until capable of taking care of a flock of sheep. He had in all but little schooling, though he was too prone to represent himself as an uninstructed prodigy of nature. When twenty years of age, he entered the service of Mr. Laidlaw, Blackhouse. He was then an eager reader of poetry and romances, and he subscribed to a circulating library in Peebles, the miscellaneous contents of which he perused with the utmost avidity. He was a remarkably fine-looking young man, with a profusion of light-brown hair, which he wore coiled up under his hat or blue bonnet, the envy of all the country maidens. An attack of illness, however, brought on by over-exertion on a hot summer day, completely altered his countenance, and changed the very form of his features. His first literary effort was in song-writing, and in 1801 he published a small volume of pieces. He was introduced to Sir Walter Scott by his master's son, Mr. William Laidlaw, and assisted in the collection of old ballads for the 'Border Minstrelsy.' He soon imitated the style of these ancient strains with great felicity, and published in 1807 another volume of songs and poems, under the title of 'The Mountain Bard.'

He embarked in sheep-farming, and took a journey to the island of Harris on a speculation of this kind; but all he had saved as a shepherd, or by his publication, was lost in these attempts. He then repaired to Edinburgh, and endeavoured to subsist by his pen. A collection of songs, 'The Forest Minstrel' (1810), was his first effort; his second was a periodical called 'The Spy;' but it was not till the publication of 'The Queen's Wake,' in 1813, that the Shepherd established his reputation as an author. This 'legendary poem' consists of a collection of tales and ballads supposed to be

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sung to Mary, Queen of Scots, by the native bards of Scotland assembled at a royal wake at Holyrood, in order that the fair queen might prove

The wondrous powers of Scottish song.

The design was excellent, and the execution so varied and masterly, that Hogg was at once placed among the first of our native poets. The different productions of the local minstrels are strung together by a thread of narrative so gracefully written in many parts, that the reader is surprised equally at the delicacy and the genius of the author. At the conclusion of the poem, Hogg alludes to his illustrious friend Scott, and adverts with some feeling to an advice which Sir Walter had once given him, to abstain from his worship of poetry.

The land was charmed to list his lays;
It knew the harp of ancient days.
The Border chiefs, that long had been
In sepulchres unhearsed and green,
Passed from their mouldy vaults away
In armour red and stern array,
And by their moonlight halls were seen
In visor, helm, and habergeon.
Even fairies sought our land again,
So powerful was the magic strain.
Blest be his generous heart for aye!
He told me where the relic lay;
Pointed my way with ready will,
Afar on Ettrick's wildest hill;
Watched my first notes with curious eye,
And wondered at my minstrelsy:
He little weened a parent's tongue
Such strains had o'er my cradle sung.
But when, to native feelings true,
I struck upon a chord was new;
When by myself I 'gan to play,
He tried to wile my harp away.
Just when her notes began with skill,
To sound beneath the southern hill,
And twine around my bosom's core,
How could we part for evermore?
'Twas kindness all—I cannot blame—
For bootless is the minstrel flame;
But sure a bard might well have known
Another's feelings by his own!

Scott was grieved at this allusion to his friendly counsel, as it was given at a time when no one dreamed of the Shepherd possessing the powers that he displayed in 'The Queen's Wake.' Various works now proceeded from his pen—'Mador of the Moor,' a poem in the Spenserian stanza; 'The Pilgrims of the Sun,' in blank verse; 'The Hunting of Badlewe,' 'The Poetic Mirror,' 'Queen Hynde,' 'Dramatic Tales,' &c.; also several novels, as 'Winter Evening Tales,' 'The Brownie of Bodsbeck,' 'The Three Perils of Man,' 'The Three Perils of Woman,' 'The Confessons of a Sinner,' &c. Hogg's prose is very unequal. He had no skill in arranging incidents or delineating character. He is often coarse and extravagant; yet some of his stories have much of the literal truth and happy minute painting of Defoe. The worldly schemes of the Shepherd were seldom successful. Though he had failed as a sheep-farmer, he ventured again, and took a large farm, Mount Benger, from the Duke of Buccleuch. Here he also was unsuccessful; and his sole support, for the latter years of his life, was the remuneration afforded by his literary labours. He lived in a cottage which he had built at Altrive, on a piece of moorland—seventy acres—presented to him by the Duchess of Buccleuch. His love of angling and field-sports amounted to a passion, and when he could no longer fish or hunt, he declared his belief that his death was near.

In the autumn of 1835 he was attacked with a dropsical complaint: and on the 21st of November of that year, after some days of insen

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sibility, he breathed his last as calmly, and with as little pain, as he ever fell asleep in his gray plaid on the hillside. His death was deeply mourned in the vale of Ettrick, for all rejoiced in his fame; and, notwithstanding his personal foibles, the Shepherd was generous, kind-hearted, and charitable far beyond his means.

In the activity and versatility of his powers, Hogg resembled Allan Ramsay. Neither of them had the strength of passion or the grasp of intellect peculiar to Burns; but, on the other hand, their style was more discursive, playful and fanciful. Burns seldom projects himself, as it were, out of his own feelings and situation, whereas both Ramsay and Hogg are happiest when they soar into the world of fancy, or retrace the scenes of antiquity. The Ettrick Shepherd abandoned himself entirely to the genius of old romance and legendary story. He loved, like Spenser, to luxuriate in fairy visions, and to picture scenes of supernatural splendour and beauty, where

> The emerald fields are of dazzling glow,
> And the flowers of everlasting blow.

His 'Kilmeny' is one of the finest fairy tales that ever was conceived by poet or painter; and passages in 'The Pilgrims of the Sun' have the same abstract remote beauty and lofty imagination. Burns would have scrupled to commit himself to these aerial phantoms. His visions were more material, and linked to the joys and sorrows of actual existence. Akin to this peculiar feature in Hogg's poetry is the spirit of most of his songs—a wild lyrical flow of fancy, that is sometimes inexpressibly sweet and musical. He wanted art to construct a fable, and taste to give due effect to his imagery and conceptions; but there are few poets who impress us so much with the idea of direct inspiration, or convince us so strongly that poetry is indeed an art 'unteachable and untaught.'

Bonny Kilmeny.—From 'The Queen's Wake.'

Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen;
But it wasna to meet Duneira's men,
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
It was only to hear the yorlin sing,
And pu' the cress-flower round the spring;
The scarlet hypp and the hindberrye,
And the nut that hung frae the hazel-tree;
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
But lang may her minny look o'er the wa',
And lang may she seek i' the greenwood shaw;
Lang the laird of Duneira blame,
And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come hame!
When many a day had come and fled,
When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,
When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
When the beadsman had prayed, and the dead-bell rung,
Late, late in a gloamin, when all was still,
When the fringe was red on the westlin' hill,

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The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
The reek o' the cot hung over the plain
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;
When the ingle lowed with an eiry leme,
Late, late in the gloamin, Kilmeny came hame!
'Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?
Lang hae we sought baith holt and dean;
By linn, by ford, and greenwood tree,
Yet you are halesome, and fair to see.
Where gat ye that joup o' the lily sheen?
That bonny snood of the birk sae green?
And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen?
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?
Kilmney looked up with a lovely grace,
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;
As still was her look, and as still was her ee,
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare;
Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew,
But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,
And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,
When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,
And a land where sin had never been. . . .
In yon greenwood there is a waik,
And in that waik there is a wene,
And in that wene there is a maike
That neither hath flesh, blood, nor bane;
And down in yon greenwood he walks his lane!
In that green wene Kilmeny lay,
Her bosom happed wi' the flowrets gay;
But the air was soft and the silence deep,
And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep;
She kend nae mair, nor opened her ee,
Till waked by the hymns of a far countrye,
She wakened on a couch of the silk sae slim,
All striped wi' the bars of the rainbow's rim;
And lovely beings round were rife,
Who erst had travelled mortal life. . . .
They clasped her waist and her hands sae fair,
They kissed her cheek and they kamed her hair,
And round came many a blooming fere,
Saying: 'Bonny Kilmeny, ye're welcome here!' . . .
They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,
And she walked in the light of a sunless day;
The sky was a dome of crystal bright,
The fountain of vision, and the fountain of light;
The emerald fields were of dazzling glow,
And the flowers of everlasting blow.
Then deep in the stream her body they laid,
That her youth and beauty never might fade;
And they smiled on heaven when they saw her lie
In the stream of life that wandered by;
And she heard a song, she heard it sung,
She kend not where, but sae sweetly it rung,
It fell on her ear like a dream of the morn.
'Oh, blest be the day Kilmeny was born!
Now shall the land of the spirit see,
Now shall it ken what a woman may be!

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The sun that shines on the world sae bright,
A borrowed gleid frae the fountain of light;
And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,
Like a gowden bow, or a beamless sun,
Shall wear away, and be seen nae mair,
And the angels shall misc them travelling the air.
But lang, lang after baith night and day,
When the sun and the world have elyed away;
When the sinner has gane to his waesome doom,
Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom!' . . .
Then Kilmeny begged again to see
The friends she had left in her own countrye,
To tell of the place where she had been,
And the glories that lay in the land unseen. . . .
With distant music, soft and deep,
They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep;
And when she awakened, she lay her lane,
All happed with flowers in the greenwood wene.
When seven lang years had come and fled,
When grief was calm, and hope was dead,
When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,
Late, late in a gloamin Kilmeny came hame!
And oh, her beauty was fair to see,
But still and steadfast was her ee;
Such beauty bard may never declare,
For there was no pride nor passion there;
And the soft desire of maiden's een,
In that mild face could never be seen.
Her seymar was the lily flower,
And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower;
And her voice like the distant melodye,
That floats along the twilight sea.
But she loved to ralke the lanely glen,
And keeped afar frae the haunts of men,
Her holy hymns unheard to sing.
To suck the flowers and drink the spring,
But wherever her peaceful form appeared,
The wild beasts of the hill were cheered;
The wolf played blithely round the field,
The lordly bison lowed and kneeled,
The dun deer wooed with manner bland,
And cowered aneath her lily hand,
And when at eve the woodlands rung,
When hymns of other worlds she sung,
In ecstasy of sweet devotion,
Oh, then the glen was all in motion;
The wild beasts of the forest came,
Broke from their bughts and faulds the tame,
And goved around, charmed and amazed;
Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,
And murmured, and looked with anxious pain
For something the mystery to explain.
The buzzard came with the throstle-cock;
The corby left her houf in the rock;
The blackbird alang wi' the eagle flew;
The hind came tripping o er the dew;
The wolf and the kid their ralke began,
And the tod, and the lamb, and the leveret ran;
The hawk and the hern attour them hung,
And the merl and the mavis forhooyed their young;
And all in a peaceful ring were hurled:

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It was like an eve in a sinless world!
When a month and a day had come and gane
Kilmeny sought the greenwood wene,
There laid her down on the leaves so green,
And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen!

To the Comet of 1811.

How lovely is this wildered scene,
As twilight from her vaults so blue
Steals soft o'er Yarrow's mountains green,
To sleep embalmed in midnight dew!

All hail, ye hills, whose towering height,
Like shadows, scoops the yielding sky!
And thou, mysterious guest of night,
Dread traveller of immensity!

Stranger of heaven! I bid thee hail!
Shred from the pall of glory riven,
That flashest in celestial gale,
Broad pennon of the King of Heaven!

Art thou the flag of woe and death,
From angel's ensign-staff unfurled?
Art thou the standard of his wrath
Waved o'er a sordid sinful world!

No; from that pure pellucid beam,
That erst o'er plains of Bethlehem shone,*
No latent evil we can deem,
Bright herald of the eternal throne!

Whate'er portends thy front of fire,
Thy streaming locks so lovely pale—
Or peace to man, or judgments dire,
Stranger of heaven, I bid thee hail!

Where hast thou roamed these thousand years?
Why sought these polar paths again.
From wilderness of glowing spheres,
To fling thy vesture o'er the wain?

And when thou scal'st the Milky-way,
And vanishest from human view,
A thousand worlds shall hail thy ray
Through wilds of yon empyreal blue!

Oh, on thy rapid prow to glide!
To sail the boundless skies with thee,
And plough the twinkling stars aside,
Like foam-bells on a tranquil sea!

To brush the embers from the sun,
The icicles from off the pole;
Then far to other systems run,
Where other moons and planets roll!

Stranger of heaven! oh, let thine eye
Smile on a rapt enthusiast's dream;
Eccentric as thy course on high,
And airy as thine ambient beam!

And long, long may thy silver ray
Our northern arch at eve adorn,
Then, wheeling to the east away,
Light the gray portals of the morn!

Song—When the Kye comes Hame.

Come all ye jolly shepherds
That whistle through the glen,
I'll tell ye of a secret
That courtiers dinna ken;
What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name?
'Tis to woo a bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.
When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloamin and the mirk,
When the kye comes hame.

'Tis not beneath the coronet,
Nor canopy of state;
'Tis not on couch of velvet,
Nor arbour of the great—
'Tis beneath the spreading birk,
In the glen without the name,
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,
When the kye comes hame.

There the blackbird bigs his nest
For the mate he lo'es to see,
And on the topmost bough,
Oh, a happy bird is he!
Then he pours his melting ditty,
And love is a' the theme,
And he 'll woo his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.

When the blewart bears a pearl,
And the daisy turns a pea,
And the bonny lucken gowan
Has fauldit up her ee.
Then the laverock frae the blue lift,
Drops down, and thinks nae shame
To woo his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.

* It was reckoned by many that this was the same comet which appeared at the birth of our Saviour.—Hogg.

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See yonder pawky shepherd
That lingers on the hill—
His yowes are in the fauld,
And his lambs are lying still;
Yet he downa gang to bed,
For his heart is in a flame
To meet his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame.

When the little wee bit heart
Rises high in the breast,
And the little wee bit starn
Rises red in the east,
Oh, there 's a joy sae dear,
That the heart can hardly frame,
Wi' a bonny, bonny lassie,
When the kye comes hame

Then since all nature joins
In this love without alloy,
Oh, wha wad prove a traitor
To nature's dearest joy?
Or wha wad choose a crown,
Wi' its perils and its fame,
And miss his bonny lassie
When the kye comes hame?
When the kye comes hame,
When the kye comes hame,
'Tween the gloamin and the mirk,
When the kye comes hame.

The Skylark.

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth;
Where, on the dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, a happy imitator of the old Scottish ballads, and a man of various talents, was born at Blackwood, near Dalswinton, Dumfriesshire, December 7, 1784. His father was gardener to a neighbouring proprietor, but shortly afterwards became factor or land-steward to Mr. Miller of Dalswinton, Burns's landlord at Ellisland. Mr. Cunningham had few advantages in his early days, unless it might be residence in a fine pastoral and romantic district, then consecrated by the presence and the genius of Burns. In his sixth year, in his father's cottage, he heard Burns read his poem of 'Tam o' Shanter'—an event never to be forgotten! An elder brother having attained some eminence as a country builder, or mason, Allan was apprenticed to him, with a view to joining or following him in his trade; but he abandoned this, and in 1810 removed to London, and connected himself with the newspaper press. In 1814 he was engaged as clerk of the works, or superintendent, to the late Sir Francis Chantrey, the eminent sculptor, in whose establishment he continued till his death, October 29, 1842. Mr. Cunningham was an indefatigable writer. He early contributed poetical effusions to the periodical works of the day, and nearly all the songs and fragments of verse in Cromek's 'Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song' (1810) are of his composition, though published by Cromek as undoubted originals. Some of these are warlike and jacobite, some amatory and devotional—the wild lyrical breathings of Covenanting love and

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piety among the hills—and all of them abounding in traits of Scottish rural life and primitive manners. As songs, they are not pitched in a key to be popular; but for natural grace and tenderness, and rich Doric simplicity and fervour, these pseudo-antique strains of Mr. Cunningham are inimitable.

In 1822 he published 'Sir Marmaduke Maxwell,' a dramatic poem, founded on Border story and superstition, and afterwards two volumes of 'Traditional Tales.' Three novels of a similar description, but more diffuse and improbable—namely, 'Paul Jones,' 'Sir Michael Scott,' and 'Lord Roldan'—also proceeded from his fertile pen. In 1832 he appeared again as a poet, with a 'rustic epic,' in twelve parts, entitled 'The Maid of Elvar.' He edited a collection of Scottish Songs, in four volumes, and an edition of Burns in eight volumes, to which he prefixed a Life of the poet, enriched with new anecdotes and information. To Murray's Family Library he contributed a series of 'Lives of Eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects,' which extended to six volumes, and proved the most popular of all his prose works. His last work—completed just two days before his death—was a 'Life of Sir David Wilkie,' the distinguished artist, in three volumes. All these literary labours were produced in intervals from his stated avocations in Chantrey's studio, which most men would have considered ample employment. His taste and attainments in the fine arts were as remarkable a feature in his history as his early ballad strains; and the prose style of Mr. Cunningham, when engaged on a congenial subject, was justly admired for its force and freedom. There was always a freshness and energy about the man and his writings that arrested the attention and excited the imagination, though his genius was but little under the control of a correct or critical judgment. Strong nationality and inextinguishable ardour formed conspicuous traits in his character; and altogether, the life of Mr. Cunningham was a fine example of successful original talent and perseverance, undebased by any of the alloys by which the former is too often accompanied.

The Young Maxwell.

Where gang ye, thou silly auld carle?
And what do ye carry there?'
'I'm gaun to the hill, thou sodger man,
To shift my sheep their lair.'

Ae stride or twa took the silly auld carle,
An' a gude long stride took he;
'I trow thou be a feck auld carle,
Will ye shew the way to me?'

And he has gane wi' the silly auld carle,
Adown by the greenwood side;
'Light down and gang, thou sodger man
For here ye canna ride.'

He drew the reins o' his bonny gray stee
An' lightly down he sprang:

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Of the comeliest scarlet was his weir coat,
Whare the gowden tassels hang.

He has thrown off his plaid, the silly auld carle,
An' his bonnet frae 'boon his bree;
An' wha was it but the young Maxwell!
An' his gude brown sword drew he!

'Thou killed my father, thou vile Southron!
An' ye killed my brethren three!
Whilk brake the heart o' my ae sister,
I loved as the light o' my ee!

'Draw out yer sword, thou vile Southron!
Red-wat wi' blude o' my kin!
That sword it crapped the bonniest flower
E'er lifted its head to the sun!

'There's ae sad stroke for my dear auld father
There's twa for my brethren three!
An' there's ane to thy heart for my ae sister,
Wham I loved as the light o' my ee.'

Hame, Hame, Hame.

Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
Oh, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!
When the flower is i' the bud, and the leaf is on the tree
The lark shall sing me hame in my ain country.
Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
Oh, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The green leaf o' loyalty's beginning for to fa',
The bonny white rose it is withering an' a';
But I'll water 't wi' the blude of usurping tyrannie
An' green it will grow in my ain countrie.
Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
Oh, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

Oh, there's naught frae ruin my country can save,
But the keys o' kind heaven to open the grave,
That a' the noble martyrs wha died for loyaltie,
May rise again and fight for their ain countrie.
Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
Oh, hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

The great are now gane, a' wha ventured to save,
The new grass is springing on the tap o' their grave,
But the sun through the mirk blinks blithe in my ee,
'I'll shine on ye yet in yer ain countrie.'
Hame, hame, hame, hame fain wad I be,
Hame, hame, hame, to my ain countrie!

Fragment.

Gane were but the winter-cauld,
And gane were but the snaw,
I could sleep in the wild woods,
Where primroses blaw,

Cauld's the snaw at my head,
And cauld at my feet,
And the finger o' death's at my een,
Closing them to sleep.

Let nane tell my father,
Or my mither sae dear;
I'll meet them baith in heaven
At the spring o' the year.

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She's Gane to Dwall in Heaven.

She's gane to dwall in heaven, my lassie,
  She's gane to dwall in heaven;
Ye're ower pure, quo' the voice o' God,
  For dwalling out o' heaven!

Oh, what'll she do in heaven, my lassie?
  Oh, what'll she do in heaven?
She'll mix her ain thoughts wi' angels' sangs,
  An make them mair meet for heaven.

She was beloved by a', my lassie,
  She was beloved by a';
But an angel fell in love wi' her,
  An' took her frae us a'.

Low there thou lies, my lassie,
  Low there thou lies;
A bonnier form ne'er went to the yird,
  Nor frae it will arise!

Fu' soon I'll follow thee, my lassie,
  Fu' soon I'll follow thee;
Thou left me nought to covet ahin',
  But took gudeness' sel' wi' thee.

I looked on thy death-cold face, my lassie,
  I looked on thy death-cold face;
Thou seemed a lily new cut i' the bud,
  An' fading in its place.

I looked on thy dead-shut eye, my lassie,
  I looked on thy death-shut eye;
An' a lovelier light in the brow of heaven
  Fell Time shall ne'er destroy.

Thy lips were ruddy and calm, my lassie.
  Thy lips were ruddy and calm;
But gane was the holy breath o' heaven
  That sang the evening Psalm.

There's naught but dust now mine, lassie,
  There's naught but dust now mine;
My saul's wi' thee i' the cauld grave,
  An' why should I stay behin'!

A wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
  A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
  And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys
  While like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
  Old England on the lee.

'O for a soft and gentle wind!'
  I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze.
  And white waves heaving high;

And white waves heaving high, my boys,
  The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
  And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon ho ned moon,
  And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners—
  The wind is piping lond;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
  The lightning flashing free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
  Our heritage the sea.

My Nanie O.

Red rows the Nith 'tween bank and brae,
  Mirk is the night and rainie O,
Though heaven and earth should mix in storm,
  I'll gang and see my Nanie O;
My Nanie O, my Nanie O,
She holds my heart in love's dear bands,
  And nane can do 't but Nanie O.

In preaching-time sae meek she stands,
  Sae saint'y and sae bonny O,
I cannot get a glimpse of grace,
  For thieving looks at Nanie O;
My Nanie O, my Nanie O;
  The world's in love with Nanie O;

That heart is hardly worth the wear
  That wadna love my Nanie O.

My breast can scarce contain my heart,
  When dancing she moves finely O;
I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
They sparkle sae divinely O;*
  My Nanie O, my Nanie O;
  The flower o' Nithsdale's Nanie O;
Love looks frae 'neath her lang brown hair,
And says, 'I dwell with Nanie O.'

Tell not, thou star at gray daylight,
  O'er Tinwald-top so bonny O,

* In the *Nanie O* of Allan Ramsay, these four beautiful lines will be found, and there they might have remained, had their beauty not been impaired by the presence of Lais and Leda, Jove and Danae.—*Author's Note.*

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My footsteps 'mang the morning dew,
When coming frae my Nanie O·
My Nanie O, my Nanie O;

Nane ken o' me and Nanie O;
The stars and moon may tell 't aboom,
They winna wrang my Nanie O!

The Poet's Bridal-day Song.

Oh, my love's like the steadfast sun,
Or streams that deepen as they run;
Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,
Nor moments between sighs and tears—
Nor nights of thought nor days of pain,
Nor dreams of glory dreamed in vain—
Nor mirth, nor sweetest song which flows
To sober joys and soften woes,
Can make my heart or fancy flee
One moment, my sweet wife, from thee.

Even while I muse, I see thee sit
In maiden bloom and matron wit—
Fair, gentle as when first I sued,
Ye seem, but of sedater mood;
Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee
As when, beneath Arbigland tree,
We stayed and wooed, and thought the moon
Set on the sea an hour too soon;
Or lingered 'mid the falling dew,
When looks were fond and words were few.

Though I see smiling at thy feet
Five sons and as fair daughter sweet;—
And time, and care, and birth-time woes
Have dimmed thine eye, and touched thy rose;
To thee, and thoughts of thee, belong
All that charms me of tale or song;
When words come down like dews unsought,
When gleams of deep enthusiast thought,
And Fancy in her heaven flies free—
They come, my love, they come from thee.

Oh, when more thought we gave of old
To silver than some give to gold;
'Twas sweet to sit and ponder o'er
That things should deck our humble bower!
'Twas sweet to pull in hope with thee
The golden fruit of Fortune's tree:
And sweeter still to choose and twine
A garland for these locks of thine—
A song-wreath which may grace my Jean,
While rivers flow and woods are green.

At times there come, as come there ought,
Grave moments of sedater thought—
When Fortune frowns, nor lends our night
One gleam of her inconstant light;
And Hope, that decks the peasant's bower,
Shines like the rainbow through the shower—
Oh, then I see, while seated nigh,
A mother's heart shine in thine eye;
And proud resolve and purpose meek,
Speak of thee more than words can speak:
I think the wedded wife of mine
The best of all that 's not divine.

The sons of Allan Cunningham have all distinguished themselves in literature, and furnish a remarkable instance of hereditary talent in one family. 1. JOSEPH DAVEY CUNNINGHAM (1812–1851), late captain of Engineers in the Indian army, wrote a 'History of the Sikhs,' an elaborate and able work, published in 1849, second edition in 1853. The author had lived among the Sikh people for eight years, and had been appointed to draw up Reports on the British connection generally with the Sutlej, and especially on the military resources of the Punjab. 2. ALEXANDER CUNNINGHAM (born in 1814), major-general of the Bengal Engineers, appointed Archæological Surveyor-general of India in 1870, Companion of the Star of India in 1871; author of 'The Bhilsa Topes or Buddhist Monuments of Central India,' 1854; 'Arian Architecture,' 1846; 'Ladak, Physical, Statistical and Historical,' 1854: 'The Ancient Geography of India,' 1871; &c. 3. PETER CUNNINGHAM (1816–1869), many years clerk in the Audit Office; author of a 'Life of Nell Gwynn,' 1852; Handbook of London,' 1849; and editor of 'Walpole's Letters,'

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'Works of Drummond of Hawthornden,' 'Goldsmith's Works,' 'Johnson's Lives of the Poets,' 'Campbell's Specimens of British Poets.' Mr. Cunningham contributed largely to literary journals. His 'Handbook of London' is a work full of curious antiquarian and literary interest, illustrating the political and social history of the metropolis. 4. FRANCIS CUNNINGHAM (born in 1820), lieutenant-colonel in the Indian army, editor of the dramatic works of Marlowe, Massinger, and Ben Johnson, contributor to various literary periodicals, &c. Colonel Cunningham died Dec. 3, 1875.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL (1797–1835) was born in Glasgow, but after his eleventh year, was brought up under the care of an uncle in Paisley. At the age of twenty-one, he was appointed deputy to the sheriff-clerk at that town. He early evinced a love of poetry, and in 1819 became editor of a miscellany entitled the 'Harp of Renfrewshire.' A taste for antiquarian research—

> Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose—

divided with the muse the empire of Motherwell's genius, and he attained an unusually familiar acquaintance with the early history of our native literature, particularly in the department of traditionary poetry. The results of this erudition appeared in 'Minstrelsy Ancient and Modern' (1827), a collection of Scottish ballads, prefaced by a historical introduction, which must be the basis of all future investigations into the subject. In the following year he became editor of a weekly journal in Paisley, and established a magazine there, to which he contributed some of his happiest poetical effusions. The talent and spirit which he evinced in his editorial duties, were the means of advancing him to the more important office of conducting the 'Glasgow Courier,' in which situation he continued till his death. In 1832 he collected and published his poems in one volume. He also joined with Hogg in editing the works of Burns; and he was collecting materials for a Life of Tannahill when he was suddenly cut off by a fit of apoplexy at the early age of thirty-eight. The taste, enthusiasm, and social qualities of Motherwell, rendered him very popular among his townsmen and friends. As an antiquary, he was shrewd, indefatigable, and truthful As a poet, he was happiest in pathetic or sentimental lyrics, though his own inclinations led him to prefer the chivalrous and martial style of the old minstrels.

From 'Jeanie Morrison.'

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The love of life's young day!

The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en,
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond love grows cool.

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O dear, dear, Jeanie Morrison,
The thoughts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een wi' tears!
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne. . .

Oh, mind ye, love, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsom toun,
To wander by the green burn-side,
And hear its water croon?
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin o' the wood
The throssil whistled sweet.

The throssil whistled in the wood
The burn sang to the trees,
And we with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe aboon the burn,
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat!

Aye, aye, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trinkled doun your cheek,
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak!

That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
As ye hae been to me?
Oh, tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine;
Oh, say gin e'er your heart grows great
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart,
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper as it rins,
The love o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I dee,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
O' bygane days and me!

The Midnight Wind.

Mournfully, oh, mournfully
This midnight wind doth sigh,
Like some sweet plaintive melody
Of ages long gone by:
It speaks a tale of other years—
Of hopes that bloomed to die—
Of sunny smiles that set in tears,
And loves that mouldering lie!

Mournfully, oh, mournfully
This midnight wind doth moan;
It stirs some chord of memory
In each dull heavy tone.

The voices of the much-loved dead
Seem floating thereupon—
All, all my fond heart cherished
Ere death had made it lone.

Mournfully, oh, mournfully
This midnight wind doth swell,
With its quaint pensive minstrelsy,
Hope's passionate farewell
To the dreamy joys of early years,
Ere yet grief's canker fell
On the heart's bloom—ay, well may tears
Start at that parting knell!

Sword Chant of Thorstein Raudi.

'Tis not the gray hawk's flight o'er mountain and mere;
'Tis not the fleet hound's course, tracking the deer;
'Tis not the light hoof-print of black steed or gray,
Though sweltering it gallop a long summer's day,
Which mete forth the lordships I challenge as mine;
Ha! ha! 'tis the good brand
I clutch in my strong hand,
That can their broad marches and numbers define.
LAND GIVER! I kiss thee.

Dull builders of houses, base tillers of earth,
Gaping, ask me what lordships I owned at my birth
But the pale fools wax mute when I point with my sword

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East, west, north, and south, shouting: 'There am I lord!'
Wold and waste, town and tower, hill, valley, and stream,
Trembling, bow to my sway,
In the fierce battle fray,
When the star that rules fate is this falchion's red gleam.
MIGHT GIVER! I kiss thee!

I've heard great harps sounding in brave bower and hall;
I've drank the sweet music that bright lips let fall;
I've hunted in greenwood, and heard small birds sing;
But away with this idle and cold jargoning!
The music I love is the shout of the brave,
The yell of the dying,
The scream of the flying,
When this arm wields Death's sickle, and garners the grave.
JOY GIVER! I kiss thee.

Far isles of the ocean thy lightning hath known,
And wide o'er the mainland thy horrors have shone.
Great sword of my father, stern joy of his hand!
Thou hast carved his name deep on the stranger's red strand,
And won him the glory of undying song.
Keen cleaver of gay crests,
Sharp piercer of broad breasts,
Grim slayer of heroes, and scourge of the strong!
FAME GIVER! I kiss thee.

In a love more abiding than that the heart knows
For maiden more lovely than summer's first rose,
My heart 's knit to thine, and lives but for thee;
In dreamings of gladness thou 'rt dancing with me,
Brave measures of madness, in some battle-field,
Where armour is ringing,
And noble blood springing,
And cloven, yawn helmet, stout hauberk, and shield
DEATH GIVER! I kiss thee.

The smile of a maiden's eye soon may depart;
And light is the faith of fair woman's heart;
Changeful as light clouds, and wayward as wind,
Be the passions that govern weak woman's mind.
But thy metal 's as true as its polish is bright:
When ills wax in number,
Thy love will not slumber;
But, starlike, burns fiercer the darker the night.
HEART GLADDENER! I kiss thee.

My kindred have perished by war or by wave;
Now, childless and sireless, I long for the grave.
When the path of our glory is shadowed in death,
With me thou wilt slumber below the brown heath;
Thou wilt rest on my bosom, and with it decay;
While harps shall be ringing,
And Scalds shall be singing
The deeds we have done in our old fearless day.
SONG GIVER! I kiss thee.

ROBERT NICOLL.

ROBERT NICOLL (1814–1837) was a young man of high promise and amiable disposition, who cultivated literature amidst many discouragements, and died early of consumption. He was a native of Auchtergaven, in Perthshire. After passing through a series of hum-

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ble employments, during which he steadily cultivated his mind by reading and writing, he assumed the editorship of the 'Leeds Times,' a weekly paper representing the extreme of the liberal class of opinions. He wrote as one of the three hundred might be supposed to have fought at Thermopylæ, animated by the pure love of his species, and zeal for what he thought the people's interests! The poet died deeply regretted by the numerous friends whom his talents and virtues had drawn around him. Nicoll's poems are short occasional pieces and songs—the latter much inferior to his serious poems, yet sometimes displaying happy rural imagery and fancy.

We are Brethren a'.

A happy bit hame this auld world would be,
If men, when they're here, could make shift to agree,
An' ilk said to his neighbour, in cottage an' ha',
'Come, gie me your hand—we are brethren a'.'

I ken na why ane wi' anither should fight,
When to 'gree would make a'body cosie an' right,
When man meets wi' man, 'tis the best way ava,
To say: 'Gie me your hand—we are brethren a'.'

My coat is a coarse ane, an' yours may be fine,
An' I maun drink water, while you may drink wine;
But we baith hae a leal heart, unspotted to shaw:
Sae gie me your hand—we are brethren a'.

The knave ye would scorn, the unfaithfu' deride;
Ye would stand like a rock, wi' the truth on your side;
Sae would I, an' nought else would I value a straw;
Then gie me your hand—we are brethren a'.

Ye would scorn to do fausely by woman or man;
I hand by the right aye, as weel as I can;
We are ane in our joys, our affections, an' a';
Come, gie me your hand—we are brethren a'.

Your mother has lo'ed you as mithers can lo'e;
An' mine has done for me what mithers can do;
We are ane high an' laigh, an' we shouldna be twa;
Sae gie me your hand—we are brethren a'.

We love the same simmer day, sunny an' fair;
Hame! oh, how we love it, an' a' that are there!
Frae the pure air of heaven the same life we draw—
Come, gie me your hand—we are brethren a'.

Frail shakin' auld Age will soon come o'er us baith,
An' creeping alang at his back will be Death;
Syne into the same mither-yird we will fa':
Come, gie me your hand—we are brethren a'.

WILLIAM TENNANT.

In 1812 appeared a singular mock-heroic poem, 'Anster Fair,' written in the *ottava rima* stanza, since made so popular by Byron in his 'Beppo' and 'Don Juan.' The subject was the marriage of Maggie Lauder, the famous heroine of Scottish song; but the author wrote not for the multitude familiar with Maggie's rustic glory; he

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aimed at pleasing the admirers of that refined conventional poetry, half serious and sentimental, and half ludicrous and satirical, which was cultivated by Berni, Ariosto, and the lighter poets of Italy. There was classic imagery on familiar subjects—supernatural machinery (as in the 'Rape of the Lock)' blended with the ordinary details of domestic life, and with lively and fanciful description. An exuberance of animal spirits seemed to carry the author over the most perilous ascents, and his wit and fancy were rarely at fault. Such a pleasant sparkling volume, in a style then unhackneyed, was sure of success. 'Anster Fair' sold rapidly, and has since been often republished. The author, WILLIAM TENNANT, was a native of Anstruther, or Anster, born in 1785, who, whilst filling the situation of clerk in a mercantile house, studied ancient and modern literature, and taught himself Hebrew. His attainments were rewarded in 1818 with an appointment as parish schoolmaster, to which was attached a salary of £40 per annum—a reward not unlike that conferred on Mr. Abraham Adams in 'Joseph Andrews,' who, being a scholar and man of virtue, was 'provided with a handsome income of £23 a year, which, however, he could not make a great figure with, because he lived in a dear country, and was a little encumbered with a wife and six children.' The author of 'Anster Fair' was afterwards appointed to a more eligible and becoming situation—teacher of classical and oriental languages in Dollar Institution, and finally professor in oriental languages in St. Mary's College, St. Andrews. He died in 1848. Mr. Tennant published some other poetical works—a tragedy on the story of Cardinal Beaton, and two poems, the 'Thane of Fife,' and the 'Dinging Down of the Cathedral.' It was said of Sir David Wilkie that he took most of the figures in his pictures from living characters in the country of Fife, familiar to him in his youth: it is more certain that Mr. Tennant's poems are all on native subjects in the same district. Indeed, their strict locality has been against their popularity; but 'Anster Fair' is the most diversified and richly humorous of them all, and besides being an animated, witty and agreeable poem, it has the merit of being the first work of the kind in our language. The Monks and Giants of Frere, from which Byron avowedly drew his 'Beppo,' did not appear till some time after Mr. Tennant's poem. Of the higher and more poetical parts of 'Anster Fair,' we subjoin a specimen:

Summer Morning.

I wish I had a cottage snug and neat
Upon the top of many-fountained Ide,
That I might thence, in holy fervour, greet
The bright-gowned Morning tripping up her side:
And when the low Sun's glory-buskined feet
Walk on the blue wave of the Ægean tide,
Oh, I would kneel me down, and worship there
The God who garnished out a world so bright and fair!

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The saffron-elbowed Morning up the slope
Of heaven canaries in her jewelled shoes,
And throws o'er Kelly-law's sheep-nibbled top
Her golden apron dripping kindly dews;
And never, since she first began to hop
Up heaven's blue causeway, of her beams profuse,
Shone there a dawn so glorious and so gay,
As shines the merry dawn of Anster market-day.

Round through the vast circumference of sky
One speck of small cloud cannot eye behold,
Save in the east some fleeces bright of dye,
That stripe the hem of heaven with woolly gold,
Whereon are happy angels wont to lie
Lolling, in amaranthine flowers enrolled,
That they may spy the precious light of God,
Flung from the blessed east o'er the fair Earth abroad.

The fair Earth laughs through all her boundless range,
Heaving her green hills high to greet the beam;
City and village, steeple, cot, and grange,
Gilt as with Nature's purest leaf-gold seem;
The heaths and upland muirs, and fallows, change
Their barren brown into a ruddy gleam,
And on ten thousand dew-bent leaves and sprays,
Twinkle ten thousand suns, and fling their pretty rays.

Up from their nests and fields of tender corn
Full merrily the little skylarks spring,
And on their dew-bedabbled pinions borne,
Mount to the heavens blue keystone flickering;
They turn their plume-soft bosoms to the morn,
And hail the genial light, and cheerily sing;
Echo the gladsome hills and valleys round,
As half the bells of Fife ring loud and swell the sound.

For when the first upsloping ray was flung
On Anster steeple's swallow-harbouring top,
Its bell and all the bells around were rung
Sonorous, jangling, loud, without a stop;
For, toilingly, each bitter beadle swung,
Even till he smoked with sweat, his greasy rope,
And almost broke his bell-wheel, ushering in
The morn of Anster Fair with tinkle-tankling din.

And, from our steeple's pinnacle outspread,
The town's long colours flare and flop on high,
Whose anchor, blazoned fair in green and red,
Curls, pliant to each breeze that whistles by;
Whilst on the bolt-sprit, stern, and topmast head
Of brig and sloop that in the harbour lie,
Streams the red gaudery of flags in air,
All to salute and grace the morn of Anster Fair.

The description of the heroine is passionate and imaginative.

Description of Maggie Lauder.

Her form was as the Morning's blithesome star,
That, capped with lustrous coronet of beams,
Rides up the dawning orient in her car,
New-washed, and doubly fulgent from the streams—

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The Chaldee shepherd eyes her light afar,
And on his knees adores her as she gleams;
So shone the stately form of Maggie Lauder,
And so the admiring crowds pay homage and applaud her.

Each little step her trampling palfrey took,
Shaked her majestic person into grace,
And as at times his glossy sides she strook
Endearingly with whip's green silken lace—
The prancer seemed to court such kind rebuke,
Loitering with wilful tardiness of pace—
By Jove, the very waving of her arm
Had power a brutish lout to unbrutify and charm!

Her face was as the summer cloud, whereon
The dawning sun delights to rest his rays!
Compared with it, old Sharon's vale, o'ergrown
With flaunting roses, had resigned its praise;
For why? Her face with heaven's own roses shone,
Mocking the morn, and witching men to gaze:
And he that gazed with cold unsmitten soul,
That blockhead's heart was ice thrice baked beneath the Pole.

Her locks, apparent tufts of wiry gold,
Lay on her lily temples, fairly dangling,
And on each hair, so harmless to behold,
A lover's soul hung mercilessly strangling;
The piping silly zephyrs vied to unfold
The tresses in their arms so slim and tangling,
And thrid in sport these lover-noosing snares,
And played at hide-and-seek amid the golden hairs.

Her eye was as an honoured palace, where
A choir of lightsome Graces frisk and dance;
What object drew her gaze, how mean soe'er,
Got dignity and honour from the glance;
Woe to the man on whom she unaware
Did the dear witchery of her eye elance!
'Twas such a thrilling, killing, keen regard—
May Heaven from such a look preserve each tender bard!.

His humour and lively characteristic painting are well displayed in the account of the different parties who, gay and fantastic, flock to the fair, as Chaucer's pilgrims did to the shrine of Thomas à Becket.

Parties travelling to the Fair.

Comes next from Ross-shire and from Sutherland
The horny-knuckled kilted Highlandman:
From where upon the rocky Caithness strand
Breaks the long wave that at the Pole began,
And where Lochfine from her prolific sand
Her herrings gives to feed each bordering clan,
Arrive the brogue-shod men of generous eye,
Plaided and breechless all, with Esau's hairy thigh.

They come not now to fire the Lowland stacks,
Or foray on the banks of Forth's firth;
Claymore and broadsword, and Lochaber axe,
Are left to rust above the smoky hearth;
Their only arms are bagpipes now and sacks;
Their teeth are set most desperately for mirth;

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And at their broad and sturdy backs are hung
Great wallets, crammed with cheese and bannocks and cold tongue.

Nor staid away the Islanders, that lie
To buffet of the Atlantic surge exposed;
From Jura, Arran, Barra, Uist, and Skye,
Piping they come, unshaved, unbreeched, unhosed;
And from that Isle, whose abbey, structured high,
Within its precincts holds dead kings inclosed,
Where St. Columba oft is seen to waddle,
Gowned round with flaming fire, upon the spire astraddle.

Next from the far-famed ancient town of Ayr—
Sweet Ayr! with crops of ruddy damsels blest,
That, shooting up, and waxing fat and fair,
Shine on thy braes, the lilies of the west!—
And from Dumfries, and from Kilmarnock—where
Are night-caps made, the cheapest and the best—
Blithely they ride on ass and mule, with sacks
In lieu of saddles placed upon their asses' backs.

Close at their heels, bestriding well-trapped nag,
Or humbly riding ass's backbone bare,
Come Glasgow's merchants, each with money-bag,
To purchase Dutch lint-seed at Anster Fair—
Sagacious fellows all, who well may brag
Of virtuous industry and talents rare;
The accomplished men o' the counting-room confessed,
And fit to crack a joke or argue with the best.

Nor keep their homes the Borderers, that stay
Where purls the Jed, and Esk, and little Liddel,
Men that can rarely on the bagpipe play,
And wake the unsober spirit of the fiddle;
Avowed freebooters, that have many a day
Stolen sheep and cow, yet never owned they did ill;
Great rogues, for sure that wight is but a rogue
That blots the eighth command from Moses' decalogue.

And some of them in sloop of tarry side,
Come from North-Berwick harbour sailing out;
Others, abhorrent of the sickening tide,
Have ta'en the road by Stirling Brig about,
And eastward now from long Kirkcaldy ride,
Slugging on their slow-gaited asses stout,
While dangling at their backs are bagpipes hung.
And dangling hangs a tale on every rhymer's tongue.

ROBERT GILFILLAN.

ROBERT GILFILLAN (1798–1850) was a native of Dunfermline. He was long clerk to a wine-merchant in Leith, and afterwards collector of poor-rates in the same town. His 'Poems and Songs' have passed through three editions. The songs of Mr. Gilfillan are marked by gentle and kindly feelings and a smooth flow of versification, which makes them eminently suitable for being set to music.

The Exile's Song.

Oh, why left I my hame?
Why did I cross the deep?
Oh, why left I the land
Where my forefathers sleep?

I sigh for Scotia's shore,
And I gaze across the sea,
But I canna get a blink
O' my ain countrie!

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The palm-tree waveth high,
And fair the myrtle springs;
And, to the Indian maid,
The bulbul sweetly sings;
But I dinna see the broom
Wi' its tassels on the lea,
Nor hear the lintie's sang
O' my ain countrie!

Oh, here no Sabbath bell
Awakes the Sabbath morn,
Nor song of reapers heard
Amang the yellow corn:
For the tyrant's voice is here,
And the wail of slaverie;
But the sun of freedom shines
In my ain countrie!

There's a hope for every woe,
And a balm for every pain,
But the first joys o' our heart
Come never back again.
There's a track upon the deep,
And a path across the sea;
But the weary ne'er return
To their ain countrie!

In the days o' Langsyne.

In the days o' langsyne, when we carles was young,
An' nae foreign fashions among us had sprung;
When we made our ain bannocks, an' brewed our ain yill,
An' were clad frae the sheep that gaed white on the hill;
Oh, the thochet o' thae days gars my auld heart aye fill!

In the days o' langsyne we were happy an' free,
Proud lords on the land, an' kings on the sea!
To our foes we were fierce, to our friends we were kind,
An' where battle raged loudest, you ever did find
The banner of Scotland float high in the wind!

In the days o' langsyne we aye ranted an' sang
By the warm ingle-side, or the wild braes amang;
Our lads busked braw, an' our lasses looked fine,
An' the sun on our mountains seemed ever to shine;
Oh, where is the Scotland o' bonny langsyne?

In the days o' langsyne ilka glen had its tale,
Sweet voices were heard in ilk breath o' the gale;
An' ilka we burn had a sang o' its ain,
As it trotted alang through the valley or plain
Shall we e'er hear the music o' streamlets again?

In the days o' langsyne there were feasting an' glee,
Wi' pride in ilk heart, an' joy in ilk ee;
An' the auld, 'mang the nappy, their eild seemed to tyne,
It was your stoup the nicht, an' the morn it was mine;
Oh, the days o' langsyne!—Oh, the days o' langsyne!

The Hills o' Gallowa'.—By THOMAS MOUNCEY CUNNINGHAM.

Thomas Cunningham was the senior of his brother Allan by some years, and was a copious author in prose and verse, though with an undistinguished name, long before the author of the 'Lives of British Painters' was known. He died in 1834, aged sixty-eight.

Amang the birks sae blithe and gay,
I met my Julia hameward gaun;
The linties chantit on the spray,
The lammies loupit on the lawn;
On ilka howm the sward was mawn,
The braes wi' gowans buskit braw,
And gloamin's plaid o' gray was thrawn
Out ower the hills o' Gallowa'.

Wi' music wild the woodlands rang,
And fragrance winged alang the lea,
As down we sat the flowers amang,
Upon the banks o' stately Dee,
My Julia's arms encircled me,
And saftly slade the hours awa',
Till dawnin' cooet a glimmerin' ee
Upon the hills o' Gallowa'.

It isna owsen, sheep, and kye,
It isna gowd, it isna gear,
This lifted ee wad hae, quoth I,
The warld's drumlie gloom to cheer.

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But gie to me my Julia dear,
Ye powers wha row this yirthen ba',
And oh, sae blithe through life I'll steer
Amang the hills o' Gallowa'

Whan gloamin' danners up the hill,
And our gudeman ca's hame the yowes,
Wi' her I'll trace the mosey rill
That ower the muir meandering rows;
Or, tint amang the scroggy knowes,
My birkin pipe I'll sweetly blaw,
And sing the streams, the straths, and howes,
The hills and dales o' Gallowa'!

And when auld Scotland's heathy hills,
Her rural nymphs and joyous swains,
Her flowery wilds and wimpling rills,
Awake nae mair my canty strains,
Whare friendship dwells and freedom reigns,
Whare heather blooms and muircocks craw,
Oh, dig my grave, and hide my banes
Amang the hills o' Gallowa'!

Lucy's Flittin'.—*By* WILLIAM LAIDLAW.

William Laidlaw was son of the Ettrick Shepherd's master at Blackhouse. All who have read Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, know how closely Mr Laidlaw was connected with the illustrious baronet of Abbotsford. He was his companion in some of his early wanderings, his friend and land-steward in advanced years, his amanuensis in the composition of some of his novels, and he was one of the few who watched over his last sad and painful moments. *Lucy's Flittin'* is deservedly popular for its unaffected tenderness and simplicity. Mr Laidlaw died at Contin, in Ross-shire, May 18, 1845.

'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birk-tree was fa'in,
And Martinmas dowie had wound up the year,
That Lucy rowed up her wee kist wi' her a' in 't,
And left her auld maister and neebours sae dear:
For Lucy had served i' the Glen a' the simmer;
She cam there afore the bloom cam on the pea;
An orphan was she, and they had been gude till her;
Sure that was the thing brocht the tear to her ee.

She gaed by the stable where Jamie was stannin';
Richt sair was his kind heart her flittin' to see;
'Fare-ye-weel, Lucy!' quo' Jamie, and ran in;
The gatherin' tears trickled fast frae her ee.
As down the burn-side she gaed slow wi' her flittin',
'Fare-ye-weel, Lucy!' was like bird's sang;
She heard the craw sayin't, high on the tree sittin',
And Robin was chirpin't the brown leaves amang.

'Oh, what is 't that pits my puir heart in a flutter?
And what gars the tears come sae fast to my ee?
If I warna ettled to be ony better,
Then what gars me wish ony better to be?
I'm just like a lammie that loses its mither;
Nae mither or friend the puir lammie can see;
I fear I hae tint my puir heart a' thegither,
Nae wonder the tear fa's sae fast frae my ee.

'Wi' the rest o' my claes I hae rowed up the ribbon,
The bonny blue ribbon that Jamie gae me;
Yestreen, when he gae me 't, and saw I was sabbin',
I'll never forget the wae blink o' his ee.
Though now he said naething but "Fare-ye-weel, Lucy!"
It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see:
He couldna say mair but just "Fare-ye-weel, Lucy!"
Yet that I will mind till the day that I dee.

'The lamb likes the gowan wi' dew when it's droukit;
The hare likes the brake and the braird on the lea;

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But Lucy likes Jamie;'—she turned and she lookit,
She thocht the dear place she wad never mair see.
Ah, weel my yoong Jamie gang dowie and cheerless!
And weel may he greet on the bank o' the burn!
For bouny sweet Lucy, sae g.ntle and peerless,
Lies cauld in her grave, and will never return!*

The Brownie of Bleднoch.

By WILLIAM NICHOLSON, known as the 'Galloway Poet,' who, after an irregular, dissipated life, died a pauper in 1849.

There cam a strange wight to our town-en',
An' the fient a body did him ken;
He tirled na lang, but he glided ben
Wi' a dreary, dreary hum.

His face did glow like the glow o' the west,
When the drumly cloud has it half o'ercast;
Or the struggling moon when she's sair distrest.
O sirs, 'twas Aiken-drum.

I trow the bauldest stood aback,
Wi' a gape an' a glower till their lugs did crack,
As the shapeless phantom mum'ling spak—
'Hae ye wark for Aiken-drum?'

Oh, had ye seen the bairns's fright,
As they stared at this wild and unyirthly wight;
As they skuikit in 'tween the dark and the light,
And graned out, 'Aiken-drum!' . . .

The black dog growling cowered his tail,
The lassie swarfed, loot fa' the pail;
Rob's lingle brak as he mendit the flail,
At the sight o' Aiken-drum.

His matted head on his breast did rest,
A lang blue beard wan'ered down like a vest;
But the glare o' his ee hath nae bard expreet,
Nor the skimes o' Aiken-drum.

Roun' his hairy form there was naething seen
But a philabeg o' the rashes green,
An' his knotted knees played aye knoit between
What a sight was Aiken-drum!

On his wauchie arms three claws did meet,
As they trailed on the grun' by his tacless feet;
E'en the auld gudeman himsel' did sweat,
To look at Aiken-drum.

But he drew a score, himsel' did sain;
The auld wife tried, but her tongue was gane;
While the yoong ane closer clasped her wean,
And turned frae Aiken-drum.

But the canty auld wife cam till her breath,
And she thocht the Bible might ward aff scaith,
Be it bensheo, bogle, ghaist, or wraith—
But it feared na Aiken-drum.

* The last four lines were added by Hogg to 'complete the story,' though in reality it was complete with the account of the flitting.

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'His presence protect us!' quoth the auld gudeman;
'What wad ye, whare won ye, by sea or by lan'?
I conjure ye—speak—by the beuk in my han'!'
What a grane gae Aiken-drum!

'I lived in a lan' where we saw nae sky,
I dwalt in a spot where a burn rins na by;
But I 'se dwall now wi' you if ye like to try—
Hae ye wark for Aiken-drum?

'I 'll shiel a' your sheep i' the mornin' sune,
I 'll berry your crap by the light o' the moon,
An' ba the bairns wi' an unkenned tune,
If ye 'll keep puir Aiken-drum.

'I 'll loup the linn when ye canna wade,
I 'll kirn the kirn, an' I 'll turn the bread;
An' the wildest filly that ever ran rede,
I'se tame 't,' quoth Aiken-drum.

'To wear the tod frae the flock on the fell,
To gather the dew frae the heather-bell,
An' to look at my face in your clear crystal well,
Might gie pleasure to Aiken-drum.

'I'se seek nae guids, gear, bond, nor mark
I use nae beddin,' shoon, nor sark;
But a cogfu' o' brose 'tween the light an' the dark,
Is the wage o' Aiken-drum.'

Quoth the wylie auld wife; 'The thing speaks weel;
Our workers are scant—we hae routh o' meal;
Gif he'll do as he says—be he man, be he deil—
Wow! we'll try this Aiken-drum.'

But the wenches skirled: 'He's no be here!
His eldritch look gars us swarf wi' fear;
An' the feint a ane will the house come near,
If they think but o' Aiken-drum.'

'Puir clipmalabors! ye hae little wit;
Is 'tna Hallowmas now, an' the crap out yet?'
Sae she silenced them a' wi' a stamp o' her fit—
'Sit yer wa's down, Aiken-drum.'

Roun' a' that side what wark was dune
By the streamer's gleam, or the glance o' the moon
A word, or a wish, an' the brownie cam sune,
Sae helpfu' was Aiken-drum. . . .

On Blednoch banks, an' on crystal Cree,
For mony a day a toiled wight was he;
While the bairns played harmless roun' his knee,
Sae social was Aiken-drum.

But a new-made wife, fu' o' rippish freaks,
Fond o' a' things feat for the first five weeks,
Laid a mouldy pair o' her ain man's breeks
By the brose o' Aiken-drum.

Let the learned decide when they convene,
What spell was him an' the breeks between;
For frae that day forth he was nae mair seen,
An' sair missed was Aiken-drum.

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He was heard by a herd gaun by the Thrieve,
Crying: 'Lang, lang now may I greet an' grieve;
For, alas! I hae gotten baith fee an' leave—
Oh, luckless Aiken-drum!'

Awa', ye wrangling sceptic tribe,
Wi' your pros an' your cons wad ye decide
'Gain the 'sponsible voice o' a hail country-side,
On the facts 'bout Aiken-drum!

Though the 'Brownie o' Blednoch' lang be gane,
The mark o' his feet 's left on mony a stane;
An' mony a wife an' mony a wean
Tell the feats o' Aiken-drum.

E'en now, light loons that jibe an' sneer
At spiritual gucsts an' a' sic gear,
At the Glashnoch mill hae swat wi' fear,
An' looked roun' for Aiken-drum.

An' guidly folks hae gotten a fright,
When the moon was set, and the stars gied nae light,
At the roaring linn, in the howe o' the night,
Wi' sughs like Aiken-drum.

The Cameronian's Dream.—*By* JAMES HISLOP.

James Hislop was born of humble parents in the parish of Kirkconnel, in the neighborhood of Sanquhar, near the source of the Nith, in July 1798. He was employed as a shepherd boy in the vicinity of Airdsmoss, where at the grave-stone of a party of slain Covenanters, he composed the following striking poem. He afterwards became a teacher, and his poetical effusions having attracted the favorable notice of Lord Jeffrey and other eminent literary characters, he was, through their influence, appointed schoolmaster, first on board the *Doris*, and subsequently the *Tweed* man-of-war. He died on the 4th December 1827, from fever caught by sleeping one night in the open air upon the island of St. Jago. His compositions display an elegant rather than a vigorous imagination, much chasteness of thought, and a pure ardent love of nature.

In a dream of the night I was wafted away
To the mainland of mist where the martyrs lay;
Where Cameron's sword and his Bible are seen
Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green.

'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and blood,
When the minister's home was the mountain and wood;
When in Wellwood's dark valley the standard of Zion,
All bloody and torn, 'mong the heather was lying.

'Twas morning; and summer's young sun from the east
Lay in loving repose on the green mountains breast;
On Wardlaw and Cairn table the clan shining dew
Glistened there 'mong the heath-bells and mountain flowers blue.

And far up in heaven, near the white sunny cloud,
The song of the lark was melodious and loud,
And in Glenmuir's wild solitude, lengthened and deep,
Were the whistling of plovers and bleating of sheep.

And Wellwood's sweet valleys breathed music and gladness
The fresh meadow blooms hung in beauty and redness:
Its daughters were happy to hail the returning,
And drink the delights of July's sweet morning.

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But oh! there were hearts cherished far other feelings
Illumed by the light of prophetic revealings,
Who drank from the scenery of beauty but sorrow,
For they knew that their blood would bedew it to-morrow.

'Twas the few faithful ones who with Cameron were lying,
Concealed 'mong the mist where the heath-fowl was crying,
For the horsemen of Earlshall around them were hovering,
And their bridle reins rung through the thin misty covering.

Their faces grew pale, and their swords were unsheathed,
But the vengeance that darkened their brows was unbreathed;
With eyes turned to heaven in calm resignation,
They sung their last song to the God of Salvation.

The hills with the deep mournful music were ringing
The curlew and plover in concert were singing;
But the melody died 'mid derision and laughter,
As the host of ungodly rushed on to the slaughter.

Though in mist and in darkness and fire they were shrouded
Yet the souls of the righteous were calm and unclouded.
Their dark eyes flashed lightning, as, firm and unbending,
They stood like the rock which the thunder is rending.

The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were gleaming.
The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was streaming,
The heavens grew dark, and the thunder was rolling,
When in Wellwood's dark muirlands the mighty were falling.

When the righteous had fallen, and the combat was ended,
A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended;
Its drivers were angels on horses of whiteness,
And its burning wheels turned on axles of brightness.

A seraph unfolded its doors bright and shining,
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining,
And the souls that came forth out of great tribulation,
Have mounted the chariots and steeds of salvation.

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding.
Through the path of the thunder the horsemen are riding;
Glide swiftly, bright spirits! the prize is before ye,
A crown never fading, a kingdom of glory!

Song.—*By* JOSEPH TRAIN.

Mr. Train will be memorable in our literary history for the assistance he rendered to Sir Walter Scott in the contribution of some of the stories on which the Waverley novels were founded. He served for some time as a private soldier, but obtaining an appointment in the Excise, he rose to be a supervisor. He was a zealous and able antiquary, and author of a 'History of the Isle of Man,' and an account of a religious sect well known in the south of Scotland as 'The Buchanites.' Mr. Train died at Lochvale, Castle-Douglas, in 1852, aged seventy-three.

Wi' drums and pipes the clachan rang;
I left my goats to wander wide;
And e'en as fast as I could bang,
I bickered down the mountain-side.
My hazel rung and haslock plain
Awa' I flang wi' canld disdain,
Resolved I would nae langer bide
To do the auld thing o'er again.

Ye barons bold, whose turrets rise
Aboon the wild woods white wi' snaw,
I trow the laddies ye may prize,
Wha fight your battles far awa'.
Wi' them to stan', wi' them to fa'.
Courageously I crossed the main;
To see, for Caledonia,
The auld thing weel done o'er again.

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Right far a-fiel' I freely fought,
'Gai'st mony an outlandish loon,
An' wi' my good claymore I've brought
Mony a beardy birkie down:
While I had pith to wield it roun',
In battle I ne'er met wi' ane
Could dauton me, for Britain's crown,
To do the same thing o'er again.

Although I'm marching life's last stage,
Wi' sorrow crowded roun' my brow;
An' though the knapsack o' auld age
Hangs heavy on my shoulders now—
Yet recollection, ever new,
Discharges a' my toil and pain,
When fancy figures in my view
The pleasant auld thing o'er again.

The great popularity of Burns's lyrics, co-operating with the national love of song and music, continued to call forth numerous Scottish poets, chiefly lyrical. A recent editor, Dr. Charles Rogers, has filled no less than six volumes with specimens of 'The Modern Scottish Minstrel, or the Songs of Scotland of the Past Half Century,' (1856–1857). Many of these were unworthy of resuscitation, but others are characterised by simplicity, tenderness, and pathetic feeling.

DRAMATISTS.

The popular dramatic art or talent is a rare gift. Some of the most eminent poets have failed in attempting to portray actual life and passion in interesting situations on the stage; and as Fielding and Smollett proved unsuccessful in comedy—though the former wrote a number of pieces—so Byron and Scott were found wanting in the qualities requisite for the tragic drama. 'It is evident,' says Campbell, 'that Melpomene demands on the stage something, and a good deal more than even poetical talent, rare as that is. She requires a potent and peculiar faculty for the invention of incident adapted to theatric effect; a faculty which may often exist in those who have been bred to the stage, but which, generally speaking, has seldom been shewn by any poets who were not professional players. There are exceptions to the remark, but there are not many. If Shakspeare had not been a player, he would not have been the dramatist that he is.' Dryden, Addison, and Congreve are exceptions to this rule; also Goldsmith in comedy, and, in our own day, Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer in the romantic drama. The Colmans, Sheridan, Morton, and Reynolds never wore the sock or buskin; but they were either managers, or closely connected with the theatre.

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

Sheridan was early in the field as a dramatist, and both in wit and success eclipsed all his contemporaries. In January, 1775, his play of 'The Rivals' was brought out at Covent Garden. In this first effort of Sheridan—who was then in his twenty-fourth year—there is more humour than wit. He had copied some of his characters from 'Humphrey Clinker,' as the testy but generous Captain Absolute—

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evidently borrowed from Matthew Bramble—and Mrs. Malaprop, whose mistakes in words are the echoes of Mrs. Winifred Jenkins' blunders. Some of these are farcical enough; but as Moore observes —and no man has made more use of similes than himself—the luckiness of Mrs. Malaprop's simile—'as headstrong as an *allegory* on the banks of the Nile'—will be acknowledged as long as there are writers to be run away with by the wilfulfulness of this truly headstrong species of composition. In the same year, 'St. Patrick's Day,' and 'The Duenna' were produced; the latter had a run of seventy-five nights! It certainly is greatly superior to 'The Beggar's Opera,' though not so general in its satire. In 1778, Sheridan wrote other two plays, 'The Trip to Scarborough' and 'The School for Scandal.' In plot, character, and incident, dialogue, humour, and wit, 'The School for Scandal' is acknowledged to surpass any comedy of modern times. It was carefully prepared by the author, who selected, arranged, and moulded his language with consummate taste, so as to form it into a transparent channel of his thoughts. Mr. Moore, in his 'Life of Sheridan,' gives some amusing instances of the various forms which a wittieism or pointed remark assumed before its final adoption.

As, in his first comedy, Sheridan had taken hints from Smollett, in this, his last, he had recourse to Smollett's rival, or rather twin novelist, Fielding. The characters of Charles and Joseph Surface are evidently copies from those of Tom Jones and Blifil. Nor is the moral of the play an improvement on that of the novel. The careless extravagant rake is generous, warm-hearted, and fascinating; seriousness and gravity are rendered odious by being united to meanness and hypocrisy. The dramatic art of Sheridan is evinced in the ludicrous incidents and situations with which 'The School for Scandal' abounds: his genius shines forth in its witty dialogues. 'The entire comedy,' says Moore, 'is an El Dorado of wit, where the precious metal is thrown about by all classes as carelessly as if they had not the least idea of its value.' This fault is one not likely to be often committed! Some shorter pieces were afterwards written by Sheridan: 'The Camp,' a musical opera, and 'The Critic,' a witty afterpiece, in the manner of 'The Rehearsal.' The character of Sir Fretful Plagiary—intended, it is said, for Cumberland the dramatist—is one of the author's happiest efforts; and the schemes and contrivances of Puff the manager—such as making his theatrical clock strike four in a morning scene, 'to beget an awful attention' in the audience, and to 'save a description of the rising sun, and a great deal about gilding the eastern hemisphere'—are a felicitous combination of humour and satire. The scene in which Sneer mortifies the vanity of Sir Fretful, and Puff's description of his own mode of life by his proficiency in the art of puffing, are perhaps the best that Sheridan ever wrote.

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A Sensitive Author.—From 'The Critic.'

Enter SERVANT *to* DANGLE *and* SNEER.

SERVANT. Sir Fretful Plagiary, sir.

DANGLE. Beg him to walk up. [*Exit Servant.*]—Now, Mrs. Dangle, Sir Fretful Plagiary is an author to your own taste.

MRS. DANGLE. I confess he is a favourite of mine, because everybody else abuses him.

SNEER. Very much to the credit of your charity, madam, if not of your judgment.

DAN. But, egad! he allows no merit to any author but himself; that's the truth on't, though he's my friend.

SNEER. Never. He is as envious as an old maid verging on the desperation of six-and-thirty; and then the insidious humility with which he seduces you to give a free opinion on any of his works, can be exceeded only by the petulant arrogance with which he is sure to reject your observations.

DAN. Very true, egad! though he's my friend.

SNEER. Then his affected contempt of all newspaper strictures; though, at the same time, he is the sorest man alive, and shrinks like a scorched parchment from the fiery ordeal of true criticism: yet is he so covetous of popularity, that he had rather be abused than not mentioned at all.

DAN. There's no denying it; though he's my friend.

SNEER. You have read the tragedy he has just finished, haven't you?

DAN. O yes: he sent it to me yesterday.

SNEER. Well, and you think it execrable, don't you?

DAN. Why, between ourselves, egad! I must own—though he's my friend—that it is one of the most—he's here!—[*Aside*]—finished and most admirable perform——

SIR F. [*Without*] Mr. Sneer with him, did you say?

Enter SIR FRETFUL PLAGIARY.

DAN. Ah, my dear friend! Egad! we were just speaking of your tragedy. Admirable, Sir Fretful, admirable!

SNEER. You never did anything beyond it, Sir Fretful; never in your life.

SIR F. You make me extremely happy; for, without a compliment, my dear Sneer, there isn't a man in the world whose judgment I value as I do yours; and Mr. Dangle's

MRS. D. They are only laughing at you, Sir Fretful; for it was but just now that——

DAN. Mrs. Dangle!—Ah! Sir Fretful, you know Mrs. Dangle. My friend Sneer was rallying just now. He knows how she admires you, and——

SIR F. O Lord! I am sure Mr. Sneer has more taste and sincerity than to—— A double-faced fellow! [*Aside.*

DAN. Yes, yes; Sneer will jest, but a better-humoured——

SIR F. Oh, I know.

DAN. He has a ready turn for ridicule; his wit costs him nothing.

SIR F. No, egad! or I should wonder how he came by it. [*Aside.*

MRS. D. Because his jest is always at the expense of his friend.

DAN. But, Sir Fretful, have you sent your play to the managers yet? or can I be of any service to you? . . .

SIR F. Sincerely, then, you do like the piece?

SNEER. Wonderfully.

SIR F. But, come, now, there must be something that you think might be mended, eh?—Mr. Dangle, has nothing struck you?

DAN. Why, faith, it is but an ungracious thing for the most part to——

SIR F. With most authors it is just so, indeed; they are in general strangely tenacious; but, for my part, I am never so well pleased as when a judicious critic points out any defect to me; for what is the purpose of shewing a work to a friend if you don't mean to profit by his opinion?

SNEER. Very true. Why, then, though I seriously admire the piece upon the whole, yet there is one small objection which, if you'll give me leave, I'll mention.

SIR F. Sir, you can't oblige me more.

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SNEER. I think it wants incident.

SIR F. Good God! you surprise me! wants incident?

SNEER. Yes; I own I think the incidents are too few.

SIR F. Good God! Believe me, Mr. Sneer, there is no person for whose judgment I have a more implicit deference; but I protest to you, Mr. Sneer, I am only apprehensive that the incidents are too crowded.—My dear Dangle, how does it strike you?

DAN. Really, I can't agree with my friend Sneer. I think the plot quite sufficient: and the four first acts by many degrees the best I ever read or saw in my life. If I might venture to suggest anything, it is that the interest rather falls off in the fifth.

SIR F. Risks, I believe you mean, sir.

DAN. No; I don't, upon my word.

SIR F. Yes, yes, you do, upon my soul; it certainly don't fall off, I assure you; no, no, it don't fall off.

DAN. Now, Mrs. Dangle, didn't you say it struck you in the same light?

MRS. D. No, indeed, I did not. I did not see a fault in any part of the play from the beginning to the end.

SIR F. Upon my soul, the women are the best judges after all!

MRS. D. Or if I made any objection, I am sure it was to nothing in the piece; but that I was afraid it was, on the whole, a little too long.

SIR F. Pray, madam, do you speak as to duration of time; or do you mean that the story is tediously spun out?

MRS. D. O lud! no. I speak only with reference to the usual length of acting plays.

SIR F. Then I am very happy—very happy indeed; because the play is a short play, a remarkably short play. I should not venture to differ with a lady on a point of taste; but on these occasions the watch, you know, is the critic.

MRS. D. Then, I suppose it must have been Mr. Dangle's drawling manner of reading it to me.

SIR F. Oh, if Mr. Dangle read it, that's quite another affair; but I assure you, Mrs. Dangle, the first evening you can spare me three hours and a half, I'll undertake to read you the whole from beginning to end, with the prologue and epilogue, and allow time for the music between the acts.

MRS. D. I hope to see it on the stage next. [*Exit.*

DAN. Well, Sir Fretful, I wish you may be able to get rid as easily of the newspaper criticisms as you do of ours.

SIR F. The newspapers! sir, they are the most villainous, licentious, abominable, infernal—not that I ever read them; no, I make it a rule never to look into a newspaper.

DAN. You are quite right; for it certainly must hurt an author of delicate feelings to see the liberties they take.

SIR F. No; quite the contrary; their abuse is, in fact, the best panegyric; I like it of all things. An author's reputation is only in danger from their support.

SNEER. Why, that's true; and that attack, now, on you the other day——

SIR F. What? where?

DAN. Ay, you mean in a paper of Thursday; it was completely ill-natured, to be sure.

SIR F. Oh, so much the better: ha, ha, ha! I wouldn't have it otherwise.

DAN. Certainly, it is only to be laughed at, for——

SIR F. You don't happen to recollect what the fellow said, do you?

SNEER. Pray, Dangle; Sir Fretful seems a little anxious——

SIR F. O lud, no! anxious? not I, not the least—I—but one may as well hear, you know.

DAN. Sneer, do *you* recollect? Make out something. [*Aside.*

SNEER. I will. [*To Dangle.*] Yes, yes, I remember perfectly.

SIR F. Well, and pray now—not that it signifies—what might the gentleman say?

SNEER. Why, he roundly asserts that you have not the slightest invention or original genius whatever, though you are the greatest traducer of all other authors living.

SIR F. Ha, ha, ha! very good!

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SNEER. That as to comedy, you have not one idea of your own, he believes, even in your commonplace-book, where stray jokes and pilfered witticisms are kept with as much method as the ledger of the Lost and Stolen Office.

SIR F. Ha, ha, ha! very pleasant!

SNEER. Nay, that you are so unlucky as not to have the skill even to *steal* with taste; but that you glean from the refuse of obscure volumes, where more judicious plagiarists have been before you; so that the body of your work is a composition of dregs and sediments, like a bad tavern's worst wine.

SIR F. Ha, ha!

SNEER. In your more serious efforts, he says, your bombast would be less intolerable if the thoughts were ever suited to the expressions; but the homeliness of the sentiment stares through the fantastic encumbrance of its fine language, like a clown in one of the new uniforms.

SIR F. Ha, ha!

SNEER. That your occasional tropes and flowers suit the general coarseness of your style, as tambour sprigs would a ground of linsey-woolsey; while your imitations of Shakspeare resemble the mimicry of Falstaff's page, and are about as near the standard of the original.

SIR F. Ha!——

SNEER. In short, that even the finest passages you steal are of no service to you; for the poverty of your own language prevents their assimilating, so that they lie on the surface like lumps of marl on a barren moor, encumbering what it is not in their power to fertilise.

SIR F. [*After great agitation.*] Now, another person would be vexed at this.

SNEER. Oh, but I wouldn't have told you, only to divert you.

SIR F. I know it. I *am* diverted—ha, ha, ha! Not the least invention! ha, ha, ha!—very good, very good!

SNEER. Yes; no genius! ha, ha, ha!

DAN. A severe rogue, ha, ha, ha!—but you are quite right, Sir Fretful, never to read such nonsense.

SIR F. To be sure; for if there is anything to one's praise, it is a foolish vanity to be gratified at it; and if it is abuse, why, one is always sure to hear of it from one d—d good-natured friend or another!

Anatomy of Character.—From 'The School for Scandal.'

MARIA *enters to* LADY SNEERWELL *and* JOSEPH SURFACE.

LADY SNEERWELL. Maria, my dear, how do you do? What's the matter?

MARIA. Oh, there is that disagreeable lover of mine, Sir Benjamin Backbite, has just called at my guardian's with his odious uncle, Crabtree; so I slipt out, and ran hither to avoid them.

LADY S. Is that all?

JOSEPH SURFACE. If my brother Charles had been of the party, madam, perhaps you would not have been so much alarmed.

LADY S. Nay, now you are severe; for I dare swear the truth of the matter is, Maria heard *you* were here. But, my dear, what has Sir Benjamin done that you should avoid him so?

MARIA. Oh, he has done nothing—but 'tis for what he has said: his conversation is a perpetual libel on all his acquaintance.

JOSEPH S. Ay, and the worst of it is, there is no advantage in not knowing him—for he'll abuse a stranger just as soon as his best friend; and his uncle Crabtree's as bad.

LADY S. Nay, but we should make allowance. Sir Benjamin is a wit and a poet.

MARIA. For my part, I own, madam, wit loses its respect with me when I see it in company with malice.—What do you think, Mr. Surface?

JOSEPH S. Certainly, madam; to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.

LADY S. Pshaw!—there's no possibility of being witty without a little ill-nature: the malice of a good thing is the barb that makes it stick.—What's your opinion, Mr. Surface?

JOSEPH S. To be sure, madam; that conversation where the spirit of raillery is suppressed, will ever appear tedious and insipid.

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MARIA. Well, I'll not debate how far scandal may be allowable; but in a man, I am sure it is always contemptible. We have pride, envy, rivalship, and a thousand little motives to depreciate each other; but the male slanderer must have the cowardice of a woman before he can traduce one.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT. Madam, Mrs. Candour is below, and if your ladyship's at leisure, will leave her carriage.

LADY S. Beg her to walk in. [*Exit Servant*]—Now, Maria, however, here is a character to your taste; for though Mrs. Candour is a little talkative, everybody allows her to be the best-natured and best sort of woman.

MARIA. Yes—with a very gross affectation of good-nature and benevolence, she does more mischief than the direct malice of old Crabtree.

JOSEPH S. I' faith, that's true, Lady Sneerwell; whenever I hear the current running against the characters of my friends, I never think them in such danger as when Candour undertakes their defence.

LADY S. Hush!—here she is!

Enter MRS. CANDOUR.

MRS. CANDOUR. My dear Lady Sneerwell, how have you been this century?—Mr. Surface, what news do you hear?—though indeed it is no matter, for I think one hears nothing else but scandal.

JOSEPH S. Just so, indeed, ma'am.

MRS. C. O Maria! child—What! is the whole affair off between you and Charles? His extravagance, I presume—the town talks of nothing else.

MARIA. I am very sorry, ma'am, the town has so little to do.

MRS. C. True, true, child: but there's no stopping people's tongues. I own I was hurt to hear it, as I indeed was to learn, from the same quarter, that your guardian, Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, have not agreed lately as well as could be wished.

MARIA. 'Tis strangely impertinent for people to busy themselves so.

MRS. C. Very true, child: but what's to be done? People will talk—there's no preventing it. Why, it was but yesterday I was told that Miss Gadabout had eloped with Sir Filligree Flirt. But there's no minding what one hears; though, to be sure, I had this from very good authority.

MARIA. Such reports is are highly scandalous.

MRS. C. So they are, child—shameful, shameful! But the world is so censorious, no character escapes. Well, now, who would have suspected your friend, Miss Prim, of an indiscretion? Yet, such is the ill-nature of people, that they say her uncle stopt her last week, just as she was stepping into the York mail with her dancing-master.

MARIA. I'll answer for 't there are no grounds for that report.

MRS. C. Ah, no foundation in the world, I dare swear; no more, probably, than for the story circulated last month of Mrs. Festino's affair with Colonel Cassino; though, to be sure, that matter was never rightly cleared up.

JOSEPH S. The license of invention some people take is monstrous indeed.

MARIA. 'Tis so—but, in my opinion, those who report such things are equally culpable.

MRS. C. To be sure they are; tale-bearers are as bad as the tale-makers—'tis an old observation, and a very true one. But what's to be done, as I said before? how will you prevent people from talking? To-day, Mrs. Clackitt assured me Mr. and Mrs. Honeymoon were at last become mere man and wife, like the rest of their acquaintance. No, no! tale-bearers, as I said before, are just as bad as the tale-makers.

JOSEPH S. Ah, Mrs. Candour, if everybody had your forbearance and good-nature!

MRS. C. I confess, Mr. Surface, I cannot bear to hear people attacked behind their backs; and when ugly circumstances come out against our acquaintance, I own I always love to think the best. By the bye, I hope 'tis not true that your brother is absolutely ruined?

JOSEPH S. I am afraid his circumstances are very bad indeed, ma'am.

MRS. C. Ah! I heard so—but you must tell him to keep up his spirits; everybody

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almost is in the same way—Lord Spindle, Sir Thomas Splint, Captain Quinze, and Mr. Nickit—all up, I hear, within this week; so, if Charles is undone, he 'll find half of his acquaintance ruined too; and that, you know, is a consolation.

JOSEPH S. Doubtless, ma'am—a very great one.

Enter SERVANT.

SERV. Mr. Crabtree and Sir Benjamin Backbite. [*Exit Servant.*

LADY S. So, Maria, you see your lover pursues you; positively you shan't escape.

Enter CRABTREE *and* SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE.

CRABTREE. Lady Sneerwell, I kiss your hand—Mrs. Candour, I don't believe you are acquainted with my nephew, Sir Benjamin Backbite. Egad! ma'am, he has a pretty wit, and is a pretty poet too.—Isn't he, Lady Sneerwell?

SIR BENJAMIN. O fie, uncle!

CRAB. Nay, egad! it 's true; I back him at a rebus or a charade against the best rhymer in the kingdom. Has your ladyship heard the epigram he wrote last week on Lady Frizzle's feather catching fire?—Do, Benjamin, repeat it, or the charade you made last night extempore at Mrs. Drowzie's conversazione. Come now: your first is the name of a fish, your second a great naval commander, and——

SIR B. Uncle, now—prithee——

CRAB. I' faith, ma'am, 'twould surprise you to hear how ready he is at all these sort of things.

LADY S. I wonder, Sir Benjamin, you never publish anything.

SIR B. To say truth, ma'am, 'tis very vulgar to print; and as my little productions are mostly satires and lampoons on particular people, I find they circulate more by giving copies in confidence to the friends of the parties. However, I have some love elegies, which, when favoured with this lady's smiles, I mean to give the public. [*Polishing to Maria.*]

CRAB. 'Fore heaven, ma'am, they'll immortalize you! You will be handed down to posterity, like Petrarch's Laura, or Waller's Sacharissa.

SIR B. [*To Maria.*] Yes, madam, I think you will like them, when you shall see them on a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall murmur through a meadow of margin. 'Fore gad, they will be the most elegant things of their kind!

CRAB. But ladies, that's true—have you heard the news?

MRS. C. What, sir, do you mean the report of——

CRAB. No, ma'am, that's not it—Miss Nicely is going to be married to her own footman.

MRS. C. Impossible!

CRAB. Ask Sir Benjamin.

SIR B. 'Tis very true, ma'am; everything is fixed, and the wedding liveries bespoke.

CRAB. Yes; and they do say there were pressing reasons for it.

LADY S. Why I have heard something of this before.

MRS. C. It can't be; and I wonder any one should believe such a story of so prudent a lady as Miss Nicely.

SIR B. O lud! ma'am, that 's the very reason 'twas believed at once. She has always been so cautious and so reserved, that everybody was sure there was some reason for it at bottom.

MRS. C. Why, to be sure, a tale of scandal is as fatal to the credit of a prudent lady of her stamp as a fever is generally to those of the strongest constitutions. But there is a sort of puny sickly reputation that is always ailing, yet will outlive the robuster characters of a hundred prudes.

SIR B. True, madam, there are valetudinarians in reputation as well as constitution; who, being conscious of their weak part, avoid the least breath of air, and supply their want of stamina by care and circumspection.

MRS. C. Well, but this may be all a mistake. You know, Sir Benjamin, very trifling circumstances often give rise to the most injurious tales.

CRAB. That they do, I'll be sworn, ma'am. . . O lud! Mr. Surface, pray, is it true that your uncle, Sir Oliver, is coming home?

JOSEPH S. Not that I know of, indeed, sir.

CRAB. He has been in the East Indies a long time. You can scarcely remember

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him, I believe. Sad comfort, whenever he returns, to hear how your brother has gone on.

JOSEPH S. Charles has been imprudent, sir, to be sure; but I hope no busy people have already prejudiced Sir Oliver against him. He may reform.

SIR B. To be sure he may; for my part, I never believed him to be so utterly void of principle as people say; and though he has lost all his friends, I am told nobody is better spoken of by the Jews.

CRAB. That's true, egad! nephew. If the Old Jewry was a ward, I believe Charles would be an alderman; no man more popular there! I hear he pays as many annuities as the Irish tontine; and that, whenever he is sick, they have prayers for the recovery of his health in all the synagogues.

SIR B. Yet no man lives in greater splendour. They tell me, when he entertains his friends, he will sit down to dinner with a dozen of his own securities; have a score of tradesmen waiting in the antechamber, and an officer behind every guest's chair.

JOSEPH S. This may be entertainment to you, gentlemen; but you pay very little regard to the feelings of a brother.

MARIA. [*Aside.*] Their malice is intolerable. [*Aloud*] Lady Sneerwell, I must wish you a good morning: I'm not very well. [*Exit Maria.*

MRS. C. O dear! she changes colour very much.

LADY S. Do, Mrs. Candour, follow her: she may want your assistance.

MRS. C. That I will, with all my soul, ma'am. Poor dear girl, who knows what her situation may be! [*Exit Mrs. Candour.*

Towards the close of the century, plays translated from the German were introduced. Amidst much false and exaggerated sentiment, they appealed to the stronger sympathies of our nature, and drew crowded audiences to the theatres. One of the first of these plays was 'The Stranger,' said to be translated by Benjamin Thompson; but the greater part of it as it was acted was the production of Sheridan. It is a drama of domestic life, not very moral or beneficial in its tendencies—for it is calculated to palliate our detestation of adultery—yet abounding in scenes of tenderness and surprise, well adapted to produce effect on the stage. The principal characters were acted by Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, and when it was brought out in the season of 1797-98, it was received with immense applause. In 1799, Sheridan adapted another of Kotzebue's plays, 'Pizarro,' which experienced still greater success. In the former drama, the German author had violated the proprieties of our moral code, by making an injured husband take back his guilty though penitent wife; and in 'Pizarro' he has invested a fallen female with tenderness, compassion, and heroism. The obtrusion of such a character as a prominent figure in the scene was at least indelicate; but, in the hands of Mrs. Siddons, the taint was scarcely perceived, and Sheridan had softened down the most objectionable parts.

The play was produced with all the aids of splendid scenery, music, and fine acting, and these, together with its displays of generous and heroic feeling on the part of Rolla, and of parental affection in Alonzo and Cora, were calculated to lead captive an English audience. 'Its subject was also new and peculiarly fortunate. It brought the adventures of the most romantic kingdom of Christendom—Spain—into picturesque combination with the simplicity and superstitions of the transatlantic world; and gave the imagination a

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new and fresh empire of paganism, with its temples, and rites, and altars, without the stale associations of pedantry.' Some of the sentiments and descriptions in 'Pizarro' are said to have originally formed part of Sheridan's famous speech on the impeachment of Warren Hastings. They are often inflated and bombastic, and full of rhetorical glitter. Thus Rolla soliloquises in Alonzo's dungeon: 'O holy Nature! thou dost never plead in vain. There is not of our earth a creature, bearing form and life, human or savage, native of the forest wild or giddy air, around whose parent bosom *thou* hast not a cord entwined of power to tie them to their offspring's claims, and at thy will to draw them back to thee. On iron pinions borne, the blood-stained vulture cleaves the storm, yet is the plumage closest to her heart soft as the cygnet's down; and o'er her unshelled brood the murmuring ring-dove sits not more gently.'

Or the speech of Rolla to the Peruvian army at the consecration of the banners:

Rolla's Address to the Peruvian Army.

My brave associates! partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame! Can Rolla's words add vigour to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts? No! *you* have judged, as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you. Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate *their* minds and *ours*. *They*, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule. *We*, for our country, our altars, and our homes. *They* follow an adventurer whom they fear, and a power which they hate. *We* serve a monarch whom we love—a God whom we adore! Where'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress; where'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship. They boast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error. Yes, *they* will give enlightened freedom to *our* minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice and pride! They offer us their protection; yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them! They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they promise. Be our plain answer this: The throne we honour is the people's choice; the laws we reverence are our brave fathers' legacy; the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hopes of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this, and tell them, too, we seek no change, and least of all such change as they would bring us.

Animated apostrophes like these, rolled from the lips of Kemble, and applied, in those days of war, to British valour and patriotism arrayed against France, could hardly fail of an enthusiastic reception. The oratory of Sheridan had always something theatrical in its substance and manner, though he was a popular and often eloquent speaker in the House of Commons. His celebrated address on the occasion of Warren Hastings' trial, at the point relative to the Begum Princess of Oude, was eulogized by Fox as a matchless piece of eloquence. The following passages seem to smack of the stage.

Extracts from Speech against Warren Hastings.

Filial Piety! It is the primal bond of society—it is that instinctive principle which, panting for its proper good, soothes, unbidden, each sense and sensibility of man!—it now quivers on every lip!—it now beams from every eye!—it is an eman-

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ation of that gratitude which, softening under the sense of recollected good, is eager to own the vast countless debt it ne'er, alas! can pay, for so many long years of unceasing solicitudes, honourable self-denials, life-preserving cares!—it is that part of our practice where duty drops its awe!—where reverence refines into love! It asks no aid of memory!—it needs not the deductions of reason!—pre-existing, paramount over all, whether law or human rule, few arguments can increase, and none can diminish it!—it is the sacrament of our nature!—not only the duty, but the indulgence of man—it is his first great privilege—it is amongst his last most endearing delights!—it causes the bosom to glow with reverberated love!—it requites the visitations of nature, and returns the blessings that have been received!—it fires emotion into vital principle!—it renders habituated instinct into a master-passion—sways all the sweetest energies of man—hangs over each vicissitude of all that must pass away—aids the melancholy virtues in their last sad tasks of life, to cheer the languors of decrepitude and age—explores the thought—elucidates the asking eye!—and breathes sweet consolation even in the awful moment of dissolution! . . .

O Faith! O Justice! I conjure you by your sacred names to depart for a moment from this place, though it be your peculiar residence; nor hear your names profaned by such a sacrilegious combination as that which I am now compelled to repeat!—where all the fair forms of nature and art, truth and peace, policy and honour, shrunk back aghast from the deleterious shade!—where all existences, nefarious and vile, had sway—where, amidst the black agents on one side, and Middleton with Impey on the other, the toughest head, the most unfeeling heart! the great figure of the piece, characteristic in his place, stood aloof and independent from the puny profligacy in his train!—but far from idle and inactive—turning a malignant eye on all mischief that awaited him!—the multiplied apparatus of temporising expedients, and intimidating instruments! now cringing on his prey, and fawning on his vengeance!—now quickening the limping pace of craft, and forcing every stand that retiring nature can make in the heart! violating the attachments and the decorums of life! sacrificing every emotion of tenderness and honour! and flagitiously levelling all the distinctions of national characteristics! with a long catalogue of crimes and aggravations, beyond the reach of thought, for human malignity to perpetrate or human vengeance to punish!

GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

The most able and successful comic dramatist of his day was GEORGE COLMAN, the younger, * who was born on the 21st of October 1762. The son of the author of 'The Jealous Wife' and 'Clandestine Marriage,' Colman had a hereditary attachment to the drama. He was educated at Westminster School, and afterwards entered of Christ's Church College, Oxford; but his idleness and dissipation at the university led his father to withdraw him from Oxford, and banish him to Aberdeen. Here he was distinguished for his eccentric dress and folly, but he also applied himself to his classical and other studies. At Aberdeen he published a poem on Charles James Fox, entitled 'The Man of the People,' and wrote a musical farce, 'The Female Dramatist,' which his father brought out at the Haymarket Theatre, but it was condemned. A second dramatic attempt, entitled 'Two to One,' performed in 1784, enjoyed considerable success. This seems to have fixed his literary taste and inclinations; for though his father intended him for the bar, and entered him of Lincoln's Inn, the

* Colman added 'the younger' to his name after the condemnation of his play, *The Iron Chest*. 'Lest my father's memory,' he says, 'may be injured by mistakes, and in the confusion of aftertime the translator of Terence, and the author of *The Jealous Wife*, should be supposed guilty of *The Iron Chest*, I shall, were I to reach the patriarchal longevity of Methuselah, continue (in all my dramatic publications) to subscribe myself George Colman, *the younger*.'

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drama engrossed his attention. In 1784, he contracted a thoughtless marriage with a Miss Catherine Morris, with whom he eloped to Gretna Green, and next year brought out a second musical comedy, 'Turk and no Turk.' His father, becoming incapacitated by attacks of paralysis, the younger Colman undertook the management of the theatre in Haymarket, and was thus fairly united to the stage and the drama. Various pieces proceeded from his pen: 'Inkle and Yarico,' a musical opera, brought out with success in 1787; 'Ways and Means,' a comedy, 1788; 'The Battle of Hexham,' 1789; 'The Surrender of Calais,' 1791; 'The Mountaineers,' 1793; 'The Iron Chest,'—founded on Godwin's novel of 'Caleb Williams,'—1796; 'The Heir at Law,' 1797; 'Blue Beard'—a mere piece of scenic display and music—1798; 'The Review, or the Wags of Windsor,' an excellent farce, 1798; 'The Poor Gentlemen,' a comedy, 1802; 'Love Laugh at Locksmiths,' a farce, 1803; 'Gay Deceivers,' a farce, 1804; 'John Bull,' a comedy, 1805; 'Who Wants a Guinea?' 1805; 'We Fly by Night,' a farce, 1806; 'The Africans,' a play, 1808; 'X Y Z,' a farce, 1810; 'The Law of Java,' a musical drama, 1822; &c.

No modern dramatist has added so many stock pieces to the theatre as Colman, or imparted so much genuine mirth and humour to all play-goers. His society was also much courted; he was a favourite with George IV., and, in conjunction with Sheridan, was wont to set the royal table in a roar. His gaiety, however, was not always allied to prudence, and theatrical property is a very precarious possession. As a manager, Colman got entangled in lawsuits, and was forced to reside in the King's Bench. The king stepped forward to relieve him, by appointing him to the situation of licenser and examiner of plays, an office worth from £300 to £400 a year. In this situation Colman incurred the enmity of several dramatic authors by the rigour with which he scrutinised their productions. His own plays are far from being strictly correct or moral, but not an oath or *double-entendre* was suffered to escape his expurgatorial pen as licenser, and he was peculiarly keen-scented in detecting all political allusions. Besides his numerous plays, Colman wrote some poetical traversities and pieces of levity, published under the title of 'My Nightgown and Slippers' (1797), which were afterwards republished (1802) with additions, and named 'Broad Grins;' also 'Poetical Vagaries,' 'Vagaries Vindicated,' and 'Eccentricities for Edinburgh.' In these, delicacy and decorum are often sacrificed to broad mirth and humour. The last work of the lively author was memoirs of his own early life and times, entitled 'Random Records,' and published in 1830. He died in London on the 26th October 1836. The comedies of Colman abound in witty and ludicrous delineations of character, interspersed with bursts of tenderness and feeling, somewhat in the style of Sterne, whom, indeed, he has closely copied in his 'Poor Gentleman.'

Sir Walter Scott has praised his 'John Bull' as by far the best effort of our late comic drama. 'The scenes of broad humour are

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executed in the best possible taste; and the whimsical, yet native characters reflect the manners of real life. The sentimental parts, although one of them includes a finely wrought-up scene of paternal distress, partake of the *falsetto* of German pathos. But the piece is both humorous and affecting; and we readily excuse its obvious imperfections in consideration of its exciting our laughter and our tears.' The whimsical character of Ollapod in 'The Poor Gentleman' is one of Colman's most original and laughable conceptions; Pangloss, in 'The Heir at Law,' is also an excellent satirical portrait of a pedant—proud of being an LL. D., and, moreover, an A. double S.—and his Irishmen, Yorkshiremen, and country rustics—all admirably performed at the time—are highly entertaining, though overcharged portraits. A tendency to farce is indeed the besetting sin of Colman's comedies; and in his more serious plays, there is a curious mixture of prose and verse, high-toned sentiment and low humour. Their effect on the stage is, however, irresistible. In the character of Octavian, in 'The Mountaineers,' is a faithful sketch of John Kemble:

Lovely as day he was—but envious clouds
Have dimmed his lustre. He is as a rock
Opposed to the rude sea that beats against it;
Worn by the waves, yet still o'ertopping them
In sullen majesty. Rugged now his look—
For out, alas! calamity has blurred
The fairest pile of manly comeliness
That ever reared its lofty head to heaven!
'Tis not of late that I have heard his voice;
But if it be not changed—I think it cannot—
There is a melody in every tone
Would charm the towering eagle in her flight,
And tame a hungry lion.

From 'The Poor Gentleman.'

[SIR CHARLES CROPLAND at breakfast; his Valet-de-chambre adjusting his hair.]

SIR CHARLES. Has old Warner, the steward, been told that I arrived last night?

VALET. Yes, Sir Charles; with orders to attend you this morning.

SIR CHA. [*Yawning and stretching.*] What can a man of fashion do with himself in the country at this wretchedly dull time of the year?

VALET. It is very pleasant to-day out in the park, Sir Charles.

SIR CHA. Pleasant, you booby! How can the country be pleasant in the middle of the spring? All the world 's in London.

VALET. I think, somehow, it looks so lively, Sir Charles, when the corn is coming up.

SIR CHA. Blockhead! Vegetation makes the face of a country look frightful. It spoils hunting. Yet, as my business on my estate here is to raise supplies for my pleasures elsewhere, my journey is a wise one. What day of the month was it yesterday when I left town on this wise expedition?

VALET. The first of April, Sir Charles.

SIR CHA. Umph! When Mr. Warner comes, shew him in.

VALET. I shall, Sir Charles. [*Exit.*

SIR CHA. This same lumbering timber upon my ground has its merits. Trees are notes, issued from the bank of nature, and as current as those payable to Abraham

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Newland. I must get change for a few oaks, for I want cash consumedly.—So, Mr. Warner.

Enter WARNER.

WARNER. Your honour is right welcome into Kent. I am proud to see Sir Charles Cropland on his estate again. I hope you mean to stay on the spot for some time, Sir Charles.

SIR CHA. A very tedious time. Three days, Mr. Warner.

WARNER. Ah, good sir, things would prosper better if you honoured us with your presence a little more. I wish you lived entirely upon the estate, Sir Charles.

SIR CHA. Thank you, Warner; but modern men of fashion find it difficult to live upon their estates.

WARNER. The country about you so charming!

SIR CHA. Look ye, Warner—I must hunt in Leicestershire—for that's the thing. In the frosts and the spring months, I must be in town at the clubs—for that's the thing. In summer I must be at the watering-places—for that's the thing. Now, Warner, under these circumstances, how is it possible for me to reside upon my estate? For my estate being in Kent——

WARNER. The most beautiful part of the country.

SIR CHA. Pshaw, beauty! we don't mind that in Leicestershire. My estate, I say, being in Kent——

WARNER. A land of milk and honey!

SIR CHA. I hate milk and honey.

WARNER. A land of fat!

SIR CHA. Hang your fat! Listen to me. My estate being in Kent——

WARNER. So woody!

SIR CHA. Curse the wood! No—that's wrong; for it's convenient. I am come on purpose to cut it.

WARNER. Ah! I was afraid so! Dice on the table, and then the axe to the root! Money lost at play, and then, good lack! the forest groans for it.

SIR CHA. But you are not the forest, and why do you groan for it?

WARNER. I heartily wish, Sir Charles, you may not encumber the goodly estate. Your worthy ancestors had views for their posterity.

SIR CHA. And I shall have views for my posterity—I shall take special care the trees shan't intercept their prospect.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT. Mr. Ollapod, the apothecary, is in the hall, Sir Charles, to inquire after your health.

SIR CHA. Shew him in. [*Exit servant.*] The fellow's a character, and treats time as he does his patients. He shall kill a quarter of an hour for me this morning.—In short, Mr. Warner, I must have three thousand pounds in three days. Fell timber to that amount immediately. 'Tis my peremptory order, sir.

WARNER. I shall obey you, Sir Charles; but 'tis with a heavy heart! Forgive an old servant of the family if he grieves to see you forget some of the duties for which society has a claim upon you.

SIR CHA. What do you mean by duties?

WARNER. Duties, Sir Charles, which the extravagant man of property can never fulfil—such as to support the dignity of an English landholder for the honour of old England; to promote the welfare of his honest tenants; and to succour the industrious poor, who naturally look up to him for assistance. But I shall obey you, Sir Charles. [*Exit.*

SIR CHA. A tiresome old blockhead! But where is this Ollapod? His jumble of physic and shooting may enliven me; and, to a man of gallantry in the country, his intelligence is by no means uninteresting, nor his services inconvenient.—Ha, Ollapod!

Enter OLLAPOD.

OLLAPOD. Sir Charles, I have the honour to be your slave. Hope your health is good. Been a hard winter here. Sore throats were plenty; so were woodcocks. Flushed four couple one morning in a half-mile walk from our town to cure Mrs. Quales of a quinsy. May coming on soon, Sir Charles—season of delight, love and

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campaigning! Hope you come to sojourn, Sir Charles. Shouldn't be always on the wing—that's being too flighty. He, he, he! Do you take, good sir—do you take?

SIR CHA. O yes, I take. But by the cockade in your hat, Ollapod, you have added lately, it seems, to your avocations.

OLLA. He, he! yes, Sir Charles. I have now the honour to be cornet in the Volunteer Association Corps of our town. It fell out unexpected—pop, on a sudden; like the going off of a field-piece, or an alderman in an apoplexy.

SIR CHA. Explain.

OLLA. Happening to be at home—rainy day—no going out to sport, blister, shoot, nor bleed—was busy behind the counter. You know my shop, Sir Charles—Galen's head over the door—new gilt him last week, by-the-bye—looks as fresh as a pill.

SIR CHA. Well, no more on that head now. Proceed.

OLLA. On that head! he, he, he! That's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir; I owe you one. Churchwarden Posh, of our town, being ill of an indigestion from eating three pounds of measly pork at a vestry dinner, I was making up a cathartic for the patient, when who should strut into the shop but Lieutenant Grains, the brewer—sleek as a dray-horse—in a smart scarlet jacket, tastily turned up with a rhubarb-coloured lapel. I confess his figure struck me. I looked at him as I was thumping the mortar, and felt instantly inoculated with a military ardour.

SIR CHA. Inoculated! I hope your ardour was of a favourable sort?

OLLA. Ha, ha! That's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir; I owe you one. We first talked of shooting. He knew my celebrity that way, Sir Charles. I told him the day before I had killed six brace of birds. I thumpt on at the mortar. We then talked of physic. I told him the day before I had killed—lost, I mean—six brace of patients. I thumpt on at the mortar, eyeing him all the while; for he looked very flashy, to be sure; and I felt an itching to belong to the corps. The medical and military both deal in death, you know; so 'twas natural. He, he! Do you take, good sir—do you take?

SIR CHA. Take? Oh, nobody can miss.

OLLA. He then talked of the corps itself; said it was sickly; and if a professional person would administer to the health of the Association—dose the men, and drench the horse—he could perhaps procure him a cornetcy.

SIR CHA. Well, you jumped at the offer.

OLLA. Jumped! I jumped over the counter, kicked down Churchwarden Posh's cathartic into the pocket of Lieutenant Grains' small scarlet jacket, tastily turned up with a rhubarb-coloured lapel; embraced him and his offer: and I am now Cornet Ollapod, apothecary at the Galen's Head, of the Association Corps of Cavalry at your service.

SIR CHA. I wish you joy of your appointment. You may now distil water for the shop from the laurels you gather in the field.

OLLA. Water for—oh! laurel-water—he, he! Come, that's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir: I owe you one. Why, I fancy fame will follow, when the poison of a small mistake I made has ceased to operate.

SIR CHA. A mistake?

OLLA. Having to attend Lady Kitty Carbuncle on a grand field-day, I clapt a pint bottle of her ladyship's diet drink into one of my holsters, intending to proceed to the patient after the exercise was over. I reached the martial ground, and galloped—galloped, I mean—wheeled, and flourished with gr at *éclat:* but when the word 'Fire' was given, meaning to pull out my pistol in a terrible hurry, I presented neck foremost, the hanged diet-drink of Lady Kitty Carbuncle; and the medicine being unfortunately fermented by the jolting of my horse, it forced out the cork with a prodigious pop full in the face of my gallant commander

[OLLAPAD visits Miss LUCRETIA MACTAB, a 'stiff maiden aunt,' sister of one of the oldest barons in Scotland.]

Enter Foss.

Foss. There is one Mr. Ollapod at the gate, 'an please your ladyship's honour, come to pay a visit to the family.

LUCRETIA. Ollapod? What is the gentleman?

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Foss. He says he's a cornet in the Galen's Head. 'Tis the first time I ever heard of the corps.

LUCRETIA. Ha! some new-raised regiment. Show the gentleman in. [*Exit Foss.*] The country, then, has heard of my arrival at last. A woman of condition, in a family, can never long conceal her retreat. Ollapod! that sounds like an ancient name. If I am not mistaken, he is nobly descended.

Enter OLLAPOD.

OLLA. Madam, I have the honour of paying my respects. Sweet spot, here, among the cows; good for consumptions—charming woods hereabouts—pheasants flourish—so do agues—sorry not to see the good lieutenant—admire his room—hope soon to have his company. Do you take, good madam—do you take?

LUC. I beg, sir, you will be seated.

OLLA. O, dear madam! [*Sitting down.*] A charming chair to bleed in! [*Aside.*]

LUC. I am sorry Mr. Worthington is not at home to receive you, sir.

OLLA. You are a relation of the lieutenant, madam?

LUC. I! only by his marriage, I assure you, sir. Aunt to his deceased wife. But I am not surprised at your question. My friends in town would wonder to see the Honourable Miss Lucretia Mactab, sister to the late Lord Lofty, cooped up in a farmhouse.

OLLA. [*Aside.*] The honourable! humph! a bit of quality tumbled into decay. The sister of a dead peer in a pigsty!

LUC. You are of the military, I am informed, sir?

OLLA. He, he! Yes, madam. Cornet Ollapod, of our volunteers—a fine healthy troop—ready to give the enemy a dose whenever they dare to attack us.

LUC. I was always prodigiously partial to the military. My great-grandfather, Marmaduke, Baron Lofty, commanded a troop of horse under the Duke of Marlborough, that famous general of his age.

OLLA. Marlborough was a hero of a man, madam; and lived at Woodstock—a sweet sporting country; where Rosamond perished by poison—arsenic as likely as anything.

LUC. And have you served much, Mr. Ollapod?

OLLA. He, he! Yes, madam, served all the nobility and gentry for five miles round.

LUC. Sir!

OLLA. And shall be happy to serve the good lieutenant and his family. [*Bowing.*

LUC. We shall be proud of your acquaintance, sir. A gentleman of the army is always an acquisition among the Goths and Vandals of the country, where every sheepish squire has the air of an apothecary.

OLLA. Madam! An apoth —— Zounds!—hum?—He, he! I—You must know, I—I deal a little in galenicals myself [*Sheepishly*].

LUC. Galenicals! Oh, they are for operations, I suppose, among the military.

OLLA. Operations! he, he! Come, that's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good madam; I owe you one. Galenicals, madam, are medicines.

LUC. Medicines!

OLLA. Yes, physic: buckthorn, senna, and so forth.

LUC. [*Rising*]. Why, then, you are an apothecary?

OLLA. [*Rising too, and bowing.*] And man-midwife at your service, madam.

LUC. At my service, indeed!

OLLA. Yes, madam! Cornet Ollapod at the gilt Galen's Head, of the Volunteer Association Corps of Cavalry—as ready for the foe as a customer; always willing to charge them both. Do you take, good madam—do you take?

LUC. And has the Honourable Miss Lucretia Mactab been talking all this while to a petty dealer in drugs?

OLLA. Drugs! Why, she turns up her honourable nose as if she was going to swallow them! [*Aside.*] No man more respected than myself, madam. Courted by the corps, idolised by invalids; and for a shot—ask my friend, Sir Charles Cropland.

LUC. Is Sir Charles Cropland a friend of yours, sir?

OLLA. Intimate. He doesn't make wry faces at physic, whatever others may do,

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madam. This village flanks the intrenchments of his park—full of fine fat venison; which is as light a food for digestion as——

LUC. But he is never on his estate here, I am told.

OLLA. He quarters there at this moment.

LUC. Bless me! has Sir Charles, then——

OLLA. Told me all—your accidental meeting in the metropolis, and his visits when the lieutenant was out.

LUC. Oh, shocking! I declare I shall faint.

OLLA. Faint! never mind that, with a medical man in the room. I can bring you about in a twinkling.

LUC. And what has Sir Charles Cropland presumed to advance about me?

OLLA. Oh, nothing derogatory. Respectful as a ducklegged drummer to a commander-in-chief.

LUC. I have only proceeded in this affair from the purest motives, and in a mode becoming a Mactab.

OLLA. None dare to doubt it.

LUC. And if Sir Charles has dropt in to a dish of tea with myself and Emily in London, when the lieutenant was out, I see no harm in it.

OLLA. Nor I either: except that tea shakes the nervous system to shatters. But to the point: the baronet 's my bosom friend. Having heard you were here—'Ollapod,' says he, squeezing my hand in his own, which had strong symptoms of fever—'Ollapod,' says he, 'you are a military man, and may be trusted.' 'I 'm a cornet,' says I, 'and close as a pill-box.' 'Fly, then, to Miss Lucretia Mactab, that honourable picture of prudence'——

LUC. He, he! Did Sir Charles say that?

OLLA. [*Aside.*] How these tabbies love to be toadied!

LUC. In short, Sir Charles, I perceive, has appointed you his emissary, to consult with me when he may have an interview.

OLLA. Madam, you are the sharpest shot at the truth I ever met in my life. And now we are in consultation, what think you of a walk with Miss Emily by the old elms at the back of the village this evening?

LUC. Why, I am willing to take any steps which may promote Emily's future welfare.

OLLA. Take steps! what, in a walk? He, he! Come, that's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good madam; I owe you one. I shall communicate to my friend with due despatch. Command Cornet Ollapod on all occasions; and whatever the gilt Galen's Head can produce——

LUC. [*Curtsying.*] O sir!

OLLA. By-the-by, I have some double-distilled lavender water, much admired in our corps. Permit me to send a pint bottle, by way of present.

LUC. Dear sir, I shall rob you.

OLLA. Quite the contrary; for I'll set it down to Sir Charles as a quart. [*Aside.*] Madam, your slave. You have prescribed for our patient like an able physician. Not a step.

LUC. Nay, I insist——

OLLA. Then I must follow in the rear—the physician always before the apothecary.

LUC. Apothecary! Sir, in this business I look upon you as a general officer.

OLLA. Do you? Thank you, good ma'am; I owe you one. [*Exeunt.*

The humorous poetry of Colman has been as popular as his plays. Some of the pieces are tinged with indelicacy, but others display his lively sparkling powers of wit and observation in a very agreeable light. We subjoin two of these pleasant levities, from 'Broad Grins.'

The Newcastle Apothecary.

A man in many a country town, we know,
Professes openly with Death to wrestle;

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Entering the field against the grimly foe,
Armed with a mortar and a pestle.

Yet some affirm no enemies they are,
But meet just like prize-fighters in a fair,
Who first shake hands before they box,
Then give each other plaguy knocks,
With all the love and kindness of a brother:
So—many a suffering patient saith—
Though the apothecary fights with Death,
Still they're sworn friends to one another.

A member of this Æsculapian line,
Lived at Newcastle-upon-Tyne:
No man could better gild a pill,
Or make a bill:
Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister;
Or draw a tooth out of your head;
Or chatter scandal by your bed;
Or give a clyster.

Of occupations these were *quantum suff.*:
Yet still he thought the list not long enough;
And therefore midwifery he chose to pin to 't.
This balanced things; for if he hurled
A few score mortals from the world,
He made amends by bringing others into 't.

His fame full six miles round the country ran;
In short, in reputation he was *solus*:
All the old women called him 'a fine man!'
His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in trade—
Which oftentimes will genius fetter—
Read works of fancy, it is said,
And cultivated the belles-lettres.

And why should this be thought so odd?
Can't men have taste who cure a phthisic?
Of poetry though patron god,
Apollo patronises physic.

Bolus loved verse, and took so much delight in 't,
That his prescriptions he resolved to write in 't.

No opportunity he e'er let pass
Of writing the directions on his labels
In dapper couplets, like Gay's Fables,
Or rather like the lines in Hudibras.

Apothecary's verse! and where's the treason?
'Tis simply honest dealing; not a crime;
When patients swallow physic without reason,
It is but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a patient lying at Death's door,
Some three miles from the town, it might be four;
To whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article
In pharmacy that 's called cathartical.
And on the label of the stuff
He wrote this verse,
Which one would think was clear enough,
And terse:

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When taken.
To be well shaken.

Next morning early, Bolus rose,
And to the patient's house he goes
Upon his pad,
Who a vile trick of stumbling had:
It was, indeed, a very sorry hack;
But that's of course:
For what 's expected from a horse
With an apothecary on his back?
Bolus arrived, and gave a doubtful tap,
Between a single and a double rap.

Knocks of this kind
Are given by gentlemen who teach to dance;
By fiddlers, and by opera singers;
One loud, and then a little one behind,
As if the knocker fell by chance
Out of their fingers.
The servant lets him in with dismal face,
Long as a courtier's out of place—
Portending some disaster;
John's countenance as rueful looked and grim,
As if the apothecary had physicked him,
And not his master.

'Well, how's the patient?' Bolus said.
John shook his head.
'Indeed!—hum!—ha!—that's very odd!
He took the draught?' John gave a nod.
'Well, how? what then? Speak out, you dunce!'
'Why, then,' says John, 'we shook him once.'
'Shook him!—how?' Bolus stammered out.
'We jolted him about.'
'Zounds! shake a patient, man!—a shake won't do.'
'No, sir, and so we gave him two.'
'Two shakes! od's curse!
"'Twould make the patient worse.'
'It did so, sir; and so a third we tried.'
'Well, and what then?' 'Then, sir, my master died.'

Lodgings for Single Gentlemen.

Who has e'er been in London, that overgrown place,
Has seen 'Lodgings to Let' stare him full in the face;
Some are good, and let dearly; while some, 'tis well known
Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely,
Hired lodgings that took single gentlemen only;
But Will was so fat, he appeared like a tun,
Or like two single gentlemen rolled into one.

He entered his rooms, and to bed he retreated,
But all the night long he felt fevered and heated;
And though heavy to weigh as a score of fat sheep,
He was not by any means heavy to sleep.

Next night 'was the same: and the next, and the next;
He perspired like an ox; he was nervous and vexed;
Week passed after week, till, by weekly succession,
His weakly condition was past all expression.

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In six months his acquaintance began much to doubt him;
For his skin, 'like a lady's loose gown,' hung about him.
He sent for a doctor, and cried like a ninny;
'I have lost many pounds—make me well—there's a guinea.'

The doctor looked wise: 'a slow fever,' he said:
Prescribed sudorifics and going to bed.
'Sudorifics in bed,' exclaimed Will, 'are humbugs!
I've enough of them there without paying for drugs!'

Will kicked out the doctor; but when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed;
So, calling his host, he said: 'Sir do you know,
I'm the fat single gentleman six months ago?

'Look 'e. landlord, I think,' argued Will with a grin,
'That with honest intentions you first *took me in*:
But from the first night—and to say it I'm bold—
I've been so hanged hot, that I'm sure I caught cold.'

Quoth the landlord; 'Till now I ne'er had a dispute;
I've let lodgings ten year; I'm a baker to boot;
In airing your sheets, sir, my wife is no sloven;
And your bed is immediately over my oven.'

'The oven!' says Will. Says the host: 'Why this passion?
In that excellent bed died three people of fashion.
Why so crusty, good sir?' 'Zounds!' cries Will, in a taking,
'Who wouldn't be crusty with half a year's baking?'

Will paid for his rooms; cried the host, with a sneer,
'Well, I see you've been *going away* half a year.'
'Friend, we can't well agree: yet no quarrel,' Will said;
'But I'd rather not *perish* while you *make your bread*.'

MRS. ELIZABETH INCHBALD.

Mrs. Elizabeth Inchbald 1753–1821), actress, dramatist, and novelist, produced a number of popular plays. Her two tales, 'A Simple Story,' and 'Nature and Art,' are the principal sources of her fame; but her light dramatic pieces are marked by various talent. Her first production was a farce, entitled 'The Mogul Tale,' brought out in 1784; and from this time down to 1805 she wrote nine other plays and farces. By some of these pieces—as appears from her 'Memoirs'—she received considerable sums of money. Her first production realised £100; her comedy of 'Such Things Are'—her greatest dramatic performance—brought her in £410 12s.; 'The Married Man,' £100; 'The Wedding Day,' £200; 'The Midnight Hour,' £130; 'Every One has his Fault,' £700; 'Wives as they Were, and Maids as they Are,' £427 10s.; 'Lovers' Vows,' £150; &c. The personal history of this lady is as singular as any of her dramatic plots. She was born of Roman Catholic parents residing at Standyfield, near Bury St. Edmunds. At the age of sixteen, full of giddy romance, she ran off to London, having with her a small sum of money, and some wearing-apparel in a band-box. After various adventures, she obtained an engagement for a country theatre, but suffering some personal indignities in her unprotected state,

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she applied to Mr. Inchbald, an actor whom she had previously known. The gentleman counselled marriage. 'But who would marry me?' cried the lady. 'I would,' replied her friend, 'if you would have me.' 'Yes, sir, and would for ever be grateful'—and married they were in a few days. The union thus singularly brought about seems to have been happy enough; but Mr. Inchbald died a few years afterwards. Mrs. Inchbald performed the first parts in the Edinburgh theatre for four years, and continued on the stage, acting in London, Dublin, &c., till 1789, when she retired from it. Her exemplary prudence, and the profits of her works, enabled her not only to live, but to save money. The applause and distinction with which she was greeted never led her to deviate from her simple and somewhat parsimonious habits. 'Last Thursday,' she writes, 'I finished scouring my bedroom, while a coach with a coronet and two footmen waited at my door to take me an airing.' She allowed a sister who was in ill health £100 a year. 'Many a time this winter,' she records in her Diary, 'when I cried for cold, I said to myself: "But, thank God! my sister has not to stir from her room; she has her fire lighted every morning: all her provisions bought and brought ready cooked; she is now the less able to bear what I bear; and how much more should I suffer but for this reflection."' This was noble and generous self-denial. The income of Mrs. Inchbald was now £172 per annum, and after the death of her sister, she went to reside in a boarding-house, where she enjoyed more of the comforts of life. Traces of female weakness break out in her private memoranda amidst the sterner records of her struggle for independence. The following entry is amusing: '1798. London. Rehearsing "Lovers' Vows;" happy, but for a suspicion, amounting to a certainty, of a rapid appearance of age in my face.' Her last literary labour was writing biographical and critical prefaces to a collection of plays, in twenty-five volumes; a collection of farces, in seven volumes; and the 'Modern Theatre,' in ten volumes. Phillips the publisher offered her £1000 for her 'Memoirs,' but she declined the tempting offer. This autobiography was, by her orders, destroyed after her decease; but in 1833, her 'Memoirs' were published by Mr. Boaden, compiled from an autograph journal which she kept for above fifty years, and from her letters written to her friends. Mrs. Inchbald died in a boarding-house at Kensington on the 1st of August, 1821. By her will, dated four months before her decease, she left about £6000, judiciously divided amongst her relatives. One of her legacies marks the eccentricity of thought and conduct which was mingled with the talents and virtues of this original-minded woman: she left £20 each to her late laundress and hair-dresser, provided they should inquire of her executors concerning her decease.

THOMAS HOLCROFT.

THOMAS HOLCROFT, author of the admired comedy, 'The Road

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to Ruin,' and the first to introduce the melodrama into England, was born in London on the 10th of December, 1745. 'Till I was six years old,' says Holcroft, 'my father kept a shoemaker's shop in Orange Court; and I have a faint recollection that my mother dealt in greens and oysters.' Humble as this condition was, it seems to have been succeeded by greater poverty, and the future dramatist and comedian was employed in the country by his parents to hawk goods as a pedler. He was afterwards engaged as a stable-boy at Newmarket, and was proud of his new livery. A charitable person, who kept a school at Newmarket, taught him to read. He was afterwards a rider on the turf; and when sixteen years of age, he worked for some time with his father as a shoemaker. A passion for books was at this time predominant, and the confinement of the shoemaker's stall not agreeing with him, he attempted to raise a school in the country. He afterwards became a provincial actor, and spent seven years in strolling about England, in every variety of wretchedness, with different companies. In 1780, Holcroft appeared as an author, his first work being a novel, entitled 'Alwyn, or the Gentleman Comedian.' In the following year his comedy of 'Duplicity' was acted with great success at Covent Garden. Another comedy, 'The Deserted Daughter,' experienced a very favourable reception; but 'The Road to Ruin' is universally acknowledged to be the best of his dramatic works. 'This comedy,' says Mrs. Inchbald, 'ranks amongst the most successful of modern plays. There is merit in the writing, but much more in that dramatic science which disposes character, scenes, and dialogue with minute attention to theatric exhibition.' Holcroft wrote a great number of dramatic pieces—more than thirty between the years 1778 and 1806; three other novels ('Anna St. Ives,' 'Hugh Trevor,' and 'Bryan Perdue'); besides 'A Tour in Germany and France,' and numerous translations from the German, French, and Italian. During the period of the French Revolution, he was a zealous reformer, and on hearing that his name was included in the same bill of indictment with Tooke and Hardy, he surrendered himself in open court, but no proof of guilt was ever adduced against him. His busy and remarkable life was terminated on the 23d of March, 1809.

THE GERMAN DRAMAS.

A play by Kotzebue was adapted for the English stage by Mrs. Inchbald, and performed under the title of 'Lovers' Vows.' The grand moral was, 'to set forth the miserable consequences which arise from the neglect, and to enforce the watchful care of illegitimate offspring; and surely, as the pulpit has not had eloquence to eradicate the crime of seduction, the stage may be allowed a humble endeavour to prevent its most fatal effects.' 'Lovers' Vows' became a popular acting play, for stage effect was carefully studied, and the

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scenes and situations skilfully arranged. While filling the theatres, Kotzebue's plays were generally condemned by the critics. They cannot be said to have produced any permanent bad effect on our national morals, but they presented many false and pernicious pictures to the mind. 'There is an affectation,' as Scott remarks, 'of attributing noble and virtuous sentiments to the persons least qualified by habit or education to entertain them; and of describing the higher and better educated classes as uniformly deficient in those feelings of liberality, generosity, and honour, which may be considered as proper to their situation in life. This contrast may be true in particular instances, and being used sparingly, might afford a good moral lesson; but in spite of truth and probability, it has been assumed, upon all occasions, by those authors as the groundwork of a sort of intellectual Jacobinism.' Scott himself, it will be recollected, was fascinated by the German drama, and translated a play of Goethe. The excesses of Kotzebue were happily ridiculed by Canning and Ellis in their amusing satire, 'The Rovers.' At length, after a run of unexampled success, these plays ceased to attract attention, though one or two are still occasionally performed. With all their absurdities, we cannot but believe that they exercised an inspiring influence on the rising genius of that age. They dealt with passions, not with manners, and awoke the higher feelings and sensibilities of the people. Good plays were also mingled with the bad: if Kotzebue was acted, Goethe and Schiller were studied. Coleridge translated Schiller's 'Wallenstein,' and the influence of the German drama was felt by most of the young poets.

LEWIS—GODWIN—SOTHEBY—COLERIDGE.

One of those who imbibed a taste for the marvellous and the romantic from this source was MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS, whose drama, 'The Castle Spectre,' was produced in 1797, and was performed about sixty successive nights. It is full of supernatural horrors, deadly revenge, and assassination, with touches of poetical feeling, and some well managed scenes. In the same year, Lewis adapted a tragedy from Schiller, entitled 'The Minister;' and this was followed by a succession of dramatic pieces—'Rolla,' a tragedy, 1799; 'The East Indian,' a comedy, 1800; 'Adelmorn, or the Outlaw,' a drama, 1801; 'Rugantio,' a melodrama, 1805; 'Adelgitha,' a play, 1806; 'Venoni,' a drama, 1809; 'One o'clock, or the Knight and Wood Demon,' 1811; 'Timour the Tartar,' a melodrama, 1812; and 'Rich and Poor,' a comic opera, 1812. 'The Castle Spectre' is still occasionally performed; but the diffusion of a more sound and healthy taste in literature has banished the other dramas of Lewis equally from the stage and the press. To the present generation they are unknown. They were fit companions for the ogres giants, and Blue-beards of the nursery tales, and they have shared the same oblivion.

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MR. GODWIN, the novelist, attempted the tragic drama in the year 1800, but his powerful genius, which had produced a romance of deep and thrilling interest, became cold and frigid when confined to the rules of the stage. His play was named 'Antonio, or the Soldier's Return.' It turned out 'a miracle of dullness,' as Sergeant Talfourd relates, and at last the actors were hooted from the stage. The author's equanimity under this severe trial is amusingly related by Talfourd. 'Mr. Godwin,' he says, 'sat on one of the front benches of the pit, unmoved amidst the storm. When the first act passed off without a hand, he expressed his satisfaction at the good sense of the house; "the proper season of applause had not arrived;" all was exactly as it should be. The second act proceeded to its close in the same uninterrupted calm; his friends became uneasy, but still his optimism prevailed; he could afford to wait. And although he did at last admit the great movement was somewhat tardy, and that the audience seemed rather patient than interested, he did not lose his confidence till the tumult arose, and then he submitted with quiet dignity to the fate of genius, too lofty to be understood by a world as yet in its childhood.'

The next new play was also by a man of distinguished genius, and it also was unsuccessful. 'Julian and Agnes,' by WILLIAM SOTHEBY, the translator of 'Oberon,' was acted April 25, 1800. 'In the course of its performance, Mrs. Siddons, as the heroine, had to make her exit from the scene with an infant in her arms. Having to retire precipitately, she inadvertently struck the baby's head violently against a door-post. Happily, the little thing was made of wood, so that her doll's accident only produced a general laugh, in which the actress herself joined heartily.' This 'untoward event' would have marred the success of any new tragedy; but Mr. Sotheby's is deficient in arrangement and dramatic art.

The tragedies of Coleridge, Scott, Byron, Procter, and Milman—noticed in our account of these poets—must be considered as poems rather than plays. Coleridge's 'Remorse' was acted with some success in 1813, aided by fine original music, but it has not since been revived. It contains, however, some of Coleridge's most exquisite poetry and wild superstition, with a striking romantic plot. We extract one scene:

Incantation Scene from 'Remorse.'

[Scene—A Hall of Amoury, with an altar at the back of the stage. Soft music from an instrument of glass or steel.]

VALDEZ, ORDONIO, *and* ALVAR, *in a Sorcerer's robe, are discovered.*

ORDONIO. This was too melancholy, father.
VALDEZ. Nay,
My Alvar loved sad music from a child.
Once he was lost, and after weary search
We found him in an open place in the wood,
To which spot he had followed a blind boy,
Who breathed into a pipe of sycamore

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Some strangely moving notes; and these, he said,
Were taught him in a dream. Him we first saw
Stretched on the broad top of a sunny heath-bank:
And lower down poor Alvar, fast asleep,
His head upon the blind boy's dog. It pleased me
To mark how he had fastened round the pipe
A silver toy his grandam had late given him.
Methinks I see him now as he then looked—
Even so! He had outgrown his infant dress,
Yet still he wore it.

ALVAR. My tears must not flow!
I must not clasp his knees, and cry, 'My father!'

Enter TERESA *and Attendants.*

TERESA. Lord Valdez, you have asked my presence here,
And I submit; but—Heaven bear witness for me—
My heart approves it not! 'tis mockery.

ORD. Believe you, then, no preternatural influence?
Believe you not that spirits throng around us?

TER Say rather that I have imagined it
A possible thing; and it has soothed my soul
As other fancies have; but ne'er seduced me
To traffic with the black and frenzied hope
That the dead hear the voice of witch or wizard.
[*To Alvar.*] Stranger, I mourn and blush to see you here,
On such employment! With far other thoughts
I left you.

ORD. [*Aside.*] Ha! he has been tampering with her.

ALV. O high-souled maiden! and more dear to me
Than suits the stranger's name!
I swear to thee
I will uncover all concealed guilt.
Doubt, but decide not! Stand ye from the altar.

[*Here a strain of music is heard from behind the scenes.*

With no irreverent voice or uncouth charm
I call up the departed!
Soul of Alvar!
Hear our soft suit, and heed my milder spell:
So may the gates of paradise, unbarred,
Cense thy swift toils! Since happily thou art one
Of that innumerable company
Who in broad circle, lovelier than the rainbow,
Girdle this round earth in a dizzy motion,
With noise too vast and constant to be heard:
Fittest unheard! For oh, ye numberless
And rapid travellers! what ear unstunned,
What sense unmaddened, might bear up against
The rushing of your congregated wings? [*Music.*
Even now your living wheel turns o'er my head!

[*Music expressive of the movements and images that follow*

Ye, as ye pass, toss high the desert sands,
That roar and whiten like a burst of waters,
A sweet appearance, but a dread illusion
To the parched caravan that roams by night!
And ye, build up on the becalmed waves
That whirling pillar, which from earth to heaven
Stands vast, and moves in blackness! Ye, too, split
The ice mount! and with fragments many and huge
Tempest the new-thawed sea, whose sudden gulfs
Suck in, perchance, some Lapland wizard's skiff!
Then round and round the whirlpool's marge ye dance,

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Till from the blue swollen corse the ul tolls out,
And joins your mighty army.

[Here, behind the scenes a voice sings the three words, 'Hear, sweet spirit.']

Soul of Alvar!
Hear the mild spell, and tempt no blacker charm!
By sighs unquiet, and the sickly pang
Of a half-dead yet still undying hope,
Pass visible before our mortal sense!
So shall the church's cleansing rights be thine,
Her knells and masses, that redeem the dead!

[Song behind the scenes, accompanied by the same instrument as before.]

Hear, sweet spirit, hear the spell,
Lest a blacker charm compel!
So shall the midnight breezes swell
With thy deep long lingering knell.
And at evening evermore,
In a chapel on the shore,
Shall the chanters, sad and saintly,
Yellow tapers burning faintly,
Doleful masses chant for thee,
Miserere Domine!

Hark! the cadence dies away
On the yellow moonlight sea:
The boatmen rest their oars and say,
Miserere, Domine!

[*A long pause.*

ORD. The innocent obey nor charm nor spell!
My brother is in heaven. Thou sainted spirit,
Burst on our sight, a passing visitant!
Once more to hear thy voice, once more to see thee,
Oh, 'twere a joy to me!

ALV. A joy to thee!
What if thou heardst him now? What if his spirit
Re-entered its cold corse, and came upon thee
With many a stab from many a murderer's poniard?
What if—his steadfast eye still beaming pity
And brother's love—he turned his head aside,
Lest he should look at thee, and with one look
Hurl thee beyond all power of penitence?

VALD. These are unholy fancies!

ORD. [*Struggling with his feelings.*] Yes, my father,
He is in heaven!

ALV. [*Still to Ordonio*]. But what if he had a brother,
Who had lived even so, that at his dying hour
The name of heaven would have convulsed his face
More than the death-pang?

VALD. Idly prating man!
Thou hast guessed ill: Don Alvar's only brother
Stands here before thee—a father's blessing on him!
He is most virtuous.

ALV. [*Still to Ordonio.*] What if his very virtues
Had pampered his swollen heart and made him proud?
And what if pride had duped him into guilt?
Yet still he stalked a self-created god,
Not very bold but exquisitely cunning;
And one that at his mother's looking-glass
Would force his feature to a frowning sternness!
Young lord! I tell thee that there are such beings—

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Yes, and it gives fierce merriment to the damned
To see these most proud men, that loathe mankind,
At every stirs and buzz of coward conscience,
Trick, cant, and lie; most whining hypocrites!
Away, away! Now let me hear more music.

[*Music again.*

THE. 'Tis strange, I tremble at my own conjectures!
But whatso'er it mean, I dare no longer
Be present at these lawless mysteries,
This dark provoking of the hidden powers!
Already I affront—if not high Heaven—
Yet Alvar's memory! Hark! I make appeal
Against the unholy rite, and hasten hence
To bend before a lawful shrine, and seek
That voice which whispers, when the still heart listens,
Comfort and faithful hope! Let us retire.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

The most important addition to the written drama at this time was the first volume of JOANNA BAILLIE'S plays on the Passions, published in 1798 under the title of 'A Series of Plays: in which it is attempted to delineate the Stronger Passions of the Mind, each Passion being the Subject of a Tragedy and a Comedy.' To the volume was prefixed a long and interesting introductory discourse, in which the authoress discusses the subject of the drama in all its bearings, and asserts the supremacy of simple nature over all decoration and refinement. 'Let one simple trait of the human heart, one expression of passion, genuine and true to nature, be introduced, and it will stand forth alone in the boldness of reality, whilst the false and unnatural around it fades away upon every side, like the rising exhalations of the morning.' This theory—which anticipated the dissertations and most of the poetry of Wordsworth—the accomplished dramatist illustrated in her plays, the merits of which were instantly recognised, and a second edition called for in a few months. Miss Baillie was then in the thirty-fourth year of her age. In 1802 she published a second volume, and in 1812 a third. In the interval, she had produced a volume of miscellaneous dramas (1804), and 'The Family Legend' (1810), a tragedy founded on a Highland tradition, and brought out with success at the Edinburgh theatre.

In 1836 this authoress published three more volumes of plays, her career as a dramatic writer thus extending over the long period of thirty-eight years. Only one of her dramas has ever been performed on the stage; 'De Montfort' was brought out by Kemble shortly after its appearance, and was acted eleven nights. It was again introduced in 1821, to exhibit the talents of Kean in the character of De Montfort; but this actor remarked that, though a fine poem, it would never be an acting play. The author who mentions this circumstance, remarks: 'If Joanna Baillie had known the stage practically, she would never have attached the importance which she does to the development of single passions in single tragedies; and

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she would have invented more stirring incidents to justify the passion of her characters, and to give them that air of fatality which, though peculiarly predominent in the Greek drama, will also be found, to a cetain extent, in all successful tragedies. Instead of this, she contrives to make all the passions of her main characters proceed from the wilful natures of the beings themselves. Their feelings are not precipitated by circumstances, like a stream down a declivity, that leaps from rock to rock; but, for want of incident, they seem often like water on a level, without a propelling impulse.'* The design of Miss Baillie in restricting her dramas each to the elucidation of one passion, appears certainly to have been an unnecessary and unwise restraint, as tending to circumscribe the business of the piece, and exclude the interest arising from various emotions and conflicting pass ons. It cannot be said to have been successful in her own case, and it has never been copied by any other author. Sir Walter Scott has eulogised 'Basil's love and Montfort's hate' as something like a revival of the inspired stain of Shakspeare. The tragedies of 'Count Basil' and 'De Montfort' are among the best of Miss Baillie's plays; but they are more like the works of Shirley, or the serious parts of Massinger, than the glorious dramas of Shakspeare, so full of life, of incident, and imagery. Miss Baillie's style in smooth and regular, and her plots are both original and carefully constructed; but she has no poetical luxuriance, and few commanding situations. Her tragic scenes are too much connected with the crime of murder, one of the easiest resources of a tragedian; and partly from the delicacy of her sex, as well as from the restrictions imposed by her theory of composition, she is deficient in that variety and fulness of passion, the 'form and pressure' of real life, which are so essential on the stage. The design and plot of her dramas are obvious almost from the first act—a circumstance that would be fatal to their success in representation.

Scene from 'De Montfort.'

[De Montfort explains to his sister Jane his hatred of Rezenvelt, which at last hurries him into the crime of murder. The gradual deepening of this malignant passion, and its frightful catastrophe, are powerfully depicted. We may remark that the character of De Montfort, his altered habits and appearance after his travels, his settled gloom, and the violence of his passions, seem to have been the prototype of Byron's 'Manfred' and 'Lara.']

DE MONTFORT. No more, my sister; urge me not again;
My secret troubles cannot be revealed.
From all participation of its thoughts
My heart recoils: I pray thee, be contented.
JANE. What! must I, like a distant humble friend,
Observe thy restless eye and gait disturbed
In timid silence, whilst with yearning heart
I turn as de to weep? O no, De Montfort!
A nobler task thy nobler mind will give;
Thy true intrusted friend I still shall be.

* Campbell's *Life of Mrs. Siddons.*

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DE MON. Ah, Jane, forbear! I cannot, e'en to thee.
JANE. Then fie upon it! fie upon it, Montfort!
There was a time when e'en with murder stained,
Had it been possible that such dire deed
Could e'er have been the crime of one so piteous,
Thou wouldst have told it me.
DE MON. So would I now—but ask of this no more.
All other troubles but the one I feel
I have disclosed to thee. I pray thee, spare me.
It is the secret weakness of my nature.
JANE. Then secret let it be: I urge no further.
The eldest of our valiant father's hopes,
So sadly orphaned: side by side we stood,
Like two young trees, whose boughs in early strength
Screen the weak saplings of the rising grove,
And brave the storm together.
I have so long, as if by nature's right,
Thy bosom's inmate and adviser been,
I thought through life I should have so remained,
Nor ever known a change. Forgive me, Montfort;
A humbler station will I take by thee;
The close attendant of thy wandering steps,
The cheerer of this home, with strangers sought,
The soother of those griefs I must not know.
This is mine office now: I ask no more.
DE MON. O Jane, thou dost constrain me with thy love—
Would I could tell it thee!
JANE. Thou shalt not tell it me. Nay, I 'll stop mine ears,
Nor from the yearnings of affection wring
What shrinks from utterance. Let it pass, my brother.
I 'll stay by thee; I 'll cheer thee, comfort thee;
Pursue with thee the study of some art,
Or nobler science, that compels the mind
To steady thought progressive, driving forth
All floating, wild, unhappy fantasies,
Till thou, with brow unclouded, smil'st again;
Like one who, from dark visions of the night,
When the active soul within its lifeless cell
Holds its own world, with dreadful fancy pressed
Of some dire, terrible, or murderous deed,
Wakes to the dawning morn, and blesses Heaven.
DE MON. It will not pass away; 'twill haunt me still.
JANE. Ah! say not so, for I will haunt thee too,
And be to it so close an adversary,
That, though I wrestle darkling with the fiend,
I shall o'ercome it.
DE MON. Thou most generous woman!
Why do I treat thee thus? It should not be—
And yet I cannot—O that cursed villain!
He will not let me be the man I would.
JANE. What say'st thou, Montfort? Oh, what words are these?
They have awaked my soul to dreadful thoughts.
I do beseech thee, speak!
By the affection thou didst ever bear me:
By the dear memory of our infant days;
By kindred living ties—ay, and by those
Who sleep in the tomb, and cannot call to thee,
I do conjure thee, speak!
Ha! wilt thou not?
Then, if affection, most unwearied love,
Tried early, long, and never wanting found,

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O'er generous man hath more authority,
More rightful power than crown or sceptre give,
I do command thee!
De Montfort, do not thus resist my love.
Here I entreat thee on my bended knees,
Alas, my brother!

DE MON. [*Raising her and kneeling.*]
Thus let him kneel who should the abased be,
And at thine honoured feet confession make,
I'll tell thee all—but, oh! thou wilt despise me.
For in my breast a raging passion burns,
To which thy soul no sympathy will own—
A passion which hath made my nightly couch
A place of torment, and the light of day,
With the gay intercourse of social men,
Feel like the oppressive, airless pestilence.
O Jane! thou wilt despise me.

JANE. Say not so:
I never can despise thee, gentle brother.
A lover's jealousy and hopeless pangs
No kindly heart contemns.

DE MON. A lover's, say'st thou?
No, it is hate! black, lasting, deadly hate!
Which thus hath driven me forth from kindred peace,
From social pleasure, from my native home,
To be a sullen wanderer on the earth,
Avoiding all men, cursing and accursed!

JANE. De Montfort, this is fiend-like, terrible!
What being, by the Almighty Father formed
Of flesh and blood, created even as thou,
Could in thy breast such horrid tempest wake,
Who art thyself his fellow?
Unknit thy brows, and spread those wrath-clenched hands.
Some sprite accursed within thy bosom mates
To work thy ruin. Strive with it, my brother!
Strive bravely with it; drive it from thy heart;
'Tis the degrader of a noble heart.
Curse it, and bid it part.

De MON. It will not part. I've lodged it here too long.
With my first cares, I felt its rankling touch.
I loathed him when a boy,

JANE. Whom didst thou say?

DE MON. Detested Rezenvelt!
E'en in our early sports, like two young whelps
Of hostile breed, instinctively averse,
Each 'gainst the other pitched his ready pledge,
And frowned defiance. As we onward passed
From youth to man's estate, his narrow art
And envious gibing malice, poorly veiled
In the affected carelessness of mirth,
Still more detestable and odious grew.
There is no living being on this earth
Who can conceive the malice of his soul,
With all his gay and damned merriment,
To those by fortune or by merit placed
Above his paltry self. When, low in fortune,
He looked upon the state of prosperous men,
As nightly birds, roused from their murky holes,
Do scowl and chatter at the light of day,
I could endure it; even as we bear
The impotent bite of some half-trodden worm.

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I could endure it. But when honours came,
And wealth and new-got titles fed his pride:
Whilst flattering knaves did trumpet forth his praise,
And grovelling idiots grinned applauses on him;
Oh, then I could no longer suffer it!
It drove me frantic. What, what would I give—
What would I give to crush the bloated toad,
So rankly do I loathe him!

JANE. And would thy hatred crush the very man
Who gave to thee that life he might have taken?
That life which thou so rashly didst expose
To aim at his? Oh, this is horrible!

DE MON. Ha! thou hast heard it, then! From all the world,
But most of all from thee, I thought it hid.

JANE. I heard a secret whisper, and resolved
Upon the instant to return to thee.
Didst thou receive my letter?

DE MON. I did! I did! 'Twas that which drove me hither.
I could not bear to meet thine eye again.

JANE. Alas! that, tempted by a sister's tears,
I ever left thy house! These few past months,
These absent months, have brought us all this woe.
Had I remained with thee, it had not been,
And yet, methinks, it should not move you thus.
You dared him to the field; both bravely fought;
He, more adroit, disarmed you; courteously
Returned the forfeit sword, which, so returned,
You did refuse to use against him more;
And then, as says report, you parted friends.

DE MON. When he disarmed this cursed, this worthless hand
Of its most worthless weapon, he but spared
From devilish pride, which now derives a bliss
In seeing me thus fettered, shamed, subjected
With the vile favour of his poor forbearance;
Whilst he securely sits with gibing brow,
And basely baits me like a muzzled cur,
Who cannot turn again.
Until that day, till that accursed day,
I knew not half the torment of this hell
Which burns within my breast. Heaven's lightnings blast him!

JANE. Oh, this is horrible! Forbear, forbear!
Lest Heaven's vengeance light upon thy head
For this most impious wish.

DE MON. Then let it light.
Torments more fell than I have known already
It cannot send. To be annihilated,
What all men shrink from; to be dust, be nothing,
Were bliss to me, compared to what I am!

JANE. Oh, wouldst thou kill me with these dreadful words?

DE MON. Let me but once upon his ruin look,
Then close mine eyes for ever!—
Ha! how is this? Thou 'rt ill; thou 'rt very pale;
What have I done to thee? Alas! alas!
I meant not to distress thee—O my sister!

JANE. I cannot now speak to thee,

DE MON. I have killed thee.
Turn, turn thee not away! Look on me still!
Oh, droop not thus, my life, my pride, my sister!
Look on me yet again.

JANE. Thou, too, De Montfort,
In better days was wont to be my pride.

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DE MON. I am a wretch, most wretched in myself,
And still more wretched in the pain I give.
Oh, curse that villain, that detested villain!
He has spread misery o'er my fated life;
He will undo us all.
JANE. I 've held my warfare through a troubled world,
And borne with steady mind my share of ill;
For then the helpmate of my toil wast thou.
But now the wane of life comes darkly on,
And hideous passion tears thee from my heart,
Blasting thy worth. I cannot strive with this.
DE MON. What shall I do?

Picture of a Country Life.

Even now methinks
Each little cottage of my native vale
Swells out its earthen sides, upheaves its roof,
Like to a hillock moved by labouring mole,
And with green trail-weeds clambering up its walls,
Roses and every gay and fragrant plant
Before my fancy stands, a fairy bower,
Ay, and within it too do fairies dwell.
Peep through its wreathed window, if indeed
The flowers grow not too close; and there within
Thou 'lt see some half-a-dozen rosy brats,
Eating from wooden bowls their dainty milk—
Those are my mountain elves. Seest thou not
Their very forms distinctly?
I'll gather round my board
All that Heaven sends to me of way-worn folks,
And noble travellers, and neighbouring friends,
Both young and old. Within my ample hall,
The worn-out man of arms shall o' tiptoe tread,
Tossing his gray locks from his wrinkled brow
With cheerful freedom, as he boasts his feats
Of days gone by. Music we'll have; and oft
The bickering dance upon our oaken floors
Shall, thundering loud, strike on the distant ear
Of 'nighted travellers, who shall gladly bend
Their doubtful footsteps towards the cheering din,
Solemn, and grave, and cloistered, and demure
We shall not be. Will this content ye, damsels?
Every season
Shall have its suited pastime: even winter
In its deep noon, when mountains piled with snow,
And choked-up valleys, from our mansion bar
All entrance, and nor guest nor traveller
Sounds at our gate; the empty hall forsaken,
In some warm chamber, by the crackling fire,
We 'll hold our little, snug, domestic court,
Plying our work with song and tale between.

Fears of Imagination.

Didst thou ne'er see the swallow's veering breast,
Winging the air beneath some murky cloud
In the sunned glimpses of a stormy day,
Shiver in silvery brightness?
Or boatman's oar, as vivid lightning flash
In the faint gleam, that like a spirit's path
Tracks the still waters of some sullen lake?

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Or lonely tower, from its brown mass of woods,
Give to the parting of a wintry sun
One hasty glance in mockery of the night
Closing in darkness round it? Gentle friend!
Chide not her mirth who was sad yesterday,
And may be so to-morrow.

Speech of Prince Edward in his Dungeon.

Doth the bright sun from the high arch of heaven,
In all his beauteous robes of fleckered clouds,
And ruddy vapours, and deep-glowing flames,
And softly varied shades, look gloriously?
Do the green woods dance to the wind? the lakes
Cast up their sparkling waters to the light?
Do the sweet hamlets in their bushy dells
Send winding up to heaven their curling smoke
On the soft morning air?
Do the flocks bleat, and the wild creatures bound
In antic happiness? and mazy birds
Wing the mid air in lightly skimming bands?
Ay, all this is—men do behold all this—
The poorest man. Even in this lonely vault,
My dark and narrow world, oft do I hear
The crowing of the cock so near my walls,
And sadly think how small a space divides me
From all this fair creation.

Description of Jane de Montfort.

[The following has been pronounced to be a perfect picture of Mrs. Siddons, the tragic actress.]

PAGE. Madam, there is a lady in your hall
Who begs to be admitted to your presence.
LADY. Is it not one of our invited friends?
PAGE. No; far unlike to them. It is a stranger.
LADY. How looks her countenance?
PAGE. So queenly, so commanding, and so noble,
I shrunk at first in awe; but when she smiled,
Methought I could have compassed sea and land
To do her bidding.
LADY. Is she young or old?
PAGE. Neither, if right I guess; but she is fair,
For Time hath laid his hand so gently on her,
As he too had been awed.
LADY. The foolish stripling!
She has bewitched thee. Is she large in stature?
PAGE. So stately and so graceful is her form,
I thought at first her stature was gigantic;
But on a near approach, I found, in truth,
She scarcely does surpass the middle size.
LADY. What is her garb?
PAGE. I cannot well describe the fashion of it;
She is not decked in any gallant trim,
But seems to me clad in her usual weeds
Of high habitual state; for as she moves,
Wide flows her robe in many a waving fold,
As I have seen unfurled banners play
With the soft breeze.

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LADY. Thine eyes deceive thee, boy;
It is an apparition thou hast seen.
FREBERG. [*Starting from his seat, where he has been sitting during the conversation between the Lady and the Page.*]
It is an apparition he has seen,
Or it is Jane de Montfort.

This is a powerful delineation. Sir Walter Scott conceived that *Fear* was the most dramatic passion touched by Miss Baillie, because capable of being drawn to the most extreme paroxysm on the stage.

REV. CHARLES ROBERT MATURIN.

The REV. CHARLES ROBERT MATURIN, author of several romances, produced a tragedy named 'Bertram,' which, by the influence of Lord Byron, was brought out at Drury Lane in 1816. It was well received; and by the performance and publication of his play, the author realised about £1000. Sir Walter Scott considered the tragedy 'grand and powerful, the language most animated and poetical, and the characters sketched with a masterly enthusiasm.' The author was anxious to introduce Satan on the stage—a return to the style of the ancient mysteries by no means suited to modern taste. Mr. Maturin was curate of St. Peter's, Dublin. The scanty income derived from his curacy being insufficient for his comfortable maintenance, he employed himself in assisting young persons during their classical studies at Trinity College, Dublin. The novels of Maturin—which will be afterwards noticed—enjoyed considerable popularity; and had his prudence been equal to his genius, his life might have been passed in comfort and respect. He was, however, vain and extravagant—always in difficulties (Scott at one time generously sent him £50), and pursued by bailiffs. When this eccentric author was engaged in composition, he used to fasten a wafer on his forehead, which was the signal that if any of his family entered the sanctum they must not speak to him! The success of 'Bertram' induced Mr. Maturin to attempt another tragedy, 'Manuel,' which he published in 1817. It is a very inferior production; 'the absurd work of a clever man,' says Byron. The unfortunate author died in Dublin on the 30th of October 1824,

Scene from 'Bertram.'

A 'passage of great poetical beauty,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'in which Bertram is represented as spurred to the commission of his great crimes by the direct agency of a supernatural and malevolent being.'

PRIOR—BERTRAM.

PRIOR. The dark knight of the forest,
So from his armour named and sable helm,
Whose unbarred visor mortal never saw,
He dwells alone; no earthly thing lives near him,
Save the hoarse raven croaking o'er his towers,
And the dank weeds muffling his stagnant moat.
BERTRAM. I'll ring a summons on his barred portal
Shall make them through their dark valves rock and ring.

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PRI. Thou'rt mad to take the quest. Within my memory
One solitary man did venture there—
Dark thoughts dwelt with him, which he sought to vent.
Unto that dark compeer we saw his steps,
In winter's stormy twilight, seek that pass—
But days and years are gone, and he returns not.
BERT. What fate befell him there?
PRI. The manner of his end was never known.
BERT. That man shall be my mate. Contend not with me—
Horrors to me are kindred and society.
Or man, or fiend, he hath won the soul of Bertram.

[Bertram is afterwards discovered alone, wandering near the fatal tower, and describes the effect of the awful interview which he had courted].

BERT. Was it a man or fiend? Whate'er it was,
It hath dealt wonderfully with me—
All is around his dwelling suitable;
The invisible blast to which the dark pines groan,
The unconscious tread to which the dark earth echoes,
The hidden waters rushing to their fall;
These sounds, of which the causes are not seen,
I love, for they are, like my fate, mysterious!
How towered his proud form through the shrouding gloom,
How spoke the eloquent silence of its motion,
How through the barred visor did his accents
Roll their rich thunder on their pausing soul!
And though his mailed hand did shun my grasp,
And though his closed morion hid his feature,
Yea, all resemblance to the face of man,
I felt the hollow whisper of his welcome,
I felt those unseen eyes were fixed on mine,
If eyes indeed were there——
Forgotten thoughts of evil, still-born mischiefs,
Foul fertile seeds of passion and of crime,
That withered in my heart's abortive core,
Roused their dark battle at his trumpet-peal;
So sweeps the tempest o'er the slumbering desert,
Waking its myriad hosts of burning death:
So calls the last dread peal the wandering atoms
Of blood, and bone, and flesh, and dust-worn fragments,
In dire array of ghastly unity.
To bide the eternal summons—
I am not what I was since I beheld him—
I was the slave of passion's ebbing sway—
All is condensed, collected, callous, now—
The groan, the burst, the fiery flash is o'er,
Down pours the dense and darkening lava-tide,
Arresting life, and stilling all beneath it.

[*Enter two of his band, observing him.*]

FIRST ROBBER. Seest thou with what a step of pride he stalks?
Thou hast the dark knight of the forest seen;
For never man, from living converse come,
Trod with such step, or flashed with eye like thine.
SECOND ROBBER. And hast thou of a truth seen the dark knight?
BERT. [*Turning on him suddenly.*] Thy hand is chilled with fear.
Well, shivering craven,
Say I have seen him—wherefore dost thou gaze?
Long'st thou for tale of goblin-guarded portal?
Of giant champion, whose spell-forged mail
Crumbled to dust at sound of magic horn—

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Banner of shected flame, whose foldings shrunk
To withering weeds, that o'er the battlements
Wave to the broken spell—or demon-blast
Of winded clarion, whose fell summons sinks
To lonely whisper of the shuddering breeze
O'er the charmed towers——
FIRST ROBBER. Mock me not thus. Hast met him of a truth?
BERT. Well, fool——
FIRST ROBBER. Why, then, Heaven's benison be with you.
Upon this hour we part—farewell for ever.
For mortal cause I bear a mortal weapon—
But man that leagues with demons lacks not man.

RICHARD L. SHEIL—J. H. PAYNE—B W PROCTOR.

Another Irish poet, and man of warm imagination, RICHARD LALOR SHEIL (1794–1851), sought distinction as a dramatist. His plays, 'Evadne' and 'The Apostate,' were performed with much success, partly owing to the admirable acting of Miss O'Neil. The interest of Mr. Sheil's dramas is concentrated too exclusively on the heroine of each, and there is a want of action and animated dialogue, but they abound in impressive and well-managed scenes. The plot of 'Evadne' is taken from Shirley's 'Traitor,' as are also some of the sentiments. The following description of female beauty is very finely expressed:

But you do not look altered—would you did!
Let me peruse the face where loveliness
Stays, like the light after the sun is set.
Sphered in the stillness of those heaven-blue eyes,
The soul sits beautiful; the high white front,
Smooth as the brow of Pallas, seems a temple
Sacred to holy thinking—and those lips
Wear the small smile of sleeping infancy,
They are so innocent. Ah, thou art still
The same soft creature, in whose lovely form
Virtue and beauty seemed as if they tried
Which should exceed the other. Thou hast got
That brightness all around thee, that appeared
An emanation of the soul, that loved
To adorn its habitation with itself,
And in thy body was like light, that looks
More beautiful in the reflecting cloud
It lives in, in the evening. O Evadne,
Thou art not altered—would thou wert!

Mr. Sheil was afterwards successful on a more conspicuous theatre. As a political character and orator, he was one of the most distinguished men of his age. His brilliant imagination, pungent wit, and intense earnestness as a speaker, riveted the attention of the House of Commons, and of popular Irish assemblies, in which he was enthusiastically received. In the Whig governments of his day, Mr. Sheil held office; and at the time of his death, was the British minister at Florence.

In the same year with Mr. Sheil's 'Evadne' (1820) appeared 'Brutus, or the Fall of Tarquin,' a historical tragedy, by JOHN HOWARD PAYNE. There is no originality or genius displayed in this drama;

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but, when well acted, it is highly effective on the stage.—In 1821, MR. PROCTOR's tragedy of 'Mirandolo' was brought out at Covent Garden, and had a short but enthusiastic run of success. The plot is painful—including the death, through unjust suspicions, of a prince, sentenced by his father—and there is a want of dramatic movement in the play; but some of the passages are imbued with poetical feeling and vigorous expression. The doting affection of Mirandola, the duke, has something of the warmth and the rich diction of the old dramatists.

DUKE. My own sweet love! O my dear peerless wife!
By the blue sky and all its crowding stars,
I love you better—oh, far better than
Woman was ever loved. There's not an hour
Of day or dreaming night but I am with thee:
There's not a wind but whispers of thy name,
And not a flower that sleeps beneath the moon
But in its hues or fragrance tells a tale
Of thee, my love, to thy Mirandola.
Speak, dearest Isidora, can you love
As I do? Can—— But no, no; I shall grow
Foolish if thus I talk. You must be gone;
You must be gone, fair Isidora, else
The business of the dukedom soon will cease.
I speak the truth, by Diana! Even now
Gheraldi waits without (or should) to see me.
In faith, you must go: one kiss; and so, away.
ISIDORA. Farewell, my lord.
DUKE. We'll ride together, dearest,
Some few hours hence.
ISIDORA. Just as you please; farewell. [*Exit.*
DUKE. Farewell.—With what a waving air she goes
Along the corridor. How like a fawn;
Yet statelier.—Hark! no sound, however soft—
Nor gentlest echo—telleth when she treads;
But every motion of her shape doth seem
Hallowed by silence. Thus did Hebe grow
Amidst the gods, a paragon: and thus——
Away! I'm grown the very fool of love.

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

The most successful of modern tragic dramatists was JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES (1784–1862), whose plays have been collected and republished in three volumes. His first play, 'Caius Gracchus,' was performed in 1815; and the next, 'Virginius,' had an extraordinary run of success. It was founded on that striking incident in Roman story, the death of a maiden by the hand of her father, Virginius, to save her from the lust and tyranny of Appius. Mr. Knowles afterwards brought out 'The Wife, a Tale of Mantua;' 'The Hunchback,' 'Woman's Wit,' 'The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green,' 'William Tell,' 'The Love Chase,' &c. With considerable knowledge of stage effect, Mr. Knowles unites a lively, inventive imagination, and a poetical colouring, which, if at times too florid and gaudy, sets off his familiar images and illustrations. His style

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is formed on that of Massinger and the other elder dramatists, carried often to a ridiculous excess. He also frequently violates Roman history and classical propriety, and runs into conceits and affected metaphors. These faults are counterbalanced by a happy art of constructing scenes and plots, romantic, yet not too improbable; by skilful delineation of character, especially in domestic life; and by a current of poetry which sparkles through his plays, 'not with a dazzling lustre—not with a gorgeousness that engrosses our attention, but mildly and agreeably; seldom impeding with useless glitter the progress and development of incident and character, but mingling itself with them, and raising them pleasantly above the prosaic level of common life.'* Mr. Knowles was a native of Cork. Having succeeded in the drama, he tried prose fiction, and wrote two novels, 'George Lovell' and 'Henry Fortescue;' but they have little merit. He next embarkad in polemical discussion, attacking the Church of Rome; and he occasionally preached in Baptist chapels.

Scene from 'Virginius.'

APPIUS, CLAUDIUS *and* LICTORS.

APPIUS. Well. Claudius, are the forces at hand?
CLAUDIUS. They are, and timely too; the people
Are in unwonted ferment.
APP. There is something awes me at
The thought of looking on her father!
CLAUD. Look
Upon her, my Appius! fix your gaze upon
The treasures of her beauty, nor avert it
Till they are thine. Haste your tribunal!
Haste! [*Appius ascends the tribunal.*

[*Enter* NUMITORIUS, ICILIUS, LUCIUS, CITIZENS. VIRGINIUS leading his daughter, SERVIA, and CITIZENS. A dead silence prevails.]

VIRGINIUS. Does no one speak? I am defendant here.
Is silence my opponent? Fit opponent
To plead a cause too foul for speech! What brow
Shameless gives front to this most valiant cause,
That tries its prowess 'gainst the honour of
A girl, yet lacks the wit to know, that he
Who casts off shame, should likewise cast off fear—
And on the verge o' the combat wants the nerve
To stammer forth the signal?
APP. You had better,
Virginius, wear another kind of carriage;
This is not of the fashion that will serve you.
VIR. The fashion. Appius! Appius Claudius, tell me,
The fashion it becomes a man to speak in.
Whose property in his own child—the offspring
Of his own body, near to him as is
His hand, his arm—yea, nearer—closer far,
Knit to his heart—I say, who has his property
In such a thing, the very self of himself,
Disputed—and I'll speak so, Appius Claudius,
I'll speak so—Pray you tutor me!

* *Edinburgh Review* for 1833.

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APP. Stand forth,
Claudius! If you lay claim to any interest
In the question now before us, speak; if not,
Bring on some other cause.
CLAUD. Most noble Appius——
VIR. And are you the man
That claims my daughter for his slave?—Look at me,
And I will give her to thee.
CLAUD. She is mine, then:
Do I not look at you?
VIR. Your eye does, truly,
But not your soul. I see it through your eye
Shifting and shrinking—turning every way
To shun me. You surprise me, that your eye,
So long the bully of its master, knows not
To put a proper face upon a lie,
But gives the port of impudence to falsehood
When it would pass it off for truth. Your soul
Dares as soon shew his face to me. Go on;
I had forgot; the fashion of my speech
May not please Appius Claudius.
CLAUD. I demand
Protection of the Decemvir!
APP. You shall have it.
VIR. Doubtless!
APP. Keep back the people. Lictors!—What's
Your plea? You say the girl's your slave. Produce
Your proofs.
CLAUD. My proof is here, which, if they can,
Let them confront. The mother of the girl——

[*Virginius, stepping forward, is withheld by Numitorius.*

NUMITORIUS. Hold, brother! Hear them out, or suffer me
To speak.
VIR. Man, I must speak, or else go mad!
And if I do go mad, what then will hold me
From speaking? She was thy sister, too!
Well, well, speak thou. I'll try, and if I can,
Be silent. [*Retires.*
NUM. Will she swear she is her child?
VIR. [*Starting forward.*] To be sure she will—a most wise question that!
Is she not his slave? Will his tongue lie for him—
Or his hand steal—or the finger of his hand
Beckon, or point, or shut, or open for him?
To ask him if she'll swear! Will she walk or run,
Sing, dance, or wag her head; do anything
That is most easy done? She'll as soon swear!
What mockery it is to have one's life
In jeopardy by such a barefaced trick!
Is it to be endured? I do protest
Against her oath!
APP. No law in Rome, Virginius,
Seconds you. If she swear the girl's her child,
The evidence is good, unless confronted
By better evidence. Look you to that,
Virginius. I shall take the woman's oath.
VIRGINIA. Icilius!
ICILIUS. Fear not, love; a thousand oaths
Will answer her.
APP. You swear the girl's your child,

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And that you sold her to Virginius' wife,
Who passed her for her own. Is that your oath?
SLAVE. It is my oath.
APP. Your answer now, Virginius.
VIR. Here it is! [*Bringing Virginia forward.*
Is this the daughter of a slave? I know
'Tis not with men as shrubs and trees, that by
The shoot you know the rank and odor of
The stem. Yet who from such a stem would look
For such a shoot. My witnesses are these—
The relatives and friends of Numitoria,
Who saw her, ere Virginia's birth, sustain
The burden which a mother bears, nor feels
The weight, with longing for the sight of it.
Here are the ears that listened to her sighs
In nature's hour of labour, which subsides
In the embrace of joy—the hands, that when
The day first looked upon the infant's face,
And never looked so pleased, helped them up to it,
And blessed her for a blessing. Here, the eyes
That saw her lying at the generous
And sympathetic fount, that at her cry
Sent forth a stream of liquid living pearl
To cherish her enamelled veins. The lie
Is most unfruitful, then, that takes the flower—
The very flower our bed connubial grew—
To prove its barrenness! Speak for me, friends;
Have I not spoke the truth?
WOMEN AND CITIZENS. You have, Virginius.
APP. Silence! Keep silence there! No more of that!
You're very ready for a tumult, citizens.
[*Troops appear behind.*
Lictors, make way to let these troops advance!—
We have had a taste of your forbearance, masters,
And wish not for another.
VIR. Troops in the Forum!
APP. Virginius, have you spoken?
VIR. If you have heard me,
I have; if not, I'll speak again.
APP. You need not.
Virginius; I had evidence to give,
Which, should you speak a hundred times again,
Would make your pleading vain.
VIR. Your hand, Virginia!
Stand close to me. [*Aside.*
APP. My conscience will not let me
Be silent. 'Tis notorious to you all.
That Claudius' father, at his death, declared me
The guardian of his son. This cheat has long
Been known to me. I know the girl is not
Virginius' daughter.
VIR. Join your friends, Icilius,
And leave Virginia to my care. [*Aside.*
APP. The justice
I should have done my client unrequired,
Now cited by him, how shall I refuse?
VIR. Don't tremble, girl! don't tremble. [*Aside.*
APP. Virginius.
I feel for you; but though you were my father,
The majesty of justice should be sacred—
Claudius must take Virginia home with him!

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VIR. And if he must, I should advise him, Appius,
To take her home in time, before his guardian
Complete the violation which his eyes
Already have begun.—Friends! fellow-citizens!
Look not on Claudius—look on your Decemvir!
He is the master claims Virginia!
The tongues that told him she was not my child
Are these—the costly charms he cannot purchase,
Except by making her the slave of Claudius,
His client, his purveyor, that caters for
His pleasure—markets for him, picks, and scents,
And tastes, that he may banquet—serves him up
His sensual feast, and is not now ashamed.
In the open, common street, before your eyes—
Frighting your daughters' and your matrons' cheeks
With blush s they ne'er thought to meet—to help him
To the honour of a Roman maid! my child!
Who now clings to me, as you see, as if
This second Tarquin had already coiled
His arms around her. Look upon her, Romans!
Befriend her! succour her! see her not polluted
Before her father's eyes!—He is but one.
Tear her from Appius and his Lictors while
She is unstain d!—Your hands! your hands! your hands!

CITIZENS. They are yours, Virginius.

APP. Keep the people back—
Support my Lictors, Soldiers! Seize the girl,
And drive the people back.

ICILIUS. Down with the slaves!

[The people make a show of resistance; but, upon the advance of the soldiers, retreat, and leave ICILIUS, VIRGINIUS, and his daughter, &c., in the hands of APPIUS and his party.]

Deserted!—Cowards! traitors! Let me free
But for a moment! I relied on you;
Had I relied upon myself alone.
I had kept them still at bay! I kneel to you—
Let me but loose a moment, if 'tis only
To rush upon your swords.

VIR. Icilius, peace!
You see how 'tis, we are deserted, left
Alone by our friends, surrounded by our enemies,
Nerveless and helpless.

APP. Separate them, Lictors!

VIR. Let them forbear awhile, I pray you, Appius:
It is not very easy. Though her arms
Are tender, yet the hold is strong by which
She grasps me, Appius—forcing them will hurt them;
They'll soon unclasp themselves. Wait but a little—
You know you're sure of her

APP. I have not time
To idle with thee; give her to my Lictors.

VIR. Appius, I pray you wait! If she is not
My child, she hath been like a child to me
For fifteen years. If I am not her father,
I have been like a father to her, Appius.
For even such a time. They that have lived
So long a time together, in so near
And dear society, may be allowed
A little time for parting. Let me take
The maid aside, I pray you, and confer
A moment with her nurse; perhaps she'll give me

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Some token will unloose a tie so twined
And knotted round my heart, that, if you break it,
My heart breaks with it.
APP. Have your wish. Be brief!—
Lictors, look to them.
VIRGINIA. Do you go from me?
Do you leave? Father! Father!
VIR. No, my child—
No, my Virginia—come along with me.
VIRGINIA. Will you not leave me? Will you take me with you?
Will you take me home again? Oh, bless you! bless you!
My father! my dear father! Art thou not
My father?

[VIRGINIUS, perfectly at a loss what to do, looks anxiously around the Forum; at length his eye falls on a butcher's stall, with a knife upon it.]

VIR. This way, my child—No, no; I am not going
To leave thee, my Virginia! I'll not leave thee.
APP. Keep back the people, soldiers! Let them not
Approach Virginius! Keep the people back!—
[*Virginius secures the knife.*
Well, have you done?
VIR. Short time for converse, Appius,
But I have.
APP. I hope you are satisfied.
VIR. I am—
I am—that she is my daughter!
APP. Take her, Lictors!

[VIRGINIA shrieks, and falls half-dead upon her father's shoulder.]

VIR. Another moment, pray you. Bear with me
A little—'tis my last embrace. 'Twon't try
Your patience beyond bearing, if you 're a man!
Lengthen it as I may, I cannot make it
Long.—My dear child! My dear Virginia!
[*Kissing her.*
There is one only way to save thine honour—
'Tis this.

[VIRGINIUS stabs her, and draws out the knife. Icilius breaks from the soldiers that held him, and catches her.]

Lo, Appius, with this innocent blood
I do devote thee to the infernal gods!
Make way there!
APP. Stop him! Seize him!
VIR. If they dare
To tempt the desperate weapon that is maddened
With drinking my daughter's blood, why, let them: thus
It rushes in amongst them. Way there! Way!
[*Exit through the soldiers.*

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES—DR. THOMAS BEDDOES.

'The Bride's Tragedy,' by THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES (1803–1849), published in 1822, is intended for the closet rather than the theatre. It possesses many passages of pure and sparkling verse. 'The following,' says a writer in the 'Edinburgh Review,' 'will shew the way in which Mr. Beddoes manages a subject that poets have almost reduced to commonplace. We thought all similes for the violet had been used up; but he gives us a new one, and one that is very de-

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lightful.' Hesperus and Floribel—the young wedded lovers—are in a garden; and the husband speaks:

HESPERUS. See, here's a bower
Of eglantine with honeysuckles woven,
Where not a spark of prying light creeps in,
So closely do the sweets enfold each other.
'Tis twilight's home; come in, my gentle love,
And talk to me. So! I've a rival here;
What's this that sleeps so sweetly on your neck?
FLORIBEL. Jealous so soon, my Hesperus! Look, then,
It is a bunch of flowers I pulled for you:
Here's the blue violet, like Pandora's eye,
When first it darkened with immortal life.
HESP. Sweet as thy lips. Fie on those taper fingers!
Have they been brushing the long grass aside,
To drag the daisy from its hiding-place,
Where it shuns light, the Danaë of flowers,
With gold up-hoarded on its virgin lap!
FLOR. And here's a treasure that I found by chance,
A lily of the valley; low it lay
Over a mossy mound, withered and weeping,
As on a fairy's grave.
HESP. Of all the posy
Give me the rose, though there's a tale of blood
Soiling its name. In elfin annals old
'Tis writ, how Zephyr, envious of his love—
The love he bare to Summer, who since then
Has, weeping, visited the world—once found
The baby Perfume cradled in a violet
('Twas said the beauteous bantling was the child
Of a gay bee, that in his wantonness
Toyed with a pea-bud in a lady's garland);
The felon winds, confederate with him,
Bound the sweet slumberer with golden chains,
Pulled from the wreathed laburnum, and together
Deep cast him in the bosom of a rose,
And fed the fettered wretch with dew and air.

And there is an expression in the same scene (where the author is speaking of sleeper's fancies, &c.)—

While that winged song, the restless nightingale
Turns her sad heart to music—

which is perfectly beautiful.

The reader may now take a passage from the scene where Hesperus murders the girl Floribel. She is waiting for him in the Divinity path, alone, and is terrified. At last he comes; and she sighs out:

Speak! let me hear thy voice,
Tell me the joyful news!

and thus he answers:

Ay. I am come
In all my solemn pomp, Darkness and Fear,
And the great Tempest in his midnight car,
The sword of lightning girt across his thigh,
And the whole demon brood of Night, blind Fog

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And withering Blight, all these are my retainers.
How! not one smile for all this bravery?
What think you of my minstrels, the hoarse winds,
Thunder, and tuneful Discord? Hark! they play.
Well piped, methinks; somewhat too rough, perhaps,
FLOR. I know you practise on my silliness,
Else I might well be scared. But leave this mirth,
Or I must weep.
HESP. 'Twill serve to fill the goblets
For our carousal; but we loiter here,
The bride-maids are without; well picked, thou 'lt say.
Wan ghosts of woe-begone, self-slaughtered damsels
In their best winding-sheets.—Start not; I bid them wipe
Their gory bosoms: they 'll look wondrous comely;
Our link-boy, Will-o'-the-Wisp, is waiting too,
To light us to our grave.

After some further speech, Floribel asks him what he means, and he replies:

What mean I? Death and murder,
Darkness and misery. To thy prayers and shrift,
Earth gives thee back. Thy God hath sent me for thee,
Repent and die.

She returns gentle answers to him; but in the end Hesperus kills her, and afterwards mourns thus over her body:

Dead art thou, Floribel; fair, painted earth,
And no warm breath shall ever more deeport
Between those ruby lips: no; they have quaffed
Life to the dregs, and found death at the bottom,
The sugar of the draught. All cold and still;
Her very tresses stiffen in the air.
Look, what a face! Had our first mother worn
But half such beauty when the serpent came,
His heart, all malice, would have turned to love.
No hand but this, which I do think was once
Cain, the arch murderer's, could have acted it.
And I must hide these sweets, not in my bosom;
In the foul earth. She shudders at my grasp.
Just so she laid her head across my bosom
When first—— O villain! which way lies the grave?

Mr. Beddoes was son of DR. THOMAS BEDDOES (1760-1808), an eminent physician, scholar, and man of scientific attainments, as well as of great versatility of literary talent. Dr. Beddoes was married to a younger sister of Maria Edgeworth, and was an early patron of Sir Humphry Davy. His son, the dramatic poet, was only nineteen when 'The Bride's Tragedy' was produced. He afterwards devoted himself to scientific study and foreign travel, but occasionally wrote poetry not unworthy of the reputation he achieved by his early performance. After his death was published 'Death's Jest-book, or the Fool's Tragedy' (1850); and 'Poems,' with a memoir (1851). Mr. Beddoes was a writer of a high order, but restless, unfixed, and deficient both in energy and ambition.

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JOHN TOBIN.

JOHN TOBIN was a sad example, as Mrs. Inchbald has remarked, 'of the fallacious hopes by which half mankind are allured to vexatious enterprise. He passed many years in the anxious labour of writing plays, which were rejected by the managers; and no sooner had they accepted 'The Honeymoon,' than he died, and never enjoyed the recompense of seeing it performed.' Tobin was born in Salisbury in the year 1770, and educated for the law. In 1785 he was articled to an eminent solicitor of Lincoln's Inn, and afterwards entered into business himself. Such, however, was his devotion to the drama, that before the age of twenty-four he had written several plays. His attachment to literary composition did not withdraw him from his legal engagements; but his time was incessantly occupied, and symptoms of consumption began to appear. A change of climate was recommended, and Tobin went first to Cornwall, and thence to Bristol, where he embarked for the West Indies. The vessel arriving at Cork, was detained there for some days; but on the 7th of December, 1804, it sailed from that port, on which day—without any apparent change in his disorder to indicate the approach of death—the invalid expired. Before quitting London, Tobin had left 'The Honeymoon' with his brother, the manager of Drury Lane having given a promise that it should be performed. Its success was instant and decisive; and it is still a favourite acting play. Two other pieces by Tobin—'The Curfew' and 'The School for Authors'—were subsequently brought forward; but they are of inferior merit. 'The Honeymoon' is a romantic drama, partly in blank verse, and written somewhat in the style of Beaumont and Fletcher. The scene is laid in Spain, and the plot taken from 'The Taming of the Shrew,' though the reform of the haughty lady is accomplished less roughly. The Duke of Aranza conducts his bride to a cottage in the country, pretending that he is a peasant, and that he has obtained her hand by deception. The proud Juliana, after a struggle, submits; and the duke, having accomplished his purpose of rebuking 'the domineering spirit of her sex,' asserts his true rank, and places Juliana in his palace.

> This truth to manifest—a gentle wife
> Is still the sterling comfort of man's life;
> To fools a torment, but a lasting boon
> To those who—wisely keep their honeymoon.

The following passage, where the duke gives his directions to Juliana respecting her attire, is pointed out by Mrs. Inchbald as peculiarly worthy of admiration, from the truths which it contains. The fair critic, like the hero of the play, was not ambitious of dress.

> DUKE. I'll have no glittering gewgaws stuck about you.
> To stretch the gaping eyes of idiot wonder,
> And make men stare upon a piece of earth

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As on the star-wrought firmament—no feathers
To wave as streamers to your vanity—
No cumbrous silk, that, with its rustling sound,
Makes proud the flesh that bears it. She's adorned
Amply, that in her husband's eye looks lovely—
The truest mirror that an honest wife
Can see her beauty in!

JULIANA. I shall observe, sir.

DUKE. I should like well to see you in the dress I last presented you.

JULIANA. The blue one, sir?

DUKE. No, love—the white. Thus modestly attired,
A half-blown rose stuck in thy braided hair,
With no more diamonds than those eyes are made of,
No deeper rubies than compose thy lips,
Nor pearls more precious than inhabit them;
With the pure red and white, which that same hand
Which blends the rainbow mingles in thy cheeks;
This well-proportioned form—think not I flatter—
In graceful motion to harmonious sounds,
And thy free tresses dancing in the wind—
Thou'lt fix as much observance as chaste dames
Can meet without a blush.

JOHN O'KEEFE—FREDERICK REYNOLDS—THOMAS MORTON—MARIA EDGEWORTH.

JOHN O'KEEFE, a prolific farce-writer, was born in Dublin in 1746. While studying the art of drawing, to fit him for an artist, he imbibed a passion for the stage, and commenced the career of an actor in his native city. He produced generally some dramatic piece every year for his benefit, and one of these, entitled 'Tony Lumpkin,' was played with success at the Haymarket Theatre, London, in 1778. He continued supplying the theatres with new pieces, and up to the year 1809, had written about fifty plays and farces. Most of these were denominated comic operas or musical farces, and some of them enjoyed great success. 'The Agreeable Surprise,' 'Wild Oats,' 'Modern Antiques,' 'Fontainebleau,' 'The Highland Reel,' 'Love in a Camp,' 'The Poor Soldier,' and 'Sprigs of Laurel,' are still favourites, especially the first, in which the character of Lingo, the schoolmaster, is a laughable piece of broad humour. O'Keefe's writings, it is said, were merely intended to make people laugh, and they have fully answered that object. The lively dramatist was in his latter years afflicted with blindness, and in 1800 he obtained a benefit at Covent Garden Theatre, on which occasion he was led forward by Mr. Lewis, the actor, and delivered a poetical address. He died at Southampton, on the 4th of February, 1833, having reached the advanced age of eighty-six.

FREDERICK REYNOLDS (1765–1841) was one of the most voluminous of dramatists, author of seventeen popular comedies, and altogether of about a hundred dramatic pieces. He served Covent Garden for forty years in the capacity of what he called 'thinker'—that is, performer of every kind of literary labour required in the establish-

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ment. Among his most successful productions are: 'The Dramatist,' 'Laugh when you Can,' 'The Delinquent,' 'The Will,' 'Folly as it Flies,' 'Life,' 'Management,' 'Notoriety,' 'How to grow Rich,' 'The Rage,' 'Speculation,' 'The Blind Bargain,' 'Fortune's Fool,' &c. Of these, 'The Dramatist' is the best. The hero, Vapid, the dramatic author, who gets to Bath 'to pick up characters,' is a laughable caricature, in which, it is said, the author drew a likeness of himself; for, like Vapid, he had 'the *ardor scribendi* upon him so strong, that he would rather you'd ask him to write an epilogue or a scene than offer him your whole estate—the theatre was his world, in which were included all his hopes and wishes.' Out of the theatre, however, as in it, Reynolds was much esteemed.

Another veteran comic writer, THOMAS MORTON, is author of 'Speed the Plough,' 'Way to get Married,' 'Cure for the Heartache,' and the 'School of Reform,' which may be considered standard pieces on the stage. Besides these, Mr. Morton produced 'Zorinski,' 'Secrets Worth Knowing,' and various other plays, most of which were performed with great applause. The acting of Lewis, Munden, and Emery was greatly in favour of Mr. Morton's productions on their first appearance; but they contain the elements of theatrical success. The characters are strongly contrasted, and the scenes and situations well arranged for effect, with occasionally a mixture of pathos and tragic or romantic incident. In the closet these works fail to arrest attention: for their merits are more artistic than literary, and the improbability of many of the incidents appears glaring when submitted to sober inspection. Mr. Morton was a native of Durham, and bred to the law. He died in 1838, aged seventy-four.

MARIA EDGEWORTH, the celebrated novelist, was induced, by the advice of her father, and that of a more competent judge, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, to attempt the drama. In 1817, she published 'Comic Dramas in Three Acts.' Three pieces were comprised in this volume, two of them Irish; but though the dialogue was natural, the plays were deficient in interest, and must be considered as dramatic failures.

NOVELISTS.

It was natural that the genius and the success of the great masters of the modern English novel should have led to imitation. Mediocrity is seldom deterred from attempting to rival excellence, especially in any department that is popular, and may be profitable; and there is, besides, in romance, as in the drama, a wide and legitimate field for native talent and exertion. The highly wrought tenderness and pathos of Richardson, and the models of real life, wit, and humour in Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne, had no successors.

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But the fictions of Mackenzie, Dr. Moore, Miss Burney, and Cumberland are all superior to the ordinary run of novels, and stand at the head of the second class. These writers, however, exercised but little influence on the national taste; they supported the dignity and respectability of the novel, but did not extend its dominion; and accordingly we find that there was a long dull period in which this delightful species of composition had sunk into general contempt. There was no lack of novels, but they were of a very inferior and even debased description. In place of natural incident, character, and dialogue, we had affected and ridiculous sentimentalism—plots utterly absurd or pernicious—and stories of love and honour so maudlin in conception and drivelling in execution, that it is surprising they could ever have been tolerated even by the most defective moral sense or taste. The circulating libraries in town and country swarmed with these worthless productions—known, from their place of publication, by the misnomer of the 'Minerva Press' novels—but their perusal was in a great measure confined to young people of both sexes of imperfect education, or to half-idle inquisitive persons, whose avidity for excitement was not restrained by delicacy or judgment. In many cases, even in the humblest walks of life, this love of novel-reading amounted to a passion as strong and uncontrollable as that of dram-drinking; and, fed upon such garbage as we have described, it was scarcely less injurious; for it dwarfed the intellectual faculties and unfitted its votaries equally for the study or relish of sound literature, and for the proper performance and enjoyment of the actual duties of the world. The enthusiastic novel-reader got bewildered and entangled among love-plots and high-flown adventures, in which success was often awarded to profligacy, and among scenes of pretended existence, exhibited in the masquerade attire of a distempered fancy. Instead, therefore, of

Truth severe by fairy Fiction dressed,

we had Falsehood decked out in frippery and nonsense, and courting applause from its very extravagance.

At length Miss Edgeworth came forward with her moral lessons and satirical portraits, daily advancing in her powers, as in her desire to increase the virtues, prudence, and substantial happiness of life; Mrs. Opie told her pathetic and graceful domestic tales; and Miss Austen exhibited her exquisite delineations of everyday English society and character. 'There are some things,' says a writer in the 'Edinburgh Review' (1830), 'which women do better than men, and of these, perhaps, novel-writing is one. Naturally endowed with greater delicacy of taste and feeling, with a moral sense not blunted and debased by those contaminations to which men are exposed, leading lives rather of observation than of action, with leisure to attend to the minutiæ of conduct and more subtle developments of character, they are peculiarly qualified for the task of exhibiting

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faithfully and pleasingly the various phases of domestic life, and those varieties which chequer the surface of society. Accordingly, their delineations, though perhaps less vigorous than those afforded by the other sex, are distinguished for the most part by greater fidelity and consistency, a more refined and happy discrimination, and, we must also add, a more correct estimate of right and wrong. In works which come from a female pen, we are seldom offended by those moral monstrosities, those fantastic perversions of principle, which are too often to be met with in the fictions which have been written by men. Women are less stilted in their style; they are more content to describe naturally what they have observed, without attempting the introduction of those extraneous ornaments which are sometimes sought at the expense of truth. They are less ambitious, and are therefore more just; they are far more exempt from that prevailing literary vice of the present day, exaggeration, and have not taken their stand among the feverish followers of what may be called the *intense* style of writing; a style much praised by those who inquire only if a work is calculated to make a strong impression, and omit entirely the more important question, whether that impression be founded on truth or on delusion.'

To crown all, Sir Walter Scott commenced in 1814 his brilliant gallery of portraits, which completely exterminated the monstrosities of the Minerva Press, and inconceivably extended the circle of novel-readers. Fictitious composition was now again in the ascendant, and never, in its palmiest days of chivalrous romance or modern fashion, did it command more devoted admiration, or shine with greater lustre.

FRANCES BURNEY (MADAME D'ARBLAY).

FRANCES BURNEY, authoress of 'Evelina' and 'Cecilia,' was the wonder and delight of the generation of novel-readers succeeding that of Fielding and Smollett, and she has maintained her popularity better than most secondary writers of fiction. Her name was in 1842 revived by the publication of her 'Diary and Letters,' containing some clever sketches of society and manners, notices of the court of George III., and anecdotes of Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, &c. Miss Burney was the second daughter of Dr. Burney, author of the 'History of Music.' She was born at Lynn-Regis, in the county of Norfolk, on the 13th of June 1752. Her father was organist in Lynn, but in 1760 he removed to London—where he had previously resided—and numbered among his familiar friends and visitors David Garrick, Sir Robert Strange the engraver, the poets Mason and Armstrong, Barry the painter, and other persons distinguished in art and literature. Such society must have had a highly beneficial effect on his family, and accordingly we find they all distinguished themselves: one son rose to be an admiral; the second

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son, Charles Burney, became a celebrated Greek scholar; both the daughters were novelists.*

Fanny was long held to be a sort of prodigy. At eight years of age she did not even know her letters, but she was shrewd and observant. At fifteen she had written several tales, was a great reader, and even a critic. Her authorship was continued in secret, her sister only being aware of the circumstance. In this way, it is said, she composed 'Evelina;' but it was not published till January, 1778, when 'little Fanny' was in her twenty-sixth year; and the wonderful precocity of 'Miss in her teens' may be dismissed as somewhat more than doubtful. The work was offered to Dodsley, the publisher, but rejected, as the worthy bibliopole 'declined looking at anything anonymous.' Another bookseller, named Lowndes, agreed to publish it, and gave £20 for the manuscript. 'Evelina, or a Young Lady's Entrance into the World,' soon became the talk of the town. Dr. Burney, in the fulness of his heart, told Mrs. Thrale that 'our Fanny' was the author; and Dr. Johnson protested to Mrs. Thrale that there were passages in it which might do honour to Richardson! Miss Burney was invited to Streatham, the country residence of the Thrales, and there she met Johnson and his illustrious band of friends, of whom we have ample notices in the 'Diary.' Wherever she went, to London, Bath, or Tunbridge, 'Evelina' was the theme of praise, and Miss Burney the happiest of authors.

In 1782 appeared her second work, 'Cecilia,' which is more highly finished than 'Evelina,' but less rich in comic characters and dialogue. Miss Burney having gone to reside for a short time with Mrs. Delany, a venerable lady, the friend of Swift, once connected with the court, and who now lived on a pension from their Majesties at Windsor, was introduced to the king and queen, and speedily became a favourite. The result was, that 1786 our authoress was appointed second keeper of the robes to Queen Charlotte, with a salary of £200 a year, a footman, apartments in the palace, and a coach between her and her colleague. The situation was only a sort of splendid slavery. 'I was averse to the union,' said Miss Burney, 'and I endeavoured to escape it; but my friends interfered—they prevailed—and the knot is tied.' The queen appears to have been a kind and considerate mistress; but the stiff etiquette and formality of the court, and the unremitting attention which its irksome duties required, rendered the situation peculiarly disagreeable to one who had been so long flattered and courted by the brilliant society of her day. Her colleague, Mrs. Schwellenberg, a coarse-minded, jealous, disa-

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Rear-admiral James Burney accompanied Captain Cook in two of his voyages, and was author of a *History of Voyages of Discovery*, 5 vols. quarto, and an *Account of the Russian Eastern Voyages*. He died in 1820.—Dr. Charles Burney wrote several critical works on the Greek classics, was a prebendary of Lincoln, and one of the king's chaplains. After his death, in 1817, the valuable library of this great scholar was purchased by government for the British Museum.

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greeable German favourite, was also a perpetual source of annoyance to her; and poor Fanny at court was worse off than h r heroine Cecilia was in choosing among her guardians. Her first official duty was to mix the queen's snuff, and keep her box always replenished; after which she was promoted to the great business of the toilet, helping Her Majesty off and on with her dresses, and being in strict attendance from six or seven in the morning till twelve at night!

From this grinding and intolerable destiny, Miss Burney was emancipated by her marriage, in 1793, with a French refugee officer, the Count D'Arblay. She then resumed her pen, and in 1795 produced a tragedy, entitled 'Edwin and Elgitha,' which was brought out at Drury Lane, and possessed at least one novelty—there were three bishops among the *dramatis personæ*. Mrs. Siddons personated the heroine; but in the dying scene, where the lady is brought from behind a hedge to expire before the audience, and is afterwards carried once more to the back of the hedge, the house was convulsed with laughter! Her next effort was her novel of 'Camilla,' which she published by subscription, and realized by it no less than three thousand guineas. In 1802, Madame D'Arblay accompanied her husband to Paris. The count joined the army of Napoleon; and his wife was forced to remain in France till 1812, when she returned, and purchased, from the proceeds of her novel, a small but handsome villa, named Camilla Cottage. Her success in prose fiction urged her to another trial, and in 1814 she produced 'The Wanderer,' a tedious tale in five volumes, which had no other merit than that of bringing the authoress the large sum of £1500. The only other literary labour of Madame D'Arblay was a Memoir of her father, Dr. Burney, published in 1832. Her husband and her son—the Rev. A. D'Arblay, of Camden Town Chapel, near London—both predeceased her, the former in 1818, and the latter in 1837. Three years after this last melancholy bereavement, Madame D'Arblay herself paid the debt of nature, dying at Bath, in January 1840, at the great age of eighty-eight.

Her 'Diary and Letters,' edited by her niece, were published in 1842 in five volumes. If judiciously condensed, this work would have been both entertaining and valuable; but at least one half of it is filled with unimportant details and private gossip, and the self admiring weakness of the authoress shines out in almost every page. The early novels of Miss Burney form the most pleasing memorials of her name and history. In them we see her quick in discernment, lively in invention, and inimitable, in her own way, in portraying the humours and oddities of English society. Her good sense and correct feeling are more remarkable than her passion. Her love-scenes are prosaic enough; but in 'shewing up' a party of 'vulgarly genteel' persons, painting the characters in a drawing-room, or catching the follies and absurdities that float on the surface of fashionable society, she had then rarely been equalled. She deals with the palpable

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and familiar; and though society has changed since the time of 'Evelina,' and the glory of Ranelagh and Marylebone Gardens has departed, there is enough of real life in her personages, and real morality in her lessons, to interest, amuse, and instruct. Her sarcasm, drollery, and broad humour must always be relished

A Game of Highway Robbery.—From 'Evelina.'

When we had been out near two hours, and expected every moment to stop at the place of our destination, I observed that Lady Howard's servant, who attended us on horseback, rode on forward till he was out of sight, and soon after returning, came up to the chariot window, and delivering a note to Madame Duval, said he had met a boy who was just coming with it to Howard Grove from the clerk of Mr. Tyrell.

While she was reading it, he rode round to the other window, and making a sign for secrecy, put into my hand a slip of paper, on which was written, 'Whatever happens, be not alarmed, for you are safe, though you endanger all mankind!'

I readily imagined that Sir Clement must be the author of this note, which prepared me to expect some disagreeable adventure: but I had no time to ponder upon it, for Madame Duval had no sooner read her own letter, than, in an angry tone of voice, she exclaimed: 'Why, now, what a thing is this; here we're come all this way for nothing!'

She then gave me the note, which informed her that she need not trouble herself to go to Mr. Tyrell's, as the prisoner had had the address to escape. I congratulated her upon this fortunate incident; but she was so much concerned at having rode so far in vain, that she seemed less pleased than provoked. However, she ordered the man to make what haste he could home, as she hoped at least to return before the captain should suspect what had passed.

The carriage turned about, and we journeyed so quietly for near an hour that I began to flatter myself we should be suffered to proceed to Howard Grove without further molestation, when, suddenly, the footman called out: 'John, are we going right?'

'Why, I ain't sure,' said the coachman, 'but I'm afraid we turned wrong.'

'What do you mean by that sirrah?' said Madame Duval. 'Why, if you lose your way, we shall all be in the dark.'

'I think we should turn to the left,' said the footman.

'To the left!' answered the other. 'No, no; I'm pretty sure we should turn to the right.'

'You had better make some inquiry,' said I.

'*Ma foi*,' cried Madame Duval, 'we're in a fine hole here; they neither of them know no more than the post. However, I'll tell my lady, as sure as you're born, so you'd better find the way.'

'Let's try this road,' said the footman.

'No,' said the coachman; 'that's the road to Canterbury; we had best go straight on.'

'Why, that's the direct London road,' returned the footman, and will lead us twenty miles about.'

'*Pardie!*' cried Madame Duval; 'Why, they won't go one way nor t'other; and, now we're come all this jaunt for nothing, I suppose we shan't get home to-night.'

'Let's go back to the public house' said the footman, 'and ask for a guide.'

'No, no,' said the other: 'if we stay here a few minutes somebody or other will pass by; and the horses are almost knocked up already.'

'Well, I protest,' cried Madame Duval. 'I'd give a guinea to see them sots horsewhipped. As sure as I'm alive, they're drunk. Ten to one but they'll overturn us next.'

After much debating, they at length agreed to go on until we came to some inn, or met with a passenger who could direct us. We soon arrived at a small farm-house, and the footman alighted and went into it.

In a few minutes he returned, and told us we might proceed, for that he had procured a direction. 'But,' added he, 'it seems there are some thieves hereabouts, and

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so the best way will be for you to leave your watches and purses with the farmer, whom I know very well, and who is an honest man, and a tenant of my lady's.'

'Thieves!' cried Madame Duval, looking aghast; 'the Lord help us! I've no doubt but we shall be all murdered!'

The farmer came to us, and we gave him all that we were worth, and the servants followed our example. We then proceeded; and Madame Duval's anger so entirely subsided, that, in the mildest manner imaginable, she entreated them to make haste, and promised to tell their lady how diligent and obliging they had been. She perpetually stopped them to ask if they apprehended any danger, and was at length so much overpowered by her fears, that she made the footman fasten his horse to the back of the carriage, and then come and seat himself within it. My endeavours to encourage her were fruitless; she sat in the middle, held the man by the arm, and protested that if he did but save her life, she would make his fortune. Her uneasiness gave me much concern, and it was with the utmost difficulty I forbore to acquaint her that she was imposed upon; but the mutual fear of the captain's resentment to me, and of her own to him, neither of which would have any moderation, deterred me. As to the footman, he was evidently in torture from restraining his laughter, and I observed that he was frequently obliged to make most horrid grimaces from pretended fear, in order to conceal his risibility.

Very soon after, 'The robbers are coming!' cried the coachman.

The footman opened the door, and jumped out of the chariot.

Madame Duval gave a loud scream.

I could no longer preserve my silence. 'For Heaven's sake, my dear madam,' said I, 'don't be alarmed; you are in no danger; you are quite safe; there is nothing but'——

Here the chariot was stopped by two men in masks, who at each side put in their hands, as if for our purses. Madame Duval sank to the bottom of the chariot, and implored their mercy. I shrieked involuntarily, although prepared for the attack; one of them held me fast, while the other tore poor Madame Duval out of the carriage, in spite of her cries, threats, and resistance.

I was really frightened, and trembled exceedingly. 'My angel!' cried the man who held me, 'you cannot surely be alarmed. Do you not know me? I shall hold myself in eternal abhorence if I have really terrified you.'

'Indeed, Sir Clement, you have,' cried I; 'but, for Heaven's sake, where is Madame Duval?—why is she forced away?'

'She is perfectly safe; the captain has her in charge; but suffer me now, my adored Miss Anville, to take the only opportunity that is allowed me to speak upon another, a much dearer, much sweeter subject.'

And then he hastily came into the chariot, and seated himself next to me. I would fain have disengaged myself from him, but he would not let me. 'Deny me not, most charming of women,' cried he—'deny me not this only moment left me to pour forth my soul into your gentle ears, to tell you how much I suffer from your absence, how much I dread your displeasure, and how cruelly I am affected by your coldness.'

'O sir, this is no time for such language; pray, leave me; pray, go to the relief of Madame Duval; I cannot bear that she should be treated with such indignity.'

'And will you—can you command my absence? When may I speak to you, if not now?—does the captain suffer me to breathe a moment out of his sight?—and are not a thousand impertinent people for ever at your elbow?'

'Indeed, Sir Clement, you must change your style, or I will not hear you. The impertinent people you mean are among my best friends, and you would not, if you really wished me well speak of them so disrespectfully.'

'Wish you well! O Miss Anville, point but out to me how, in what manner, I may convince you of the fervour of my passion—tell me but what services you will accept from me, and you shall find my life, my fortune, my whole soul at your devotion.'

'I want nothing, sir, that you can offer. I beg you not to talk to me so—so strangely. Pray, leave me; and pray, assure yourself you can not take any method so successless to shew any regard for me as entering into schemes so frightful to Madame Duval, and so disagreeable to myself.'

'The scheme was the captain's; I even opposed it; though I own I could not re-

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fuse myself the so-long-wished-for happiness of speaking to you once more without so many of—your friends to watch me. And I had flattered myself that the note I charged the footman to give you would have prevented the alarm you have received.'

'Well, sir, you have now, I hope, said enough; and if you will not go yourself to seek for Madame Duval, at least suffer me to inquire what is become of her.'

'And when may I speak to you again?'

'No matter when: I don't know; perhaps——'

'Perhaps what, my angel?'

'Perhaps never, sir, if you torment me thus.'

'Never! O Miss Anville, how cruel, how piercing to my soul is that icy word! Indeed, I cannot endure such displeasure.'

'Then, sir, you must not provoke it. Pray, leave me directly.'

'I will, madam; but let me at least make a merit of my obedience—allow me to hope that you will in future be less averse to trusting yourself for a few moments alone with me.'

I was surprised at the freedom of this request; but while I hesitated how to answer it, the other mask came up to the chariot door, and in a voice almost stifled with laughter, said: 'I've done for her! The old buck is safe; but we must sheer off directly, or we shall be all aground.'

Sir Clement instantly left me, mounted his horse, and rode off. The captain, having given some directions to his servants, followed him.

I was both uneasy and impatient to know the fate of Madame Duval, and immediately got out of the chariot to seek her. I desired the footman to shew me which way she was gone; he pointed with his finger, by way of answer, and I saw that he cared not trust his voice to make any other. I walked on at a very quick pace, and soon, to my great consternation, perceived the poor lady seated upright in a ditch. I flew to her, with unfeigned concern at her situation. She was sobbing, nay, almost roaring, and in the utmost agony of rage and terror. As soon as she saw me, she redoubled her cries, but her voice was so broken, I could not understand a word she said. I was so much shocked, that it was with difficulty I forbore exclaiming against the cruelty of the captain for thus wantonly ill-treating her, and I could not forgive myself for having passively suffered the deception. I used my utmost endeavours to comfort her, assuring her of our present safety, and begging her to rise and return to the chariot.

Almost bursting with passion, she pointed to her feet, and with frightful violence she actually beat the ground with her hands.

I then saw that her feet were tied together with a strong rope, which was fastened to the upper branch of a tree, even with a hedge which ran along the ditch where she sat. I endeavoured to untie the knot, but soon found it was infinitely beyond my strength. I was therefore obliged to apply to the footman; but being very unwilling to add to his mirth by the sight of Madame Duval's situation, I desired him to lend me a knife. I returned with it, and cut the rope. Her feet were soon disentangled, and then, though with great difficulty, I assisted her to rise. But what was my astonishment, when, the moment she was up, she hit me a violent slap on the face! I started from her with precipitation and dread, and she then loaded me with reproaches, which, though almost unintelligible, convinced me that she imagined I had voluntarily deserted her; but she seemed not to have the slightest suspicion that she had not been attacked by real robbers.

I was so much surprised and confounded at the blow, that for some time I suffered her to rave without making any answer; but her extreme agitation and real sufferings soon dispelled my anger, which all turned into compassion. I then told her that I had been forcibly detained from following her, and assured her of my real sorrow at her ill-usage.

She began to be somewhat appeased, and I again entreated her to return to the carriage, or give me leave to order that it should draw up to the place where we stood. She made no answer, till I told her that the longer we remained still, the greater would be the danger of her ride home. Struck with this hint, she suddenly, and with hasty steps, moved forward.

Her dress was in such disorder, that I was quite sorry to have her figure exposed to the servants, who all of them, in imitation of their master, hold her in derision; however, the disgrace was unavoidable.

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The ditch, happily, was almost dry, or she must have suffered still more seriously; yet so forlorn, so miserable a figure I never before saw. Her head-dress had fallen off; her linen was torn; her négligée had not a pin left in it; her petticoats she was obliged to hold on; and her shoes were perpetually slipping off. She was covered with dirt, weeds, and filth, and her face was really horrible, for the pomatum and powder from her head, and the dust from the road, were quite pasted on her skin by her tears, which, with her rouge, made so frightful a mixture that she hardly looked human.

The servants were ready to die with laughter the moment they saw her; but not all my remonstrances could prevail on her to get into the carriage till she had most vehemently reproached them both for not rescuing her. The footman, fixing his eyes on the ground, as if fearful of again trusting himself to look at her, protested that the robbers avowed that they would shoot him if he moved an inch, and that one of them had stayed to watch the chariot, while the other carried her off; adding that the reason of their behaving so barbarously, was to revenge our having secured our purses. Notwithstanding her anger, she gave immediate credit to what he said, and really imagined that her want of money had irritated the pretended robbers to treat her with such cruelty. I determined therefore to be carefully on my guard not to betray the imposition, which could now answer no other purpose than occasioning an irreparable breach between her and the captain.

Just as we were seated in the chariot, she discovered the loss which her head had sustained, and called out: 'My God! what is become of my hair? Why, the villain has stole all my curls!'

She then ordered the man to run and see if he could find any of them in the ditch. He went, and presently returning, produced a great quantity of hair in such a nasty condition, that I was amazed she would take it; and the man, as he delivered it to her found it impossible to keep his countenance; which she no sooner observed, than all her stormy passions were again raised. She flung the battered curls in his face, saying; 'Sirrah, what do you grin for? I wish you'd been served so yourself, and you wouldn't have found it no such joke; you are the impudentest fellow ever I see, and if I find you dare grin at me any more, I shall make no ceremony of boxing your ears.'

Satisfied with the threat, the man hastily retired, and we drove on.

Miss Burney explains to King George III. the Circumstances attending the Composition of 'Evelina.'

The king went up to the table, and looked at a book of prints, from Claude Lorraine, which had been brought down for Miss Dewes; but Mrs. Delany, by mistake, told him they were for me. He turned over a leaf or two, and then said:

'Pray, does Miss Burney draw, too?'

The *too* was pronounced very civilly.

'I believe not, sir,' answered Mrs. Delany; 'at least she does not tell.'

'Oh,' cried he, laughing, 'that's nothing; she is not apt to tell; she never does tell, you know. Her father told me that himself. He told me the whole history of her "Evelina." And I shall never forget his face when he spoke of his feelings at first taking up the book; he looked quite frightened, just as if he was doing it that moment. I never can forget his face while I live.'

Then coming up close to me, he said: 'But what! what! how was it?'

'Sir?' cried I, not well understanding him.

'How came you—how happened it—what—what?'

'I—I only wrote, sir, for my own amusement—only in some odd idle hours.'

'But your publishing—your printing— how was that?'

'That was only, sir—only because'——

I hesitated most abominably, not knowing how to tell him a long story, and growing terribly confused at these questions; besides, to say the truth, his own 'what! what?' so reminded me of those vile Probationary Odes [by Walcot], that, in the midst of all my flutter, I was really hardly able to keep my countenance.

The *what!* was then repeated, with so earnest a look, that, forced to say something I stammeringly answered: 'I thought, sir, it would look very well in print.'

'I do really flatter myself this is the silliest speech I ever made. I am quite pro-

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voked with myself for it; but a fear of laughing made me eager to utter anything, and by no means conscious, till I had spoken, of what I was saying.

He laughed very heartily himself—well he might—and walked away to enjoy it, crying out: 'Very fair indeed; that 's being very fair and honest.'

Then returning to me again, he said: 'But your father—how came you to not to shew him what you wrote?'

'I was too much ashamed of it, sir, seriously.'

Lite al truth that, I am sure.

'And how did he find that out?'

'I don't know myself, sir. He never would tell me.'

Literal truth again, my dear father, as you can testify.

'But how did you get it printed?'

'I sent it, sir, to a bookseller my father never employed, and that I never had seen myself, Mr. Lowndes, in full hope that by that means he never would hear of it.'

'But how could you manage that?'

'By means of a brother, sir.'

'Oh, you confided in a brother, then?'

'Yes, sir—that is, for the publication.'

'What entertainment you must have had from hearing people's conjectures before you were known! Do you remember any of them?'

'Yes, sir, many.'

'And what?'

'I heard that Mr. Baretti laid a wager it was written by a man; for no woman, he said, could have kept her own counsel.'

This diverted him extremely.

'But how was it,' he continued, 'you thought it most likely for your father to discover you?'

'Sometimes, sir, I have supposed I must have dropt some of the manuscripts; sometimes that one of my sisters betrayed me.'

'Oh, your sister? What! not your brother?'

'No, sir, he could not, for'——

I was going on, but he laughed so much I could not be heard, exclaiming: 'Vastly well! I see you are of Mr. Barretti's mind, and think your brother could keep your secret, and not your sister. Well, but,' cried he presently, 'how was it first known to you, you were betrayed?'

'By a letter, sir, from another sister. I was very ill, and in the country; and she wrote me word that my father had taken up a review, in which the book was mentioned, and had put his finger upon its name, and said: "Contrive to get that book for me."'

'And when he got it,' cried the king, 'he told me he was afraid of looking at it, and never can I forget his face when he mentioned his first opening it. But you have not kept your pen unemployed all this time?'

'Indeed I have, sir.'

'But why?'

'I—I believe I have exhausted myself, sir.'

He laughed aloud at this, and went and told it to Mrs. Delany, civilly treating a plain fact as a mere *bon mot*.

Then returning to me again, he said more seriously: 'But you have not determined against writing any more?'

'N—o, sir.'

'You have made no vow—no real resolution of that sort?'

'No, sir.'

'You only wait for inclination?'

How admirably Mr. Cambridge's speech might have come in here.

'No, sir.'

A very civil little bow spoke him pleased with this answer, and he went again to the middle of the room, where he chiefly stood and addressing us in general, talked upon the different motives of writing, concluding with: 'I believe there is no constraint to be put upon real genius; nothing but inclination can set it to work. Miss Burney, however, knows best.' And then hastily returning to me, he cried, 'What! what?'

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'No, sir, I—I—believe not, certainly,' quoth I very awkwardly, for I seemed taking a violent compliment only as my due; but I knew not how to put him off as I would another person.

Margaret Nicholson's Attempt on the Life of George III., August 2, 1786.

An attempt had just been made upon the life of the king! I was almost petrified with horror at the intelligence. If this king is not safe—good, pious, beneficent as he is—if his life is in danger from his own subjects, what is to guard the throne? and which way is a monarch to be secure!

Mrs. Goldsworthy had taken every possible precaution so to tell the matter to the Princess Elizabeth as least to alarm her, lest it might occasion a return of her spasms; but, fortunately, she cried so exceedingly that it was hoped the vent of her tears would save her from these terrible convulsions.

Madame La Fite had heard of the attempt only, not the particulars; but I was afterwards informed of them in the most interesting manner, namely, how they were related to the queen. And as the newspapers will have told you all else, I shall only and briefly tell that.

No information arrived here of the matter before His Majesty's return, at the usual hour in the afternoon, from the levee. The Spanish minister had hurried off instantly to Windsor, and was in waiting at Lady Charlotte Finch's, to be ready to assure Her Majesty of the king's safety, in case any report anticipated his return.

The queen had the two eldest princesses, the Duchess of Ancaster, and Lady Charlotte Bertie with her when the king came in. He hastened up to her, with a countenance of striking vivacity, and said: 'Here I am!—safe and well, as you see—but I have very narrowly escaped being stabbed! His own conscious safety, and the pleasure he felt in thus personally shewing it to the queen, made him not aware of the effect of so abrupt a communication. The queen was seized with a consternation that at first almost stupefied her, and after a most painful silence, the first words she could articulate were, in looking round at the duchess and Lady Charlotte, who had both burst into tears, 'I envy you—I can't cry!' The two princesses were for a little while in the same state; but the tears of the duchess proved infectious, and they then wept even with violence.

The king, with the gayest good-humour, did his utmost to comfort them; and then gave a relation of the affair, with a calmness and unconcern that, had any one but himself been his hero, would have been regarded as totally unfeeling.

You may have heard it wrong; I will concisely tell it right. His carriage had just stopped at the garden door at St. James's, and he had just alighted from it, when a decently dressed woman, who had been waiting for him some time, approached him with a petition. It was rolled up and had the usual superscription—'For the King's Most Excellent Majesty.' She presented it with her right hand; and, at the same moment that the king bent forward to take it, she drew from it, with her left hand, a knife, with which she aimed straight at his heart!

The fortunate awkwardness of taking the instrument with the left hand made her design perceived before it could be executed; the king started back, scarce believing the testimony of his own eyes; and the woman made a second thrust, which just touched his waistcoat before he had time to prevent her; and at that moment one of the attendants, seeing her horrible intent, wrenched the knife from her hand.

'Has she cut my waistcoat?' cried he, in telling it. 'Look! for I have had no time to examine.'

Thank Heaven, however, the poor wretch had not gone quite so far. 'Though nothing,' added the king, in giving his relation, 'could have been sooner done, for there was nothing for her to go through but a thin lawn and fur.'

While the guards and his own people now surrounded the king, the assassin was seized by the populace, who were tearing her away, no doubt to fall the instant sacrifice of her murderous purpose, when the king, the only calm and moderate person there present, called aloud to the mob: 'The poor creature is mad! Do not hurt her! She has not hurt me!' He then came forward, and shewed himself to all the people, declaring he was perfectly safe and unhurt; and then gave positive orders that the woman should be taken care of, and went into the palace, and had his levee.

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There is something in the whole of this behaviour upon this occasion that strikes me as proof indisputable of a true and noble courage: for in a moment so extraordinary—an attack, in this country, unheard of before—to settle so instantly that it was the effect of insanity, to feel no apprehension of private plot or latent conspiracy—to stay out, fearlessly, among his people, and so benevolently to see himself to the safety of one who had raised her arm against his life—these little traits, all impulsive, and therefore to be trusted, have given me an impression of respect and reverence that I can never forget, and never think of but with fresh admiration.

If that love of prerogative, so falsely assigned, were true, what an opportunity was here offered to exert it! Had he instantly taken refuge in his palace, ordered out all his guards, stopped every avenue to St. James's, and issued his commands that every individual present at this scene should be secured and examined; who would have dared murmur, or even blame such measures? The insanity of the woman has now fully been proved; but that noble confidence which gave that instant excuse for her was then all his own.

SARAH HARRIET BURNEY, half-sister to Madame D'Arblay, was authoress of several novels, 'Geraldine,' 'Fauconberg,' 'Country Neighbours,' &c. This lady copied the style of her relative, but had not her raciness of humour, or power of delineating character

WILLIAM BECKFORD.

In 1784 there appeared, in French, the rich oriental story entitled 'Vathek: an Arabian Tale.' A translation into English, with notes critical and explanatory, was published in 1786; and the tale, revised and corrected, has since passed through many editions. Byron praises the work for its correctness of costume, beauty of description, and power of imagination. 'As an Eastern tale,' he says, 'even Rasselas must bow before it: his Happy Valley will not bear a comparison with the Hall of Eblis.' It would be difficult to institute a comparison between scenes so very dissimilar—almost as different as the garden of Eden from Pandemonium; but 'Vathek' seems to have powerfully impressed the youthful fancy of Byron. It contains some minute Eastern painting and characters—a Giaour being of the number—uniting energy and fire with voluptuousness, such as Byron loved to draw. The Caliph Vathek, who had 'sullied himself with a thousand crimes,' like the Corsair, is a magnificent Childe Harold, and may have suggested the character.

WILLIAM BECKFORD, the author of this remarkable work, was born in 1760. He had as great a passion for building towers as the caliph himself, and both his fortune and his genius have something of oriental splendour about them. His father, Alderman Beckford of Fonthill, was leader of the city of London opposition in the stormy times of Wilkes, Chatham, and the American discontents. The father died in 1770, and when the young heir came of age, he succeeded to a fortune of a million of money, and £100,000 a year. His education had been desultory and irregular—partly under tutors at Geneva—but a literary taste was soon manifested. In his eighteenth year he wrote 'Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters' (published in 1780), being a burlesque guide-book to the gallery of pictures at Fonthill, designed to mislead the old housekeeper and ignorant visitors. Shortly afterwards, he wrote some account of his

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early travels, under the title of 'Dreams, Waking Thoughts, and Incidents,' but though printed, this work was never published. In 1780, he made a tour on the continent, which formed the subject of a series of letters, picturesque and poetical, which he published (though not until 1835) under the title of 'Italy, with Sketches of Spain and Portugal.' The high-bred ease, voluptuousness, and classic taste of some of these descriptions and personal adventures have a striking and unique effect. In 1782, he wrote 'Vathek.' 'It took me three days and two nights of hard labour,' he said, 'and I never took off my clothes the whole time.' The description of the Hall of Eblis was copied from the Hall of old Fonthill, and the female characters were portraits of the Fonthill domestics idealised. The work, however, was partly taken from a French romance, 'Abdallah; ou les Aventures du Fils de Hanif,' Paris, 1723. In 1783, Beckford married a daughter of the Earl of Aboyne, who died three years afterwards, leaving two daughters, one of whom became Duchess of Hamilton. He sat for some time in parliament for the borough of Hindon, but his love of magnificence and his voluptuary tastes were ill suited to English society. In 1794, he set off for Portugal with a retinue of thirty servants, and was absent about two years. He is said to have built a palace at Cintra—that 'glorious Eden of the south,' and Byron has referred to it in the first canto of 'Childe Harold:'

> There thou, too, Vathek! England's wealthiest son,
> Once formed thy paradise.

The poet, however, had been misled by inaccurate information: Beckford built no 'paradise' at Cintra. But he has left a literary memorial of his residence in Portugal in his 'Recollections of an Excursion to the Monasteries of Alcobaca and Batalha,' published in 1835. The excursion was made in June 1794, at the desire of the Prince-regent of Portugal. The monastery of Alcobaca was the grandest ecclesiastical edifice in that country, with paintings, antique tombs, and fountains; the noblest architecture, in the finest situation, and inhabited by monks, who lived like princes. The whole of these sketches are interesting, and present a gorgeous picture of ecclesiastical pomp and wealth. Mr. Beckford and his friends were conducted to the kitchen by the abbot, in his costume of High Almoner of Portugal, that they might see what preparations had been made to regale them. The kitchen was worthy of a Vathek! 'Through the centre of the immense and nobly groined hall, not less than 60 feet in diameter, ran a brisk rivulet of the clearest water, *containing every sort and size of the finest river-fish.* On one side, loads of game and venison were heaped up; on the other, vegetables and fruits in endless variety. Beyond a long line of stores extended a row of ovens, and close to them hillocks of wheaten flour, whiter than snow, rocks of sugar, jars of the purest oil, and pastry in vast abundance, which a numerous tribe of lay-

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brothers and their attendants were rolling out, and puffing up into a hundred different shapes, singing all the while as blithely as larks in a corn-field.' Alas! this regal splendour is all gone. The magnificent monastry of Alcobaca was plundered and given to the flames by the French troops under Massena in 1811.

In the year 1796, Mr. Beckford returned to England, and took up his residence permanently on his Wiltshire estate. Two burlesque novels from his pen belong to this period—'Modern Novel-writing, or the Elegant Enthusiast,' two volumes, 1796; and 'Azemia,' two volumes, 1797. They are extravagant and worthless productions. At Fonthill, Beckford lived in a style of oriental luxury and seclusion. He built a wall of nine miles round his property, to shut out visitors; but in 1800 his gates were thrown open to receive Lord Nelson and Sir William and Lady Hamilton, in honour of whom he gave a series of splendid fêtes. Next year he sold the furniture and pictures of Fonthill, pulled down the old paternal mansion, with its great Hall, and for years employed himself in rearing the magnificent but unsubstantial Gothic structure known as Fonthill Abbey, and in embellishing the surrounding grounds. The latter were laid out in the most exquisite style of landscape-gardening, aided by the natural inequality and beauty of the ground, and enriched by a lake and fine sylvan scenery. The grand tower of the abbey was 260 feet high, and occupied the owner's care and anxiety for years. The structure was like a romance. 'On one occasion, when this lofty tower was pushing its crest towards heaven, an elevated part of it caught fire, and was destroyed. The sight was sublime; and we have heard that it was a spectacle which the owner of the mansion enjoyed with as much composure as if the flames had not been devouring what it would cost a fortune to repair.' The building was carried on by him with an energy and enthusiasm of which duller minds can hardly form a conception.

At one period, every cart and wagon in the district was pressed into the service, though all the agricultural labour of the country stood still. At another, even the royal works of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, were abandoned, that 460 men might be employed night and day on Fonthill Abbey. These men were made to relieve each other by regular watches; and during the longest and darkest nights of winter, the astonished traveller might see the tower rising under their hands, the trowel and torch being associated for that purpose. This must have had a very extraordinary appearance; and we are told that it was another of those exhibitions which Mr. Beckford was fond of contemplating. He is represented as surveying the work thus expedited, the busy levy of masons, the high and giddy dancing of the lights, and the strange effects produced upon the architecture and woods below, from one of the eminences in the walks, and wasting the coldest hours of December darkness in feasting his sense with

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this display of almost superhuman power.'* These details are characteristic of the author of 'Vathek,' and form an interesting illustration of his peculiar taste and genius. In 1822, Mr. Beckford sold Fonthill, and went to live at Bath. There he erected another costly building, Lansdowne House, which had a tower a hundred feet high, crowned with a model of the temple of Lysicrates at Athens, *made of cast-iron*. He had a magnificent gallery built over a junction archway; the grounds were decorated with temples, vases, and statues; and the interior of the house was filled with rare paintings, sculptures, old china, and other articles of virtù. His old porter, a dwarf, continued to attend his master as at Fonthill, and the same course of voluptuous solitude was pursued, 'though now his eightieth year was nigh.' Looking from his new tower one morning, Beckford found the Fonthill tower gone! He was not unprepared for the catastrophe. The master of the works at Fonthill confessed, on his death-bed, that he had not built the tower on an arched foundation; it was built on the sand, he said, and would some day fall. Beckford communicated this to the purchaser, Mr. Farquhar; but the new proprietor, with a philosophic coolness that Beckford must have admired, observed he was quite satisfied it would last his time. It fell, however, shortly afterwards, filling the marble court with the ruins. Of the great Abbey only one turret-gallery now remains, and the princely estate, with its green drive of nine miles, has been broken up and sold as three separate properties. Mr. Beckford died in his house at Bath on the 2d of May 1844. His body was inclosed in a sarcophagus of red granite, inscribed with a passage from 'Vathek:' 'Enjoying humbly the most precious gift of Heaven, Hope.' More appropriately might have been engraved on it the old truth, *Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas*. Of all the glories and prodigalities of the English Sardanapalus, his slender romance, the work of three days, is the only durable memorial.

* *Literary Gazette*, 1822.—Hazlitt, who visited the spot at the same time, says: 'Fonthill Abbey, after being enveloped in impenetrable mystery for a length of years, has been unexpectedly thrown open to the vulgar gaze, and has lost none of its reputation for magnificence—though perhaps its visionary glory, its classic renown, have vanished from the public mind for ever. It is, in a word, a desert of magnificence, a glittering waste of laborious idleness, a cathedral turned into a toy-shop, an immense museum of all that is most curious and costly, and, at the same time, most worthless in the productions of art and nature. Ships of pearl and seas of amber are scarce a fable here—a nautilus's shell, surmounted with a gilt triumph of Neptune—tables of agate, cabinets of ebony, and precious stones, painted windows shedding a gaudy crimson light, satin borders, marble floors, and lamps of solid gold—Chinese pagodas and Persian tapestry—all the splendour of Solomon's temple is displayed to the view in miniature—whatever is far-fetched and dear-bought, rich in the materials, or rare and difficult in the workmanship—but scarce one genuine work of art, one solid proof of taste, one lofty relic of sentiment or imagination.' The collection of *bijouterie* and articles of *virtu* was allowed to be almost unprecedented in extent and value. Mr. Beckford disposed of Fonthill, in 1822, to Mr. Farquhar, a gentleman who had amassed a fortune in India, for £330,000 or £350 000, the late proprietor retaining only his family pictures and a few books—*Gentleman's Magazine*, Oct. 1822.

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The outline or plot of 'Vathek' possesses all the wildness of Arabian fiction. The hero is the grandson of Haroun al Raschid (*Aaron the Just*), whose dominions stretched from Africa to India. He is fearless, proud, inquisitive, a *gourmand*, fond of theological controversy, cruel and magnificent in his power as a caliph; in short, an Eastern Henry VIII.

Description of the Caliph Vathek and his Magnificent Palaces.

Vathek, ninth caliph of the race of the Abbasides, was the son of Motassem, and the grandson of Haroun al Raschid. From an early accession to the throne, and the talents he possessed to adorn it, his subjects were induced to expect that his reign would be long and happy. His figure was pleasing and majestic; but when he was angry, one of his eyes became so terrible that no person could bear to behold it; and the wretch upon whom it was fixed instantly fell backward, and sometimes expired. For fear, however, of depopulating his dominions, and making his palace desolate, he but rarely gave way to his anger.

Being much addicted to women and the pleasures of the table, he sought by his affability to procure agreeable companions; and he succeeded the better as his generosity was unbounded and his indulgences unrestrained; for he did not think, with the caliph Omar Ben Abdalaziz, that it was necessary to make a hell of this world to enjoy paradise in the next.

He surpassed in magnificence all his predecessors. The palace of Alkoremi, which his father, Motassem, had erected on the hill of Pied Horses, and which commanded the whole city of Samarah, was in his idea far too scanty; he added, therefore, five wings, or rather other palaces, which he destined for the particular gratification of each of the senses. In the first of these were tables continually covered with the most exquisite dainties, which were supplied both by night and by day, according to their constant consumption; whilst the most delicious wines, and the choicest cordials, flowed forth from a hundred fountains that were never exhausted. This palace was called the Eternal, or Unsatiating Banquet. The second was styled the Temple of Melody, or the Nectar of the Soul. It was inhabited by the most skilful musicians and admired poets of the time, who not only displayed their talents within, but dispersing in bands without, caused every surrounding scene to reverberate their songs, which were continually varied in the most delightful succession.

The palace named the Delight of the Eyes, or the Support of Memory, was one entire enchantment. Rarities, collected from every corner of the earth, were there found in such profusion as to dazzle and confound, but for the order in which they were arranged. One gallery exhibited the pictures of the celebrated Mani, and statues that seemed to be alive. Here a well-managed perspective attracted the sight; there the magic of optics agreeably deceived it; whilst the naturalist, on his part, exhibited in their several classes the various gifts that Heaven had bestowed on our globe. In a word, Vathek omitted nothing in this palace that might gratify the curiosity of those who resorted to it, although he was not able to satisfy his own, for of all men he was the most curious.

The Palace of Perfumes, which was termed likewise the Incentive to Pleasure, consisted of various halls, where the different perfumes which the earth produces were kept perpetually burning in censers of gold. Flambeaux and aromatic lamps were here lighted in open day. But the too powerful effects of this agreeable delirium might be alleviated by descending into an immense garden, where an assemblage of every fragrant flower diffused through the air the purest odours.

The fifth palace, denominated the Retreat of Mirth, or the Dangerous, was frequented by troops of young females, beautiful as the Houris, and not less seducing, who never failed to receive with caresses all whom the caliph allowed to approach them, and enjoy a few hours of their company.

Notwithstanding the sensuality in which Vathek indulged, he experienced no abatement in the love of his people, who thought that a sovereign giving himself up to pleasure was as able to govern as one who declared himself an enemy to it. But the unquiet and impetuous disposition of the caliph would not allow him to rest there. He had studied so much for his amusement in the lifetime of his father, as to acquire a

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great deal of knowledge, though not a sufficiency to satisfy himself; for he wished to know everything even sciences that did not exist. He was fond of engaging in disputes with the learned, but did not allow them to push their opposition with warmth. It stopped with presents the mouths of those whose mouths could be stopped; whilst others, whom his liberality was unable to subdue, he sent to prison to cool their blood—a remedy that often succeeded.

Vathek discovered also a predilection for theological controversy; but it was not with the orthodox that he usually held. By this means he induced the zealots to oppose him, and then persecuted them in return; for he resolved, at any rate, to have reason on his side.

The great prophet, Mohammed, whose vicars the caliphs are, beheld with indignation from his abode in the seventh heaven the irreligious conduct of such a vicegerent. 'Let us leave him to himself,' said he to the genii, who are always ready to receive his commands; 'let us see to what lengths his folly and impiety will carry him; if he run into excess, we shall know how to chastise him. Assist him, therefore, to complete the tower, which, in imitation of Nimrod, he hath begun; not, like that great warrior, to escape being drowned, but from the insolent curiosity of penetrating the secrets of Heaven: he will not divine the fate that awaits him.'

The genii obeyed; and, when the workman had raised their structure a cubit in the daytime, two cubits more were added in the night. The expedition with which the fabric arose was not a little flattering to the vanity of Vathek: he fancied that even insensible matter shewed a forwardness to subserve his designs, not considering that the successes of the foolish and wicked form the first rod of their chastisement.

His pride arrived at its height when, having ascended for the first time the fifteen hundred stairs of his tower, he cast his eyes below, and beheld men not larger than pismires, mountains than shells, and cities than bee-hives. The idea which such an elevation inspired of his own grandeur completely bewildered him; he was almost ready to adore himself, till, lifting his eyes upward, he saw the stars as high above him as they appeared when he stood on the surface of the earth. He consoled himself, however, for this intruding and unwelcome perception of his littleness, with the thought of being great in the eyes of others; and flattered himself that the light of his mind would extend beyond the reach of his sight, and extort from the stars the decrees of his destiny.

After some horrible sacrifices, related with great power, Carathis reads from a roll of parchment an injunction that Vathek should depart from his palace surrounded by all the pageants of majesty, and set forward on his way to Istakar. 'There,' added the writing of the mysterious Giaour, 'I await thy coming: that is the region of wonders: there shalt thou receive the diadem of Gian Ben Gian, the talismans of Soliman, and the treasures of the pre-Adamite sultans: there shalt thou be solaced with all kinds of delight. But beware how thou enterest any dwelling on thy route, or thou shalt feel the effects of my anger.' The degenerate commander of the true believers sets off on his journey with much pomp. After various adventures and scenes of splendid voluptuousness, one of the beneficent genii, in the guise of a shepherd, endeavours to arrest Vathek in his mad career, and warns him that beyond the mountains Eblis and his accursed *dives* hold their infernal empire. That moment, he said, was the last of grace allowed him, and as soon as the sun, then obscured by clouds, recovered his splendour, if his heart was not changed, the time of mercy assigned to him would be passed forever. Vathek audaciously spurned from him the warning and the counsel. 'Let the sun appear,' he said; 'let him illume my career! it matters not where it may end.' At the approach of night, most of his

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attendants escaped; but Nouronihar, whose impatience, if possible, exceeded his own, importuned him to hasten his march, and lavished on him a thousand caresses to beguile all reflection.

The Hall of Eblis.

In this manner they advanced by moonlight till they came within view of the two towering rocks that form a kind of portal to the valley at the extremity of which rose the vast ruins of Istakar. Aloft, on the mountain, glimmered the fronts of various royal mausoleums, the horror of which was deepened by the shadows of night. They passed through two villages, almost deserted; the only inhabitants remaining being a few feeble old men, who, at the sight of horses and litters, fell upon their knees and cried out: O heaven! is it then by these phantoms that we have been for six months tormented! Alas! it was from the terror of these spectres, and the noise beneath the mountains, that our people have fled, and left us at the mercy of the malefficent spirits!' The caliph, to whom these complaints were but unpromising auguries, drove over the bodies of these wretched old men, and at length arrived at the foot of the terrace of black marble. There he descended from his litter, handing down Nouronihar; both, with beating hearts, stared wildly around them, and expected, with an apprehensive shudder, the approach of the Gmour. But nothing as yet announced his appearance.

A deathlike stillness reigned over the mountain and through the air. The moon dilated on a vast platform the shades of the lofty columns which reached from the terrace almost to the clouds. The gloomy watch-towers, whose number could not be counted, were covered by no roof; and their capitals of an architecture unknown in the records of the earth, served as an asylum for the birds of night, which, alarmed at the approach of such visitants, fled away croaking.

The chief of the eunuchs, trembling with fear, besought Vathek that a fire might be kindled. 'No,' replied he; 'there is no time left to think of such trifles; abide where thou art, and expect my commands.' Having thus spoken, he presented his hand to Nouronihar, and, ascending the steps of a vast staircase, reached the terrace, which was flagged with squares of marble and resembled a smooth expanse of water, upon whose surface not a blade of grass ever dared to vegetate. On the right rose the watch-towers, ranged before the ruins of an immense palace, whose walls were embossed with various figures. In front stood forth the colossal forms of four creatures, composed of the leopard and the griffin and though but of stone, inspired emotions of terror. Near these were distinguished, by the splendour of the moon, which streamed full on the place, characters like those on the sabres of the Giaour, and which possessed the same virtue of changing every moment. These after vacillating for some time, fixed at last in Arabic letters, and prescribed to the caliph the following words: 'Vathek! thou hast violated the conditions of my parchment and deserveth to be sent back; but in favour to thy companion, and as the need for what thou hast done to obtain it, Eblis permitteth that the portal of his palace shall be opened and the subterranean fire will receive thee into the number of its adorers.

He scarcely had read these words before the mountain against which the terrace was reared trembled, and the watch towers were ready to topple headlong upon them. The rock yawned, and disclosed within it a staircase of polished marble that seemed to approach the abyss. Upon each stair were planted two large torches, like those Nouronihar had seen in her vision: the camphorated vapour of which ascended and gathered itself into a cloud under the hollow of the vault. . . .

The caliph and Nouronihar beheld each other with amazement at finding themselves in a place which, though roofed with a vaulted ceiling, was so spacious and lofty that at first they took it for an immeasurable plain. But their eyes at length growing familiar to the grandeur of the surrounding objects, they extended their view to those at a distance, and discovered rows of columns and arcades which gradually diminished till they terminated in a point radiant as the sun when he darts his last beams athwart the ocean. The pavement, strewed over with gold-dust and saffron, exhaled so subtle an odour as almost overpowered them. They, however, went on, and observed an infinity of censers, in which, ambergris and the wood of aloes were continually burning.

In the midst of this immense hall a vast multitude was incessantly passing, who

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severally kept their right hands on their hearts, without once regarding anything around them. They had all the livid paleness of death. Their eyes, deep sunk in their sockets, resembled those phosphoric meteors that glimmer by night in places of interment. Some stalked slowly on, absorbed in profound reverie; some, shrieking with agony, ran furiously about like tigers wounded with poisoned arrows; whilst others, grinding their teeth in rage, foamed along more frantic than the wildest maniac. They all avoided each other; and though surrounded by a multitude that no one could number, each wandered at random, unheedful of the rest, as if alone on a desert where no foot had trodden. . . .

After some time, Vathek and Nouronihar perceived a gleam brightening through the drapery, and entered a vast tabernacle hung round with the skins of leopards. An infinity of elders, with streaming beards, and afrits in complete armour, had prostrated themselves before the ascent of a lofty eminence, on the top of which, upon a globe of fire, sat the formidable Eblis. His person was that of a young man, whose noble and regular features seemed to have been tarnished by malignant vapours. In his large eyes appeared both pride and despair; his flowing hair retained some resemblance to that of an angel of light. In his hand, which thunder had blasted, he swayed the iron sceptre that causes the monster Ouranbad, the afrits, and all the powers of the abyss, to tremble. At his presence, the heart of the caliph sank within him, and he fell prostrate on his face. Nouronihar, however, though greatly dismayed, could not help admiring the person of Eblis, for she expected to have seen some stupendous giant. Eblis, with a voice more mild than might be imagined, but such as penetrated the soul, and filled it with the deepest melancholy, said: 'Creatures of clay, I receive you into mine empire; ye are numbered amongst my adorers; enjoy whatever this palace affords; the treasures of the pre-Adamite sultans; their fulminating sabres; and those talismans that compel the dives to open the subterranean expanses of the mountain of Kaf, which communicate with these. There, insatiable as your curiosity may be, shall you find sufficient objects to gratify it. You shall possess the exclusive privilege of entering the fortresses of Aherman, and the halls of Argenk, where are portrayed all creatures endowed with intelligence and the various animals that inhabited the earth prior to the creation of that contemptible being whom ye denominate the father of mankind.'

Vathek and Nouronihar, feeling themselves revived and encouraged by this harangue, eagerly said to the Giaour: 'Bring us instantly to the place which contains these precious talismans.' 'Come,' answered this wicked dive, with his malignant grin, 'come and possess all that my sovereign hath promised, and more.' He then conducted them into a long aisle adjoining the tabernacle, preceding them with hasty steps and followed by his disciples with the utmost alacrity. They reached at length a hall of great extent, and covered with a lofty dome, around which appeared fifty portals of bronze, secured with as many fastenings of iron. A funeral gloom prevailed over the whole scene. Here, upon two beds of incorruptible cedar, lay recumbent the fleshless forms of the pre-Adamite kings who had been monarchs of the whole earth. They still possessed enough of life to be conscious of their deplorable condition. Their eyes retained a melancholy motion; they regarded one another with looks of the deepest dejection, each holding his right hand motionless on his heart. At their feet were inscribed the events of their several reigns, their power, their pride, and their crimes; Soliman Daki, and Soliman, called Gian Ben Gian, who, after having chained up the dives in the dark caverns of Kaf, became so presumptuous as to doubt of the Supreme Power. All these maintained great state, though not to be compared with the eminence of Soliman Ben Daoud.

This king, so renowned for his wisdom, was on the loftiest elevation, and placed immediately under the dome. He appeared to possess more animation than the rest. Though, from time to time, he laboured with profound sighs, and, like his companions, kept his right hand on his heart, yet his countenance was more composed, and he seemed to be listening to the sullen roar of a cataract, visible in part through one of the grated portals. This was the only sound that intruded on the silence of these doleful mansions. A range of brazen vases surrounded the elevation. 'Remove the covers from these cabalistic depositories,' said the Giaour to Vathek, 'and avail thyself of the talismans which will break asunder all these gates of bronze, and not only render thee master of the treasures contained within them, but also of the spirits by which they are guarded.'

The caliph, whom this ominous preliminary had entirely disconcerted, approached

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the vases with faltering footsteps, and was ready to sink with terror when he heard the groans of Soliman. As he proceeded, a voice from the livid lips of the prophet articulated these words: 'In my lifetime, I filled a magnificent throne, having on my right hand twelve thousand seats of gold, where the patriarchs and the prophets heard my doctrines; on my left, the sages and doctors, upon as many thrones of silver, were present at all my decisions. Whilst I thus administered justice to innumerable multitudes, the birds of the air, hovering over me, served as a canopy against the rays of the sun. My people flourished, and my palace rose to the clouds. I created a temple to the Most High, which was the wonder of the universe; but I basely suffered myself to be seduced by the love of women, and a curiosity that could not be restrained by sublunary things. I listened to the counsels of Aherman, and the daughter of Pharaoh; and adored fire, and the hosts of heaven. I forsook the holy city, and commanded the genii to rear the stupendous palace of Istaker, and the terrace of the watch-towers, each of which was consecrated to a star. There for a while I enjoyed myself in the zenith of glory and pleasure. Not only men, but supernatural beings, were subject also to my will. I began to think, as these unhappy monarchs around had already thought, that the vengeance of Heaven was asleep, when at once the thunder burst my structures asunder, and precipitated me hither, where, however, I do not remain, like the other inhabitants, totally destitute of hope; for an angel of light hath revealed that in consideration of the piety of my early youth, my woes shall come to an end when this cataract shall for ever cease to flow. Till then, I am in torments—ineffable torments! an unrelenting fire preys on my heart' . . .

Such was, and such should be, the punishment of unrestrained passions and atrocious deeds! Such shall be the chastisement of that blind curiosity which would transgress those bounds the wisdom of the Creator has prescribed to human knowledge; and such the dreadful disappointment of that restless ambition, which, aiming at discoveries reserved for beings of a supernatural order, perceives not, through its infatuated pride, that the condition of man upon earth is to be—humble and ignorant.

There is astonishing force and grandeur in some of these conceptions. The catastrophe possesses a sort of epic sublimity, and the spectacle of the vast multitude incessantly pacing those halls, from which all hope has fled, is worthy the genius of Dante. The numberless graces of description, the piquant allusions, the humour and satire, and the wild yet witty spirit of mockery and derision—like the genius of Voltaire—which is spread over the work, we must leave to the reader. The romance altogether places Beckford among the first of our imaginative writers, independently of the surprise which it is calculated to excite as the work of a youth of twenty-two, who had never been in the countries he describes with so much animation and accuracy.

RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

RICHARD CUMBERLAND, the dramatist, was author of three novels, 'Arundel,' 'Henry,' and 'John de Lancaster.' The learning, knowledge of society—including foreign manners—and the dramatic talents of this author, would seem to have qualified him in an eminent degree for novel-writing; but this was by no means the case. His fame must rest on his comedies of 'The West Indian,' 'The Wheel of Fortune,' and 'The Jew.' Cumberland was the son of Mr. Denison Cumberland, bishop of Clonfert, and afterwards of Kilmore. His mother was Joanna, daughter of the celebrated Dr. Bentley, and said to be the Phœbe of Byrom's fine pastoral, 'My

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Time, O ye Muses, was happily spent.' Cumberland was born in 1732. He was designed for the church; but in return for some services rendered by his father, the young student was appointed private secretary to the Marquis of Halifax, whom he accompanied to Ireland. Through the influence of his patron, he was made crown-agent for the province of Nova Scotia; and he was afterwards appointed, by Lord George Germain, secretary to the Board of Trade. The dramatic performances of Cumberland written about this time, were highly successful, and introduced him to all the literary and distinguished society of his day. The character of him by Goldsmith in his 'Retaliation,' where he is praised as

The Terence of England, the mender of hearts,

is one of the finest compliments ever paid by one author to another. In the year 1780, Cumberland was employed on a secret mission to Spain, in order to endeavour to detach that country from the hostile confederacy against England. He seems to have been misled by the Abbe Hussey, chaplain to the king of Spain; and after residing a twelvemonth at Madrid, he was recalled, and payment of his drafts refused. A sum of £5000 was due him; but as Cumberland had failed in the negotiation, and had exceeded his commission through excess of zeal, the minister harshly refused to remunerate him. Thus situated, the unfortunate dramatist was compelled to sell his paternal estate, and retire into private life. He took up his abode at Tunbridge, and there poured forth a variety of dramas, essays, and other works, among which were two epic poems, 'Calvary' and 'The Exodiad,' the latter written in conjunction with Sir James Bland Burgess. None of these efforts can be said to have overstepped the line of mediocrity; for though our author had erudition, taste, and accomplishments, he wanted, in all but two or three of his plays, the vivifying power of genius.

Cumberland's 'Memoirs of his own Life'—for which he obtained £500—are graphic and entertaining, but too many of his anecdotes of his contemporaries will not bear a rigid scrutiny. Cumberland died on the 7th of May 1811. His first novel, 'Arundel' (1789), was hurriedly composed; but the scene being partly in college and at court, and treating of scenes and characters in high life, the author drew upon his recollections, and painted vigorously what he had felt and witnessed. His second work, 'Henry' (1795), which he polished with great care, to imitate the elaborate style of Fielding, was less happy; for Cumberland was not so much at home in low life, and his portraits are grossly overcharged. The character of Ezekiel Dow, a Methodist preacher, is praised by Sir Walter Scott as not only an exquisite but a just portrait. The resemblance to Fielding's Parson Adams is, however, too marked, while the Methodistic traits introduced are, however faithful, less pleasing than the learned simplicity

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and *bonhomie* of the worthy parson. Another peculiarity of the author is thus touched upon by Scott: 'He had a peculiar taste in love-affairs, which induced him to reverse the natural and usual practice of courtship, and to throw upon the softer sex the task of wooing, which is more gracefully, as well as naturally, the province of the man.' In these wooing scenes, too, there is a great want of delicacy and propriety: Cumberland was not here a 'mender of hearts.' The third novel of our author was the work of his advanced years, and is of a very inferior description. It would be unjust not to add, that the prose style of Cumberland in his Memoirs and ordinary narratives, where humour is not attempted is easy and flowing—the style of a scholar and gentleman.

MRS. FRANCES SHERIDAN.

MRS. FRANCES SHERIDAN (1724–1766) was the authoress of two novels, 'Sidney Biddulph' and 'Nourjahad,' and two comedies, 'The Discovery' and 'The Dupe.' The latter are common-place productions, but the novels evince fine imaginative powers and correct moral taste. 'Sidney Biddulph' is a pathetic story; the heroine goes to her grave 'unrelieved but resigned,' as Boswell has said, and Johnson doubted whether the accomplished authoress had a right to make her readers suffer so much. 'Nourjahad' is an eastern romance, also with a moral tendency, but containing some animated incidents and description. Mrs. Sheridan was the wife of Thomas Sheridan, popular as an actor and elocutionist, and author of an 'Orthoepical Dictionary of the English Language.' Dr. Parr, with characteristic enthusiasm, pronounced Mrs. Sheridan to be 'quite celestial,' and Charles James Fox considered 'Sidney Biddulph' to be the best of all modern novels. Yet, perhaps, this amiable and gifted woman is now best known from being the mother of Richard Brinsley Sheridan.

THOMAS HOLCROFT.

THOMAS HOLCROFT, whose singular history and dramatic performances we have already noticed, was author of several once popular novels. The first was published in 1780, under the title of 'Alwyn, or the Gentleman Comedian.' This had, and deserved to have, but little success. His second, 'Anna St. Ives,' in seven volumes (1792), was well received, and attracted attention from its political bearings no less than the force of its style and character. The principal characters are, as Hazlitt remarks, merely the vehicles of certain general sentiments, or machines put into action, as an experiment to shew how these general principles would operate in particular situations. The same intention is manifested in his third novel, 'Hugh Trevor,' the first part of which appeared in 1794, and the remainder in 1797. In 'Hugh Trevor,' Holcroft, like Godwin, depicted the vices and distresses which he conceived to be gene-

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rated by the existing institutions of society. There are some good sketches, and many eloquent and just observations, in the work, and those who have read it in youth will remember the vivid impression that some parts are calculated to convey. The political doctrines inculcated by the author are captivating to young minds, and were enforced by Holcroft in the form of well-contrasted characters, lively dialogue, and pointed satire. He was himself a true believer in the practicability of such an Utopian or ideal state of society. The song of 'Gaffer Gray,' in 'Hugh Trevor,' which glances ironically at the inhumanity of the rich, has a forcible simplicity and truth in particular cases, which made it a favourite with the public.

Gaffer Gray.

Ho! why dost thou shiver and shake,
Gaffer Gray?
And why does thy nose look so blue?
'Tis the weather that's cold,
'Tis I'm grown very old,
And my doublet is not very new,
Well-a-day!'

Then line thy worn doublet with ale,
Gaffer Gray;
And warm thy old heart with a glass.
'Nay, but cr dit I've none,
And my money's all gone;
Then say how may that come to pass?
Well-a-day!'

Hie away to the house on the brow,
Gaffer Gray,
And knock at the jolly priest's door.
'The priest often preaches,
Against worldly riches,
But ne'er gives a mite to the poor,
Well-a-day!'

The lawyer lives under the hill,
Gaffer Gray;
Warmly fenced both in back and in front
'He will fasten his locks,
And will threaten the stocks,
Should he ever more find me in want,
Well-a-day!'

The squire has fat beeves and brown ale,
Gaffer Gray;
And the season will welcome you there.
'His fat beeves and his beer
And his merry new year,
Are all for the flush and the fair,
Well-a-day!'

My keg is but low, I confess,
Gaffer Gray;
What then? While it lasts, man, we'll live,
'The poor man alone,
When he hears the poor moan,
Of his morsel a morsel will give,
Well-a-day!'

Holcroft wrote another novel, 'Bryan Perdue,' but it is greatly inferior to his former productions. His whole works, indeed, were eclipsed by those of Godwin, and have now fallen out of notice.

ROBERT BAGE.

Another novelist of a similar stamp was ROBERT BAGE, a Quaker, who, like Holcraft, imbibed the principles of the French Revolution, and inculcated them in various works of fiction. Bage was born at Darley, in Derbyshire, on the 29th of February 1728. His father was a paper-maker, and his son continued in the same occupation through life. His manufactory was at Elford, near Tamworth, where he realised a decent competence. During the last eight years of his life, Bage resided at Tamworth, where he died on the 1st of September 1801. The works of this author are—'Mount Kenneth,' 1781; 'Barham Downs,' 1784; 'The Fair Syrian,' 1787; James Wallace,' 1788; 'Man as He is,' 1792; 'Hermsprong, or Man as He is

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Not,' 1796. Bage's novels are decidedly inferior to those of Holcraft, and it is surprising that Sir Walter Scott should have admitted them into his 'British Novelists,' and at the same time excluded so many superior works. 'Barham Downs' and 'Hermsprong' are the most interesting of the series, and contain some good satirical portraits, though the plots of both are crude and defective.

SOPHIA AND HARRIET LEE.

These ladies, authoresses of 'The Canterbury Tales,' a series of striking and romantic fictions, were the daughters of Mr. Lee, a gentleman who had been articled to a solicitor, but who adopted the stage as a profession. Sophia was born in London in 1750. She was the elder of the sisters, and the early death of her mother devolved upon her the cares of the household. She secretly cultivated, however, a strong attachment to literature. Sophia's first appearance as an author was not made till her thirtieth year, when she produced her comedy, 'The Chapter of Accidents,' which was brought out at the Haymarket Theatre by the elder Colman, and received with great applause. The profits of this piece were devoted by Miss Lee towards establishing a Seminary for young ladies at Bath, which was rendered the more necessary by the death of her father in 1781. Thither, accordingly, the sisters repaired, and their talents and prudence were rewarded by rapid and permanent success.

In 1784, Sophia published the first volume of 'The Recess, or a Tale of other Times;' which was soon followed by the remainder of the tale, the work having instantly become popular. The time selected by Miss Lee as the subject of her story was that of Queen Elizabeth, and her production may be considered one of the earliest of our historical romances. 'The Recess' is tinged with a melancholy and contemplative spirit; and the same feeling is displayed in her next work, a tragedy entitled 'Almeyda, Queen of Grenada,' produced in 1796. In the succeeding year, Harriet Lee published the first volume of 'The Canterbury Tales,' which ultimately extended to five volumes. Two only of the stories were written by Sophia Lee—namely, 'The Young Lady's Tale, or the Two Emily's,' and 'The Clergyman's Tale.' They are characterised by great tenderness and feeling. But the more striking features of 'The Canterbury Tales,' and the great merit of the collection, belong to Harriet Lee. 'Kruitzner, or the German's Tale,' fell into the hands of Byron when he was about fourteen. 'It made a deep impression upon me,' he says, 'and may indeed be said to contain the germ of much that I have since written.' While residing at Pisa in 1821, Byron dramatised Miss Lee's romantic story, and published his version of it under the title of 'Werner, or the Inheritance.' The incidents, and much of the language of the play, are directly copied from the novel, and the public were unanimous in considering Harriet Lee as more interesting, passionate, and even more poetical,

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than her illustrious imitator. 'The story,' says one of the critics to whom Byron's play recalled the merits of Harriet Lee, 'is one of the most powerfully conceived, one of the most picturesque, and at the same time instructive stories, that we are acquainted with. Indeed, thus led as we are to name Harriet Lee, we cannot allow the opportunity to pass without saying that we have always considered her works as standing upon the verge of the very first rank of excellence; that is to say, as inferior to no English novels whatever, excepting those of Fielding, Sterne, Smollett, Richardson, Defoe, Radcliffe, Godwin, Edgeworth, and the author of "Waverley." It would not, perhaps, be going too far to say, that "The Canterbury Tales" exhibit more of that species of invention, which, as we have already remarked, was never common in English literature, than any of the works even of those first-rate novelists we have named, with the single exception of Fielding. "Kruitzner, or the German's Tale," possesses mystery, and yet clearness, as to its structure, strength of characters, and, above all, the most lively interest, blended with, and subservient to, the most affecting of moral lessons. The main idea which lies at the root of it is the horror of an erring father, who, having been detected in vice by his son, has dared to defend his own sin, and so to perplex the son's notions of moral rectitude, on finding that the son in his turn has pushed the false principles thus instilled to the last and worst extreme—on hearing his own sophistries flung in his face by a murderer.'*

The short and spirited style of these tales, and the frequent dialogues they contain, impart to them something of a dramatic force and interest, and prevent their tiring the patience of the reader, like too many of the three-volume novels. In 1803, Miss Sophia Lee retired from the duties of her scholastic establishment, having earned an independent provision for the remainder of her life. Shortly afterwards she published 'The Life of a Lover,' a tale which she had written early in life, and which is marked by juvenility of thought and expression, though with her usual warmth and richness of description. In 1807, a comedy from her pen, called 'The Assignation,' was performed at Drury Lane; but played only once, the audience conceiving that some of the satirical portraits were aimed at popular individuals.

Miss Harriet Lee, besides 'The Canterbury Tales,' wrote two dramas, 'The New Peerage,' and 'The Three Strangers.' The plot of the latter is chiefly taken from her German tale. The play was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre in December 1835, but was barely tolerated for one night.

A tablet is erected to the memory of these accomplished sisters in Clifton Church—where they are buried—from which it appears that Sophia Lee was born in May 1750, and died March 13, 1824. Her

* *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. xii.

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sister, Harriet Lee—who long resided in the neighbourhood of Bristol, a valued and respected lady—was born April 11, 1766, and died August 1, 1851.

Introduction to 'The Canterbury Tales.'

There are people in the world who think their lives well employed in collecting shells; there are others not less satisfied to spend theirs in classing butterflies. For my own part, I always preferred animate to inanimate nature; and would rather post to the antipodes to mark a new character, or develop a singular incident, than become a Fellow of the Royal Society by enriching museums with nondescripts. From this account you, my gentle reader, may, without any extraordinary penetration, have discovered that I am among the eccentric part of mankind, by the courtesy of each other, and themselves, ycleped poets—a title which, however mean or contemptible it may sound to those not honoured with it, never yet was rejected by a single mortal on whom the suffrage of mankind conferred it: no though the laurel-leaf of Apollo, barren in its nature, was twined by the frozen fingers of Poverty, and shed upon the brow it crowned her chilling influence. But when did it so? Too often destined to deprive its graced owner of every real good by an enchantment which we know not how to define, it comprehends in itself such a variety of pleasures and possessions, that well may one of us cry—

Thy lavish charter, Taste, appropriates all we see!

Happily, too, we are not like *virtuosi* in general, encumbered with the treasures gathered in our peregrinations. Compact in their nature, they lie all in the small cavities of our brain, which are, indeed, often so small, as to render it doubtful whether we have any at all. The few discoveries I have made in that richest of mines, the human soul, I have not been churl enough to keep to myself; nor, to say truth, unless I can find out some other means of supporting my corporeal existence than animal food, do I think I shall ever be able to afford that sullen affectation of superiority.

Travelling, I have already said is my taste; and, to make my journeys pay for themselves, my object. Much against my good liking, some troublesome fellows, a few months ago, took the liberty of making a little home of mine their own; nor, till I had coined a small portion of my brain in the mint of my worthy friend George Robinson, could I induce them to depart. I gave a proof of my politeness, however, in leaving my house to them, and retired to the coast of Kent, where I fell to work very busily. Gay with the hope of shutting my door on these unwelcome visitants, I walked in a severe frost from Deal to Dover, to secure a seat in the stage-coach to London. One only was vacant; and having engaged it, 'maugre the freezing of the bitter sky,' I wandered forth to note the memorabilia of Dover, and was soon lost in one of my fits of exquisite abstraction.

With reverence I looked up to the cliff which our immortal bard has, with more fancy than truth, described; with toil mounted by an almost endless staircase, to the top of a castle, which added nothing to my poor stock of ideas but the length of our Virgin Queen's pocket-pistol—that truly Dutch present: cold and weary, I was pacing towards the inn, when a sharp-visaged barber popped his head over his shop-door to reconnoitre the inquisitive stranger. A brisk fire, which I suddenly cast my eyes on, invited my frozen hands and feet to its precincts. A civil question to the honest man produced on his part a civil invitation; and having placed me in a snug seat, he readily gave me the benefit of all his oral tradition.

'Sir' he said, 'it is mighty lucky you came across *me*. The vulgar people of this town have no genius, sir—no taste; they never shew the greatest curiosity in the place. Sir, we have here the tomb of a poet!"

'The tomb of a poet!' cried I, with a spring that electrified my informant no less than myself. 'What poet lies here? and where is he buried?'

'Ay, that is the curiosity,' returned he exultingly. I smiled; his distinction was so like a barber. While he had been speaking, I recollected he must allude to the grave of Churchill—that vigorous genius who, well calculated to stand forth the champion of freedom, has recorded himself the slave of party and the victim of spleen! So, however, thought not the barber, who considered him as the first of human beings.

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'This great man, sir,' continued he, 'who lived and died in the cause of liberty, is interred in a very remarkable spot, sir; if you were not so cold and so tired, sir, I could shew it you in a moment.' Curiosity is an excellent greatcoat; I forgot I had no other, and strode after the barber to a spot surrounded by ruined walls, in the midst of which stood the white marble tablet marked with Churchill's name—to appearance its only distinction.

'Cast your eyes on the walls,' said the important barber; 'they once inclosed a church as you may see!'

On inspecting the crumbling ruins more narrowly, I did indeed discern the traces of Gothic architecture.

'Yes, sir,' cried my friend the barber, with the conscious pride of an Englishman, throwing out a gaunt leg and arm. 'Churchill, the champion of liberty, is interred here! Here, sir, in the very ground where King John did homage for the crown he disgraced.'

The idea was grand. In the eye of fancy, the slender pillars again lifted high the vaulted roof that rang with solemn chantings. I saw the insolent legate seated in scarlet pride; I saw the sneers of many a mitred abbot; I saw, bareheaded, the mean, the prostrate king: I saw, in short, everything but the barber, whom, in my flight and swell of soul, I had outwalked and lost. Some more curious traveller may again pick him up, perhaps and learn more minutely the fact.

Waking from my reverie, I found myself on the pier. The pale beams of a powerless sun gilt the fluctuating waves and the distant spires of Calais, which I now clearly surveyed. What a new train of images here sprung up in my mind, borne away by succeeding impressions with no less rapidity! From the Monk of Sterne I travelled up in five minutes to the inflexible Edward III., sentencing the noble burghers; and having seen them saved by the eloquence of Philippa I wanted no better reasoning for my mutton-chop, and pitied the empty-headed peer who was stamping over my little parlour in fury at the cook for having over-roasted his pheasant.

The coachman now shewed his ruby face at the door, and I jumped into the stage, where were already seated two passengers of my own sex, and one of—would I could say the fairer! But, though truth may not be spoken at all times, even upon paper, one now and then may do her justice. A glance discovered that the good lady opposite to me had never been handsome, and now added the injuries of time to the severity of nature. Civil but cold compliments having passed, I closed my eyes to expand my soul; and, while fabricating a brief poetical history of England, to help short memories, was something astonished to find myself tugged violently by the sleeve: and not less so to see the coach empty, and hear an obstinate waiter insist upon it that we were at Canterbury, and the supper ready to be put on the table. It had snowed I found, for some time; in consideration of which mine host had prudently suffered the fire nearly to go out. A dim candle was on the table, without snuffers, and a bell-string hanging over it, at which we pulled, but it had long ceased to operate on that noisy convenience. Alas, poor Shenstone! how often, during these excursions, do I think of thee. Cold, indeed, must have been thy acceptation in society, if thou couldst seriously say:

> Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
> Where'er his various course has been,
> Must sigh to think he still has found
> His warmest welcome at an inn.

Had the gentle bard told us that, in this sad substitute for home, despite of all our impatience to be gone, we must stay not only till wind and weather, but landlords, postillions, and hostlers choose to permit, I should have thought he knew more of travelling; and stirring the fire, snuffing the candles, reconnoitering the company, and modifying my own humour, should at once have tried to make the best of my situation. After all he is a wise man who does at first what he must do at last; and I was just breaking the ice on finding that I had nursed the fire to the general satisfaction, when the coach from London added three to our party; and common civility obliged those who came first to make way for the yet more frozen travellers. We supped together; and I was something surprised to find our two coachmen allowed us such ample time to enjoy our little bowl of punch; when lo! with dolorous countenances, they came to give us notice that the snow was so heavy, and already

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so deep, as to make our proceeding by either road dangerous, if not utterly impracticable.

'If that is really the case,' cried I mentally, 'let us see what we may hope from the construction of the seven heads that constitute our company.' Observe, gentle reader, that I do not mean the outward and visible form of those heads; for I am not amongst the new race of physiognomists who exhaust invention only to ally their own species to the animal creation, and would rather prove the skull of a man resembled an ass, than, looking within, find in the intellect a glorious similitude of the Deity. An elegant author more justly conveys my idea of physiognomy, when he says, that 'different sensibilities gather into the countenance and become beauty there, as colours mount in a tulip and enrich it.' It was my interest to be as happy as I could, and that can only be when we look around with a wish to be pleased: nor could I ever find a way of unlocking the human heart but by frankly inviting others to peep into my own. And now for my survey.

In the chimney-corner sat my old gentlewoman, a little alarmed at a coffin that had popped from the fire, instead of a purse; *ergo*, superstition was her weak side. In sad conformity to declining years, she had put on her spectacles, taken out her knitting, and thus humbly retired from attention, which she had long, perhaps been hopeless of attracting. Close by her was placed a young lady from London, in the bloom of nineteen: a cross on her bosom shewed her to be a Catholic, and a peculiar accent an Irishwoman; her face, especially her eyes, might be termed handsome; of those, archness would have been the expression, had not the absence of her air proved that their sense was turned inward, to contemplate in her heart some chosen cherished image. Love and romance reigned in every lineament.

A French abbé had, as is usual with gentlemen of that country, edged himself into the seat by the belle, to whom he continually addressed himself with all sorts of *petits soins*, though fatigue was obvious in his air; and the impression of some danger escaped gave a wild sharpness to every feature. 'Thou hast comprised,' thought I, 'the knowledge of a whole life in perhaps the last month; and then, perhaps, didst thou first study the art of thinking, or learn the misery of feeling!' Neither of these seemed, however, to have troubled his neighbour, a portly Englishman, who, though with a sort of surly good-nature he had given up his place at the fire, yet contrived to engross both candles, by holding before them a newspaper, where he dwelt upon the article of stocks, till a bloody duel in Ireland induced communication, and enabled me to discover that, in spite of the importance of his air, credulity might be reckoned amongst his characteristics.

The opposite corner of the fire had been, by general consent, given up to one of the London travellers, whose age and infirmities challenged regard, while his aspect awakened the most melting benevolence. Suppose an anchorite, sublimed by devotion and temperance from all human frailty, and you will see this interesting aged clergyman: so pale, so pure was his complexion, so slight his figure, though tall that it seemed as if his soul was gradually divesting itself of the covering of mortality, that when the hour of separating it from the body came, hardly should the greedy grave claim aught of a being so ethereal! 'Oh, what lessons of patience and sanctity couldst thou give,' though I, 'were it my fortune to find the key of thy heart!'

An officer in the middle of life occupied the next seat. Martial and athletic in his person, of a countenance open and sensible, tanned, as it seemed, by severe service, his forehead only retained its whiteness; yet that, with assimilating graceful manners, rendered him very prepossessing.

That seven sensible people, for I include myself in that description, should tumble out of two stage-coaches, and be thrown together so oddly, was, in my opinion, an incident: and why not make it really one? I hastily advanced, and, turning my back to the fire, fixed the eyes of the whole company—not on my person, for that was nowise singular—not, I would fain hope, upon my coat, which I had forgotten till that moment was threadbare: I had rather of the three imagine my assurance the object of general attention. However, no one spoke, and I was obliged to second my own motion.

'Sir,' cried I to the Englishman, who, by the time he had kept the paper, had certainly spelt its contents, 'do you find anything entertaining in that newspaper?'

'No, sir,' returned he most laconically.

'Then you might perhaps find something entertaining out of it,' added I.

'Perhaps I might,' retorted he in a provoking accent, and surveying me from top

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to toe. The Frenchman laughed—so did I—it is the only way when one has been more witty than wise. I returned presently, however, to the attack.

'How charmingly might we fill a long evening' resumed I with, as I thought, a most ingratiating smile, 'if each of the company would relate the most remarkable story he or she ever knew or heard of!'

'Truly, we might make a long evening that way,' again retorted my torment, the Englishman. 'However, if you please, we will waive your plan, sir, till to-morrow; and then we shall have the additional resort of our dreams, if our memories fail us.

DR. JOHN MOORE.

DR. JOHN MOORE, author of 'Zeluco' and other works, was born at Stirling in 1729. His father was one of the clergymen of that town, but died in 1737, leaving seven children to the care of his excellent widow. Mrs. Moore removed to Glasgow, where her relations resided, possessed of considerable property. After the usual education at the university of Glasgow, John began the study of medicine and surgery under Mr. Gordon, a surgeon of extensive practice, with whom Smollett had been apprenticed a few years before. In his nineteenth year, Moore accompanied the Duke of Argyll's regiment abroad, and attended the military hospitals at Maestricht in the capacity of surgeon's mate. Thence he went to Flushing and Breda; and on the termination of hostilities, he accompanied General Braddock to England. Soon afterwards, he became household surgeon to the Earl of Albemarle, the British ambassador at the court of Versailles. His old master, Mr. Gordon, now invited him to become a partner in his business in Glasgow, and, after two years' residence in Paris, Moore accepted the invitation. He practised for many years in Glasgow with great success. In 1772, he was induced to accompany the young Duke of Hamilton to the continent, where they resided five years, in France, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy. Returning in 1778, Moore removed his family to London, and commenced physician in the metropolis. In 1779, he published 'A View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland, and Germany,' in two volumes, which was received with general approbation. In 1781, appeared his 'Views of Society and Manners in Italy;' in 1785, 'Medical Sketches;' and in 1786 his 'Zeluco: Various Views of Human Nature, taken from Life and Manners, Foreign and Domestic.' The object of this novel was to prove that, in spite of the gayest and most prosperous appearances, inward misery always accompanies vice. The hero of the tale was the only son of a noble family in Sicily, spoiled by maternal indulgence, and at length rioting in every prodigality and vice. The idea of such a character was probably suggested by Smollett's Count Fathom, but Moore took a wider range of character and incident. He made his hero accomplished and fascinating, thus avoiding the feeling of contempt with which the abject villainy of Fathom is unavoidably regarded; and he traced, step by step, through a succession of scenes and adventures, the progress of depravity, and the effects of uncontrolled passion. The incident of the favourite

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sparrow, which Zeluco squeezed to death when a boy, because it did not perform certain tricks which he had taught it, lets us at once into the pampered selfishness and passionate cruelty of his disposition.

The scene of the novel is laid chiefly in Italy; and the author's familiarity with foreign manners enabled him to impart to his narrative numerous new and graphic sketches. Zeluco also serves in the Spanish army; and at another time is a slave-owner in the West Indies. The latter circumstance gives the author an opportunity of condemning the system of slavery with eloquence and humanity, and presenting some affecting pictures of suffering and attachment in the negro race. The death of Hanno, the humane and generous slave, is one of Moore's most masterly delineations. The various scenes and episodes in the novel relieve the disagreeable shades of a character constantly deepening in vice; for Zeluco has no redeeming trait to link to our sympathy or forgiveness. Moore visted Scotland in the summer of 1786, and in the commencement of the following year, took a warm interest in the genius and fortunes of Burns. It is to him that we owe the precious 'Autobiography' of the poet, one of the most interesting and powerful sketches that ever was written. In their correspondence we see the colossal strength and lofty mind of the peasant bard, even when placed by the side of the accomplished and learned traveller and man of taste.

In August 1792, Dr. Moore accompanied the Earl of Lauderdale to Paris, and witnessed some of the early excesses of the French Revolution. Of this tour he published an account, entitled 'A Journal during a Residence in France, from the beginning of August to the middle of December 1792,' &c. The first volume of this work was published in 1793, and a second in 1794. In 1795, Dr. Moore, wishing to give a retrospective detail of the circumstances which tended to hasten the Revolution, drew up a carefully digested narrative, entitled 'A View of the Causes and Progress of the French Revolution,' in two volumes. This is a valuable work, and it has been pretty closely followed by Sir Walter Scott in his animated and picturesque survey of the events preceding the career of Napoleon. In 1796, Dr. Moore produced a second novel, 'Edward: Various Views of Human Nature, taken from Life and Manners, chiefly in England.' As Zeluco was a model of villainy, Edward is a model of virtue. In the following year, Moore furnished a life of his friend Smollett for a collective edition of his works. In 1800 appeared his last production, 'Mordaunt: Sketches of Life, Character, and Manners in Various Countries, including the Memoirs of a French Lady of Quality.' In this novel our author, following the example of Richardson, and Smollett's 'Humphry Clinker,' threw his narrative into the form of letters, part being dated from the continent, and part from England. A tone of languor and insipidity pervades the story, and there is little of plot or incident to keep alive attention.

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Dr. Moore died at Richmond on the 21st of January 1802. A complete edition of his works has been published in seven volumes, with Memoirs of his Life and Writings by Dr. Robert Anderson. Of all the writings of Dr. Moore, his novel of 'Zeluco' is the most popular. Mr. Dunlop has given the preference to 'Edward.' The latter may boast of more variety of character, and is distinguished by judicious observation and witty remark, but it is deficient in the strong interest and forcible painting of the first novel. Zeluco's murder of his child in a fit of frantic jealousy, and the discovery of the circumstance by means of the picture, is conceived with great originality, and has a striking effect. It is the poetry of romance. The attachment between Laura and Carlostein is also described with tenderness and delicacy, without degenerating into German sentimentalism or immorality. Of the lighter sketches, the scenes between the two Scotchmen, Targe and Buchanan, are perhaps the best; and their duel about Queen Mary is an inimitable piece of national caricature. There is no great aiming at moral effect in Moore's novels, unless it be in depicting the wretchedness of vice, and its tragic termination in the character of Zeluco. He was an observer rather than an inventor; he noted more than he felt. The same powers of observation displayed in his novels, and his extensive acquaintance with mankind, rendered him an admirable chronicler of the striking scenes of the French Revolution. Numerous as are the works since published on this great event, the journals and remarks of Dr. Moore may still be read with pleasure and instruction. It may here be mentioned, that the distinguished Sir John Moore, who fell at Corunna, was the eldest son of the novelist.

Dispute and Duel between the Two Scotch Servants in Italy.—From 'Zeluco.'

[Duncan Targe, a hot Highlander, who had been out in the Forty-five, and George Buchanan, born and educated among the Whigs of the west of Scotland, both serving-men in Italy, meet and dine together during the absence of their masters. After dinner, and the bottle having circulated freely, they disagree as to politics, Targe being a keen Jacobite, and the other a stanch Whig.]

Buchanan filled a bumper, and gave for the toast, 'The Land of Cakes!'

This immediately dispersed the cloud which began to gather on the other's brow.

Targe drank the toast with enthusiasm, saying: 'May the Almighty pour his blessings on every hill and valley in it! That is the worst wish, Mr. Buchanan, that I shall ever wish to that land.'

'It would delight your heart to behold the flourishing condition it is now in,' replied Buchanan; 'it was fast improving when I left it, and I have been credibly informed since that it is now a perfect garden.'

'I am very happy to hear it,' said Targe.

'Indeed,' added Buchanan, 'it has been in a state of rapid improvement ever since the Union.'

'Confound the Union!' cried Targe; 'it would have improved much faster without it.'

'I am not quite clear on that point, Mr. Targe,' said Buchanan.

'Depend upon it,' replied Targe, 'the Union was the worst treaty that Scotland ever made.'

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'I shall admit,' said Buchanan, 'that she might have made a better; but, bad as it is, our country reaps some advantage from it.'

'All the advantages are on the side of England.'

'What do you think, Mr. Targe,' said Buchanan, 'of the increase of trade since the Union, and the riches which have flowed into the Lowlands of Scotland from that quarter?'

'I think!' cried Targe; 'why, I think they have done a great deal of mischief to the Lowlands of Scotland.'

'How so, my good friend?' said Buchanan.

'By spreading luxury among the inhabitants, the never-failing forerunner of effeminacy of manners. Why, I was assured,' continued Targe, 'by Sergeant Lewis Macneil, a Highland gentleman in the Prussian service, that the Lowlanders, in some parts of Scotland, are now very little better than so many English.'

'O fie!' cried Buchanan; 'things are not come to that pass as yet, Mr. Targe: your friend the sergeant assuredly exaggerates.'

'I hope he does,' replied Targe. 'But you must acknowledge,' continued he, 'that, by the Union, Scotland has lost her existence as an independent state; her name is swallowed up in that of England. Only read the English newspapers; they mention England, as if it were the name of the whole island. They talk of the English army, the English fleet, the English everything. They never mention Scotland, except when one of our countrymen happens to get an office under government; we are then told, with some stale gibe, that the person is a Scotchman; or which happens still more rarely, when any of them are condemned to die at Tyburn, particular care is taken to inform the public that the criminal is originally from Scotland! But if fifty Englishmen get places, or are hanged, in one year, no remarks are made.'

'No,' said Buchanan; 'in that case it is passed over as a thing of course.'

The conversation then taking another turn, Targe, who was a great genealogist, descanted on the antiquity of certain gentlemen's families in the Highlands; which, he asserted, were far more honourable than most of the noble families either in Scotland or England. 'Is it not shameful,' added he, 'that a parcel of mushroom lords, mere sprouts from the dunghills of law or commerce, the grandsons of grocers and attorneys, should take the pass of gentlemen of the oldest families in Europe?'

'Why, as for that matter,' replied Buchanan, 'provided the grandsons of grocers or attorneys are deserving citizens, I do not perceive why they should be excluded from the king's favour more than other men.'

'But some of them never drew a sword in defence of either their king or country,' rejoined Targe.

'Assuredly,' said Buchanan, 'men may deserve honour and pre-eminence by other means than by drawing their swords.'

[He then instances his celebrated namesake, George Buchanan, whom he praises warmly as having been the best Latin scholar in Europe; while Targe upbraids him for want of honesty.]

'In what did he ever shew any want of honesty?' said Buchanan

'In calumniating and endeavouring to blacken the reputation of his rightful sovereign, Mary, Queen of Scots,' replied Targe, 'the most beautiful and accomplished princess that ever sat on a throne.'

'I have nothing to say either against her beauty or her accomplishments,' resumed Buchanan; 'but surely, Mr. Targe, you must acknowledge that she was a—?'

'Have a care what you say, sir!' interrupted Targe; 'I'll permit no man that ever wore breeches to speak disrespectfully of that unfortunate queen!'

'No man that either wore breeches or a philabeg,' replied Buchanan, 'shall prevent me from speaking the truth when I see occasion!'

'Speak as much truth as you please, sir,' rejoined Targe; 'but *I* declare that no man shall calumniate the memory of that beautiful and unfortunate princess in my presence while I can wield a claymore.'

'If you should wield fifty claymores, you cannot deny that she was a Papist!' said Buchanan.

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'Well, sir,' replied Targe, 'what then? She was, like other people, of the religion in which she was bred.'

'I do not know where you may have been bred, Mr. Targe,' said Buchanan; 'for aught I know, you may be an adherent to the worship of the scarlet lady yourself. Unless that is the case, you ought not to interest yourself in the reputation of Mary, Queen of Scots.'

'I fear you are too nearly related to the false slanderer whose name you bear!' said Targe.

'I glory in the name; and should think myself greatly obliged to any man who could prove my relation to the great George Buchanan!' cried the other.

'He was nothing but a disloyal calumniator,' cried Targe, 'who attempted to support falsehoods by forgeries, which, I thank Heaven, are now fully detected!'

'You are thankful for a very small mercy,' resumed Buchanan; 'but since you provoke me to it, I will tell you, in plain English, that your bonny Queen Mary was the strumpet of Bothwell, and the murderer of her husband!'

No sooner had he uttered the last sentence, than Targe flew at him like a tiger, and they were separated with difficulty by Mr. N——'s groom, who was in the adjoining chamber, and had heard the altercation.

'I insist on your giving me satisfaction, or retracting what you have said against the beautiful Queen of Scotland!' cried Targe.

'As for retracting what I have said,' replied Buchanan, 'that is no habit of mine; but with regard to giving you satisfaction, I am ready for that to the best of my ability; for let me tell you, sir, though I am not a Highlandman, I am a Scotchman as well as yourself, and not entirely ignorant of the use of the claymore; so name your hour, and I will meet you to-morrow morning.'

'Why not directly?' cried Targe; 'there is nobody in the garden to interrupt us.'

'I should have chosen to have settled some things first; but since you are in such a hurry, I will not balk you. I will step home for my sword and be with you directly,' said Buchanan.

The groom interposed, and endeavoured to reconcile the two enraged Scots, but without success. Buchanan soon arrived with his sword, and they retired to a private spot in the garden. The groom next tried to persuade them to decide their difference by fair boxing. This was rejected by both the champions as a mode of fighting unbecoming gentlemen. The groom asserted that the best gentlemen in England sometimes fought in that manner, and gave as an instance a boxing-match, of which he himself had been a witness, between Lord G.'s gentleman and a gentleman-farmer at York races about the price of a mare.

'But our quarrel,' said Targe, 'is about the reputation of a queen.'

'That, for certain,' replied the groom, 'makes a difference.'

Buchanan unsheathed his sword

'Are you ready, sir?' cried Targe.

'That I am. Come on, sir,' said Buchanan; 'and the Lord be with the righteous.'

'Amen!' cried Targe; and the conflict began.

Both the combatants understood the weapons they fought with; and each parried his adversary's blows with such dexterity that no blood was shed for some time. At length Targe, making a feint at Buchanan's head, gave him suddenly a severe wound in the thigh.

'I hope you are now sensible of your error?' said Targe, dropping his point.

'I am of the same opinion I was!' cried Buchanan; 'so keep your guard.' So saying, he advanced more briskly than ever upon Targe, who, after warding off several strokes, wounded his antagonist a second time. Buchanan, however, shewed no disposition to relinquish the combat. But this second wound being in the forehead, and the blood flowing with profusion into his eyes, he could no longer see distinctly, but was obliged to flourish his sword at random, without being able to perceive the movements of his adversary, who, closing with him, became master of his sword, and with the same effort threw him to the ground: and, standing over him, he said: 'This may convince you, Mr. Buchanan, that yours is not the righteous cause! You are in my power; but I will act as the queen whose character I defend would order were she alive. I hope you will live to repent of the injustice you have done to that amiable and unfortunate princess.' He then assisted Buchanan to rise. Buchanan made no immediate answer: but when he saw Targe assisting

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the groom to stop the blood which flowed from his wounds, he said: 'I must acknowledge, Mr. Targe, that you behave like a gentleman.'

After the bleeding was in some degree diminished by the dry lint which the groom, who was an excellent farrier, applied to the wounds, they assisted him to his chamber, and then the groom rode away to inform Mr. N—— of what had happened. But the wound becoming more painful, Targe proposed sending for a surgeon. Buchanan then said that the surgeon's mate belonging to one of the ships of the British squadron then in the bay, was, he believed, on shore, and as he was a Scotchman, he would like to employ him rather than a foreigner. Having mentioned where he lodged, one of Mr. N——'s footmen went immediately for him. He returned soon after, saying that the surgeon's mate was not at his lodging nor expected for some hours. 'But I will go and bring the French surgeon,' continued the footman.

'I thank you, Mr. Thomas,' said Buchanan; 'but I will have patience till my own countryman returns.'

'He may not return for a long time,' said Thomas. 'You had best let me run for the French surgeon, who, they say, has a great deal of skill.'

'I am obliged to you, Mr. Thomas,' added Buchanan; 'but neither Frenchman nor Spanishman shall dress my wounds when a Scottishman is to be found for love or money.'

'They are to be found, for the one or the other, as I am credibly informed, in most parts of the world,' said Thomas.

'As my countrymen,' replied Buchanan, 'are distinguished for letting slip no means of improvement, it would be very strange if many of them did not use that of travelling, Mr. Thomas.'

'It would be very strange, indeed, I own it,' said the footman.

'But are you certain of this young man's skill in his business when he does come?' said Targe.

'I confess I have had no opportunity to know anything of his skill,' answered Buchanan, 'but I know for certain that he is sprung from very respectable people. His father is a minister of the gospel, and it is not likely that his father's son will be deficient in the profession to which he was bred.'

'It would be still less likely had the son been bred to preaching!' said Targe.

'That is true,' replied Buchanan; 'but I have no doubt of the young man's skill: he seems to be a very douce [discreet] lad. It will be an encouragement to him to see that I prefer him to another, and also a comfort to me to be attended by my countryman.'

'Countryman or not countryman,' said Thomas, 'he will expect to be paid for his trouble as well as another.'

'Assuredly,' said Buchanan; 'but it was always a maxim with me, and shall be to my dying day, that we should give our own fish-guts to our own sea-mews.'

'Since you are so fond of your own sea-mews,' said Thomas, 'I am surprised you were so eager to destroy Mr. Targe there.'

'That proceeded from a difference in politics, Mr. Thomas,' replied Buchanan, 'in which the best of friends are apt to have a misunderstanding; but though I am a Whig, and he is a Tory, I hope we are both honest men; and as he behaved generously when my life was in his power, I have no scruple in saying that I am sorry for having spoken disrespectfully of any person, dead or alive, for whom he has an esteem.'

'Mary, Queen of Scots, acquired the esteem of her very enemies,' resumed Targe. 'The elegance and engaging sweetness of her manners were irresistible to every heart that was not steeled by prejudice or jealousy.'

'She is now in the hands of a Judge,' said Buchanan, 'who can neither be seduced by fair appearances, nor imposed on by forgeries and fraud.'

'She is so, Mr Buchanan,' replied Targe; 'and her rival and accusers are in the hands of the same Judge.'

'We had best leave them all to His justice and mercy, then, and say no more on the subject,' added Buchanan; 'for if Queen Mary's conduct on earth was what you believe it was, she will receive her reward in heaven, where her actions and sufferings are recorded.'

'One thing more I will say,' rejoined Targe, 'and that is only to ask of you

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whether it is probable that a woman whose conscience was loaded with crimes imputed to her could have closed the varied scene of her life, and have met death with such serene and dignified courage, as Mary did?'

'I always admired that last awful scene,' replied Buchanan, who was melted by the recollection of Mary's behaviour on the scaffold; 'and I will freely acknowledge that the most innocent person that ever lived, or the greatest hero recorded in history, could not face death with greater composure than the queen of Scotland: she supported the dignity of a queen while she displayed the meekness of a Christian.'

'I am exceedingly sorry, my dear friend, for the misunderstanding that happened between us!' said Targe affectionately, and holding forth his hand in token of reconciliation: 'and I am now willing to believe that your friend, Mr. George Buchanan, was a very great poet, and understood Latin as well as any man alive!' Here the two friends shook hands with the utmost cordiality.

MRS. INCHBALD.

MRS. INCHBALD, the dramatist, attained deserved celebrity by her novels, 'A Simple Story,' in four volumes, published in 1791, and 'Nature and Art,' two volumes, 1796. As this lady affected plainness and precision in style, and aimed at drawing sketches from nature she probably designated her first novel *simple*, without duly considering that the plot is intricate and involved, and that some of her characters—as Lord and Lady Elmwood—belong to the ranks of the aristocracy. There are many striking and passionate scenes in the novel, and notwithstanding the disadvantage attending a double plot, the interest is well sustained. The authoress's knowledge of dramatic rules and effect may be seen in the skilful grouping of her personages, and in the liveliness of the dialogue. Her second work is much simpler and coarser in texture. Its object may be gathered from the concluding maxim: 'Let the poor no more be their own persecutors, no longer pay homage to wealth—instantaneously the whole idolatrous worship will cease, the idol will be broken.' Mrs. Inchbald illustrated this by her own practice; yet few of her readers can feel aught but mortification and disappointment at the *denouement* of the tale, wherein the pure and noble-minded Henry after the rich promise of his youth and his intellectual culture, finally settles down with his father to 'cheerful labour in fishing, or the tending of a garden, the produce of which they carry to the next market-town.' The following is a brief but striking allusion to the miseries of low London service:

Service in London.

In romances, and in some plays, there are scenes of dark and unwholesome mines, wherein the labourer works during the brightest day by the aid of artificial light. There are, in London, kitchens equally dismal, though not quite so much exposed to damp and noxious vapours. In one of these underground, hidden from the cheerful light of the sun, poor Agnes was doomed to toil from morning till night subjected to the command of a dissatisfied mistress, who, not less in stature than she ought the misery incurred by serving her, constantly threatened her servants with a dismission, at which the unthinking wretches would tremble merely from the sounds of the words; for to have reflected—to have considered what their purport was—to be released from a dungeon, relieved from continual upbraidings and vile drudgery, must have been a subject of rejoicing; and yet, because these good tidings were delivered as a menace, custom had made the hearer fearful of the consequence. So,

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death being described to children as a disaster, even poverty and shame will start from it with affright; whereas, had it been pictured with its benign aspect, it would have been feared but by few, and many, many would welcome it with gladness.

Mr. Rogers, in the notes to his poem of 'Human Life,' quotes, as from 'an excellent writer,' the following sentence from Mrs. Inchbald's 'Nature and Art:'

Estimates of Happiness.

Some persons, I know, estimate happiness by fine houses, gardens, and parks—others by pictures, horses, money, and various things wholly remote from their own species; but when I wish to ascertain the real felicity of any rational man, I always inquire *whom he has to love*. If I find he has nobody, or does not love those he has—even in the midst of all his profusion of finery and grandeur, I pronounce him a being deep in adversity.

The Judge and the Victim.—From 'Nature and Art.'

The day at length is come on which Agnes shall have a sight of her beloved William! She who has watched for hours near his door, to procure a glimpse of him going out or returning home; who has walked miles to see his chariot pass; she now will behold him, and he will see her, by command of the laws of his country. Those laws, which will deal with rigour towards her, are in this one instance still indulgent.

The time of the assizes at the county town in which she is imprisoned is arrived—the prisoners are demanded at the shire-hall—the jail-doors are opened—they go in sad procession. The trumpet sounds—it speaks the arrival of the judge, and that judge is William.

The day previous to her trial, Agnes had read, in the printed calendar of the prisoners, his name as the learned judge before whom she was to appear. For a moment she forgot her perilous state in the excess of joy which the still unconquerable love she bore to him permitted her to taste, even on the brink of the grave! After-reflection made her check those worldly transports, as unfit for the present solemn occasion. But, alas! to her, earth and William were so closely united, that till she forsook the one, she could never cease to think, without the contending passions of hope, of fear, of love, of shame, and of despair, on the other.

Now fear took the place of her first immoderate joy; she feared that, although much changed in person since he had seen her, and her real name now added to many an *alias*—yet she feared that some well-known glance of the eye, turn of the action, or accent of speech, might recall her to his remembrance; and at that idea, shame overcame all her other sensations—for still she retained pride, in respect to his opinion, to wish him not to know Agnes was that wretch she felt she was! Once a ray of hope beamed on her, that if he knew her—if he recognized her—he might possibly befriend her cause; and life bestowed through William's friendship seemed a precious object! But, again, that rigorous honour she had often heard him boast, that firmness to his word, of which she had fatal experience, taught her to know he would not, for any improper compassion, any unmanly weakness, forfeit his oath of impartial justice.

In meditations such as these she passed the sleepless night.

When, in the morning, she was brought to the bar and her guilty hand held up before the righteous judgment-seat of William, imagination could not form two figures, or two situations more incompatible with the existence of former familiarity than the judge and the culprit; and yet these very persons had passed together the most blissful moments that either ever tasted! Those hours of tender dalliance were now present to her mind—his thoughts were more nobly employed in his high office; nor could the haggard face, hollow eye, despondING countenance, and meagre person of the poor prisoner, once call to his memory, though her name was uttered among a list of others which she had assumed, his former youthful lovely Agnes!

She heard herself arraigned, with trembling limbs and downcast looks, and many witnesses had appeared against her, before she ventured to lift her eyes up to her awful judge; she then gave one fearful glance, and discovered William, unpitying

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but beloved William, in every feature! It was a face she had been used to look on with delight, and a kind of absent smile of gladness now beamed on her poor wan visage.

When every witness on the part of the prosecutor had been examined, the judge addressed himself to her: 'What defence have you to make?' It was William spoke to Agnes! The sound was sweet; the voice was mild, was soft, compassionate, encouraging. It almost charmed her to a love of life! Not such a voice as when William last addressed her; when he left her undone and pregnant, vowing never to see or speak to her more. She would have hung upon the present word for ever. She did not call to mind that this gentleness was the effect of practice, the art of his occupation; which, at times, is but a copy, by the unfeeling, of the benevolent brethren of the bench. In the present judge, tenderness was not designed for consolation of the culprit, but for the approbation of the auditors.

There were no spectators, Agnes, by your side when last he parted from you—if there had, the awful William would have been awed to marks of pity.

Stunned with the enchantment of that well-known tongue directed to her, she stood like one just petrified—all vital power seemed suspended. Again he put the question, and with these additional sentences, tenderly and emphatically delivered: 'Recollect yourself; have you no witnesses? no proof on your behalf?' A dead silence followed these questions. He then mildly but forcibly added: 'What have you to say?' Here a flood of tears burst from her eyes, which she fixed earnestly upon him, as if pleading for mercy, while she faintly articulated: 'Nothing, my lord.' After a short pause, he asked her, in the same forcible but benevolent tone: 'Have you no one to speak to your character?' The prisoner answered: 'No.' A second gush of tears followed this reply, for she called to mind by whom her character had first been blasted.

He summed up the evidence, and every time he was obliged to press hard upon the proofs against her, she shrunk, and seemed to stagger with the deadly blow—writhed under the weight of his minute justice, more than from the prospect of a shameful death. The jury consulted but a few minutes; the verdict was, 'Guilty.' She heard it with composure. But when William placed the fatal velvet on his head, and rose to pronounce the fatal sentence, she started with a kind of convulsive motion, retreated a step or two back, and lifting up her hands, with a scream exclaimed; 'Oh, not from you!' The piercing shriek which accompanied these words prevented their being heard by part of the audience; and those who heard them thought little of their meaning, more than that they expressed her fear of dying. Serene and dignified, as if no such exclamation had been uttered, William delivered the final speech ending with 'Dead, dead, dead.' She fainted as he closed the period, and was carried back to prison in a swoon: while he adjourned the court to go to dinner.

If unaffected by the scene he had witnessed, William sat down to dinner with an appetite, let not the reader conceive that the most distant suspicion had struck his mind of his ever having seen, much less familiarly known, the poor offender whom he had just condemned. Still, this forgetfulness did not proceed from the want of memory for Agnes. In every peevish or heavy hour passed with his wife, he was sure to think of her; yet it was self-love, rather than love of her, that gave rise to these thoughts. He felt the lack of female sympathy and tenderness to soften the fatigue of studious labour, to soothe a sullen, a morose disposition—he felt he wanted comfort for himself, but never once considered what were the wants of Agnes.

In the chagrin of a barren bed, he sometimes thought, too, even on the child that Agnes bore him; but whether it was male or female, whether a beggar in the streets or dead, various and important public occupation forbade him to enquire. Yet the widow, and the orphan frequently shared William's ostentatious bounty. He was the president of many excellent charities, gave largely and sometimes instituted benevolent societies for the unhappy; for he delighted to load the poor with obligation, and the rich with praise.

There are persons like him who love to do everything good but that which their immediate duty requires. There are servants that will serve every one more cheerfully than their masters, there are men who will distribute money liberally to all except their creditors; and there are wives who will love all mankind better than their own husbands. *Duty* is a familiar word which has little effect upon an ordinary mind; and as ordinary minds make a vast majority, we have acts of generosity,

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self-denial, and honesty, where smaller pains would constitute greater virtues. Had William followed the common dictates of charity, had he adopted private pity instead of public munificence, had he cast an eye at home before he sought abroad for objects of compassion, Agnes had been preserved from an ignominious death, and he had been preserved from—*remorse*, the tortures of which he for the first time proved on reading a printed sheet of paper, accidentally thrown in his way a few days after he had left the town in which he had condemned her to die.

March 10, 179–.

'The last dying Words, Speech, and Confession, birth, parentage, and education, life, character, and behaviour, of Agnes Primrose, who was executed this morning between the hours of ten and twelve, pursuant to the sentence passed upon her by the Honourable Justice Norwynne.

'Agnes Primrose was born of honest parents, in the village of Anfield, in the county of ——' [William started at the name of the village and county]; but being led astray by the arts and flattery of seducing man, she fell from the paths of virtue, and took to bad company, which instilled into her young heart all their evil ways, and at length brought her to this untimely end. So she hopes her death will be a warning to all young persons of her own sex, how they listen to the praises and courtship of young men, especially of those who are their betters; for they only court to deceive. But the said Agnes freely forgives all persons who have done her injury or given her sorrow, from the young man who first won her heart, to the jury who found her guilty, and the judge who condemned her to death.

'And she acknowledges the justice of her sentence, not only in respect of her crime for which she suffers, but in regard to many other heinous sins of which she has been guilty, more especially that of once attempting to commit a murder upon her own helpless child; for which guilt she now considers the vengeance of God has overtaken her to which she is patiently resigned, and departs in peace and charity with all the world, praying the Lord to have mercy on her parting soul.'

POSTSCRIPT TO THE CONFESSION.

'So great was this unhappy woman's terror of death and the awful judgment that was to follow, that when sentence was pronounced upon her she fell into a swoon, from that into convulsions, from which she never entirely recovered, but was delirious to the time of her execution, except that short interval in which she made her confession to the clergyman who attended her. She has left one child, a youth almost sixteen, who has never forsaken his mother during all the time of her imprisonment, but waited on her with true filial duty; and no sooner was her final sentence passed than he began to droop, and now lies dangerously ill near the prison from which she is released by death. During the loss of her senses, the said Agnes Primrose raved continually of her child; and, asking for pen, ink, and paper, wrote an incoherent petition to the judge, recommending the youth to his protection and mercy: but notwithstanding this insanity, she behaved with composure and resignation when the fatal morning arrived in which she was to be launched into eternity. She prayed devoutly during the last hour, and seemed to have her whole mind fixed on the world to which she was going. A crowd of spectators followed her to the fatal spot, most of whom returned weeping at the recollection of the fervency with which she prayed, and the impression which her dreadful state seemed to make upon her.'

No sooner had the name of 'Anfield' struck William, than a thousand reflections and remembrances flashed on his mind to give him full conviction who it was he had judged and sentenced. He recollected the sad remains of Agnes, such as he once had known her; and now he wondered how his thoughts could have been absent from an object so pitiable, so worthy of his attention, as not to give him even suspicion who she was, either from her name or from her person, during the whole trial. But wonder, astonishment, horror, and every other sensation was absorbed by—*remorse*. It wounded, it stabbed, it rent his hard heart as it would do a tender one: it havocked on his firm inflexible mind as it would on a weak and pliant brain! Spirit of Agnes! look down, and behold all your wrongs revenged! William feels—*remorse*.

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CHARLOTTE SMITH.

The novels of MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH aimed more at delineating affections than manners, and they all evinced superior merit. The first, 'Emmeline,' published in 1788, had an extensive sale. 'Ethelinde' (1789) and 'Celestina' (1791) were also received with favour and approbation. These were followed by 'Desmond' (1792), 'The Old English Manor-house' (1793), 'The Wanderings of Warwick,' 'The Banished Man,' 'Montalbert,' 'Marchmont,' 'The Young Philosopher' (1798), &c. She wrote also 'Rural Walks,' and other works. Her best is 'The Old English Manor-house,' in which her descriptive powers are found united to an interesting plot and well-sustained *dramatis personæ*. She took a peculiar pleasure in caricaturing lawyers, having herself suffered deeply from the 'law's delay;' and as her husband had ruined himself and family by foolish schemes and projects, she is supposed to have drawn him in the projector who hoped to make a fortune by manuring his estate with old wigs! Sir Walter Scott, 'in acknowledgment of many pleasant hours derived from the perusal of Mrs. Smith's works,' included her in his 'British Novelists,' and prefixed an interesting criticism and memoir. He alludes to her defective narratives or plots, but considers her characters to be conceived with truth and force, though none bears the stamp of actual novelty. He adds: 'She is uniformly happy in supplying them with language fitted to their station of life; nor are there many dialogues to be found which are at once so entertaining, and approach so nearly to truth and reality.'

ANN RADCLIFFE.

MRS. ANN RADCLIFFE—who may be denominated the Salvator Rosa of British novelists—was born in London, of respectable parents, on the 9th of July 1764. Her maiden name was Ward. In her twenty-third year she married Mr. William Radcliffe, a student of law, but who afterwards became the editor and proprietor of a weekly paper, the 'English Chronicle.' Two years after her marriage, in 1789, Mrs. Radcliffe published her first novel, 'The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne,' the scene of which she laid in Scotland during the remote and warlike times of the feudal barons. This work gave but little indication of the power and fascination which the authoress afterwards evinced. She had made no attempt to portray national manners or historical events—in which, indeed, she never excelled—and the plot was wild and unnatural. Her next effort, made in the following year, was more successful. 'The Sicilian Romance' attracted attention by its romantic and numerous adventures, and the copious descriptions of scenery it contained. These were depicted with the glow and richness of a poetical fancy. 'Fielding, Richardson, Smollett, and even Walpole,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'though writing upon an imaginative subject, are decidedly prose authors.

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Mrs. Radcliffe has a title to be considered as the first poetess of romantic fiction; that is, if actual rhythm shall not be deemed essential to poetry.'* Actual rhythm was also at the command of the accomplished authoress. She has interspersed various copies of verses throughout her works, but they are less truly poetical than her prose. They have great sameness of style and diction, and are often tedious, because introduced in scenes already too protracted with description or sentiment.

In 1791 appeared 'The Romance of the Forest,' exhibiting the powers of the novelist in full maturity. To her wonderful talent in producing scenes of mystery and surprise, aided by external phenomena and striking description, she now added the powerful delineation of passion. Her painting of the character of La Motte, hurried on by an evil counsellor, amidst broken resolutions and efforts at recall, to the most dark and deliberate guilt and cruelty, approaches in some respects to the genius of Godwin. Delineation of character, however, was not the forte of Mrs. Radcliffe: her strength lay in description and in the interest of her narrative. Like the great painter with whom she has been compared, she loved to sport with the romantic and the terrible—with the striking imagery of the mountain-forest and the lake—the obscure solitude—the cloud and the storm—wild banditti—ruined castles—and with those half-discovered glimpses or visionary shadows of the invisible world which seem at times to cross our path, and which still haunt and thrill the imagination. This peculiar faculty was more strongly evinced in Mrs. Radcliffe's next romance, 'The Mysteries of Udolpho,' published in 1794, which was the most popular of her performances, and is justly considered her best.

Mrs. Barbauld seems to prefer 'The Romance of the Forest' as more complete in character and story; but in this opinion few will concur: it wants the sublimity and boldness of the later work. The interest, as Scott remarks, 'is of a more agitating and tremendous nature, the scenery of a wilder and terrific description, the characters distinguished by fiercer and more gigantic features. Montoni, a lofty-souled desperado and captain of condottieri, stands beside La Motte and his marquis like one of Milton's fiends beside a witch's familiar. Adline is confined within a ruined manor-house, but her sister-heroine, Emily, is imprisoned in a huge castle like those of feudal times; the one is attacked and defended by bands of armed banditti, the other only threatened by constables and thief-takers. The scale of the landscape is equally different; the quiet

* This honour more properly belongs to Sir Philip Sidney; and does not even John Bunyan demand a share of it? In Smollett's novels there are many poetical conceptions and descriptions. Indeed, on this point Sir Walter partly contradicts himself, for he elsewhere states that Smollett expended in his novels many of the ingredients both of grave and humorous poetry. Mrs. Radcliffe gave a greater prominence to poetical description than any of her predecessors.

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and limited woodland scenery of the one work forming a contrast with the splendid and high-wrought descriptions of Italian mountain grandeur which occur in the other.' This parallel applies very strikingly to the critic's own poems, the 'Lay' and 'Marmion.' The latter, like Mrs. Radcliffe's second romance, has blemishes of construction and style from which the first is free; but it has the breadth and magnificence, and the careless freedom of a master's hand, in a greater degree than can be found in the first production. About this time Mrs. Radcliffe made a journey through Holland and the western frontier of Germany, returning down the Rhine, of which she published an account in 1795, adding to it some observations during a tour to the lakes of Lancashire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland. The picturesque fancy of the novelist is seen in these sketches, with their usual luxuriance and copiousness of style.

In 1797, Mrs. Radcliffe made her last appearance in fiction. 'The Mysteries of Udolpho' had been purchased by her publisher for what was then considered an enormous sum, £500; but her new work brought her £800. It was entitled 'The Italian,' and displayed her powers in undiminished strength and brilliancy. Having exhausted the characteristics of feudal pomp and tyranny in her former productions, she adopted a new machinery in 'The Italian,' having selected a period when the Church of Rome was triumphant and unchecked. The grand Inquisition, the confessional, the cowled monk, the dungeon, and the rack, were agents as terrible and impressive as ever shone in romance. Mrs. Radcliffe took up the popular notions on this subject without adhering to historical accuracy, and produced a work which, though very unequal in its execution, contains the most vivid and appalling of all her scenes and paintings. The opening of the story has been praised by all critics, for the exquisite art with which the authoress contrives to excite and prepare the mind of the reader. It is as follows:

English Travellers visit a Neapolitan Church.

Within the shade of the portico, a person with folded arms, and eyes directed towards the ground, was pacing behind the pillars the whole extent of the pavement, and was apparently so engaged by his own thoughts as not to observe that strangers were approaching. He turned, however, suddenly, as if startled by the sound of steps, and then, without further pausing, glided to a door that opened into the church, and disappeared.

There was something too extraordinary in the figure of this man, and too singular in his conduct, to pass unnoticed by the visitors. He was of a tall thin figure, bending forward from the shoulders; of a sallow complexion and harsh features, and had an eye which, as it looked up from the cloak that muffled the lower part of his countenance, was expressive of uncommon ferocity.

The travellers, on entering the church, looked round for the stranger who had passed thither before them, but he was nowhere to be seen; and through all the shade of the long aisles only one other person appeared. This was a friar of the adjoining convent, who sometimes pointed out to strangers the objects in the church which were most worthy of attention, and who now, with this design, approached the party that had just entered.

When the party had viewed the different shrines, and whatever had been judged

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worthy of observation, and were returning through an obscure aisle towards the portico, they perceived the person who had appeared upon the steps passing towards a confessional on the left, and as he entered it, one of the party pointed him out to the friar, and enquired who he was. The friar, turning to look after him, did not immediately reply; but on the question being repeated, he inclined his head, as in a kind of obeisance, and calmly replied: 'He is an assassin.'

'An assassin!' exclaimed one of the Englishmen; 'an assassin, and at liberty?'

An Italian gentleman who was of the party smiled at the astonishment of his friend.

'He has sought sanctuary here,' replied the friar; 'within these walls he may not be hurt.'

'Do your altars, then, protect a murderer?' said the Englishman.

'He could find shelter nowhere else,' answered the friar meekly. . . .

'But observe yonder confessional,' added the Italian, 'that beyond the pillars on the left of the aisle, below a painted window: Have you discovered it? The colours of the glass throw, instead of a light, a shade over that part of the church, which perhaps prevents your distinguishing what I mean.'

The Englishman looked whither his friend pointed, and observed a confessional of oak, or some very dark wood, adjoining the wall, and remarked also that it was the same which the assassin had just entered. It consisted of three compartments, covered with a black canopy. In the central division was the chair of the confessor, elevated by several steps above the pavement of the church; and on either hand was a small closet or box, with steps leading up to a grated partition, at which the penitent might kneel, and, concealed from observation, pour into the ear of the confessor the consciousness of crimes that lay heavy at his heart.

'You observe it?' said the Italian.

'I do,' replied the Englishman; 'it is the same which the assassin had passed into, and I think it one of the most gloomy spots I ever beheld: the view of it is enough to strike a criminal with despair.'

'We in Italy are not so apt to despair,' replied the Italian smilingly.

'Well, but what of this confessional?' inquired the Englishman. 'The assassin entered it'

'He has no relation with what I am about to mention,' said the Italian; 'but I wish you to mark the place, because some very extraordinary circumstances belong to it.'

'What are they?' said the Englishman.

'It is now several years since the confession which is connected with them was made at that very confessional,' added the Italian; 'the view of it, and the sight of the assassin, with your surprise at the liberty which is allowed him, led me to a recollection of the story. When you return to the hotel, I will communicate it to you, if you have no pleasanter mode of engaging your time.'

'After I have taken another view of this solemn edifice,' replied the Englishman, 'and particularly of the confessional you have pointed to my notice.'

While the Englishman glanced his eye over the high roofs and along the solemn perspectives of the Santa del Pianto, he perceived the figure of the assassin stealing from the confessional across the choir, and, shocked on again beholding him, he turned his eyes, and hastily quitted the church.

The friends then separated, and the Englishman, soon after returning to his hotel, received the volume. He read as follows.

After such an introduction, who could fail to continue the perusal of the story? Scott has said that one of the fine scenes in 'The Italian,' where Schedoni, the monk—an admirably drawn character—is 'in the act of raising his arm to murder his sleeping victim, and discovers her to be his own child, is of a new, grand, and powerful character; and the horrors of the wretch who, on the brink of murder, has just escaped from committing a crime of yet more exaggerated horror, constitute the strongest painting which has been produced by Mrs. Radcliffe's pencil, and form a crisis well fitted to be

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actually embodied on canvas by some great master.' Most of this lady's novels abound in pictures and situations as striking and as well grouped as those of the artist and melodramatist. The latter years of Mrs. Radcliffe were spent in retirement, partly induced by ill health. She had for a long period been afflicted with spasmodic asthma, and an attack proved fatal to her on the 7th of February, 1823. She died in London, and was interred in a vault of the chapel-of-ease at Bayswater, belonging to St. George's, Hanover Square. A posthumous romance by Mrs. Radcliffe, entitled 'Gaston de Blondeville,' was published under the editorial superintendence of Serjeant Talfourd; and her Poems were collected and published in 1834.

The success which crowned Mrs. Radcliffe's romances led several writers to copy her peculiar manner, but none approached to the original either in art or genius. The style of which she may be considered the founder is powerfully attractive, and few are able to resist the fascinations of her narrative; but that style is obviously a secondary one. To delineate character in the many-coloured changes of life, to invent natural, lively, and witty dialogues and situations, and to combine the whole, as in 'Tom Jones,' in a regular progressive story, complete in all its parts, is a greater intellectual effort than to construct a romantic plot where the author is not confined to probability or to the manners and institutions of any particular time or country. When Scott transports us back to early times and to Scottish life and character, we feel he is embodying history, animating its records with his powerful imagination, and introducing us to actual scenes and persons such as once existed. His portraits are not of one, but of various classes. There is none of this reality about Mrs. Radcliffe's creations. Her scenes of mystery and gloom will not bear the light of sober investigation. Deeply as they affect the imagination at the time, after they have been once unfolded before the reader, they break up like dreams in his recollection. The remembrance of them is confused, though pleasant, and we have no desire to return to what enchanted us, unless it be for some passages of pure description. The want of moral interest and of character and dialogue, natural and truthful, is the cause of this evanescence of feeling. When the story is unravelled, the great charm is over—the talisman ceases to operate when we know the materials of which it is composed.

Mrs. Radcliffe restricted her genius by an arbitrary rule of composition: she made the whole of her mysterious circumstances resolve into natural causes. The seemingly supernatural agencies are explained to be palpable and real: every mystery is cleared up, and often by means very trifling or disproportioned to the end. In one sense, this restriction increases our admiration of the writer, as evincing, in general, the marvellous ingenuity with which she prepares, invents, and arranges the incidents for immediate effect as well

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as subsequent explanation. Every feature in the surrounding landscape or objects described—every subordinate circumstance in the scene, however minute, is so disposed as to deepen the impression and keep alive curiosity. This prelude, as Mrs. Barbauld has remarked, 'like the tuning of an instrument by a skilful hand, has the effect of producing at once in the mind a tone of feeling correspondent to the future story.' No writer has excelled, and few have approached, Mrs. Radcliffe in this peculiar province. A higher genius, however, would have boldly seized upon supernatural agency as a proper element of romance. Mrs. Radcliffe had never been in Italy when she wrote 'The Mysteries of Udolpho,' yet her paintings of Italian scenery, and of the mountains of Switzerland, are conceived with equal truth and richness of colouring. And what poet or painter has ever surpassed (Byron has imitated) her account of the first view of Venice, as seen by her heroine Emily, 'with its islets, palaces, and terraces rising out of the sea; and as they glided on, the grander features of the city appearing more distinctly—its terraces crowned with airy yet majestic fabrics, touched with the splendour of the setting sun, appearing as if they had been called up from the ocean by the wand of an enchanter rather than reared by human hands!' Her pictures are innumerable, and they are always introduced with striking effect. The romantic colouring which Mrs. Radcliffe could throw over actual objects, at the same time preserving their symmetry and appearance entire, is finely displayed in her English descriptions, one of which (Hardwick) is included among our extracts.

Description of the Castle of Udolpho.

Towards the close of the day, the road wound into a deep valley. Mountains, whose shaggy steeps appeared to be inaccessible, almost surrounded it. To the east, a vista opened, and exhibited the Apennines in their darkest horrors; and the long perspective of retiring summits rising over each other, their ridges clothed with pines, exhibited a stronger image of grandeur than any that Emily had yet seen. The sun had just sunk below the top of the mountains she was descending, whose long shadow stretched athwart the valley; but his sloping rays, shooting through an opening of the cliffs, touched with a yellow gleam the summits of the forest that hung upon the opposite steeps, and streamed in full splendour upon the towers and battlements of a castle that spread its extensive ramparts along the brow of a precipice above. The splendour of these illumined objects was heightened by the contrast of shade which involved the valley below.

'There,' said Montoni, speaking for the first time in several hours, 'is Udolpho.'

Emily gazed with melancholy awe upon the castle, which she understood to be Montoni's; for, though it was now lighted up by the setting sun, the Gothic grandness of its features, and its mouldering walls of dark gray stone, rendered it a gloomy and sublime object. As she gazed, the light died away on its walls, leaving a melancholy purple tint, which spread deeper and deeper as the thin vapour crept up the mountain, while the battlements above were still tipped with splendour. From these, too, the rays soon faded, and the whole edifice was invested with the solemn duskiness of evening. Silent, lonely, and sublime, it seemed to stand the sovereign of the scene, and to frown defiance on all who dared to invade its solitary reign. As the twilight deepened, its features became more awful in obscurity, and Emily continued to gaze till its clustering towers were alone seen rising over the tops of the woods, beneath whose thick shade the carriage soon after began to ascend.

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The extent and darkness of these tall woods awakened terrific images in her mind, and she almost expected to see banditti start up from under the trees. At length the carriages emerged upon a heathy rock, and soon after reached the castle gates, where the deep tone of the portal bell, which was struck upon to give notice of their arrival, increased the fearful emotions that had assailed Emily. While they waited till the servant within should come to open the gates, she anxiously surveyed the edifice; but the gloom that overspread it allowed her to distinguish little more than a part of its outline, with the massy walls of the ramparts, and to know that it was vast, ancient, and dreary. From the parts she saw, she judged of the heavy strength and extent of the whole. The gateway before her, leading into the courts, was of gigantic size, and was defended by two round towers, crowned by overhanging turrets embattled, where, instead of banners, now waved long grass and wild plants that had taken root among the mouldering stones, and which seemed to sigh, as the breeze rolled past, over the desolation around them. The towers were united by a curtain, pierced and embattled also, below which appeared the pointed arch of a huge portcullis surmounting the gates; from these the walls of the ramparts extended to other towers, overlooking the precipice, whose shattered outline, appearing on a gleam that lingered in the west, told of the ravages of war. Beyond these, all was lost in the obscurity of evening.

Hardwick, in Derbyshire.

Northward, beyond London, we may make one stop after a country not otherwise necessary to be noticed, to mention Hardwick, in Derbyshire, a seat of the Duke of Devonshire, once the residence of the Earl of Shrewsbury, to whom Elizabeth deputed the custody of the unfortunate Mary. It stands on an easy height, a few miles to the left of the road from Mansfield to Chesterfield, and is approached through shady lanes, which conceal the view of it till you are on the confines of the park. Three towers of hoary gray then rise with great majesty among old woods, and their summits appear to be covered with the lightly shivered fragments of battlements, which, however, are soon discovered to be perfectly carved open work, in which the letters E. S. frequently occur under a coronet, the initials and the memorials of the vanity of Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury, who built the present edifice. Its tall features, of a most picturesque tint, were finally disclosed between the luxuriant woods and over the lawns of the park, which every now and then let in a glimpse of the Derbyshire hills.

In front of the great gates of the castle court, the ground, adorned by old oaks, suddenly sinks to a darkly shadowed glade, and the view opens over the vale of Scarsdale, bounded by the wild mountains of the Peak. Immediately to the left of the present residence, some ruined features of the ancient one, enwreathed with the rich drapery of ivy, give an interest to the scene, which the later but more historical structure heightens and prolongs. We followed, not without emotion, the walk which Mary had so often trodden, to the folding-doors of the great hall, whose lofty grandeur, aided by silence, and seen under the influence of a lowering sky, suited the temper of the whole scene. The tall windows, which half subdue the light they admit, just allowed us to distinguish the large figures in the tapestry above the oak wainscoting, and shewed a colonnade of oak supporting a gallery along the bottom of the hall, with a pair of gigantic elk's horns flourishing between the windows opposite to the entrance. The scene of Mary's arrival, and her feelings upon entering the solemn shade, came involuntarily to the mind; the noise of horses' feet, and many voices from the court; her proud, yet gentle and melancholy look, as, led by my lord-keeper, she passed slowly up the hall; his somewhat obsequious, yet jealous and vigilant air, while, awed by her dignity and beauty, he remembers the terrors of his own queen; the silence and anxiety of her maids, and the bustle of the surrounding attendants.

From the hall, a staircase ascends to the gallery of a small chapel, in which the chairs and cushions used by Mary still remain, and proceeds to the first story, where only one apartment bears memorials of her imprisonment—the bed, tapestry, and chairs having been worked by herself. This tapestry is richly embossed with emblematic figures, each with its title worked above it, and having been scrupulously preserved, is still entire and fresh.

Over the chimney of an adjoining dining-room, to which, as well as to other

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apartments on this floor, some modern furniture has been added, is this motto, carved in oak: 'There is only this: To fear God, and keep his commandments.' So much less valuable was timber than workmanship when this mansion was constructed, that where the staircases are not of stone, they are formed of solid oaken steps, instead of planks; such is that from the second or state story to the roof, whence, on clear days, York and Lincoln cathedrals are said to be included in the extensive prospect. This second floor is that which gives its chief interest to the edifice. Nearly all the apartments of it were allotted to Mary; some of them for state purposes; and the furniture is known, by other proof than its appearance, to remain as she left it. The chief room, or that of audience, is of uncommon loftiness, and strikes by its grandeur, before the veneration and tenderness arise which its antiquities and the plainly told tale of the sufferings they witnessed excite.

An Italian Landscape.

These excursions sometimes led to Puzzuoli, Baia, or the woody cliffs of Pausilippo; and as, on their return, they glided along the moonlight bay, the melodies of Italian strains seemed to give enchantment to the scenery of its shore. At this cool hour the voices of the vine-dressers were frequently heard in trio, as they reposed after the labour of the day on some pleasant promontory under the shade of poplars; or the brisk music of the dance from fishermen on the margin of the waves below. The boatmen rested on their oars, while their company listened to voices modulated by sensibility to finer eloquence than it is in the power of art alone to display; and at others, while they observed the airy natural grace which distinguishes the dance of the fishermen and peasant-girls of Naples. Frequently, as they glided round a promontory, whose shaggy masses impended far over the sea, such magic scenes of beauty unfolded, adorned by these dancing groups on the bay beyond, as no pencil could do justice to. The deep clear waters reflected every image of the landscape; the cliffs, branching into wild forms, crowned with groves, whose rough foliage often spread down their steeps in picturesque luxuriance; the ruined villa on some bold point peeping through the trees; peasants' cabins hanging on the precipices, and the dancing figures on the strand—all touched with the silvery tint and soft shadows of moonlight. On the other hand, the sea, trembling with a long line of radiance, and shewing in the clear distance the sails of vessels stealing in every direction along its surface, presented a prospect as grand as the landscape was beautiful.

MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS.

Among the most successful imitators of Mrs. Radcliffe's peculiar manner and class of subjects, was MATTHEW GREGORY LEWIS, whose wild romance, 'The Monk,' published in 1796, was received with mingled astonishment, censure, and applause. The first edition was soon disposed of; and in preparing a second, Lewis threw out some indelicate passages which had given much offence. He might have carried his retrenchments further with benefit both to the story and its readers. 'The Monk' was a youthful production, written, as the author states in his rhyming preface, when he 'scarce had seen his twentieth year.' It has all the marks of youth, except modesty. Lewis was the boldest of *hobgoblin* writers, and dashed away fearlessly among scenes of monks and nuns, church processions, Spanish Cavaliers, maidens and duennas, sorcerers and enchantments, the Inquisition, the Wandering Jew, and even Satan himself, whom he brings in to execute justice visibly and without compunction. The hero, Ambrosio, is abbot of the Capuchins at Madrid, and from his reputed sanctity and humility, and his eloquent preaching, he is surnamed the Man of Holiness. Ambrosio conceives himself to be exempted from the failings of humanity, and is severe in his

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saintly judgments. He is full of religious enthusiasm and pride, and thinks himself proof against all temptation. The hint of this character was taken from a paper in the 'Guardian,' and Lewis filled up the outline with considerable energy and skilful delineation. The imposing presence, strong passions, and wretched downfall of Ambrosio, are not easily forgotten by the readers of the novel. The haughty and susceptible monk is tempted by an infernal spirit—the Mephistopheles of the tale—who assumes the form of a young and beautiful woman, and after various efforts, completely triumphs over the virtue and the resolutions of Ambrosio. He proceeds from crime to crime, till he is stained with the most atrocious deeds, his evil genius, Matilda, being still his prompter and associate, and aiding him by her powers of conjuration and sorcery. He is at length caught in the toils, detected in a deed of murder, and is tried, tortured, and convicted by the Inquisition.

While trembling at the approaching *auto da fé*, at which he is sentenced to perish, Ambrosio is again visited by Matilda, who gives him a certain mysterious book, by reading which he is able to summon Lucifer to his presence. Ambrosio ventures on this desperate expedient. The Evil One appears—appropriately preceded by thunder and earthquake—and the wretched monk, having sold his hope of salvation to recover his liberty, is borne aloft far from his dungeon, but only to be dashed to pieces on a rock. Such is the outline of the monk's story, in which there is certainly no shrinking from the supernatural machinery that Mrs. Radcliffe adopted only in semblance, without attempting to make it real. Lewis relieved his narrative by episodes and love-scenes, one of which—the Bleeding Nun—is told with great animation. He introduces us also to a robber's hut in a forest, in which a striking scene occurs, evidently suggested by a similar one in Smollet's 'Count Fathom.' Besides his excessive use of conjurations and spirits to carry on his story, Lewis resorted to another class of horrors, which is simply disgusting—namely, loathsome images of mortal corruption and decay, the festering relics of death and the grave.

The only other tale by Lewis which has been reprinted is 'The Bravo of Venice,' a short production, in which there is enough of banditti, disguises, plots, and mysterious adventures—the dagger and the bowl—but nothing equal to the best parts of 'The Monk.' The style is more chaste and uniform, and some Venetian scenes are picturesquely described. The hero, Abellino, is at one time a beggar, at another a bandit, and ends by marrying the lovely niece of the Doge of Venice—a genuine character for the mock-heroic of romance. In none of his works does Lewis evince a talent for humour.

Scene of Conjuration by the Wandering Jew.

[Raymond, in 'The Monk,' is pursued by a spectre representing a bleeding nun, which appears at one o'clock in the morning, repeating a certain chant, and pressing her lips to his. Every succeeding visit inspires him with greater horror, and he ir-

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comes melancholy and deranged in health. His servant, Theodore, meets with a stranger, who tells him to bid his master wish for him when the clock strikes one, and the tale, as related by Raymond, proceeds. The ingenuity with which Lewis avails himself of the ancient legend of the Wandering Jew, and the fine description of the conjuration, are worthy of note.]

He was a man of majestic presence; his countenance was strongly marked, and his eyes were large, black, and sparkling; yet there was a something in his look which, the moment that I saw him, inspired me with a secret awe, not to say horror. He was dressed plainly, his hair was unpowdered, and a band of black velvet, which encircled his forehead, spread over his features an additional gloom. His countenance wore the marks of profound melancholy, his step was slow, and his manner grave, stately, and solemn. He saluted me with politeness, and having replied to the usual compliments of introduction, he motioned to Theodore to quit the chamber. The page instantly withdrew. 'I know your business,' said he, without giving me time to speak. 'I have the power of releasing you from your nightly visitor; but this cannot be done before Sunday. On the hour when the Sabbath morning breaks, spirits of darkness have least influence over mortals. After Saturday, the nun shall visit you no more.' 'May I not inquire,' said I, 'by what means you are in possession of a secret which I have carefully concealed from the knowledge of every one?' 'How can I be ignorant of your distress, when their cause at this moment stands before you?' I started. The stranger continued; 'Though to you only visible for one hour in the twenty-four, neither day nor night does she ever quit you; nor will she ever quit you till you have granted her request.' 'And what is that request?' 'That she must herself explain; it lies not in my knowledge. Wait with patience for the night of Saturday; all shall be then cleared up.' I dared not press him further. He soon after changed the conversation, and talked of various matters. He named people who had ceased to exist for many centuries, and yet with whom he appeared to have been personally acquainted. I could not mention a country, however distant, which he had not visited; nor could I sufficiently admire the extent and variety of his information. I remarked to him, that having travelled, seen, and known so much, must have given him infinite pleasure. He shook his head mournfully. 'No one,' he replied, 'is adequate to comprehending the misery of my lot: Fate obliges me to be constantly in movement; I am not permitted to pass more than a fortnight in the same place. I have no friend in the world, and, from the restlessness of my destiny, I never can acquire one. Fain would I lay down my miserable life, for I envy those who enjoy the quiet of the grave; but death eludes me, and flies from my embrace. In vain do I throw myself in the way of danger. I plunge into the ocean—the waves throw me back with abhorrence upon the shore; I rush into fire—the flames recoil at my approach; I oppose myself to the fury of banditti—their swords become blunted, and break against my breast. The hungry tiger shudders at my approach, and the alligator flies from a monster more horrible than itself. God has set his seal upon me, and all his creatures respect this fatal mark.' He put his hand to the velvet which was bound round his forehead. There was in his eyes an expression of fury, despair, and malevolence, that struck horror to my very soul. An involuntary convulsion made me shudder. The stranger perceived it. 'Such is the curse imposed on me,' he continued; 'I am doomed to inspire all who look on me with terror and detestation. You already feel the influence of the charm, and with every succeeding moment will feel it more. I will not add to your sufferings by my presence. Farewell till Saturday. As soon as the clock strikes twelve, expect me at your chamber.'

Having said this, he departed, leaving me in astonishment at the mysterious turn of his manner and conversation. His assurances that I should soon be relieved from the apparition's visits produced a good effect upon my constitution. Theodore, whom I rather treated as an adopted child than a domestic, was surprised, at his return, to observe the amendment in my looks. He congratulated me on this symptom of returning health, and declared himself delighted at my having received so much benefit from my conference with the Great Mogul. Upon inquiry I found that the stranger had already passed eight days in Ratisbon. According to his own account, therefore, he was only to remain there six days longer. Saturday was still at a distance of three. Oh, with what impatience did I expect its arrival! In the interim, the bleeding nun continued her nocturnal visits; but hoping soon to be re-

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leased from them altogether, the effects which they produced on me became less violent than before.

The wished-for night arrived. To avoid creating suspicion, I retired to my bed at my usual hour; but as soon as my attendants had left me, I dressed myself again, and prepared for the stranger's reception. He entered my room upon the turn of midnight. A small chest was in his hand, which he placed near the stove. He saluted me without speaking; I returned the compliment, observing an equal silence. He then opened the chest. The first thing which he produced was a small wooden crucifix; he sunk upon his knees, gazed upon it mournfully, and cast his eyes towards heaven. He seemed to be praying devoutly. At length he bowed his head respectfully, kissed the crucifix thrice, and quitted his kneeling posture. He next drew from the chest a covered goblet; with the liquor which it contained, and which appeared to be blood, he sprinkled the floor: and then dipping in it one end of the crucifix, he described a circle in the middle of the room. Round about this he placed various reliques, skulls, thighbones, &c. I observed that he disposed them all in the form of crosses. Lastly, he took out a large Bible, and, beckoned me to follow him into the circle. I obeyed.

'Be cautious not to utter a syllable!' whispered the stranger: 'step not out of the circle, and as you love yourself, dare not to look upon my face.' Holding the crucifix in one hand, the Bible in the other, he seemed to read with profound attention. The clock struck one; as usual, I heard the spectre's steps upon the staircase, but I was not seized with the accustomed shrivering. I waited her approach with confidence. She entered the room, drew near the circle, and stopped. The stranger, muttered some words, to me unintelligible. Then raising his head from the book, and extending the crucifix towards the ghost, he pronounced in a voice distinct and solemn: 'Beatrice! Beatrice! Beatrice!' 'What wouldst thou?' replied the apparition in a hollow faltering tone. 'What disturbs thy sleep? Why dost thou afflict and torture this youth? How can rest be restored to thy unquiet spirit?' 'I dare not tell: I must not tell. Fain would I repose in my grave, but stern commands force me to prolong my punishment!' 'Knowest thou this blood? Knowest thou in whose veins it flowed? Beatrice! Beatrice! in his name I charge thee to answer me.' 'I dare not disobey my taskers.' 'Darest thou disobey me?' He spoke in a commanding tone, and drew the sable band from his forehead. In spite of his injunction to the contrary, curiosity would not suffer me to keep my eyes off his face: I raised them, and beheld a burning cross impressed upon his brow. For the horror with which this object inspired me I cannot account, but I never felt its equal. My senses left me for some moments; a mysterious dread overcame my courage; and had not the exorciser caught my hand I should have fallen out of the circle. When I recovered myself, I perceived that the burning cross had produced an effect no less violent upon the spectre. Her countenance expressed reverence and horror, and her visionary limbs were shaken by fear. 'Yes,' she said at length, 'I tremble at that mark! I respect it! I obey you! Know, then, that my bones lie still unburied—they rot in the obscurity of Lindenberg-hole. None but this youth has the right of consigning them to the grave. His own lips have made over to me his body and his soul; never will I give back his promise; never shall he know a night, devoid of terror unless he engages to collect my mouldering bones, and deposit them in the family vault of his Andalusian castle. Then let thirty masses be said for the repose of my spirit, and I trouble this world no more. Now let me depart; those flames are scorching.'

He let the hand drop slowly which held the crucifix, and which till then he had pointed towards her. The apparition bowed her head, and her form melted into air.

WILLIAM GODWIN.

WILLIAM GODWIN, author of 'Caleb Williams,' was one of the most remarkable men of his times. The boldness of his speculations and opinions, and his apparent depth and ardour of feeling, were curiously contrasted with his plodding habits, his imperturbable temper, and the quiet obscure simplicity of his life and manners. The most startling and astounding theories were propounded by him

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with undoubting confidence; and sentiments that, if reduced to action, would have overturned the whole framework of society, were complacently dealt out by their author as if they had merely formed an ordinary portion of a busy literary life. Godwin was born at Wisbeach, in Cambridgeshire, on the 3d of March 1756. His father was a dissenting minister—a pious Nonconformist—and thus the future novelist may be said to have been nurtured in a love of religious and civil liberty, without perhaps much reverence for existing authority. He soon, however, far overstepped the pale of dissent. After receiving the necessary education at the dissenting college at Hoxton, Mr. Goodwin became minister of a congregation in the vicinity of London. He also officiated for some time at Stowmarket, in Suffolk. About the year 1782, having been five years a Noncomformist preacher, he settled in London, and applied himself wholly to literature. His first work was entitled 'Sketches of History, in Six Sermons;' and he shortly afterwards became principal writer in the New Annual Register.' He was a zealous political reformer; and his talents were so well known or recommended, that he obtained the large sum of £700 for his next publication. This was his famed 'Inquiry concerning Political Justice, and its Influences on General Virtue and Happiness,' published in 1793.

Mr. Godwin's work was a sincere advocacy of an intellectual republic—a splendid argument for universal philanthropy and benevolence, and for the omnipotence of mind over matter. His views of the perfectibility of man and the regeneration of society—all private affections and interests being merged in the public good—were clouded by no misgivings, and he wrote with the force of conviction, and with no ordinary powers of persuasion and eloquence. The 'Inquiry' was highly successful, and went through several editions. In a twelvemonth afterwards appeared his novel of 'Things as they Are, or the Adventures of Caleb Williams.' His object here was also to inculcate his peculiar doctrines, and to comprehend 'a general review of the modes of domestic and unrecorded despotism, by which man becomes the destroyer of man.' His hero, Williams, tells his own tale of suffering and of wrong—of innocence persecuted and reduced to the brink of death and infamy by aristocratic power, and by tyrannical or partially administered laws; but his story is so fraught with interest and energy, that we lose sight of the political object or satire, and think only of the characters and incidents that pass in review before us. The imagination of the author overpowered his philosophy; he was a greater inventor than logician. His character of Falkland is one of the finest in the whole range of English fictitious composition. The opinions of Godwin were soon brought still more prominently forward. His friends, Holcroft, Thelwall, Horne Tooke, and others, were thrown into the Tower, on a charge of high treason. The novelist had joined none of their soci-

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eties, and however obnoxious to those in power, had not rendered himself amenable to the laws of the country.*

Godwin, however, was ready with his pen. Judge Eyre, in his charge to the grand jury, had laid down principles very different from those of our author, and the latter instantly published 'Cursory Strictures' on the judge's charge, so ably written that the pamphlet is said to have mainly led to the acquittal of the accused party. In 1796 Mr. Godwin issued a series of essays on Education, Manners, and Literature, entitled 'The Inquirer.' In the following year he married Mary Wollstonecraft, author of 'The Vindication of the Rights of Women,' &c., a lady in many respects as remarkable as her husband, and who died after having given birth to a daughter (Mrs. Shelley), still more justly distinguished. Godwin's contempt of the ordinary modes of thinking and acting in this country was displayed by this marriage. His wife brought with her a natural daughter, the fruit of a former connection. She had lived with Godwin for some time before their marriage; and the 'principal motive,' he says, 'for complying with the ceremony was the circumstance of Mary's being in a state of pregnancy.' Such an open disregard of the ties and principles that sweeten life and adorn society astonished even Godwin's philosophic and reforming friends. But whether acting in good or in bad taste, he seems always to have been fearless and sincere. He wrote 'Memoirs of Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin,—who died in about half a year after her marriage, at the early age of thirty-eight—and in this curious work all the details of her life and conduct are minutely related. We are glad, after this mental pollution, to meet Godwin again as a novelist—

> He bears no token of the sabler streams,
> And mounts far off among the swans of Thames.

In 1799 appeared his 'St Leon,' a story of the 'miraculous class,' as he himself states, and designed to mix human feelings and passions with incredible situations. His hero attains the possession of the philosopher's stone, and secures exhaustless wealth by the art of

* If we may credit a curious entry in Sir Walter Scott's diary, Godwin must have been early mixed up with the English Jacobins. 'Canning's conversion from popular opinions,' says Scott, 'was strangely brought round. While he was studying in the Temple, and rather entertaining revolutionary opinions, Godwin sent to say that he was coming to breakfast with him, to speak on a subject of the highest importance. Canning knew little of him, but received his visit, and learned to his astonishment that, in expectation of a new order of things, the English Jacobins designed to place him, Canning, at the head of the revolution. He was much struck, and asked time to think what course he should take; and having thought the matter over, he went to Mr. Pitt, and made the Anti-Jacobin confession of faith, in which he persevered until——. Canning himself mentioned this to Sir W. Knighton upon occasion of giving a place in the Charter house, of some ten pounds a year, to Godwin's brother. He could scarce do less for one who had offered him the dictator's curule-chair.'—*Lockhart's Life of Scott.* This occurrence must have taken place before 1798, as in that year Canning was introduced by Pitt into Parliament.

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transmuting metals into gold, and at the same time he learns the secret of the *elixir vitæ*, by which he has the power of renewing his youth. These are, indeed, 'incredible situations;' but the romance has many attractions—splendid description and true pathos. Its chief defect is an excess of the terrible and marvellous. In 1800 Mr. Godwin produced his unlucky tragedy of 'Antonio,' in 1801, 'Thoughts on Dr. Parr's Spital Sermon,' being a reply to some attacks made upon him, or rather on his code of morality, by Parr, Makintosh, and others. In 1803 he brought out a voluminous 'Life of Chaucer,' in two quarto volumes. With Mr. Godwin the great business of this world was to write books, and whatever subject he selected, he treated it with a due sense of its importance, and pursued it into all its ramifications with intense ardour and application. The 'Life of Chaucer' was ridiculed by Sir Walter Scott in the 'Edinburgh Review,' in consequence of its enormous bulk and its extraneous dissertations; but it is creditable to the author's taste and research. The student of our early literature will find in it many interesting facts connected with a chivalrous and romantic period of our history—much sound criticism, and a fine relish for true poetry. In 1804 Mr. Godwin, produced his novel of 'Fleetwood, or the New Man of Feeling.' The title was unfortunate, as reminding the reader of the *old* Man of Feeling, by far the more interesting and amiable of the two. Mr. Godwin's hero is self-willed and capricious, a morbid egotist, whose irritability and frantic outbursts of passion move contempt rather than sympathy. Byron has said:

> Romances paint at full length people's woolings,
> But only give a bust of marriages.

This cannot be said of Mr. Godwin. Great part of 'Fleetwood' is occupied with the hero's matrimonial troubles and afflictions; but they only exemplify the noble poet's further observation—'no one cares for matrimonial cooings.' The better parts of the novel consist of the episode of the Macneills, a tale of family pathos, and some detached descriptions of Welsh scenery. For some years Mr. Godwin was little heard of. He had married again, and, as a more certain means of maintenance, had opened a bookseller's shop in London, under the assumed name of 'Edward Baldwin.' In this situation he sent forth a number of children's books, small histories and other compilations, some of them by himself. Charles Lamb mentions an English Grammar, in which Hazlitt assisted. He tried another tragedy, 'Faulkner,' in 1807, but it was unsuccessful. Next year he published an 'Essay on Sepulchres,' written in a fine meditative spirit, with great beauty of expression; and in 1815, 'Lives of Edward and John Phillips, the nephews of Milton.' The latter is also creditable to the taste and research of the author, and illustrates our poetical history about the time of the Restoration. In 1817 Mr. Godwin again entered the arena of fiction. He had paid a visit to Scotland, and engaged with Constable for another novel, 'Mandeville,' a tale of the

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times of Cromwell. The style of this work is measured and stately, and it abounds in that moral anatomy in which the author delighted, but often carried beyond truth and nature. The vindictive feelings delineated in 'Mandeville' are pushed to a revolting extreme. Passages of energetic and beautiful composition—reflective and descriptive—are to be found in the novel; and we may remark, that as the author advanced in years, he seems to have cultivated more sedulously the graces of language and diction. The staple of his novels, however, was taken from the depths of his own mind—not from extensive surveys of mankind or the universe; and it was obvious that the oft drawn-upon fountain began to dry up, notwithstanding the luxuriance of the foliage that shaded it.

We next find Mr. Godwin combating the opinions of Malthus upon Population (1820), and then setting about an elaborate 'History of the Commonwealth.' The great men of that era were exactly suited to his taste. Their resolute energy of character, their overthrow of the monarchy, their republican enthusiasm, and strange notions of faith and the saints, were well adapted to fire his imagination and stimulate his research. The 'History' extended to four large volumes, which were published at intervals between 1824 and 1828. It is evident that Mr. Godwin tasked himself to produce authorities for all he advanced. He took up, as might be expected, strong opinions, but in striving to be accurate and minute, he became too specific and chronological for the interest of his narrative. It was truly said that the style of his 'History' 'creeps and hitches in dates and authorities.' In 1830 Mr. Godwin published 'Cloudesley,' a tale in three volumes. Reverting to his brilliant performance as a novelist, he made his new hero, like 'Caleb Williams,' a person of humble origin, and he arrays him against his patron; but there the parallel ends. The elastic vigour, the verisimilitude, the crowding incidents, the absorbing interest, and the overwhelming catastrophe of the first novel, are not to be found in 'Cloudesley.' There is even little delineation of character. Instead of these, we have fine English, 'clouds of reflections without any new occasion to call them forth; an expanded flow of words without a single pointed remark.' The next production of this veteran author was a metaphysical treatise, 'Thoughts on Man,' &c.; and his last work (1834) a compilation, entitled 'Lives of the Necromancers.' In his later years, Mr. Godwin enjoyed a small government office, yeoman-usher of the Exchequer, which was conferred upon him by Earl Grey's ministry. In the residence attached to this appointment, in New Palace Yard, he terminated his long and laborious scholastic life on the 7th of April 1836. No man ever panted more ardently, or toiled more heroically, for literary fame; and we think that, before he closed his eyes, he must have been conscious that he had left something so written to after-times as they should not willingly let it die.'

'Caleb Williams' is unquestionably the most interesting and origi-

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nal of Mr. Godwin's novels, and is altogether a work of extraordinary art and power. It has the plainness of narrative and the apparent reality of the fictions of Defoe or Swift. A brief glance at the story will shew the materials with which Godwin 'framed his spell.' Caleb Williams, an intelligent young peasant, is taken into the house of Mr. Falkland, the lord of the manor, in the capacity of amanuensis, or private secretary. His master is kind and compassionate, but stately and solemn in manner. An air of mystery hangs about him; his address is cold, and his sentiments impenetrable; and he breaks out occasionally into fits of causeless jealousy and tyrannical violence. One day Williams surprises him in a closet, where he heard a deep groan expressive of intolerable anguish, then the lid of a trunk hastily shut, and the noise of fastening a lock. Finding he was discovered, Falkland flies into a transport of rage, and threatens the intruder with instant death if he does not withdraw. The astonished youth retires, musing on this strange scene. His curiosity is awakened, and he learns part of Falkland's history from an old confidential steward—that his master was once the gayest of the gay and had achieved honour and fame abroad, until on his return he was persecuted with a malignant destiny. His nearest neighbour Tyrrel, a man of estate equal to his own, but of a coarse and violent temper, became jealous of Falkland's superior talents and accomplishments, and conceived a deadly enmity at him. The series of events detailing the progress of this mutual hatred—particularly the episode of Miss Melville—are developed with great skill, but all is creditable to the high-minded and chivalrous Falkland. The conduct of Tyrrel becomes at length so atrocious, that the country gentlemen shun his society. He intrudes himself, however, into a rural assembly, an altercation ensues, and Falkland indignantly upbraids him, and bids him begone. Amidst the hootings and reproaches of the assembly, Tyrrel retires, but soon returns inflamed with liquor, and with one blow of his muscular arm levels Falkland to the ground. His violence is repeated, till he is again forced to retreat. This complication of ignominy, base, humiliating, and public, stung the proud and sensitive Falkland to the soul: he left the room; but one other event closed the transactions of that memorable evening—Tyrrel was found dead in the street, having been murdered, stabbed with a knife—at a distance of a few yards from the assembly house.

From this crisis in Falkland's history commenced his gloomy and unsociable melancholy—life became a burden to him. A private investigation was made into the circumstances of the murder; but Falkland, after a lofty and eloquent denial of all knowledge of the crime, was discharged with every circumstance of honour, and amidst the plaudits of the people. A few weeks afterwards, a peasant, named Hawkins, and his son were taken up on some slight suspicion, tried, condemned, and executed for the murder. Justice

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was satisfied, but a deepening gloom had settled on the solitary Falkland. Williams heard all this, and joined in pitying the noble sufferer; but the question occurred to him—was it possible, after all, that his master should be the murderer? The idea took entire possession of his mind. He determined to place himself as a watch upon Falkland—a perpetual stimulus urged him on. Circumstances, also, were constantly occurring to feed his morbid inquisitiveness. At length a fire broke out in the house during Falkland's absence, and Willams was led to the room containing the mysterious trunk. With the energy of uncontrollable passion he forced it open, and was in the act of lifting up the lid, when Falkland entered, wild, breathless, and distraction in his looks. The first act of the infuriated master was to present a pistol at the head of the youth, but he instantly changed his resolution, and ordered him to withdraw.

Next day Falkland disclosed the secret. 'I am the blackest of villains; I am the murderer of Tyrrel; I am the assassin of the Hawkinses!' He made Williams swear never to disclose the secret, on pain of death or worse. 'I am,' said Falkland, 'as much the fool of fame as ever; I cling to it as my last breath: though I be the blackest of villains, I will leave behind me a spotless and illustrious name there is no crime so malignant, no scene of blood so horrible, in which that object cannot engage me.' Williams took the oath and submitted. His spirit, however, revolted at the servile submission that was required of him, and in time he escaped from the house He was speedily taken, and accused, at the instance of Falkland, of abstracting valuable property from the trunk he had forced open on the day of the fire. He was cast into prison. The interior of the prison, and its wretched inmates, are then described with great minuteness. Williams, to whom the confinement became intolerable, escaped. He is first robbed and then sheltered by a band of robbers —he is forced to flee for his life—assumes different disguises—is again in prison, and again escapes; but misery and injustice meet him at every step. He had innocently fastened on himself a second enemy, a villain named Gines, who from a highwayman had become a thief taker; and the incessant exertions of this fellow, tracking him from place to place like a blood-hound, are related with uncommon spirit and effect. The whole of these adventures possess an enchaining interest, and cannot be perused without breathless anxiety. The innocence of Williams, and the manifestations of his character—artless, buoyant, and fast maturing under this stern discipline—irresistibly attract and carry forward the reader. The connection of Falkland and Williams is at last wound up in one scene of overpowering interest, in which the latter comes forward publicly as the accuser of his former master. The place is the hall of a magistrate of the metropolitan town of Falkland's county.

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Concluding Scene of 'Caleb Williams.'

I can conceive of no shock greater than that I received from the sight of Mr Falkland. His appearance on the last occasion on which we met had been haggard ghost-like, and wild, energy in his gestures, and frenzy in his aspect. It was now the appearance of a corpse. He was brought in, in a chair, unable to stand fatigued and almost destroyed by the journey he had just taken. His visage was colourless his limbs destitute of motion, almost of life. His head reclined upon his bosom, except that now and then he lifted it up, and opened his eyes with a languid glance immediately after which he sank back into his former apparent insensibility. He seemed not to have three hours to live. He had kept his chamber for several weeks but the summons of the magistrate had been delivered to him at his bedside, his orders respecting letters and written papers being so peremptory that no one dared to disobey them. Upon reading the paper, he was seized with a very dangerous fit but as soon as he recovered, he insisted upon being conveyed, with all practicable expedition, to the place of appointment. Falkland, in the most helpless state, was still Falkland, firm in command, and capable to extort obedience from every one that approached him.

What a sight was this to me! Here was Falkland, solemnly brought before a magistrate to answer to a charge of murder. Here I stood, having already declared myself the author of the charge, gravely and sacredly pledged to support it. This was my situation; and thus situated I was called upon immediately to act. My whole frame shook. I would eagerly have consented that that moment should have been the last of my existence. I, however, believed that the conduct now most indispensably incumbent on me was to lay the emotions of my soul naked before my hearers. I looked first at Mr. Falkland, and then at the magistrate and attendants, and then at Mr. Falkland again. My voice was suffocated with agony. I began: 'Would to God it were possible for me to retire from this scene without uttering another word; I would brave the consequences—I would submit to any imputation of cowardice falsehood, and profligacy, rather than add to the weight of misfortune with which Mr. Falkland is overwhelmed. But the situation, and the demands of Mr. Falkland himself, forbid me. He in compassion for whose fallen state I would willingly forget every interest of my own, would compel me to accuse, that he might enter upon his justification. I will confess every sentiment of my heart. Mr. Falkland well knows—I affirm it in his presence—how unwillingly I have proceeded to this extremity. I have reverenced him; he was worthy of reverence. From the first moment I saw him. I conceived the most ardent admiration. He condescended to encourage me; I attached myself to him with the fullness of affection. He was unhappy; I exerted myself with youthful curiosity to discover the secret of his woe. This was the beginning of misfortune. What shall I say? He was indeed the murderer of Tyrrel! He suffered the Hawkinses to be executed, knowing they were innocent, and that he alone was guilty! After successive surmises, after various indiscretions on my part, and indications on his, he at length confided to me at full the fatal tale! Mr. Falkland! I most solemnly conjure you to recollect yourself! Did I ever prove myself unworthy of your confidence? The secret was a most painful burden to me; it was the extremest folly that led unthinkingly to gain possession of it; but I would have died a thousand deaths rather than betray it. It was the jealousy of your own thoughts, and the weight that hung upon your mind, that led you to watch my motions, and conceive alarm from every particle of my conduct. You began in confidence—why did you not continue in confidence? . . .

'I fell at last into the hands of the miscreants. In this terrible situation I, for the first time, attempted, by turning informer, to throw the weight from myself. Happily for me, the London magistrate listened to my tale with insolent contempt. I soon, and long, repented of my rashness, and rejoiced in my miscarriage. I acknowledge that in various ways Mr. Falkland shewed humanity towards me during this period. He would have prevented my going to prison at first; he contributed to my subsistence during my detention; he had no share in the pursuit that had been set on foot against me; he at length procured my discharge when brought forward for trial. But a great part of his forbearance was unknown to me; I supposed him to be my unrelenting pursuer. I could not forget that, whoever heaped calamities on me in the sequel, they all originated in his forged accusation. The prosecution against me

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for felony was now at an end. Why were not my sufferings permitted to terminate then, and I allowed to hide my weary head in some obscure yet tranquil retreat? Had I not sufficiently proved my constancy and fidelity? Would not a compromise in this situation have been most wise and most secure? But the restless and jealous anxiety of Mr. Falkland would not permit him to repose the least atom of confidence. The only compromise that he proposed was, that, with my own hand, I should sign myself a villain. I refused this proposal, and have ever since been driven from place to place, deprived of peace, of honest fame, even of bread. For a long time I persisted in the resolution that no emergency should convert me into the assailant. In an evil hour I at last listened to my resentment and impatience, and the hateful mistake into which I fell has produced the present scene I now see that mistake in all its enormity. I am sure that if I had opened my heart to Mr. Falkland, if I had told to him privately the tale that I have now been telling, he could not have resisted my reasonable demand. After all his precautions, he must have ultimately depended upon my forbearance. Could he be sure, that if I were at last worked up to disclose everything I knew, and to enforce it with all the energy I could exert, I should obtain no credit? If he must in every case be at my mercy, in which mode ought he to have sought his safety—in conciliation, or in inexorable cruelty? Mr. Falkland is of a noble nature. Yes! in spite of the catastrophe of Tyrrel of the miserable end of the Hawkinses, and of all that I have myself suffered. I affirm that he has qualities of the most admirable kind. It is therefore impossible that he could have resisted a frank and fervent expostulation, the frankness and fervour in which the whole soul was poured out. I despaired while it was yet time to have made the just experiment: but my despair was criminal, was treason against the sovereignty of truth. I have told a plain and unadulterated tale. I came hither to curse, but I remain to bless. I came to accuse, but am compelled to applaud. I proclaim to all the world that Mr. Falkland is a man worthy of affection and kindness, and that I am myself the basest and most odious of mankind! Never will I forgive myself the iniquity of this day. The memory will always haunt me and imbitter every hour of my existence. In thus acting I have been a murderer—a cool deliberate, unfeeling murderer. I have said what my accursed precipitation has obliged me to say. Do with me as you please. I ask no favour. Death would be a kindness compared to what I feel!'

Such were the accents dictated by my my remorse. I poured them out with uncontrollable impetuosity, for my heart was pierced, and I was compelled to give vent to its anguish. Every one that heard me was petrified with astonishment. Every one that heard me was melted into tears. They could not resist the ardour with which I praised the great qualities of Falkland; they manifested their sympathy in the tokens of my penitence.

How shall I describe the feelings of this unfortunate man! Before I began, he seemed sunk and debilitated, incapable of any strenuous impression When I mentioned the murder, I could perceive in him an involuntary shuddering, though it was counteracted, partly by the feebleness of his frame, and partly by the energy of his mind. This was an allegation he expected, and he had endeavoured to prepare himself for it. But there was much of what I said of which he had had no previous conception. When I expressed the anguish of my mind, he seemed at first startled and alarmed, lest this should be a new expedient to gain credit to my tale. His indignation against me was great for having retained all my resentment towards him, thus, as it might be, in the last hour of his existence. It was increased when he discovered me, as he supposed, using a pretence of liberality and sentiment to give new edge to my hostility. But as I went on, he could no longer resist. He saw my sincerity: he was penetrated with my grief and compunction. He rose from his seat, supported by the attendants, and—to my infinite astonishment—threw himself into my arms!

'Williams,' said he, 'you have conquered! I see too late the greatness and elevation of your mind. I confess that it is to my fault, and not yours, that it is to the excess of jealousy that was ever burning in my bosom that I owe my ruin. I could have resisted any plan of malicious accusation you might have brought against me. But I see that the artless and manly story you have told has carried conviction to every hearer. All my prospects are concluded. All that I most ardently desired is for ever frustrated. I have spent a life of the basest cruelty to cover one act of momentary vice, and to protect myself against the prejudices of my species. I stand

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now completely detected. My name will be consecrated to infamy, while your heroism, your patience, and your virtues will be for ever admired. You have inflicted on me the most fatal of all mischiefs, but I bless the hand that wounds me. And now'—turning to the magistrate—'and now do with me as you please. I am prepared to suffer all the vengeance of the law.'

Sir Walter Scott has objected to what may be termed the matter-incident in 'Caleb Williams,' and calls it an instance of the author's coarseness and bad taste—namely that a gentleman passionately addicted to the manners of ancient chivalry should become a midnight assassin when an honourable revenge was in his power. Mr. Godwin might have defended himself by citing the illustrious critic's own example: the forgery by Marmion is less consistent with the manners of chivalry than the assassination by Falkland. Without the latter, the novel could have little interest—it is the key-stone of the arch. Nor does it appear so unsuited to the character of the hero, who, though smitten with a romantic love of fame and honour, is supposed to have lived in modern times, and has been wound up to a pitch of frenzy by the public brutality of Tyrrel. The deed was instantaneous—the knife, he says, fell in his way. There was no time for reflection, nor was Tyrrel a person whom he could think of meeting on equal terms in open combat. He was a noisome pest and nuisance, despatched in a moment of fury by one whom he had injured, insulted, and trampled upon solely because of his worth and his intellectual superiority.

We have incidentally alluded to the other novels of Godwin. 'St. Leon' will probably descend to posterity in company with 'Caleb Williams,' but we cannot conceive that a *torso* of any of the others will be preserved. They have all a strong family likeness. What Dugald Stewart supposed of human invention generally, that it was limited, like a barrel-organ, to a specific number of tunes, is strictly true of Mr. Godwin's fictions. In 'St. Leon,' however, we have a romantic story with much fine writing Setting aside the 'incredible' conception on which it proceeds, we find the subordinate incidents natural and justly proportioned. The possessor of the philosopher's stone is an interesting visionary—a French Falkland of the sixteenth century, and as unfortunate, for his miraculous gifts entail but misery on himself, and bring ruin to his family. Even exhaustless wealth is in itself no blessing: and this is the moral of the story. The adventures of the hero, both warlike and domestic, are related with much gorgeousness and amplitude. The character of the heroic Marguerite, the wife of Leon, is one of the author's finest delineations. Bethlem Gabor is also a vigorous and striking sketch, though introduced too late in the novel to relieve the flagging interest after the death of Marguerite. The thunder-storm which destroys the property of Leon is described with great power and vividness; and his early distresses and losses at the gaming-table are also in the author's best manner. The scene may be said to shift too often, and the want of

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fortitude and energy in the character of the hero lessens our sympathy for his reverses. At the same time his tenderness and affection as a husband and father are inexpressibly touching, when we see them, in consequence of his strange destiny, lead to the ruin of those for whom alone he wishes to live.

St. Leon's Escape from the Auto da Fé.

[St. Leon is imprisoned by the Inquisition on suspicion of exercising the powers of necromancy, and is carried with other prisoners to feed the flames at an *auto da fé* at Valladolid.]

Our progress to Valladolid was slow and solemn, and occupied a space of no less than four days. On the evening of the fourth day we approached that city. The king and his court came out to meet us; he saluted the inquisitor-general with all the demonstrations of the deepest submission and humility; and then, having yielded him the place of honour, turned round his horse, and accompanied us back to Valladolid. The cavalcade that attended the king broke into two files, and received us in the midst of them. The whole city seemed to empty itself on this memorable occasion, and the multitudes that crowded along the road, and were scattered in the neighbouring fields, were innumerable. The day was now closed, and the procession went forward amidst the light of a thousand torches. We, the condemned of the Inquisition, had been conducted from the metropolis upon tumbrils; but as we arrived at the gates of Valladolid, we were commanded, for the greater humiliation, to alight and proceed on foot to the place of our confinement, as many as could not walk without assistance being supported by the attendants. We were neither chained nor bound; the practice of the Inquisition being to deliver the condemned upon such occasions into the hands of two sureties each, who placed their charge in the middle between them; and men of the most respectable characters were accustomed, from religious motives, to sue for this melancholy office.

Dejected and despairing, I entered the streets of the city, no object present to the eyes of my mind but that of my approaching execution. The crowd was vast, the confusion inexpressible. As we passed by the end of a narrow lane, the horse of one of the guards, who rode exactly in a line with me, plunged and reared in a violent manner, and at length threw his rider upon the pavement. Others of the horse-guards attempted to catch the bridle of the enraged animal; they rushed against each other; several of the crowd were thrown down, and trampled under the horses' feet. The shrieks of these, and the loud cries and exclamations of the bystanders, mingled in confused and discordant chorus; no sound, no object could be distinguished. From the excess of the tumult, a sudden thought darted into my mind, where all, an instant before, had been relaxation and despair. Two or three of the horses pushed forward in a particular direction; a moment after, they re-filled with equal violence, and left a wide transitory gap. My project was no sooner conceived than executed. Weak as I had just now felt myself, a supernatural tide of strength seemed to come over me; I sprung away with all imaginable impetuosity, and rushed down the lane I have just mentioned. Every one amidst the confusion was attentive to his personal safety, and several minutes elapsed before I was missed.

In the lane everything was silent, and the darkness was extreme. Man, woman, and child, were gone out to view the procession. For some time I could scarcely distinguish a single object: the doors and windows were all closed. I now chanced to come to an open door; within I saw no one but an old man, who was busy over some metallic work at a chafing-dish of fire. I had no room for choice; I expected every moment to hear the myrmidons of the Inquisition at my heels. I rushed in; I impetuously closed the door, and bolted it: I then seized the old man by the collar of his shirt with a determined grasp, and swore vehemently that I would annihilate him that instant if he did not consent to afford me assistance. Though for some time I had perhaps been feebler than he, the terror that now drove me on rendered me comparatively a giant. He entreated me to permit him to breathe, and promised to do whatever I should desire. I looked round the apartment, and saw a rapier

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hanging against the wall, of which I instantly proceeded to make myself master. While I was doing this, my involuntary host, who was extremely terrified at my procedure, nimbly attempted to slip by me and rush into the street. With difficulty I caught hold of his arm, and pulling him back, put the point of my rapier to his breast, solemnly assuring him that no consideration on earth should save him from my fury if he attempted to escape a second time. He immediately dropped on his knees, and with the most piteous accents entreated me to spare his life. I told him that I was no robber, that I did not intend him the slightest harm; and that, if he would implicitly yield to my direction, he might assure himself he never should have reason to repent his compliance. By this declaration the terrors of the old man were somewhat appeased. I took the opportunity of this calm to go to the street door, which I instantly locked and put the key in my bosom. . . .

We were still engaged in discussing the topics I have mentioned, when I was suddenly alarmed by the noise of some one stirring in the inner apartment. I had looked into this room, and had perceived nothing but the bed upon which the old man nightly reposed himself. I sprung up, however, at the sound, and perceiving that the door had a bolt on the outside, I eagerly fastened it. I then turned to Mordecai—that was the name of my host: 'Wretch,' said I, 'did not you assure me that there was no one but yourself in the house?' 'Oh,' cried Mordecai, 'it is my child! it is my child! she went into the inner apartment, and has fallen asleep on the bed.' 'Beware,' I answered; 'the slightest falsehood more shall instantly be expiated in your blood.' 'I call Abraham to witness,' rejoined the once more terrified Jew, 'it is my child! only my child!' 'Tell me,' cried I, with severity of accent, 'how old is this child?' 'Only five years,' said Mordecai: 'my dear Leah died when she was a year old, and though we had several children, this single one has survived her.' 'Speak to your child: let me hear her voice!' He spoke to her; and she answered: 'Father, I want to come out.' I was satisfied it was the voice of a little girl. I turned to the Jew: 'Take care,' said I, 'how you deceive me now; is there no other person in that room?' He imprecated a curse on himself if there were. I opened the door with caution, and the little girl came forward. As soon as I saw her, I seized her with a rapid motion, and returned to my chair. 'Man,' said I, 'you have trifled with me too rashly; you have not considered what I am escaped from, and what I have to fear; from this moment this child shall be the pledge of my safety; I will not part with her an instant as long as I remain in your house; and with this rapier in my hand, I will pierce her to the heart the moment I am led to imagine that I am no longer in safety.' The Jew trembled at my resolution; the emotions of a father worked in his features and glistened in his eye. 'At least let me kiss her,' said he. 'Be it so,' replied I; 'one embrace, and then, till the dawn of the coming day, she remains with me.' I released my hold; the child rushed to her father, and he caught her in his arms. 'My dear Leah,' cried Mordecai, 'now a sainted spirit in the bosom of our father Abraham! I call God to witness between us, that if all my caution and vigilance can prevent it, not a hair of this child shall be injured!—Stranger, you will the know by how strong a motive you have now engaged me to your cause. We poor Jews, hunted on the face of the earth, the abhorrence and execration of mankind, have nothing but family affections to support us under our multiplied disgraces; and family affections are entwined with our existence, the fondest and best loved part of ourselves.—The God of Abraham bless you, my child!—Now, sir, speak! what is it you require of me?'

I told the Jew that I must have a suit of clothes conformable to the appearance of a Spanish cavalier, and certain medical ingredients that I named to him, together with his chafing-dish of coals to prepare them; and that done. I would then impose on him no further trouble. Having received his instructions, he immediately set out to procure what I demanded. He took with him the key of the house; and as soon as he was gone, I retired with the child into the inner department, and fastened the door. At first I applied myself to tranquillise the child, who had been somewhat alarmed at what she had heard and seen; this was no very difficult task. She presently left me, to amuse herself with some playthings that lay scattered in the corner of the apartment. My heart was now comparatively at ease; I saw the powerful hold I had on the fidelity of the Jew, and firmly persuaded myself that I had no treachery to fear on his part. Thus circumstanced, the exertion and activity with which I had lately been imbued, left me, and I sensibly sunk into a sort of slumber.

Now for the first time I was at leisure to attend to the state of my strength and

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my health. My confinement in the Inquisition, and the treatment I had experienced, had before rendered me feeble and almost helpless; but these appeared to be circumstances scarcely worthy of attention in the situation in which I was then placed. The impulse I felt in the midst of the confusion in the grand street of Valladolid, produced in me an energy and power of exertion which nothing but the actual experience of the fact could have persuaded me was possible. This energy, once begun, appeared to have the faculty of prolonging itself, and I did not relapse into imbecility till the occasion seem to be exhausted which called for my exertion. I examined myself by a mirror with which Mordecai furnished me; I found my hair as white as snow, and my face ploughed with a thousand furrows. I was now fifty-four, an age which, with moderate exercise and a vigorous constitution, often appears like the prime of human existence; but whoever had looked upon me in my present condition, would not have doubted to affirm that I had reached the eightieth year of my age. I examined with dispassionate remark the state of my intellect: I was persuaded that it had subsided into childishness. My mind had been as much cribbed and immured as my body. I was the mere shadow of a man, of no more power and worth than that which a magic lantern produces upon a wall. Let the reader judge of what I had passed through and known within those cursed walls by the effects; I have already refused, I continue to refuse, to tell how those effects were produced. Enough of compassion; enough of complaint; I will confine myself, as far as I am able, to simple history.

I was now once again alone. The little girl, who had been unusually disturbed and roused at an unseasonable hour, sunk into a profound sleep. I heard the noise which Mordecai made in undressing himself, and composing his limbs upon a mattress which he had dragged for the present occasion into the front room, and spread before the hearth. I soon found by the hardness of his breathing that he also was asleep. I unfolded the papers he had brought me; they consisted of various medical ingredients I had directed him to procure; there were also two or three phials containing sirups and essences. I had near me a pair of scales with which to weigh my ingredients, a vessel of water, the chafing-dish of my host, in which the fire was nearly extinguished, and a small taper, with some charcoal to re-light the fire in case of necessity. While I was occupied in surveying these articles and arranging my materials, a sort of torpor came suddenly over me, so as to allow me no time for resistance. I sunk upon the bed. I remained thus for about half-an-hour, seemingly without the power of collecting my thoughts. At length I started, felt alarmed, and applied my utmost force of mind to rouse my exertions. While I drove, or attempted to drive, my animal spirits from limb to limb, and from part to part, as if to inquire into the general condition of my frame, I became convinced that I was dying. Let not the reader be surprised at this; twelve years' imprisonment in a narrow and unwholesome cell may well account for so sudden a catastrophe. Strange and paradoxical as it may seem, I believe it will be found in the experiment, that the calm and security which succeed to great internal injuries are more dangerous than the pangs and hardships that went before. I was now thoroughly alarmed; I applied myself with all vigilance and expedition to the compounding my materials. The fire was gone out; the taper was glimmering in the socket: to swallow the julep, when I had prepared it, seemed to be the last effort of which my organs and muscles were capable. It was the elixir of immortality, exactly made up according to the prescription of the stranger.

Whether from the potency of the medicine or the effect of imagination, I felt revived the moment I had swallowed it. I placed myself deliberately in Mordecai's bed, and drew over me the bed-clothes. I fell asleep almost instantly.

My sleep was not long: in a few hours I awaked. With difficulty I recognised the objects about me and recollected where I had been. It seemed to me that my heart had never beat so vigorously, nor my spirits flowed so gay. I was all elasticity and life: I could scarcely hold myself quiet; I felt impelled to bound and leap like a kid upon the mountains. I perceived that my little Jewess was still asleep; she had been unusually fatigued the night before. I know not whether Mordecai's hour of rising were come; if it were, he was careful not to disturb his guest. I put on the garments he had prepared; I gazed upon the mirror he had left in my apartment. I can recollect no sensation in the course of my life so unexpected and surprising as what I felt at that moment. The evening before I had seen my hair white, and my face ploughed with furrows; I looked fourscore. What I beheld now was totally

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different yet altogether familiar; it was myself—myself as I had appeared on the day of my marriage with Marguerite de Damville; the eyes, the mouth, the hair, the complexion, every circumstance, point by point, the same. I leaped a gulf of thirty-two years. I waked from a dream, troublesome and distressful beyond all description; but it vanished like the shades of night upon the burst of a glorious morning in July, and left not a trace behind. I knew not how to take away my eyes from the mirror before me.

I soon began to consider that, if it were astonishing to me that, through all the regions of my countenance, I could discover no trace of what I had been the night before, it would be still more astonishing to my host. This sort of sensation I had not the smallest ambition to produce: one of the advantages of the metamorphosis I had sustained consisted in its tendency, in the eyes of all that saw me, to cut off every species of connection between my present and my former self. It fortunately happened that the room in which I slept, being constructed upon the model of many others in Spain, had a stair at the further end, with a trap-door in the ceiling, for the purpose of enabling the inhabitant to ascend on the roof in the cool of the day. The roofs were flat, and so constructed that there was little difficulty in passing along them from house to house, from one end of the street to the other. I availed myself of the opportunity, and took leave of the residence of my kind host in a way perfectly unceremonious, determined, however, speedily to transmit to him the reward I had promised. It may easily be believed that Mordecai was not less rejoiced at the absence of a guest whom the vigilance of the Inquisition rendered an uncommonly dangerous one, than I was to quit his habitation. I closed the trap after me, and clambered from roof to roof to a considerable distance. At length I encountered the occasion of an open window, and fortunately descended, unseen by any human being, into the street.

CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN.

A successful imitator of the style of Godwin appeared in America. CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN (1771–1810), a native of Philadelphia, was author of several novels, which were collected and republished in 1828 in seven volumes. He was also an extensive contributor to the periodical literature of America, and author of a number of political pamphlets. His best novels are 'Wieland' (1798), 'Arthur Mervyn' (1800), 'Edgar Huntly,' 'Clara Howard,' and 'Jane Talbot' (all in 1801). In romantic narrative, Brown was often successful, but he failed in the delineation of character.

MRS. OPIE.

MRS. AMELIA OPIE (1769–1853) (Miss Alderson of Norwich) commenced her literary career in 1801, when she published her domestic and pathetic tale of 'The Father and Daughter.' Without venturing out of ordinary life, Mrs. Opie invested her narrative with deep interest, by her genuine painting of nature and passion, her animated dialogue, and feminine delicacy of feeling. Her first novel went through eight editions, and is still popular. A long series of works of fiction proceeded from the pen of this lady. Her 'Simple Tales,' in four volumes, 1806; 'New Tales,' four volumes, 1818; 'Temper, or Domestic Scenes,' a tale, in three volumes; 'Tales of Real Life,' three volumes; 'Tales of the Heart,' four volumes; 'Madeline' (1822), are all marked by the same characteristics—the portraiture of domestic life, drawn with a view to regulate the heart and affections. In 1828 Mrs. Opie published a moral treatise, en-

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titled 'Detraction Displayed,' in order to expose that 'most common of all vices,' which, she says justly, is found 'in every class or rank in society, from the peer to the peasant, from the master to the valet, from the mistress to the maid, from the most learned to the most ignorant, from the man of genius to the meanest capacity.' The tales of this lady have been thrown into the shade by the brilliant fictions of Scott, the stronger moral delineations of Miss Edgeworth, and the generally masculine character of our more modern literature. She is, like Mackenzie, too uniformly pathetic and tender. 'She can do nothing well,' says Jeffrey, 'that requires to be done with formality, and therefore has not succeeded in copying either the concentrated force of weighty and deliberate reason, or the severe and solemn dignity of majestic virtue. To make amends, however, she represents admirably everything that is amiable, generous, and gentle.' Perhaps we should add to this the power of exciting and harrowing the feelings in no ordinary degree. Some of her short tales are full of gloomy and terrific pain tings, alternately resembling those of Godwin and Mrs. Radcliffe.

In Miss Sedgwick's 'Letters from Abroad' (1841), we find the following notice of the then venerable novelist: 'I owed Mrs. Opie a grudge for having made me in my youth cry my eyes out over her stories; but her fair cheerful face forced me to forget it. She long ago forswore the world and its vanities, and adopted the Quaker faith and costume; but I fancied that her elaborate simplicity, and the fashionable little train to her pretty satin gown, indicated how much easier it is to adopt a theory than to change one's habits.'

Mrs. Opie survived till 1853, and was in her eighty-fourth year at the time of her death. An interesting volume of 'Memorials' of the accomplished authoress, selected from her letters, diaries, and other manuscripts, by Miss Brightwell, was published in 1854. After the death of her husband in 1807, Mrs. Opie resided chiefly in her native town of Norwich, but often visited London, where her company was courted by the literary and fashionable circles. In 1825 she was formally admitted into the Society of Friends or Quakers, but her liveliness of character and goodness of heart were never diminished. Her old age was eminently cheerful and happy.

ANNA MARIA PORTER—JANE PORTER.

ANNA MARIA PORTER (1780–1832) was a daughter of an Irish officer, who died shortly after her birth, leaving a widow and several children, with but a small patrimony for their support. Mrs. Porter took her family into Scotland while Anna Maria was still in her nurse-maid's arms, and there, with her only and elder sister Jane, and their brother, Sir Robert Ker Porter, she received the rudiments of her education. Sir Walter Scott, when a student at college, was intimate with the family, and, we are told, 'was very fond of either

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teasing the little female student when very gravely engaged with her book, or more often fondling her on his knees, and telling her stories of witches and warlocks, till both forgot their former playful merriment in the marvellous interest of the tale.' Mrs. Porter removed to Ireland, and subsequently to London, chiefly with a view to the education of her children. Anna Maria became an authoress at the age of twelve. Her first work bore the appropriate title of 'Artless Tales,' the first volume being published in 1793, and a second in 1795. In 1797 she came forward again with a tale entitled 'Walsh Colville;' and in the following year a novel in three volumes, 'Octavia,' was produced. A numerous series of works of fiction now proceeded from Miss Porter—'The Lake of Killarney,' 1804; 'A Sailor's Friendship and a Soldier's Love.' 1805; 'The Hungarian Brothers, 1807; 'Don Sebastian, or the House of Braganza,' 1809; 'Ballad Romances, and other Poems,' 1811; 'The Recluse of Norway,' 1814; 'The Village of Mariendorpt;' 'The Fast of St. Magdalen;' 'Tales of Pity for Youth;' 'The Knight of St. John;' 'Roche Blanche;' and 'Honor O'Hara.' Altogether, the works of this lady amount to about fifty volumes. In private life Miss Porter was much beloved for her unostentatious piety and active benevolence. She died at Bristol while on a visit to her brother, Dr. Porter of that city, on the 21st of June 1832, aged fifty-two. The most popular, and perhaps the best of Miss Porter's novels is her 'Don Sebastian.' In all of them she portrays the domestic affections, and the charms of benevolence and virtue, with warmth and earnestness; but in 'Don Sebastian' we have an interesting though melancholy plot, and characters finely discriminated and drawn.

Miss Jane Porter, sister of Anna Maria, is authoress of two romances, 'Thaddeus of Warsaw,' 1803 and 'The Scottish Chiefs,' 1810; both were highly popular. The first is the best, and contains a good plot and some impassioned scenes. The second fails entirely as a picture of national manners—the Scottish patriot Wallace, for example, being represented as a sort of drawing-room hero—but is written with great animation and picturesque effect. It appeals to the tender and heroic passions, and in vivid scene-painting, both these ladies have evinced genius, but their works want the permanent interest of real life, variety of character, and dialogue. A third novel by Miss Porter has been published, entitled 'The Pastor's Fireside.' Late in life she wrote a work, 'Sir Edward Seaward's Diary,' which has a good deal of the truthfulness of style and incident so remarkable in Defoe. Miss Jane Porter died at Bristol in 1850, aged seventy-four.

MISS EDGEWORTH.

Maria Edgeworth, one of our best painters of national manners, whose works stimulated the genius of Scott, and have delighted and instructed generations of readers, was born January 1, 1767, at Hare

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Hatch, near Reading, in Berkshire. She was of a respectable Irish family, long settled at Edgeworthstown, county of Longford, and it was on their property that Goldsmith was born. Her father, Richard Lovell Edgeworth (1744–1817), was himself a man attached to literary pursuits, and took great pleasure in exciting and directing the talents of his daughter.* Whenever the latter thought of writing any essay or story, she always submitted to him the first rough plans; and his

* Mr. Edgeworth wrote a work on *Professional Education*, one volume, quarto, 1808; also some papers in the *Philosophical Transactions*, including an essay on Spring and Wheel Carriages, and an account of a telegraph which he invented. This gentleman was educated at Trinity College Dublin, and was afterwards sent to Oxford. Before he was twenty, he ran off with Miss Elers, a young lady of Oxford, to whom he was married at Gretna Green. He then embarked on a life of fashionable gaiety and dissipation, and in 1770 succeeded, by the death of his father, to his Irish property. During a visit to Lichfield he became enamoured of Miss Honora Sneyd, a cousin of Anna Seward's, and married her shortly after the death of his wife. In six years this lady died of consumption, and he married her sister; a circumstance which exposed him to a good deal of observation and censure. After a matrimonial union of seventeen years his third wife died of the same malady as her sister; and, although past fifty, Mr. Edgeworth scarcely lost a year till he was united to an Irish lady, Miss Beaufort. His latter years were spent in active exertions to benefit Ireland, by reclaiming bog-land, introducing agricultural and mechanical improvements, and promoting education. Among his numerous schemes was an attempt to educate his eldest son on the plan delineated in Rousseau's *Emile*. He dressed him in jacket and trousers, with arms and legs bare, and allowed him to run about wherever he pleased, and to do nothing but what was agreeable to himself. In a few years he found that the scheme had succeeded completely, so far as related to the body; the youth's health, strength, and agility were conspicuous; but the state of his mind induced some perplexity. He had all the virtues that are found in the hut of the savage; he was quick, fearless, generous; but he knew not what it was to *obey*. It was impossible to induce him to do anything that he did not please; or prevent him from doing anything that he did please. Under the former head, learning, even of the lowest description, was never included. In fine, this child of nature grew up perfectly ungovernable, and never could or would apply to anything; so that there remained no alternative but to allow him to follow his own inclination of going to sea! Maria Edgeworth was by her father's first marriage; she was twelve years old before she was taken to Ireland. The family were involved in the troubles of the Irish rebellion (1798), and were obliged to make a precipitate retreat from their house, and leave it in the hands of the rebels; but it was spared from being pillaged by one of the invaders, to whom Mr. Edgeworth had previously done some kindness. Their return home, when the troubles were over, is thus described by Miss Edgeworth in her father's Memoirs. It serves to shew the affection which subsisted between the landlord and his dependents.

'When we came near Edgeworthstown, we saw many well-known faces at the cabin doors looking out to welcome us. One man, who was digging in his field by the roadside when he looked up as our horses passed, and saw my father let fall his spade and clasped his hands; his face, as the morning sun shone upon it was the strongest picture of joy I ever saw. The village was a melancholy spectacle; windows shattered and doors broken. But though the mischief done was great there had been little pillage. Within our gates we found all property safe; literally "not a twig touched, nor a leaf harmed." Within the house everything was as we had left it. A map that we had been consulting was still open on the library table, with pencils, and slips of paper containing the first lessons in arithmetic, in which some of the young people (Mr. Edgeworth's children by his second and third wife) had been engaged the morning we had been driven from home; a pansy, in a glass of water, which one of the children had been copying, was still on the chimney-piece. These trivial circumstances, marking repose and tranquillity, struck us at this moment with an unreasonable sort of surprise, and all that had passed seemed like an incoherent dream.'

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ready invention and infinite resource, when she had run into difficulties or absurdities, never failed to extricate her at her utmost need. 'It was the happy experience of this,' says Miss Edgeworth, 'and my consequent reliance on his ability, decision, and perfect truth, that relieved me from the vacillation and anxiety to which I was so much subject, that I am sure I should not have written or finished anything without his support. He inspired in my mind a degree of hope and confidence, essential, in the first instance, to the full exertion of the mental powers, and necessary to insure perseverance in any occupation.' A work on 'Practical Education' (1798) was a joint production of Mr. and Miss Edgeworth. In 1800 the latter published anonymously 'Castle Rackrent,' an admirable Irish story; and in 1801, 'Belinda,' a novel, and 'Moral Tales.' Another joint production of father and daughter appeared in 1802, an 'Essay on Irish Bulls,' in which the authors did justice to the better traits of the Irish character, and illustrated them by some interesting and pathetic stories. In 1803, Miss Edgeworth came forward with three volumes of 'Popular Tales,' characterised by the features of her genius—'a genuine display of nature, and a certain tone of rationality and good sense, which was the more pleasing, because in a novel it was then new.' The practical cast of her father's mind probably assisted in directing Miss Edgeworth's talents into this useful and unromantic channel. It appeared strange at first, and one of the best of the authoress's critics, Francis Jeffrey, said at the time, 'that it required almost the same courage to get rid of the jargon of fashionable life, and the swarms of peers, foundlings, and seducers, as it did to sweep away the mythological persons of antiquity, and to introduce characters who spoke and acted like those who were to peruse their adventures.' In 1806 appeared 'Leonora,' a novel, in two volumes. A moral purpose is here aimed at, and the same skill is displayed in working up ordinary incidents into the materials of powerful fiction; but the plot is painful and disagreeable. The seduction of an exemplary husband by an abandoned female, and his subsequent return to his injured but forgiving wife, is the groundwork of the story. Irish characters figure off in 'Leonora' as in the 'Popular Tales.' In 1809 Miss Edgeworth issued three volumes of 'Tales of Fashionable Life,' more powerful and various than any of her previous productions. The history of Lord Glenthorn affords a striking picture of *ennui*, and contains some excellent delineation of character; while the story of Almeria represents the misery and heartlessness of a life of mere fashion. Three other volumes of 'Fashionable Tales' were issued in 1812, and fully supported the authoress's reputation. The number of tales in this series was three—'Vivian,' illustrating the evils and perplexities arising from vacillation and infirmity of purpose; 'Emilie de Coulanges,' depicting the life and manners of a fashionable French lady; and 'The Absentee'—by far the best of the three stories—written to expose the evils and mortifications of the system which the authoress

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saw too many instances of in Ireland, of persons of fortune forsaking their country-seats and native vales for the frivolity, scorn, and expense of fashionable London society. In 1814, Miss Edgeworth entered still more extensively and sarcastically into the manners and characters in high-life, by her novel of 'Patronage,' in four volumes. The miseries resulting from a dependence on the patronage of the great—a system which, she says, is 'twice accursed—once in giving, and once in receiving'—are drawn in vivid colours, and contrasted with the cheerfulness, the buoyancy of spirits, and the manly virtues arising from honest and independent exertion. In 1817 our authoress supplied the public with two other tales,' 'Harrington' and 'Ormond.' The first was written to counteract the illiberal prejudice entertained by many against the Jews: the second is an Irish tale, equal to any of the former. The death of Mr. Edgeworth in 1817 made a break in the literary exertion of his accomplished daughter, but she completed a Memoir which that gentleman had begun of himself, and which was published in two volumes in 1820. In 1823 she returned to her course of moral instruction, and published in that year, 'Rosamond, a Sequel to Early Lessons,' a work for juvenile readers, of which an earlier specimen had been published. A further continuation appeared in 1825, under the title of 'Harriet and Lucy,' four volumes. These tales had been begun fifty years before by Mr. Edgeworth, at a time 'when no one of any literary character, excepting Dr. Watts and Mrs. Barbauld, condescended to write for children.

It is worthy of mention, that, in the autumn of 1823, Miss Edgeworth, accompanied by two of her sisters, made a visit to Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford. She not only, he said, completely answered, but exceeded the expectations which he had formed, and he was particularly pleased with the *naïveté* and good-humoured ardour of mind which she united with such formidable powers of acute observation. 'Never,' says Mr. Lockhart, 'did I see a brighter day at Abbotsford than that on which Miss Edgeworth first arrived there; never can I forget her look and accent when she was received by him at his archway, and exclaimed, "Everything about you is exactly what one ought to have had wit enough to dream." The weather was beautiful, and the edifice and its appurtenances were all but complete; and day after day, so long as she could remain, her host had always some new plan of gaiety.' Miss Edgeworth remained a fortnight at Abbotsford. Two years afterwards, she had an opportunity of repaying the hospitalities of her entertainer, by receiving him at Edgeworthstown, where Sir Walter met with as cordial a welcome, and where he found 'neither mud hovels nor naked peasantry, but snug cottages and smiling faces all about.' Literary fame had spoiled neither of these eminent persons, nor unfitted them for the common business and enjoyment of life. 'We shall never,' said Scott, 'learn to feel and respect our real calling and destiny, unless we have taught ourselves to

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consider everything as moonshine compared with the education of the heart.' 'Maria did not listen to this without some water in her eyes; her tears are always ready when any generous string is touched (for, as Pope says, "the finest minds, like the finest metals, dissolve the easiest"); but she brushed them gaily aside, and said: "You see how it is; Dean Swift said he had written his books in order that people might learn to treat him like a great lord. Sir Walter writes his in order that he may be able to treat his people as a great lord ought to do."*

In 1834 Miss Edgeworth reappeared as a novelist: her 'Helen,' in three volumes, is fully equal to her 'Fashionable Tales,' and possesses more of ardour and pathos. The gradations of vice and folly, and the unhappiness attending falsehood and artifice, are strikingly depicted in this novel, in connection with characters—that of Lady Davenant, for example—drawn with great force, truth, and nature. In 1847 Miss Edgeworth wrote a tale called 'Orlandino' for Chambers's Library for Young People. She died May 21, 1849, being then in her eighty-third year.

The good and evil of this world supplied Miss Edgeworth with materials sufficient for her purposes as a novelist. Of poetical or romantic feeling she exhibited scarcely a single instance. She was a strict utilitarian. Her knowledge of the world was extensive and correct, though in some of her representations of fashionable folly and dissipation she borders upon caricature. The plan of confining a tale to the exposure and correction of one particular vice, or one erroneous line of conduct, as Joanna Baillie confined her dramas each to the elucidation of one particular passion, would have been a hazardous experiment in common hands. Miss Edgeworth overcame it by the ease, spirit, and variety of her delineations, and the truly masculine freedom with which she exposes the crimes and follies of mankind. Her sentiments are so just and true, and her style so clear and forcible, that they compel an instant assent to her moral views and deductions, though sometimes, in winding up her tale, and distributing justice among her characters, she is not always very consistent or probable. Her delineations of her countrymen have obtained just praise. The highest compliment paid to them is the statement of Scott, that 'the rich humour, pathetic tenderness, and admirable tact' of these Irish portraits, led him first to think that something might be attempted for his own country of the same kind with that which Miss Edgeworth so fortunately achieved for Ireland. He excelled his model, because, with equal knowledge and practical sagacity, he possessed that higher order of imagination, and more extensive sympathy with man and nature, which is more powerful, even for moral uses and effects, than the most clear and irresistible reasoning. The object of Miss Edgeworth, to inculcate instruction,

* Lockhart's *Life of Scott.*

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and the style of the preceptress, occasionally interfere with the cordial sympathies of the reader, even in her Irish descriptions; whereas in Scott this is never apparent. He deals more with passions and feelings than with mere manners and peculiarities, and by the aid of of his poetical imagination, and careless yet happy eloquence of expression, imparts the air of romance to ordinary incidents and characters. It must be admitted, however, that in originality and in fertility of invention, Miss Edgeworth is inferior to none of her contemporary novelists. She never repeats her incidents, her characters, dialogues, or plots, and few novelists have written more. Her brief and rapid tales fill above twenty closely printed volumes, and may be read one after the other without any feeling of satiety or sense of repetition.

An Irish Landlord and Scotch Agent.

'I was quite angry,' says Lord Glenthorn, 'with Mr. M'Leod, my agent, and considered him as a selfish, hard-hearted miser, because he did not seem to sympathise with me, or to applaud my generosity. I was so much irritated by his cold silence, that I could not forbear pressing him to say something. "I doubt, then," said he, "since you desire me to speak my mind, my lord—I doubt whether the best way of encouraging the industrious is to give premiums to the idle." But, idle or not, these poor wretches are so miserable, that I cannot refuse to give them something; and, surely, when one can do it so easily, it is right to relieve misery, is it not?' "Undoubtedly, my lord, but the difficulty is to relieve present misery, without creating more in future. Pity for one class of beings sometimes makes us cruel to others. I am told that there are some Indian Brahmins so very compassionate, that they hire beggars to let fleas feed upon them; I doubt whether it might not be better to let the fleas starve."

'I did not in the least understand what Mr. M'Leod meant; but I was soon made to comprehend it by crowds of eloquent beggars who soon surrounded me; many who had been resolutely struggling with their difficulties, slackened their exertions, and left their labour for the easier trade of imposing upon my credulity. The money I had bestowed was wasted at the dram-shop, or it became the subject of family quarrels; and those whom I had relieved, returned to my *honour* with fresh and insatiable expectations. All this time my industrious tenants grumbled, because no encouragement was given to them; and looking upon me as a weak, good-natured fool, they combined in a resolution to ask me for long leases or a reduction of rent.

'The rhetoric of my tenants succeeded, in some instances; and again, I was mortified by Mr M'Leod's silence. I was too proud to ask his opinion. I ordered, and was obeyed. A few leases for long terms were signed and sealed; and when I had thus my own way completely, I could not refrain from recurring to Mr. M'Leod's opinion. "I doubt, my lord," said he, "whether this measure may be as advantageous as you hope. These fellows, these middle-men will underlet the land, and live in idleness, whilst they *rack* a parcel of wretched under-tenants." But they said they would keep the land in their own hands and improve it: and that the reason why they could not afford to improve before was, that they had not long leases. "It may be doubted whether long leases alone will make improving tenants; for in the next county to us there are many farms of the Dowager-lady Ormsby's land, let at ten shillings an acre, and her tenantry are beggars: and the land now at the end of the leases is worn out, and worse than at their commencement."

'I was weary of listening to this cold reasoning, and resolved to apply no more for explanations to Mr. M'Leod; yet I did not long keep this resolution: infirm of purpose. I wanted the support of his approbation, at the very time I was jealous of his interference.

'At one time I had a mind to raise the wages of labour; Mr. M'Leod said: "It

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might be doubted whether the people would not work less, when they could with less work have money enough to support them."

'I was puzzled, and then I had a mind to lower the wages of labour, to force them to work or starve. Still provoking, Mr. M'Leod said: "It might be doubted whether it would not be better to leave them alone."

'I gave marriage-portions to the daughters of my tenants, and rewards to those who had children, for I had always heard that legislators should encourage population. Still Mr. M'Leod hesitated to approve: he observed "that my estate was so populous, that the complaint in each family was, that they had not land for the sons. It might be doubted whether, if a farm could support but ten people, it were wise to encourage the birth of twenty. It might be doubted whether it were not better for ten to live, and be well fed, than for twenty to be born, and to be half-starved."

'To encourage manufactures in my town of Glenthorn, I proposed putting a clause in my leases, compelling my tenants to buy stuffs and linens manufactured at Glenthorn, and nowhere else. Stubborn M'Leod, as usual, began with: "I doubt whether that will not encourage the manufacturers at Glenthorn to make bad stuffs and bad linen, since they are sure of a sale, and without danger of competition."

'At all events I thought my tenants would grow rich and independent if they made everything at home that they wanted, yet Mr. M'Leod perplexed me by his "doubt whether it would not be better for a man to buy shoes, if he could buy them cheaper than he could make them." He added something about the division of labour and Smith's *Wealth of Nations*. To which I could only answer, Smith 's a Scotchman. I cannot express how much I dreaded Mr. M'Leod's *I doubt* and *it may be doubted*.'

An Irish Postillion.

From the inn-yard came a hackney chaise, in a most deplorably crazy state; the body mounted up to a prodigious height, on unbending springs, nodding forward, one door swinging open, three blinds up, because they could not be let down, the perch tied in two places, the iron of the wheels half off, half loose, wooden pegs for linch-pins, and ropes for harness. The horses were worthy of the harness; wretched little dog-tired creatures, that looked as if they had been driven to the last gasp, and as if they had never been rubbed down in their lives; their bones starting through their skin; one lame, the other blind; one with a raw back, the other with a galled breast; one with his neck poking down over his collar, and the other with his head dragged forward by a bit of a broken bridle, held at arm's length by a man dressed like a mad beggar, in half a hat and half a wig, both awry in opposite directions; a long tattered coat, tied round his waist by a hay-rope; the jagged rents in the skirts of this coat shewing his bare legs, marbled of many colours; while something like stockings hung loose about his ankles. The noises he made, by way of threatening or encouraging his steeds, I pretend not to describe. In an indignant voice I called to the landlord: 'I hope these are not the horses—I hope this is not the chaise intended for my servants.' The inn-keeper, and the pauper who was preparing to officiate as postillion, both in the same instant exclaimed: '*Sorrow* better chaise in the country!' '*Sorrow!*' said I—'what do you mean by sorrow?' 'That there's no better, please your honor, can be seen. We have two more, to be sure; but one has no top, and the other no bottom. Any way, there's no better can be seen than this same.' 'And these horses!' cried I: 'why, this horse is so lame he can hardly stand.' 'Oh, plase your honour, though he can't stand, he'll *go* fast enough. He has a great deal of the rogue in him, plase your honour. He's always that way at first setting out.' 'And that wretched animal with the galled breast!' 'He's all the better for it when once he warms; it's he that will go with the speed of light, plase your honour. Sure, is not he Knockecroghery? and didn't I give fifteen guineas for him, barring the luckpenny, at the fair of Knockecroghery, and he rising four year old at the same time?'

Then seizing his whip and reins in one hand, he clawed up his stockings with the other; so with one easy step he got into his place, and seated himself, coachman-like, upon a well-worn bar of wood, that served as a coach-box. 'Throw me the loan of a trusty, Bartly, for a cushion,' said he. A frieze-coat was thrown up over the horses' heads. Paddy caught it. 'Where are you, Hosey?' cried he to a lad in

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charge of the leaders. 'Sure I'm only rowling a wisp of straw on my leg,' replied Hosey. 'Throw me up,' added this paragon of postillions, turning to one of the crowd of idle by-standers. 'Arrah, push me up, can't ye?' A man took hold of his knee, and threw him upon the horse. He was in his seat in a trice. Then clinging by the mane of his horse, he scrambled for the bridle, which was under the other horse's feet, reached it, and, well satisfied with himself, looked round at Paddy, who looked back to the chaise-door at my angry servants. 'secure in the last event of things.' In vain the Englishman, in monotonous anger, and the Frenchman in every note of the gamut, abused Paddy. Necessity and wit were on Paddy's side. He parried all that was said against his chaise, his horses, himself, and his country with invincible comic dexterity; till at last, both his adversaries, dumbfounded, clambered into the vehicle, where they were instantly shut up in straw and darkness. Paddy, in a triumphant tone, called to *my* postillions, bidding them 'get on, and not be stopping the way any longer.'

One of the horses becomes restive:

'Never fear,' reiterated Paddy. 'I'll engage I'll be up wid him. Now for it, Knockecroghery! O the rogue, he thinks he has me at a *nonplush*; but I'll shew him the *differ*.'

After this brag of war, Paddy whipped, Knockecroghery kicked, and Paddy, seemingly unconscious of danger, sat within reach of the kicking horse, twitching up first one of his legs, then the other, and shifting as the animal aimed his hoofs, escaping every time as it were by a miracle. With a mixture of temerity and presence of mind, which made us alternately look upon him as a madman and a hero, he gloried in the danger, secure of success, and of the sympathy of the spectators.

'Ah! didn't I *compass* him cleverly then? O the villain, to be browbating me! I'm too 'cute for him yet. See there, now; he 's come to; and I 'll be his bail he 'll go *asy* enough wid me. Ogh! he has a fine spirit of his own; but it's I that can match him. 'Twould be a poor case if a man like me couldn't match a horse any way, let alone a mare, which this is, or it never would be so vicious.'

English Shyness, or 'Mauvaise Honte.'

Lord William had excellent abilities, knowledge, and superior qualities of every sort, all depressed by excessive timidity, to such a degree as to be almost useless to himself and to others. Whenever he was, either for the business or pleasure of life, to meet or mix with numbers, the whole man was, as it were, snatched from himself. He was subject to that nightmare of the soul who seats himself upon the human breast, oppresses the heart, palsies the will, and raises spectres of dismay which the sufferer combats in vain—that cruel enchantress who hurls her spell even upon childhood, and when she makes youth her victim, pronounces: Henceforward you shall never appear in your natural character. Innocent, you shall look guilty; wise, you shall look silly; never shall you have the use of your natural faculties. That which you wish to say, you shall not say; that which you wish to do, you shall not do. You shall appear reserved when you are enthusiastic—insensible, when your heart sinks into melting tenderness. In the presence of those whom you most wish to please, you shall be most awkward; and when approached by her you love, you shall become lifeless as a statue, and under the irresistible spell of 'mauvaise honte.' Strange that France should give name to that malady of mind which she never knew, or of which she knows less than any other nation upon the surface of the civilised globe!

MISS AUSTEN.

JANE AUSTEN, a truly English novelist, was born on the 16th December 1775, at Steventon, in Hampshire, of which parish her father was rector. Mr. Austen is represented as a man of refined taste and acquirements, who guided, though he did not live to witness the fruits of his daughter's talents. After the death of the rector, his widow and two daughters retired to Southampton, and subsequently to the village of Chawton, in the same county, where

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the novels of Jane Austen were written. Of these, four were published anonymously in her lifetime, the first in 1811, and the last in 1816—namely, 'Sense and Sensibility,' 'Pride and Prejudice,' 'Mansfield Park,' and "Emma.' In May 1817, the health of the authoress rendered it necessary that she should remove to some place where constant medical aid could be procured. She went to Winchester, and in that city she expired, on the 24th of July 1817, aged forty-two. Her personal worth, beauty, and genius made her early death deeply lamented; while the public had 'to regret the failure not only of a source of innocent amusement, but also of that supply of practical good sense and instructive example which she would probably have continued to furnish better than any of her contemporaries.'* The insidious decay or consumption which carried off Miss Austen seemed only to increase the powers of her mind. She wrote while she could hold a pen or pencil; and, the day preceding her death, composed some stanzas replete with fancy and vigour. Shortly after her death, her friends gave to the world two novels, entitled 'Northanger Abbey' and 'Persuasion,' the first being her earliest composition, and the least valuable of her productions, while the latter is a highly finished work, especially in the tender and pathetic passages. The great charm of Miss Austens's fictions lies in their truth and simplicity. She gives us plain representations of English society in the middle and higher classes—sets us down, as it were, in the country-house, the villa, and cottage, and introduces us to various classes of persons, whose characters are displayed in ordinary intercourse and most lifelike dialogues and conversation. There is no attempt to express *fine things*, nor any scenes of surprising daring or distress, to make us forget that we are among commonplace mortals and real existence. Such materials would seem to promise little for the novel-reader, yet Miss Austen's minute circumstances and common details are far from tiresome. They all aid in developing and discriminating her characters, in which her chief strength lies, and we become so intimately acquainted with each, that they appear as old friends or neighbours. She is quite at home in describing the mistakes in the education of young ladies—in delicate ridicule of

* Dr. Whately, archbishop of Dublin (*Quarterly Review*, 1821) The same critic thus sums up his estimate of Miss Austen's works: 'They may be safely recommended, not only as among the most unexceptionable of their class but as combining, in an eminent degree, instruction with amusement, though without the direct effort at the former, of which we have complained as sometimes defeating its object. For those who cannot or will not *learn* anything from productions of this kind, she has provided entertainment which entitles her to thanks: for mere innocent amusement is in itself a good, when it interferes with no greater, especially as it may occupy the place of some other that may *not* be innocent. The eastern monarch who proclaimed a reward to him who should discover a new pleasure, would have deserved well of mankind had he stipulated that it should be blameless. Those, again, who delight in the study of human nature may improve in the knowledge of it, and in the profitable application of that knowledge, by the perusal of such fictions as those before us.'

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female foibles and vanity—in family differences, obstinacy, and pride—in the distinctions between the different classes of society, and the nicer shades of feeling and conduct, as they ripen into love or friendship, or subside into indifference or dislike.

Her love is not a blind passion, the offspring of romance; nor has she any of that morbid colouring of the darker passions in which other novelists excel. The clear daylight of nature, as reflected in domestic life, in scenes of variety and sorrowful truth, as well of vivacity and humour is her genial and inexhaustible element. Instruction is always blended with amusement. A finer moral lesson cannot anywhere be found than the distress of the Bertram family in 'Mansfield Park,' arising from the vanity and callousness of the two daughters, who had been taught nothing but accomplishments without any regard to their dispositions and temper. These instructive examples are brought before us in action, not by lecture or preachment, and they tell with double force because they are not inculcated in a didactic style. The genuine but unobtrusive merits of Miss Austen have been but poorly rewarded by the public as respects fame and popularity, though her works are now rising in public esteem. Sir Walter Scott, after reading 'Pride and Prejudice' for the third time, thus mentions the merits of Miss Austen in his private diary: 'That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements, and feelings, and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big *bow-wow* strain I can do myself, like any now going; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied to me. What a pity such a gifted creature died so early.'

Dialogue on Constancy of Affection.—From 'Persuasion.'

'Your feelings may be the strongest,' replied Anne, 'but ours are the most tender. Man is more robust than woman, but he is not longer lived, which exactly explains my views of the nature of their attachments. Nay, it would be hard upon you, if it were otherwise. You have difficulties, and privations, and dangers enough to struggle with. You are always labouring and toiling, exposed to every risk and hardship. Your home, country, friends all quitted. Neither time, nor health, nor life to be called your own. It would be hard indeed' (with a faltering voice) 'if woman's feelings were to be added to all this.'

'We shall never agree upon this point,' Captain Harville said. 'No man and woman would, probably. But let me observe that all histories are against you, all stories, prose and verse. If I had such a memory as Benwick, I could bring you fifty quotations in a moment on my side of the argument, and I do not think I ever opened a book in my life which had not something to say upon woman's inconstancy. Songs and proverbs all talk of woman's fickleness. But perhaps you will say these were all written by men.'

'Perhaps I shall. Yes, yes, if you please, no reference to examples in books. Men have every advantage of us in telling their own story. Education has been theirs in a much higher degree; the pen has been in their hands. I will not allow books to prove anything.'

'But how shall we prove anything?'

'We never shall. We never can expect to prove anything upon such a point. It is a difference of opinion which does not admit of proof. We each begin probably

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with a little bias towards our own sex, and upon that bias build every circumstance in favor of it which has occurred within our own circle: many of which circumstances (perhaps those very cases which strike us the most) may be precisely such as cannot be brought forward without betraying a confidence, or, in some respect, saying what should not be said.'

'Ah!' cried Captain Harville, in a tone of strong feeling, 'if I could but make you comprehend what a man suffers when he takes a last look at his wife and children, and watches the boat that he has sent them off in, as long as it is in sight, and then turns away and says, "God knows whether we ever meet again!" And then if I could convey to you the glow of his soul when he does see them again; when coming back after a twelvemonth's absence, perhaps, and obliged to put in to another port, he calculates how soon it will be possible to get them there, pretending to deceive himself, and saying, "They cannot be here till such a day," but all the while hoping for them twelve hours sooner, and seeing them arrive at last, as if heaven had given them wings, by many hours sooner still! If I could explain to you all this, and all that a man can bear and do, and glories to do, for the sake of these treasures of his existence! I speak, you know, only of such men as have hearts!'—pressing his own with emotion.

'Oh,' cried Anne eagerly, 'I hope I do justice to all that is felt by you, and by those who resemble you. God forbid that I should undervalue the warm and faithful feelings of any of my fellow creatures. I should deserve utter contempt if I dared to suppose that true attachment and constancy were known only by woman. No, I believe you capable of everything great and good in your married lives. I believe you equal to every important exertion, and to every domestic forbearance, so long as—if I may be allowed the expression—so long as you have an object. I mean, while the woman you love lives, and lives for you. All the privilege I claim for my own sex (it is not a very enviable one, you need not covet it) is that of loving longest, when existence or when hope is gone.'

She could not have immediately uttered another sentence. Her heart was too full, her breath too much oppressed.

A Family Scene.—From 'Pride and Prejudice.'

It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife.

However little known the feelings or views of such a man may be on his first entering a neighbourhood, this truth is so well fixed in the minds of the surrounding families, that he is considered as the rightful property of some one or other of their daughters.

'My dear Mr. Bennet,' said his lady to him one day, 'have you heard that Netherfield Park is let at last?'

Mr. Bennet replied that he had not.

'But it is,' returned she; 'for Mrs. Long has just been here, and she told me all about it.'

Mr. Bennet made no answer.

'Do you not want to know who has taken it?' cried his wife impatiently.

'You want to tell me, and I have no objection to hearing it.'

This was invitation enough.

'Why, my dear, you must know, Mrs. Long says that Netherfield is taken by a young man of large fortune from the north of England; that he came down on Monday in a chaise and four to see the place, and was so much delighted with it, that he agreed with Mr. Morris immediately; that he is to take possession before Michaelmas, and some of his servants are to be in the house by the end of next week.'

'What is his name?'

'Bingley.'

'Is he married or single?'

'Oh! single, my dear, to be sure! A single man of large fortune; four or five thousand a year. What a fine thing for our girls!'

'How so? How can it affect them?'

'My dear Mr. Bennet,' replied his wife, 'how can you be so tiresome! you must know that I am thinking of his marrying one of them.'

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'Is that his design in settling here?'

'Design! Nonsense; how can you talk so! But it is very likely he may fall in love with one of them, and therefore you must visit him as soon as he comes.'

'I see no occasion for that. You and the girls may go, or you may send them by themselves, which perhaps will be still better, for as you are as handsome as any of them, Mr. Bingley might like you the best of the party.'

'My dear, you flatter me. I certainly have had my share of beauty, but I do not pretend to be anything extraordinary now. When a woman has five grown-up daughters, she ought to give over thinking of her own beauty.'

'In such cases a woman has not often much beauty to think of.'

'But, my dear, you must indeed go and see Mr. Bingley when he comes into the neighbourhood.'

'It is more than I engage for, I assure you.'

'But consider your daughters. Only think what an establishment it would be for one of them. Sir William and Lady Lucas are determined to go merely on that account, for, in general, you know, they visit no new-comers. Indeed, you must go, for it will be impossible for us to visit him if you do not.'

'You are over scrupulous, surely. I dare say Mr. Bingley will be very glad to see you; and I will send a few lines by you to assure him of my hearty consent to his marrying whichever he chooses of the girls; though I must throw in a good word for my little Lizzie.'

'I desire you will do no such thing. Lizzie is not a bit better than the others; and I am sure she is not half so handsome as Jane, nor half so good-humoured as Lydia. But you are always giving her the preference.'

'They have none of them much to recommend them,' replied he; 'they are all silly and ignorant, like other girls; but Lizzy has something more of quickness than her sisters.'

'Mr. Bennet, how can you abuse your own children in such a way! You take delight in vexing me. You have no compassion on my poor nerves.'

'You mistake me, my dear. I have a high respect for your nerves. They are my old friends. I have heard you mention them with consideration these twenty years at least.'

'Ah! you do not know what I suffer.'

'But I hope you will get over it, and live to see many young men of four thousand a year come into the neighbourhood.'

'It will be no use to us, if twenty such should come, since you will not visit them.'

'Depend upon it, my dear, that when there are twenty, I will visit them all.'

Mr. Bennet was so odd a mixture of quick parts, sarcastic humour, reserve, and caprice, that the experience of three-and-twenty years had been insufficient to make his wife understand his character. Her mind was less difficult to develop. She was a woman of mean understanding, little information, and uncertain temper. When she was discontented, she fancied herself nervous. The business of her life was to get her daughters married; its solace was visiting and news.

MRS. BRUNTON.

Mrs. Mary Brunton, authoress of 'Self-control' and 'Discipline,' two novels of superior merit and moral tendency, was born on the 1st of November 1778. She was a native of Burray, in Orkney, a small island of about 600 inhabitants, no part of which is more than 300 feet above the level of the sea, and which is destitute of tree or shrub. In this remote and sea-surrounded region the parents of Mary Brunton occupied a leading station. Her father was Colonel Balfour of Elwick, and her mother, an accomplished woman, niece of Field-marshal Lord Ligonier, in whose house she had resided previous to her marriage. Mary was carefully educated, and instructed by her mother in the French and Italian languages. She was also

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sent some time to Edinburgh; but while she was only sixteen, her mother died, and the whole cares and duties of the household devolved on her. With these she was incessantly occupied for four years, and at the expiration of that time she was married to the Rev. Mr. Brunton, minister of Bolton, in Haddingtonshire. In 1803 Mr. Brunton was called to one of the churches in Edinburgh, and his lady had thus an opportunity of meeting with persons of literary talent, and of cultivating her mind. 'Till I began "Self-control,"' she says in one of her letters, 'I had never in my life written anything but a letter or a recipe, exceping a few hundreds of vile rhymes, from which I desisted by the time I had gained the wisdom of fifteen years; therefore I was so ignorant of the art on which I was entering, that I formed scarcely any plan for my tale. I merely intended to shew the power of the religious principle in bestowing self-command, and to bear testimony against a maxim as immoral as indelicate, that a reformed rake makes the best husband.' 'Self-control' was published without the author's name in 1811. The first edition was sold in a month, and a second and third were called for. In 1814, her second work, 'Discipline,' was given to the world, and was also well received. She began a third, 'Emmeline,' but did not live to finish it. She died on the 7th of December 1818. The unfinished tale, with a memoir of its lamented authoress, was published in one volume by her husband, Dr. Brunton.

'Self-control' bids fair to retain a permanent place among British novels, as a sort of Scottish 'Cælebs,' recommended by its moral and religious tendency, no less than by the talent it displays. The acute observation of the authoress is seen in the development of little traits of character and conduct, which give individuality to her portraits, and a semblance of truth to the story. Thus the gradual decay, mental and bodily, of Montreville, the account of the De Courcys, and the courtship of Montague, are true to nature, and completely removed out of the beaten track of novels. The plot is very unskilfully managed. The heroine, Laura, is involved in a perpetual cloud of difficulties and dangers, some of which—as the futile abduction by Warren, and the arrest at Lady Pelham's—are unnecessary and improbable. The character of Hargrave seems to have been taken from that of Lovelace, and Laura is the Clarissa of the tale. Her high principle and purity, her devotion to her father, and the force and energy of her mind—without overstepping feminine softness—impart a strong interest to the narrative of her trials and adventures. She surrounds the whole, as it were, with an atmosphere of moral light and beauty, and melts into something like consistency and unity the discordant materials of the tale.

Sensations on Returning to Scotland.

With tears in her eyes Laura took leave of her benevolent host; yet her heart bounded with joy as she saw the vessel cleaving the tide, and each object in the dreaded

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land of exile swiftly retiring from her view. In a few days that dreaded land disappeared. In a few more the mountains of Cape Breton sank behind the wave. The brisk gales of autumn wafted the vessel cheerfully on her way, and often did Laura compute her progress.

In a clear frosty morning towards the end of September she heard once more the cry of 'Land!' now music to her ear. Now with a beating breast she ran to gaze upon a ridge of mountains indenting the disk of the rising sun: but the tears of rapture dimmed her eyes when every voice at once shouted 'Scotland!'

All day Laura remained on deck, oft measuring with the light splinter the vessel's course through the deep. The winds favoured not her impatience. Towards evening they died away, and scarcely did the vessel steal along the liquid mirror. Another and another morning came, and Laura's ear was blessed with the first sounds of her native land. The tolling of a bell was borne along the water, now swelling loud, and now falling softly away. The humble village church was seen on the shore; and Laura could distinguish the gay colouring of her country-women's Sunday attire; the scarlet plaid, transmitted from generation to generation, pinned decently over the plain clean coif; the bright blue gown, the trophy of more recent housewifery. To her, every form in the well-known garb seemed the form of a friend. The blue mountains in the distance, the scattered woods, the fields yellow with the harvest, the river sparkling in the sun, seemed, to the wanderer returning from the land of strangers, fairer than the gardens of Paradise.

Land of my affections!—when 'I forget thee, may my right hand forget her cunning!' Blessed be thou among nations! Long may thy wanderers return to thee rejoicing, and their hearts throb with honest pride when they own themselves thy children!

ELIZABETH HAMILTON.

ELIZABETH HAMILTON (1758–1816), an amiable and accomplished miscellaneous writer, was authoress of one excellent little novel, or moral tale, 'The Cottagers of Glenburnie,' which has probably been as effective in promoting domestic improvement among the rural population of Scotland as Johnson's 'Journey to the Hebrides' was in encouraging the planting of trees by the landed proprietors. In both cases there was some exaggeration of colouring, but the pictures were too provokingly true and sarcastic to be laughed away or denied. They constituted a national reproach, and the only way to wipe it off was by timely reformation. There is still much to accomplish, but a marked improvement in the dwellings and internal economy of Scottish farm-houses and villages may be dated from the publication of 'The Cottagers of Glenburnie.' Elizabeth Hamilton was born in Belfast. Her father was a merchant, of a Scottish family, and died early, leaving a widow and three children. The latter were educated and brought up by relatives in better circumstances, Elizabeth, the youngest, being sent to Mr. Marshall, a farmer in Stirlingshire, married to her father's sister. Her brother obtained a cadetship in the East India Company's service, and an elder sister was retained in Ireland. A feeling of strong affection seems to have existed among these scattered members of the unfortunate family. Elizabeth found in Mr. and Mrs. Marshall all that could have been desired. She was adopted and educated with a care and tenderness that has seldom been equalled. 'No child,' she says, 'ever spent so happy a life, nor have I ever met with anything at all

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resembling our way of living, except the description given by Rousseau of Wolmar's farm and vintage.'

A taste for literature soon appeared in Elizabeth Hamilton. Wallace was the first hero of her studies; but meeting with Ogilvie's translation of the 'Iliad,' she idolised Achilles, and dreamed of Hector. She had opportunities of visiting Edinburgh and Glasgow, after which she carried on a learned correspondence with Dr. Moyse, a philosophical lecturer. She wrote also many copies of verses—that ordinary outlet for the warm feelings and romantic sensibilities of youth. Her first appearance in print was accidental. Having accompanied a pleasure-party to the Highlands, she kept a journal for the gratification of her aunt, and the good woman shewing it to one of her neighbours, it was sent to a provincial magazine. Her retirement in Stirlingshire was, in 1773, gladdened by a visit from her brother, then about to sail for India. Mr. Hamilton seems to have been an excellent and able young man; and his subsequent letters and conversations on Indian affairs stored the mind of his sister with the materials for her 'Hindoo Rajah,' a work equally remarkable for good sense and sprightliness. Mr. Hamilton was cut off by a premature death in 1792. Shortly after this period commenced the literary life of Elizabeth Hamilton, and her first work was that to which we have alluded, connected with the memory of her lamented brother, "The Letters of a Hindoo Rajah,' in two volumes, published in 1796. The success of the work stimulated her exertions. In 1800 she published 'The Modern Philosophers,' in three volumes; and between that period and 1806, she gave to the world 'Letters on Education,' 'Memoirs of Agrippina,' and 'Letters to the Daughters of a Nobleman' In 1808 appeared her most popular, original, and useful work, 'The Cottagers of Glenburnie;' and she subsequently published 'Popular Essays on the Human Mind,' and 'Hints to the Directors of Public Schools.' For many years Miss Hamilton had fixed her residence in Edinburgh. She was enfeebled by ill health, but her cheerfulness and activity of mind continued unabated, and her society was courted by the most intellectual and influential of her fellow-citizens. The benevolence and correct judgment which animated her writings pervaded her conduct. Having gone to Harrogate for the benefit of her health, Miss Hamilton died at that place on the 23d of July 1816, aged fifty-eight.

'The Cottagers of Glenburnie' is in reality a tale of cottage-life. The scene is laid in a poor scattered Scottish hamlet, and the heroine is a retired English governess, middle-aged and lame, with £30 a year! This person, Mrs. Mason, after being long in a noble family, is reduced from a state of ease and luxury to one of comparative indigence; and having learned that her cousin, her only surviving relative, was married to one of the small farmers in Glenburnie, she agreed to fix her residence in her house as a lodger. On her way, she called at Gowan-brae, the house of the factor or land-

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steward on the estate, to whom she had previously been known; and we have a graphic account of the family of this gentleman, one of whose daughters figures conspicuously in the after-part of the tale. Mr. Stewart, the factor, his youngest daughter, and boys, accompany Mrs. Mason to Glenburnie.

Picture of Glenburnie and Scottish Rural Life in the Last Century.

They had not proceeded many paces until they were struck with admiration at the uncommon wildness of the scene which now opened to their view. The rocks which seemed to guard the entrance of the glen were abrupt and savage, and approached so near each other, that one could suppose them to have been riven asunder to give a passage to the clear stream which flowed between them. As they advanced the hills receded on either side, making room for meadows and corn-fields, through which the rapid burn pursued its way in many a fantastic maze.

The road, which winded along the foot of the hills, on the north side of the glen, owed as little to art as any country road in the kingdom. It was very narrow, and much encumbered by loose stones, brought down from the hills above by the winter torrents.

Mrs. Mason and Mary were so enchanted by the change of scenery which was incessantly unfolding to their view, that they made no complaints of the slowness of their progress, nor did they much regret being obliged to stop a few minutes at a time, where they found so much to amuse and delight to them. But Mr. Stewart had no patience at meeting with obstructions which, with a little pains, could have been so easily obviated; and as he walked by the side of the car, expatiated upon the indolence of the people of the glen, who, though they had no other road to the market, could contentedly go on from year to year without making an effort to repair it. 'How little trouble would it cost,' said he, 'to throw the smaller of these loose stones into these holes and ruts, and to remove the larger ones to the side, where they would form a fence between the road and the hill! There are enough of idle boys in the glen to effect all this, by working at it for one hour a week during the summer. But then their fathers must unite in setting them to work; and there is no one in the glen who would not sooner have his horses lamed, and his carts torn to pieces, than have his son employed in a work that would benefit his neighbours as much as himself.'

As he was speaking, they passed the door of one of these small farmers; and immediately turning a sharp corner, began to descend a steep, which appeared so unsafe that Mr. Stewart made his boys alight, which they could do without inconvenience, and going to the head of the horse, took his guidance upon himself.

At the foot of this short precipice the road again made a sudden turn, and discovered to them a misfortune which threatened to put a stop to their proceeding any further for the present evening. It was no other than the overturn of a cart of hay, occasioned by the breaking down of the bridge, along which it had been passing. Happily for the poor horse that drew this ill-fated load, the harness by which he was attached to it was of so frail a nature as to make little resistance; so that he and his rider escaped unhurt from the fall, notwithstanding its being one of considerable depth.

At first, indeed, neither boy nor horse was seen; but as Mr. Stewart advanced to examine whether, by removing the hay, which partly covered the bridge and partly hung suspended on the bushes, the road might still be passable, he heard a child's voice in the hollow exclaiming: 'Come on, ye muckle brute! ye had as weel come on! I'll gar ye! I'll gar ye! That's a gude beast now. Come awa! That's it! Ay, ye're a gude beast now!'

As the last words were uttered, a little fellow of about ten years of age was seen issuing from the hollow, and pulling after him, with all his might, a great long-backed clumsy animal of the horse species, though apparently of a very mulish temper.

'You have met with a sad accident,' said Mr. Stewart; 'how did all this happen?' 'You may see how it happened plain enough,' returned the boy; 'thel brig brak, and the cart coupet.' 'And did you and the horse coup likewise?' said Mr.

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Stewart. 'O ay, we a' coupet thegither, for I was ridin' on his back.' 'And where is your father and all the rest of the folk?' 'Whaur sud they be but in the hay-field? Dinna ye ken that we 're takin' in our hay? John Tamson's and Jamie Forster's was in a week syne, but we 're aye ahint the lave.'

All the party were greatly amused by the composure which the young peasant evinced under his misfortune, as well as by the shrewdness of his answers; and having learned from him that the hay-field was at no great distance, gave him some halfpence to hasten his speed, and promised to take care of his horse till he should return with assistance.

He soon appeared, followed by his father and two other men, who came on stepping at their usual pace. 'Why, farmer,' said Mr. Stewart, 'you have trusted rather too long to this rotten plank, I think' (pointing to where it had given way); 'if you remember the last time I passed this road, which was several months since, I then told you that the bridge was in danger, and shewed you how easily it might be repaired.'

'It is a' true,' said the farmer, moving his bonnet; 'but I thought it would do weel eneugh. I spoke to Jamie Forster and John Tamson about it; but they said they wadna fash themselves to mend a brig that was to serve a' the folk in the glen.'

'But you must now mend it for your own sake,' said Mr. Stewart, 'even though a' the folk in the glen should be better for it.'

'Ay, sir,' said one of the men, 'that 's spoken like yoursel'! Would everybody follow your example there would be nothing in the world but peace and good neighbourhood.'

The interior arrangements and accommodation of the cottage visited by Mrs. Mason are dirty and uncomfortable. The farmer is a good easy man, but his wife is obstinate and prejudiced, and the children self-willed and rebellious. Mrs. Mason finds the family quite incorrigible, but she effects a wonderful change among their neighbours. She gets a school established on her own plan, and boys and girls exert themselves to effect a reformation in the cottages of their parents. The most sturdy sticklers for the *gude auld gaits* are at length convinced of the superiority of the new system, and the village undergoes a complete transformation. In the management of these humble scenes, and the gradual display of character among the people, the authoress evinces her knowledge of human nature, and her tact and discrimination as a novelist.

We subjoin a Scottish song by Miss Hamilton which has enjoyed great popularity.

My Ain Fireside.

I hae seen great anes, and sat in great ha's,
'Mang lords and fine ladies a' covered wi' braws,
At feasts made for princes wi' princes I 've been,
Whan the grand shine o' splendour has dazzled my een;
But a sight sae delightfu' I trow I ne'er spied
As the bonny blithe blink o' my ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside.
O cheery 's the blink o' my ain fireside;
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O there 's nought to compare wi' ane's ain fireside.

Ance mair, gude be thankit, round my ane heartsome ingle,
Wi' the friends o' my youth I cordially mingle;
Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or glad,
I may laugh when I 'm merry, and sigh when I 'm sad.

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Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to fear,
But truth to delight me, and friendship to cheer;
Of a' roads to happiness ever were tried,
There 's nane half so sure as ane's ain fireside.
My ain fireside, &c.

When I draw in my stool on my cosy hearthstane,
My heart loups nae light I scarce ken 't for my ain;
Care's down on the wind, it is clean out o' sight,
Past troubles they seem but as dreams o' the night.
I hear but kend voices, kend faces I see,
And mark saft affection glent fond frae ilk ee;
Nae fleechings o' flattery, nae boastings o' pride,
'Tis heart speaks to heart at ane's ain fireside.
My ain fireside, &c.

LADY MORGAN.

LADY MORGAN (Sydney Owenson, or Mac Owen, as the name was originally written), during the course of forty or fifty years, wrote in various departments of literature—in poetry, the drama, novels, biography, ethics, politics, and books of travels. Whether she has written any one book that will become a standard portion of our literature, is doubtful, but we are indebted to her pen for a number of clever lively national sketches and anecdotes. She had a masculine disregard of common opinion or censure, and a temperament, as she herself stated, 'as cheery and genial as ever went to that strange medley of pathos and humour—the Irish character.' Mr. Owenson, the father of our authoress, was a respectable actor, a favourite in the society of Dublin, and author of some popular Irish songs. His daughter (who was born in 1783) inherited his predilection for national music and song. Very early in life she published a small volume of poetical effusions, and afterwards 'The Lay of the Irish Harp,' and a selection of twelve Irish melodies, with music. One of these is the song of Kate Kearney, and we question whether this lyric will not outlive all Lady Morgan's other lucubrations. While still in her teens, Miss Owenson became a novelist. She published two tales long since forgotten, and in 1801 a third, 'The Wild Irish Girl,' which was exceedingly popular. This success introduced the authoress into some of the higher circles of Irish and English society, in which she greatly delighted. In 1811, she married Sir Charles Morgan, a physician, and travelled with him to France and Italy. She continued her literary labours, and published 'The Missionary, an Indian Tale' (1811); 'O'Donnel, a National Tale' (1814); 'Florence Macarthy, an Irish Tale' (1818); and 'The O'Briens and the O'Flahertys' (1827) In these works our authoress departed from the beaten track of sentimental novels, and ventured, like Miss Edgeworth, to portray national manners. We have the high authority of Sir Walter Scott for the opinion, that 'O'Donnel,' though deficient as a story, has some striking and beautiful passages of situation and description, and in the comic part is

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very rich and entertaining.' Lady Morgan's sketches of Irish manners are not always pleasing. Her high-toned society is disfigured with grossness and profligacy, and her subordinate characters are often caricatured. The vivacity and variety of these delineations constitute one of their attractions: if not always true, they are lively; for it was justly said, that 'whether it is a review of volunteers in the Phœnix Park, or a party at the Castle, or a masquerade, a meeting of United Irishmen, a riot in Dublin, or a jug-day at Bog-moy—in every change of scene and situation our authoress wields the pen of a ready writer.' One complaint against these Irish sketches was their personality, the authoress indicating that some of her portraits at the viceregal court, and those moving in the 'best society' of Dublin, were intended for well-known characters. Their conversation is often a sad jargon of prurient allusion, comments on dress, and quotations in French and Italian, with which almost every page is patched and disfigured. The unfashionable characters and descriptions—even the rapparees, and the lowest of the old Irish natives, are infinitely more entertaining than these offshoots of the aristocracy, as painted by Lady Morgan. Her strength lay in describing the broad characteristics of her nation, their boundless mirth, their old customs, their love of frolic, and their wild grief at scenes of death and calamity. The other works of our authoress are 'France' and 'Italy,' containing dissertations on the state of society, manners, literature, government, &c. of those nations. Lord Byron has borne testimony to the fidelity and excellence of 'Italy;' and if the authoress had been 'less ambitious of being always fine and striking,' and less solicitous to display her reading and high company, she might have been one of the most agreeable of tourists and observers. Besides these works, Lady Morgan has given to the world 'The Princess' (a tale founded on the revolution in Belgium); 'Dramatic Scenes from Real Life' (very poor in matter, and affected in style); 'The Life and Times of Salvator Rosa;' 'The Book of the Boudoir' (autobiographical sketches and reminiscences); 'Woman and her Master' (a philosophical history of woman down to the fall of the Roman empire); and various other shorter publications. In 1841, Lady Morgan published, in conjunction with her husband, Sir T. C. Morgan (author of 'Sketches of the Philosophy of Life and Morals,' &c.), two volumes, collected from the portfolios of the writers, and stray sketches which had previously appeared in periodicals, entitling the collection 'The Book without a Name.' In 1859, she published 'Passages from my Autobiography,' containing reminiscences of high-life in London and Paris. A pension of £300 a year was conferred on her during the ministry of Earl Grey, and the latter years of Lady Morgan were spent in London. She died in April 1859. Her Correspondence was published by Mr. Hepworth Dixon in 1863.

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The Irish Hedge Schoolmaster—From 'Florence Macarthy.'

A bevy of rough-headed students, with books as ragged as their habiliments, rushed forth at the sound of the horse's feet, and with hands shading their uncovered faces from the sun, stood gazing in earnest surprise. Last of this singular group, followed O'Leary himself in learned dishabille! his customary suit, an old great-coat, fastened with a wooden skewer at his breast, the sleeves hanging unoccupied, *Spanish-wise*, as he termed it; his wig laid aside, the shaven crown of his head resembling the clerical tonsure; a tattered Homer in one hand, and a slip of sallow in the other, with which he had been distributing some well-earned *punities* to his pupils; thus exhibiting, in appearance, and in the important expression of his countenance, an epitome of that order of persons once so numerous, and is still far from extinct in Ireland, the hedge schoolmaster. O'Leary was learned in the antiquities and genealogies of the great Irish families, as an ancient senachy, an order of which he believed himself to be the sole representative; credulous of her fables, and jealous of her ancient glory; ardent in his feelings, fixed in his prejudices; hating the Bodel Sassoui, or English churls, in proportion as he distrusted them; living only in the past, contemptuous of the present, and hopeless of the future, all his national learning and national vanity were employed in his history of the Macarthies More, to whom he deemed himself hereditary senachy; while all his early associations and affections were occupied with the Fitzadelin family; to an heir of which he had not only been foster-father, but, by a singular chain of occurrences, tutor and host. Thus there existed an incongruity between his prejudices and his affections, that added to the natural incoherence of his wild, unregulated, ideal character. He had as much Greek and Latin as generally falls to the lot of the inferior Irish priesthood, an order to which he had been originally destined; he spoke Irish, as his native tongue, with great fluency; and English, with little variation, as it might have been spoken in the days of James or Elizabeth; for English was with him acquired by study, at no early period of life, and principally obtained from such books as came within the black-letter plan of his antiquarian pursuits.

Words that wise Bacon and grave Raleigh spoke,

were familiarly uttered by O'Leary, conned out of old English tracts, chronicles, presidential instructions, copies of patents, memorials, discourses, and translated remonstrances from the Irish chiefs, of every date since the arrival of the English in the island; and a few French words, not unusually heard among the old Irish Catholics, the descendants of the faithful followers of the Stuarts, completed the stock of his philological riches.

O'Leary now advanced to meet his visitant, with a countenance radiant with the expression of complacency and satisfaction, not unmingled with pride and importance, as he threw his eyes round on his numerous disciples. To one of these the Commodore gave his horse; and drawing his hat over his eyes, as if to shade them from the sun, he placed himself under the shadow of the Saxon arch, observing:

'You see, Mr. O'Leary, I very eagerly avail myself of your invitation; but I fear I have interrupted your learned avocation.'

'Not a taste, your honour, and am going to give my classes a holiday, in respect to the turf, sir.—What does yez all crowd the gentleman for? Did never yez see a raal gentleman afore? I 'd trouble yez to consider yourselves as temporary.—There's great scholars among them ragged runagates, your honour, poor as they look; for though in these degenerated times you won't get the children, as formerly, to talk the dead langnages, afore they can spake, when, says Campion, they had Latin like a vulgar tongue, conning in their schools of teachcraft the aphorisms of Hippocrates, and the civil institutes of the faculties, yet there 's as fine scholars, and as good philosophers still, sir, to be found in my seminary as in Trinity College, Dublin.—Now, step forward here, you Homers. "Kehlute meu Troes, kai Dardanoi, id epikonroi."'

Half a dozen overgrown boys, with bare heads and naked feet, hustled forward.

'There's my first class, plaze your honour; sorrow one of them gassoons but would throw you off a page of Homer into Irish while he 'd be clamping a turf

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stack.—Come forward here, Padreen Mahony, you little mitcher, ye. Have you no better courtesy than that, Padreen? Fie upon your manners!—Then for all that, sir, he 's my head philosopher, and am getting him up for Maynooth. Och! then, I wouldn't ax better than to pit him against the provost of Trinity College this day, for all his ould small-clothes, sir, the cratur! Troth, he 'd puzzle him, grate as he is, ay, and bate him too; that 's at the humanities, sir.—Padreen, my man, if the pig's sould at Dunore market to-morrow, tell your daddy, dear, I 'll expect the pintion. Is that your bow, Padreen, with your head under your arm, like a roasting hen? Upon my word, I take shame for your manners.—There, your honour, them 's my *cordaries*, the little leprehauns, with their *cathah* heads, and their burned skins; I think your honour would be divarted to hear them *parsing* a chapter.—Well, now dismiss, lads, jewel—off with yez, *extempio* like a piper out of a tent; away with yez to the turf: and mind me well, ye Homers, ye, I 'll expect Hector and Andromache to-morrow without fail; observe me well; I 'll take no excuse for the *classics* barring the bog, in respect of the weather being dry; dismiss, I say.' The learned disciples of this Irish sage, pulling down the front lock of their hair to designate the bow they would have made if they had possessed hats to move, now scampered off; while O'Leary observed, shaking his head and looking after them: 'Not one of them but is sharp-witted and has a janius for poethry, if there was any encouragement for learning in these deg.ndered times.'

MRS. SHELLEY.

In the summer of 1816, Lord Byron and Mr. and Mrs. Shelley were residing on the banks of the Lake of Geneva. They were in habits of daily intercourse, and when the weather did not allow of their boating-excursions on the lake, the Shelleys often passed their evenings with Byron at his house at Diodati. 'During a week of rain at this time,' says Mr. Moore, 'having amused themselves with reading German ghost-stories, they agreed at last to write something in imitation of them. "You and I," said Lord Byron to Mrs. Shelley, "will publish ours together." He then began his tale of the 'Vampire;' and having the whole arranged in his head, repeated to them a sketch of the story one evening; but from the narrative being in prose, made but little progress in filling up his outline. The most memorable result, indeed, of their story-telling compact was Mrs. Shelley's wild and powerful romance of "Frankenstein"—one of those original conceptions that take hold of the public mind at once and forever.' 'Frankenstein' was published in 1817, and was instantly recognised as worthy of Godwin's daughter and Shelley's wife, and as, in fact, possessing some of the genius and peculiarities of both. It is formed on the model of 'St. Leon,' but the supernatural power of that romantic visionary produces nothing so striking or awful as the grand conception of 'Frankenstein'—the discovery that he can, by his study of natural philosophy, create a living and sentient being. The hero, like Caleb Williams, tells his own story. A native of Geneva, Frankenstein is sent to the university of Ingolstadt to pursue his studies. He had previously dabbled in the occult sciences, and the university afforded vastly extended facilities for prosecuting his abstruse researches. He pores over books on physiology, makes chemical experiments, visits even the receptacles of the dead and the dissecting-room of the anatomist, and after days and nights of incredible labour and fatigue, he succeeds in discovering the cause of

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generation and life; nay, more, he became capable of bestowing animation upon lifeless matter! Full of his extraordinary discovery, he proceeds to create a man, and at length, after innumerable trials and revolting experiments to seize and infuse the principle of life into his image of clay, he constructs and animates a gigantic figure, eight feet in height. His feelings on completing the creation of this Monster are powerfully described:

The Monster created by Frankenstein.

It was on a dreary night of November that I beheld the accomplishment of my toils. With an anxiety that almost amounted to agony, I collected the instruments of life around me, that I might infuse a spark of being into the lifeless thing that lay at my feet. It was already one in the morning; the rain patted dismally against the panes, and my candle was nearly burnt out, when, by the glimmer of the half-extinguished light, I saw the dull yellow eye of the creature open; it breathed hard, and a convulsive motion agitated its limbs.

How can I describe my emotions at this catastrophe, or how delineate the wretch whom with such infinite pains and care I had endeavored to form? His limbs were in proportion, and I had selected his features as beautiful. Beautiful! Great God! His yellow skin scarcely covered the work of muscles and arteries beneath; his hair was of a lustrous black, and flowing; his teeth of a pearly whiteness; but these luxuriances only formed a more horrid contrast with his watery eyes, that seemed almost of the same colour as the dun white sockets in which they were set, his shrivelled complexion, and straight black lips.

The different accidents of life are not so changeable as the feelings of human nature. I had worked hard for nearly two years, for the sole purpose of infusing life into an inanimate body. For this I had deprived myself of rest and health. I had desired it with an ardour that far exceeded moderation, but now that I had finished, the beauty of the dream vanished, and breathless horror and disgust filled my heart. Unable to endure the aspect of the being I had created, I rushed out of the room, and continued a long time traversing my bed-chamber, unable to compose my mind to sleep. At length lassitude succeeded to the tumult I had before endured, and I threw myself on the bed in my clothes, endeavoring to seek a few moments of forgetfulnes. But it was in vain; I slept indeed, but I was disturbed by the wildest dreams. I thought I saw Elizabeth, in the bloom of health, walking in the streets of Ingolstadt. Delighted and surprised, I embraced her; but as I imprinted the first kiss on her lips, they became livid with the hue of death; her features appeared to change, and I thought that I held the corpse of my dead mother in my arms; a shroud enveloped her form, and I saw the grave-worms crawling in the folds of the flannel. I started from my sleep with horror, a cold dew covered my forehead, my teeth chattered, and every limb became convulsed, when, by the dim and yellow light of the moon, as it forced its way through the window-shutters, I beheld the wretch—the miserable Monster whom I had created. He held up the curtain of the bed, and his eyes, if eyes they may be called, were fixed on me. His jaws opened, and he muttered some inarticulate sounds, while a grin wrinkled his cheeks. He might have spoken, but I did not hear; one hand was stretched out, seemingly to detain me, but I escaped, and rushed down stairs. I took refuge in the courtyard belonging to the house which I inhabited, where I remained during the rest of the night, walking up and down in the greatest agitation, listening attentively, catching and fearing each sound as if it were to announce the approach of the demoniacal corpse to which I had so miserably given life.

Oh! no mortal could support the horror of that countenance. A mummy again endued with animation could not be so hideous as that wretch. I had gazed on him while unfinished; he was ugly then, but when those muscles and joints were rendered capable of motion, it became a thing such as even Dante could not have conceived.

I passed the night wretchedly. Sometimes my pulse beat so quickly and hardly that I felt the palpitation of every artery; at others I nearly sank to the ground through languor and extreme weakness. Mingled with this horror I felt the bitter-

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ness of disappointment; dreams that had been my food and pleasant rest for so long a space, were now become a hell to me, and the change was so rapid, the overthrow so complete!

Morning, dismal and wet, at length dawned, and discovered to my sleepless and aching eyes the church of Ingolstadt, its white steeple and clock, which indicated the sixth hour. The porter opened the gates of the court which had that night been my asylum, and I issued into the streets, pacing them with quick steps, as if I sought to avoid the wretch whom I feared every turning of the street would present to my view. I did not dare to return to the apartment which I inhabited, but felt impelled to hurry on, although wetted by the rain, which poured from a black and comfortless sky.

I continued walking in this manner for some time, endeavoring, by bodily exercise, to ease the load that weighed upon my mind. I traversed the streets without any clear conception of where I was or what I was doing. My heart palpitated in the sickness of fear, and I hurried on with irregular steps, not daring to look about me—

Like one who on a lonely road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round, walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread. *

The monster ultimately becomes a terror to his creator, and haunts him like a spell. For two years he disappears, but at the end of that time he is presented as the murderer of Frankenstein's infant brother, and as waging war with all mankind, in consequence of the disgust and violence with which his appearance is regarded. The demon meets and confronts his maker, demanding that he should create him a helpmate, as a solace in his forced expatriation from society. Frankenstein retires and begins the hideous task, and while engaged in it during the secrecy of midnight, in one of the lonely islands of the Orcades, the Monster appears before him.

A ghastly grin wrinkled his lips as he gazed on me, where I sat fulfilling the task which he allotted to me. Yes, he had followed me in my travels; he had loitered in forests, hid himself in caves, or taken refuge in wide and desert heaths; and he now came to mark my progress, and claim the fulfilment of my promise. As I looked on him his countenance expressed the utmost extent of malice and treachery. I thought with a sensation of madness of my promise of creating another like to him, and, trembling with passion, tore to pieces the thing on which I was engaged. The wretch saw me destroy the creature on whose future existence he depended for happiness, and with a howl of devilish despair and revenge, withdrew.

A series of horrid and malignant events now mark the career of the demon. He murders the friend of Frankenstein, strangles his bride on her wedding-night, and causes the death of his father from grief. He eludes detection; but Frankenstein, in agony and despair, resolves to seek him out, and sacrifice him to his justice and revenge. The pursuit is protracted for a considerable time, and in various countries, and at length conducts us to the ice-bound shores and islands of the northern ocean. Frankenstein recognizes the demon, but ere he can reach him, the ice gives way, and he is afterwards with difficulty rescued from the floating wreck by the crew of a vessel that had been embayed in that polar region. Thus saved from

* Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*.

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perishing. Frankenstein relates to the captain of the ship his 'wild and wondrous tale;' but the suffering and exhaustion had proved too much for his frame, and he expires before the vessel had sailed for Britain. The Monster visits the ship, and after mourning over the dead body of his victim, quits the vessel, resolved to seek the most northern extremity of the globe, and there to put a period to his wretched and unhallowed existence. The power of genius in clothing incidents the most improbable with strong interest and human sympathies, is evinced in this remarkable story. The creation of the demon is admirably told. The successive steps by which the solitary student arrives at his great secret after two years of labour, and the first glimpse which he obtains of the hideous monster, form a narrative that cannot be perused without sensations of awe and terror. While the demon is thus partially known and revealed, or seen only in the distance, gliding among cliffs and glaciers, appearing by moonlight to demand justice from his maker, or seated in his car among the tremendous solitudes of the northern ocean, the effect is striking and magnificent. The interest ceases when we are told of the self-education of the Monster, which is disgustingly minute in detail, and absurd in conception; and when we consider the improbability of his being able to commit so many crimes in different countries, conspicuous as he is in form, with impunity, and without detection. His malignity of disposition, and particularly his resentment towards Frankenstein, do not appear unnatural when we recollect how he has been repelled from society, and refused a companion by him who could alone create such another. In his wildest outbursts we partly sympathise with him, and his situation seems to justify his crimes. In depicting the internal workings of the mind and the various phases of the passions, Mrs. Shelley evinces skill and acuteness. Like her father, she excels in mental analysis and in conceptions of the grand and the powerful, but fails in the management of her fable where probable incidents and familiar life are required or attempted.

After the death of her husband, Mrs. Shelley—who was left with two children—devoted herself to literary pursuits, and produced several works—'Valperga,' 'The Last Man,' 'Lodore,' 'The Fortunes of Perkin Warbeck,' and other works of fiction. She contributed biographies of foreign artists and men of letters to the 'Cabinet Cyclopædia,' edited and wrote prefaces to Shelley's 'Poetical Works,' and also edited Shelley's 'Essays,' 'Letters from Abroad,' Translations and Fragments' (1840). In the writings of Mrs. Shelley there is much of that plaintive tenderness and melancholy characteristic of her father's late romances, and her style is uniformly pure and graceful. She died in 1851, aged fifty-four.

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REV. C. R. MATURIN.

The REV. C. R MATURIN (1782–1824), curate of St. Peter's, Dublin, came forward in 1807 as an imitator of the terrific and gloomy style of novel-writing, of which 'Monk' Lewis was the modern master. Its higher mysteries were known only to Mrs. Radcliffe. The date of that style, as Maturin afterwards confessed, was out when he was a boy, and he had not powers to revive it His youthful production was entitled 'Fatal Revenge, or the Family of Montorio.' The first part of this title was the invention of the publisher; and it proved a good bookselling appellation, for the novel was in high favour in the circulating libraries. It is undoubtedly a work of genius—full of imagination and energetic language, though both are carried to extravagance and bombast. Between 1807 and 1820 our author published a number of works of romantic fiction—'The Milesian Chief;' 'The Wild Irish Boy;' 'Women, or Pour et Contre;' and 'Melmoth the Wanderer'—all works in three or four volumes each. 'Women' was well received by the public; but none of its predecessors, as the author himself states, ever reached a second edition. In 'Women' he aimed at depicting real life and manners, and we have some pictures of Calvinistic Methodists, an Irish Meg Merrilies, and an Irish hero, De Courcy, whose character is made up of contradictions and improbabilities. Two female characters, Eva Wentworth and Zaira, a brilliant Italian—who afterwards turns out to be the mother of Eva—are drawn with delicacy and fine effect. The former is educated in strict seclusion, and is purity itself De Courcy is in love with both, and both are blighted by his inconstancy. Eva dies calmly and tranquilly, elevated by religious hope. Zaira meditates suicide, but desists from the attempt, and lives on, as if spell-bound to the death-place of her daughter and lover. De Courcy perishes of remorse. These scenes of deep passion and pathos are coloured with the lights of poetry and genius. Indeed, the gradual decay of Eva is the happiest of all Mr. Maturin's delineations, and has rarely been surpassed. The simple *truthfulness* of the description may be seen in passages like the following:

An Autumn Evening.

The weather was unusually fine, though it was September, and the evenings mild and beautiful. Eva passed them almost entirely in the garden. She had always loved the fading light and delicious tints of an evening sky, and now they were endeared by that which endears even indifferent things—an internal consciousness that we have not long to behold them. Mrs. Wentworth remonstrated against this indulgence, and mentioned it to the physician: but he 'answered neglectingly:' said anything that amused her mind could do her no harm, &c. Then Mrs. Wentworth began to feel there was no hope; and Eva was suffered to muse life away unmolested. To the garden every evening she went, and brought her library with her: it consisted of but three books—the Bible, Young's 'Night Thoughts,' and Blair's 'Grave.' One evening the unusual beauty of the sky may made her involuntarily drop her book. She gazed upward, and felt as if a book was open in heaven, where all the lovely and varying phenomena presented in living characters to her view the

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name of the Divinity. There was a solemn congeniality between her feelings of her own state and the view of the declining day—the parting light and the approaching darkness. The glow of the western heaven was still resplendent and glorious; a little above, the blending hues of orange and azure were softening into a mellow and indefinite light; and in the upper region of the air, a delicious blue darkness invited the eye to repose in luxurious dimness; one star alone shewed its trembling head—another and another, like infant births of light; and in the dark east the half-moon, like a bark of pearl, came on through the deep still ocean of heaven. Eva gazed on; some tears came to her eyes; they were a luxury. Suddenly she felt as if she were quite well; a glow like that of health pervaded her whole frame—one of those indescribable sensations that seem to assure us of safety, while, in fact, they are announcing dissolution. She imagined herself suddenly restored to health and to happiness. She saw De Courcy once more, as in their early hours of love, when his face was to her as if it had been the face of an angel; thought after thought came back on her heart like gleams of paradise. She trembled at the felicity that filled her whole soul; it was one of those fatal illusions that disease, when it is connected with strong emotions of the mind, often flatters its victim with—that *mirage*, when the heart is a desert, which rises before the wanderer, to dazzle, to delude, and to destroy.

'Melmoth' is the wildest of Mr. Maturin's romances. The hero 'gleams with demon light,' and owing to a compact with Satan, lives a century and a half, performing all manner of adventures, the most defensible of which is frightening an Irish miser to death. Some of the details in 'Melmoth' are absolutely sickening and loathsome. They seem the last convulsive efforts and distortions of the 'Monk' Lewis school of romance. In 1824—the year of his premature death—Mr. Maturin published 'The Albigenses,' a romance in four volumes. This work was intended by the author as one of a series of romances illustrative of European feelings and manners in ancient, in middle, and in modern times. Laying the scene of his story in France, in the thirteenth century, the author connected it with the wars between the Catholics and the Albigenses, the latter being the earliest of the reformers of the faith. Such a time was well adapted for the purposes of romance; and Mr. Maturin in this work presented some good pictures of the Crusaders, and of the Albigenses in their lonely worship among rocks and mountains. He had not, however, the power of delineating varieties of character, and his attempts at humour are wretched failures. In constructing a plot, he was also deficient; and hence 'The Albigenses,' wanting the genuine features of an historical romance, and destitute of the supernatural machinery which had imparted a certain degree of wild interest to the author's former works, was universally pronounced to be tedious and uninteresting. Passages, as we have said, are carefully finished and well drawn, and we subjoin a brief specimen:

A Lady's Chamber in the Thirteenth Century.

'I am weary,' said the lady, 'disarray me for rest. But thou, Claudine, be near when I sleep; I love thee well, wench, though I have not shewn it hitherto. Wear this carkanet for my sake; but wear it not, I charge thee, in the presence of Sir Paladour. Now read me my riddle once more, my maidens.' As her head sunk on the silken pillow—'How may ladies sink most sweetly into their first slumber?'

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'I ever sleep best,' said Blanche, 'when some withered crone is seated by the hearth fire to tell me tales of wizardry or goblins, till they are mingled with my dreams, and I start up, tell my beads, and pray her to go on, till I see that I am talking only to the dying embers, or the fantastic forms shaped by their flashes on the dark tapestry or darker ceiling.'

'And I love,' said Germonda, 'to be lulled to rest by tales of knights met in forests by fairy damsels, and conducted to enchanted halls, where they are assailed by foul fiends, and do battle with strong giants; and are, in fine, rewarded with the hand of the fair dame, for whom they have perilled all that knight or Christian may hold precious for the safety of body and of soul.'

'Peace and good rest to you all, my dame and maidens,' said the lady, in whispering tones from her silken couch. 'None of you have read my riddle. She sleeps sweetest and deepest who sleeps to dream of her first love—her first—her last—her only. A fair goodnight to all. Stay thou with me, Claudine, and touch thy lute, wench, to the strain of some old ditty—old and melancholy—such as may so softly usher sleep that I feel not his downy fingers closing mine eyelids, or the stilly rush of his pinions as they sweep my brow.'

Claudine prepared to obey as the lady sunk to rest amid softened lights, subdued odours and dying melodies. A silver lamp, richly fretted, suspended from the raftered roof, gleamed faintly on the splendid bed. The curtains were of silk, and the coverlet of velvet, faced with miniver; gilded coronals and tufts of plumage shed alternate gleam and shadow over every angle of the canopy; and tapestry of silk and silver covered every compartment of the walls, save where the uncouthly constructed doors and windows broke them into angles, irreconcilable alike to every rule of symmetry or purpose of accommodation. Near the ample hearth, stored with blazing wood, were placed a sculptured desk, furnished with a missal and breviary gorgeously illuminated, and a black marble tripod supporting a vase of holy-water; certain amulets, too, lay on the hearth, placed there by the care of Dame Marguerite, some in the shape of relics, and others in less consecrated forms on which the lady was often observed by her attendants to look somewhat disregardfully. The great door of the chamber was closed by the departing damsels carefully; and the rich sheet of tapestry dropped over it, whose bushful sweeping on the floor seemed like the wish for a deep repose breathed from a thing inanimate. The castle was still, the silver lamp twinkled silently and dimly; the perfumes burning in small silver vases round the chamber, began to abate their gleams and odours; the scented waters scattered on the rushes with which the floor was strewn, flagged and failed in their delicious tribute to the sense; the bright moon pouring its glories through the uncurtained but richly tinted casement, shed its borrowed hues of crimson, amber and purple on curtain and canopy as in defiance of the artificial light that gleamed so feebly within the chamber.

Claudine tuned her lute, and murmured the rude song of a troubadour, such as follows:

Song.

Sleep, noble lady! They sleep well who sleep in warded castles. If the Count de Monfort, the champion of the church, and the strongest lance in the chivalry of France, were your foe as he is your friend, one hundred of the arrows of his boldest archers at their best flight would fail to reach a loophole of your towers.

Sleep noble lady! They sleep well who are guarded by the valiant. Five hundred belted knights feast in your halls; they would not see your towers won, though to defend them they took the place of your vassals, who are tenfold that number; and, lady, I wish they were more, for your sake. Valiant knights, faithful vassals, watch well your lady's slumbers; see that they be never broken but by the matin-bell, or the sighs of lovers whispered between its tolls.

Sleep, noble lady! Your castle is strong, and the brave and the loyal are your guard.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

We have already touched on the more remarkable and distinguishing features of the Waverley novels, and the influence which they exercised, not only on this country, but over the whole continent of

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Europe and the United States of North America. That long array of immortal fictions can only be compared with the dramas of Shakspeare, as presenting a vast variety of original characters, scenes, historical situations, and adventures. They are marked by the same universal and genial sympathies, allied to every form of humanity, and free from all selfish egotism or moral obliquity. In painting historical personages or events, these two great masters evinced a kindred taste, and not dissimilar powers. The highest intellectual traits and imagination of Shakspeare were, it is true, not approached by Scott: the dramatist looked inwardly upon man and nature with a more profound and searching philosophy. He could effect more with his five acts than Scott with his three volumes. The novelist only pictured to the eye what his great prototype stamped on the heart and feeling. Yet both were great moral teachers, without seeming to teach. They were brothers in character and in genius, and they poured out their imaginative treasures with a calm easy strength and conscious mastery, of which the world has seen no other examples.

So early as 1805, before his great poems were produced, Scott had entered on the composition of 'Waverley,' the first of his illustrious progeny of tales. He wrote about seven chapters, evidently taking Fielding, in his grave descriptive and ironical vein, for his model; but, getting dissatisfied with his attempt, he threw it aside. Eight years afterwards he met accidentally with the fragment, and determined to finish the story.* In the interval between the commencement of the novel in 1805 and its resumption in 1813, Scott had acquired greater freedom and self-reliance as an author. In 'Marmion' and 'The Lady of the Lake' he had struck out a path for himself, and the latter portion of 'Waverley' partook of the new spirit and enthusiasm. A large part of its materials resembles those employed in 'The Lady of the Lake'—Highland feudalism, military bravery and devotion, and the most easy and exquisite description of natural scenery. He added also a fine vein of humour, chaste yet ripened, and peculiarly his own, and a power of uniting history with fiction, that subsequently became one of the great sources of his strength. His portrait of Charles Edward, the noble old Baron of Bradwardine, the simple faithful clansman Evan Dhu, and the poor fool Davie Gellatley, with his fragments of song and scattered gleams of fancy and sensibility, were new triumphs of the author. The poetry had projected shadows and outlines of the Highland chief, the gaiety and splendour of the court, and the agitation of the camp and battlefield; but the humorous contrasts, homely observation, and pathos

* He had put the chapters aside, as he tells us, in a writing-desk wherein he used to keep fishing-tackle. The desk—a substantial old mahogany cabinet—and part of the fishing-tackle are now in the possession of the family of Scott's friend, Mr. William Laidlaw.

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displayed in 'Waverley,' disclosed far deeper observation and more original powers. The work was published in July 1814, Constable giving £700 for the copyright. Scott did not prefix his name to it, afraid that he might compromise his poetical reputation by a doubtful experiment in a new style—particularly by his copious use of Scottish terms and expressions; but the unmingled applause with which the tale was received was, he says, like having the property of a hidden treasure, 'not less gratifying than if all the world knew it was his own.' Henceforward, Scott resolved, as a novelist, to preserve his mask, desirous to obviate all personal discussions respecting his own productions, and aware also of the interest and curiosity which his secrecy would impart to his subsequent productions.

In February 1815—seven months after 'Waverley'—Scott published his second novel, 'Guy Mannering.' It was the work of six weeks about Christmas, and marks of haste are visible in the construction of the plot and development of incidents. Yet what length of time or patience in revision could have added to the charm or hilarity of such portraits as that of Dandy Dinmont, or the shrewd and witty Counsellor Pleydell—the finished, desperate, sea-beaten villainy of Hatteraick—the simple, uncouth devotion of that gentlest of pedants, poor Dominie Sampson—or the wild savage virtues and crazed superstition of the gipsy-dweller in Derncleugh! The astrological agency and predictions so marvellously fulfilled are undoubtedly excrescences on the story, though suited to a winter's tale in Scotland. The love-scenes and female characters, and even Mannering himself, seem also allied to the Minerva Press family; but the Scotch characters are all admirably filled up. There is also a captivating youthful feeling and spirit in the description of the wanderings and dangers of Bertram, and the events, improbable as they appear, which restore him to his patrimony; while the gradual decay and death of the old Laird of Ellangowan—carried out to the green as his castle and effects are in the hands of the auctioneer—are inexpressibly touching and natural. The interest of the tale is sustained throughout with dramatic skill and effect.

In May 1816 came forth 'The Antiquary,' less romantic and bustling in incidents than either of its predecessors, but infinitely richer in character, dialogue, and humour. In this work Scott displayed his thorough knowledge of the middle and lower ranks of Scottish life. He confined his story chiefly to a small fishing-town and one or two country mansions. His hero is a testy old Whig laird and bachelor, and his *dramatis personæ* are little better than this retired humorist—the family of a poor fisherman, a blue-gown mendicant, an old barber, and a few other humble 'landward and burrows-town' characters. The sentimental Lord Glenallan, and the pompous Sir Arthur Wardour, with Lovel the unknown, and the fiery Hector M'Intyre—the last a genuine Celtic portrait—are necessary to the plot and action of the piece, but they constitute only a small degree of

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the reader's pleasure or the author's fame. These rest on the inimitable delination of Oldbuck, that model of black-letter and Roman-camp antiquaries, whose oddities and conversation are rich and racy as any of the old crusted port that John of the Girnel might have held in his monastic cellars—on the restless, garrulous, kind-hearted *gaberlunzie*, Edie Ochiltree, who delighted to *daunder* down the burn-sides and green shaws—on the cottage of the Muckle-backits, and the death and burial of Steenie—and on that scene of storm and tempest by the seaside, which is described with such vivid reality and appalling magnificence. The amount of curious reading, knowledge of local history and antiquities, power of description, and breadth of humour in 'The Antiquary,' render it one of the most perfect of the author's novels. If Cervantes and Fielding really excelled Scott in the novel (he is unapproached in romance), it must be admitted that 'The Antiquary' ranks only second to 'Don Quixote' and 'Tom Jones.' In none of his works has Scott shewn greater power in developing the nicer shades of feeling and character, or greater felicity of phrase and illustration. A healthy moral tone also pervades the whole—a clear and bracing atmosphere of real life; and what more striking lesson in practical benevolence was ever inculcated than those words of the rough old fisherman, ejaculated while he was mending his boat after his son Steenie's funeral—'What would you have me do, unless I wanted to see four children starve because one is drowned? It 's weel wi' you gentles, that can sit in the house wi' handkerchers at your een, when ye lose a friend, but the like of us maun to our wark again, if our hearts were beating as hard as my hammer.'

In December of the same year, Scott was ready with two other novels, 'The Black Dwarf,' and 'Old Mortality.' These formed the first series of Tales of My Landlord, and were represented by a somewhat forced and clumsy prologue, as the composition of a certain Mr. Peter Pattieson, assistant-teacher at Gandercleugh, and published after his death by his pedagogue superior, Jedediah Cleishbotham. The new disguise—to heighten which a different publisher had been selected for the tales—was as unavailing as it was superfluous. The universal voice assigned the works to the author of 'Waverley,' and the second of the collection, 'Old Mortality,' was pronounced to be the greatest of his performances. It was another foray into the regions of history, which was rewarded with the most brilliant spoil. Happy as he had been in depicting the era of the Forty-five, he shone still more in the gloomy and troublous times of the Covenanters. 'To reproduce a departed age,' says Mr. Lockhart, 'with such minute and lifelike accuracy as this tale exhibits, demanded a far more energetic sympathy of imagination than had been called for in any effort of his serious verse. It is indeed most curiously instructive for any student of art to compare the Roundheads of "Rokeby" with the Blue-bonnets of "Old Mortality." For the rest, the story is framed with a deeper skill than any of the preceding

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novels; the canvas is a broader one; the characters are contrasted and projected with a power and felicity which neither he nor any other master ever surpassed; and notwithstanding all that has been urged against him as a disparager of the Covenanters, it is to me very doubtful whether the inspiration of chivalry ever prompted him to nobler emotions than he has lavished on the reanimation of their stern and solemn enthusiasm. This work has always appeared to me the "Marmion" of his novels.' He never surpassed it either for force or variety of character, or in the interest and magnificence of the train of events described. The contrasts are also managed with consummate art. In the early scenes, Morton (the best of all his young heroes) serves as a foil to the fanatical and gloomy Burley, and the change effected in the character and feelings of the youth by the changing current of events, is traced with perfect skill and knowledge of human nature. The two classes of actors—the brave and dissolute cavaliers, and the resolute and oppressed Covenanters—are not only drawn in their strong distinguishing features in bold relief, but are separated from each other by individual traits and peculiarities, the result of native or acquired habits. The intermingling of domestic scenes and low rustic humour with the stormy events of the warlike struggle, gives vast additional effect to the sterner passages of the tale, and to the prominence of its principal actors. How admirably, for example, is the reader prepared, by contrast, to appreciate that terrible encounter with Burley in his rocky fastness, by the previous description of the blind and aged widow, intrusted with the secret of his retreat, and who dwelt alone, 'like the widow of Zarephath,' in her poor and solitary cottage! The dejection and anxiety of Morton on his return from Holland are no less strikingly contrasted with the scene of rural peace and comfort which he witnesses on the banks of the Clyde, where Cuddie Headrigg's cottage sends up its thin blue smoke among the trees, 'shewing that the evening meal was in the act of being made ready,' and his little daughter fetches water in a pitcher from the fountain at the root of an old oak-tree! The humanity of Scott is exquisitely illustrated by the circumstance of the pathetic verses, wrapping a lock of hair, which are found on the slain body of Bothwell—as to shew that in the darkest and most dissolute characters some portion of our higher nature still lingers to attest its divine origin. In the same sympathetic and relenting spirit, Dirk Hatteraick, in 'Guy Mannering,' is redeemed from utter sordidness and villainy by his one virtue of integrity to his employers. 'I was always faithful to my ship-owners—always accounted for cargo to the last stiver.' The image of God is never wholly blotted out of the human mind.

The year 1818 witnessed two other coinages from the Waverley mint, 'Rob Roy,' and 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian,' the latter forming a second series of the Tales of My Landlord. The first of these works revived the public enthusiasm, excited by 'The Lady of the

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Lake' and 'Waverley,' with respect to Highland scenery and manners. The sketches in the novel are bold and striking—hit off with the careless freedom of a master, and possessing perhaps more witchery of romantic interest than elaborate and finished pictures. The character of Bailie Nicol Jarvie was one of the author's happiest conceptions; and the idea of carrying him to the wild rugged mountains, among outlaws and desperadoes—at the same time that he retained a keen relish of the comforts of the Saltmarket of Glasgow, and a due sense of his dignity as a magistrate—completed the ludicrous effect of the picture. None of Scott's novels was more popular than 'Rob Roy,' yet, as a story, it is the worst concocted and most defective of the whole series. Its success was owing to its characters alone. Among these, however, cannot be reckoned its nominal hero, Osbaldiston, who, like Waverley, is merely a walking-gentleman. Scott's heroes, as agents in the piece, are generally inferior to his heroines. 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian' is as essentially national in spirit, language, and actors as 'Rob Roy,' but it is the nationality of the Lowlands. No other author but Scott—Galt, his best imitator in this department, would have failed—could have dwelt so long and with such circumstantial minuteness on the daily life and occurrences of a family like that of Davie Deans, the cow-feeder, without disgusting his high-bred readers with what must have seemed vulgar and uninteresting. Like Burns, he made 'rustic life and poverty'

Grow beautiful beneath his touch.

Duchesses, in their halls and saloons, traced with interest and delight the pages that recorded the pious firmness and humble heroism of Jeanie Deans, and the sufferings and disgrace of her unfortunate sister; and who shall say that, in thus uniting different ranks in one bond of fellow-feeling, and exhibiting to the high and wealthy the virtues that often dwell with the lowly and obscure, Scott was not fulfilling one of the loftiest and most sacred missions upon earth!

A story of still more sustained and overwhelming pathos is 'The Bride of Lammermoor,' published in 1819 in conjunction with 'The Legend of Montrose,' and both forming a third series of Tales of My Landlord. 'The Bride' is one of the most finished of Scott's tales, presenting a unity and entireness of plot and action, as if the whole were bound together by that dreadful destiny which hangs over the principal actors, and impels them irresistibly to destruction 'In this tale,' says Macaulay, 'above other modern productions, we see embodied the dark spirit of fatalism—that spirit which breathes in the writings of the Greek tragedians when they traced the persecuting vengeance of Destiny against the houses of Laius and of Atreus. Their mantle was for a while worn unconsciously by him who shewed to us Macbeth; and here again, in the deepening gloom of this tragic tale, we feel the oppressive influence of this invisible power. From the time we hear the prophetic rhymes, the spell has

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begun its work, and the clouds of misfortune blacken round us; and the fated course moves solemnly onward, irresistible and unerring as the progress of the sun, and soon to end in a night of horror. We remember no other tale in which not doubt, but certainty, forms the groundwork of our interest.' If Shakspeare was unconscious of the classic fatalism he depicted with such unrivalled power, Scott was probably as ignorant of any such premeditation and design. Both followed the received traditions of their country, and the novelist, we know, composed his work in intervals of such acute suffering, allayed only by the most violent remedies, that on his recovery, after the novel had been printed, he recollected nothing but the mere outline of his story, with which he had been familiar from his youth. He had entirely forgotten what he dictated from his sick-bed. The main incident, however, was of a nature likely to make a strong impression on his mind, and to this we must impute the grand simplicity and seeming completeness of art in the management of the fable The character of the old butler, Caleb Balderston, has been condemned as a ridiculous and incongruous exaggeration. We are not sure that it does not materially heighten the effect of the tragic portion of the tale, by that force of contrast which we have mentioned as one of Scott's highest attributes as a novelist. There is, however, too much of the butler, and some of his inventions are mere tricks of farce. As Shakspeare descended to quibbles and conceits, Scott loved to harp upon certain phrases—as in Dominie Sampson, Bailie Nicol Jarvie, and the dowager-lady of Tillietudlem—and to make his lower characters indulge in practical jokes, like those of Old Caleb and Edie Ochiltree. The proverbs of Sancho, in 'Don Quixote,' may be thought to come under the same class of inferior resources, to be shunned rather than copied by the novelist who aims at truth and originality; but Sancho's sayings are too rich and apposite to be felt as mere surplusage. 'The Legend of Montrose' is a brief imperfect historical novel, yet contains one of the author's most lively and amusing characters, worthy of being ranked with Bailie Jarvie—namely, the redoubted Ritt-master, Dugald Dalgetty. The union of the *soldado* with the pedantic student of Marischal College is a conception as original as the Uncle Toby of Sterne.

The historical romance of 'Ivanhoe' appeared in 1820. The scene being laid in England, and in the England of Richard I., the author had to draw largely on his fancy and invention, and was debarred those attractive auxiliaries of everyday life, speech, and manners, which had lent such a charm to his Scottish novels. Here we had the remoteness of antiquity, the old Saxon halls and feasts, the resuscitation of chivalry in all its pomp and picturesqueness, the realisation of our boyish dreams about Cœur-de-Lion, Robin Hood, and Sherwood Forest, with its grassy glades, and silvan sports, and impenetrable foliage. We were presented with a series of the most splendid pictures, the canvas crowded with life and action—with the

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dark shades of cruelty, vice, and treason, and the brightness of heroic courage, dauntless fortitude, and uncorrupted faith and purity. The thrilling interest of the story is another of the merits of 'Ivanhoe.' In the hall of Cedric, at the tournament or siege, we never cease to watch over the fate of Rowena and the Disinherited Knight; and the steps of the gentle Rebecca—the meek yet high-souled Jewess—are traced with still deeper and holier feeling.* The whole is a grand picturesque pageant, yet full of a gentle nobleness and proud simplicity.

The next works of Scott were of a tamer cast, though his foot was on Scottish ground. 'The Monastery' and 'The Abbot,' both published in 1820, are defective in plot, and the first disfigured by absurd supernatural machinery. The character of Queen Mary in 'The Abbot' is, however, a correct and beautiful historical portrait; and the scenery in the neighbourhood of the Tweed—haunted glens and woods—is described with the author's accustomed felicity. A counterpart to Queen Mary, still more highly finished, was soon afforded in the delineation of her great rival, Elizabeth, in the romance of 'Kenilworth.' This work appeared in January 1821, and was ranked next to 'Ivanhoe.' There was a profusion of rich picturesque scenes and objects, dramatic situations, and a well-arranged, involved, yet interesting plot. None of the plots in the Waverley novels are without blemish. 'None,' as Macaulay remarks, 'have that completeness which constitutes one of the chief merits of Fielding's "Tom Jones:" there is always either an improbability, or a forced expedient, or an incongruous incident, or an unpleasant break, or too much intricacy, or a hurried conclusion; they are usually languid in the commencement and abrupt in the close; too slowly opened, and too hastily summed up.' The spirit and fidelity of the delineations, the variety of scenes, and the interest of particular passages bearing upon the principal characters, blind the reader to these defects, at least on a first perusal. This was eminently the case with 'Kenilworth;' nor did this romance, amidst all its courtly gaieties, ambition, and splendour, fail to touch the heart: the fate of Amy Robsart has perhaps drawn as many tears as the story of Rebecca. The close of the same year witnessed another romantic, though less powerful tale—'The Pirate.' In this work Scott painted the wild sea-scenery of Shet-

* Rebecca was considered by Scott himself, as well as by the public, to be his finest female character. Mr. Laidlaw, to whom part of the novel was dictated, used to speak of the strong interest which Sir Walter evinced in filling up his outline. 'Well, I think I shall make something of my Jewess,' said he one day. Laidlaw on another occasion said to Sir Walter that he 'found even his friend Miss Edgeworth had not such power in engaging attention. His novels had the power, beyond any other writings, of arousing the better passions and finer feelings: and the moral effect of all this, I added, when one looks forward to several generations—every one acting upon another—must be immense. I well recollect the place where we were walking at this time—on the road returning from the hill towards Abbotsford. Sir Walter was silent for a minute or two, but I observed his eyes filled with tears.'—*Abbotsford Notanda* (Chambers, 1871).

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land, and gave a beautiful copy of primitive manners in the person and household of the old Udaller, Magnus Troil, and his fair daughters, Minna and Brenda. The latter are flowers too delicate for such a cold and stormy clime, but they are creations of great loveliness, and are exquisitely discriminated in their individual characters. The novel altogether opened a new world to the general reader, and was welcomed with all the zest of novelty.

Another genuine English historical romance made its appearance in May, 1822. 'The Fortunes of Nigel' afforded a complete panorama of the times of James I., executed with wonderful vigour and truth. The fullness and variety of the details shew how closely Scott had studied the annals of this period, particularly all relating to the city and the court of London. His account of Alsatia surpasses even the scenes of Ben Jonson, and the dramatic contemporaries of Ben, descriptive of similar objects; and none of his historical likenesses are more faithful, more justly drawn, or more richly coloured, than his portrait of the poor, and proud, and pedantic King James. Scott's political predilections certainly did not in this case betray him into any undue reverence for sovereignty.

In 1823, no less than three separate works of fiction were issued—'Peveril of the Peak,' 'Quentin Durward,' and 'St. Ronan's Well.' The first was a work longer than any of its predecessors, and was more than proportionally heavy in style, though evincing in parts undiminished strength and talent. 'Quentin Durward' was a bold and successful raid into French history. The delineations of Louis XI. and Charles the Bold may stand comparison with any in the whole range of fiction or history for force and discrimination. They seemed literally called up to a new existence, to play their part in another drama of life, as natural and spirit-stirring as any in which they had been actors. The French nation exulted in this new proof of the genius of Scott, and led the way in enthusiastic admiration of the work. 'St. Ronan's Well' is altogether a secondary performance of the author, though it furnishes one of his best low comic characters, Meg Dods of the Cleikum Inn. 'Redgauntlet' (1824) must be held to belong to the same class as 'St. Ronan's Well,' in spite of much vigorous writing, humorous as well as pathetic—for the career of Peter Peebles supplies both—and notwithstanding that it embodies a great deal of Scott's own personal history and experiences. The Tales of the Crusaders, published in 1825, comprised two short stories, 'The Betrothed' and 'The Talisman,' the second a highly animated and splendid Eastern romance. Shortly after this period came the calamitous wreck of Scott's fortunes—the shivering of his household gods—amidst declining health and the rapid advances of age. His novel of 'Woodstock' (1826) was hastily completed, but is not unworthy of his fame. The secret of the paternity of the novels was now divulged—how could it ever have been doubted?—and there was some satisfaction in having the acknowledgment from his

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own lips, and under his own hand, ere death had broken the wand of the Magician. 'The Life of Napoleon,' in nine volumes, was the great work of 1827; but at the commencement of the following year, Scott published The Chronicles of the Canongate, first series, containing 'The Two Drovers,' 'The Highland Widow,' and 'The Surgeon's Daughter.' The second of these short tales is the most valuable, and is pregnant with strong pathetic interest and Celtic imagination. The preliminary introductions to the stories are all finely executed, and constitute some of the most pleasing of the author's minor contributions to the elucidation of past manners and society.

A number of literary tasks now engaged the attention of Scott, the most important of which were his 'Tales of a Grandfather,' a 'History of Scotland,' for Lardner's 'Cyclopædia,' 'Letters on Demonology,' and new introductions and notes to the collected edition of the novels. A second series of the Chronicles of the Canongate appeared in 1828, with only one tale, but that conceived and executed with great spirit, and in his best artistic style—'The Fair Maid of Perth.' Another romance was ready by May 1829, and was entitled 'Anne of Geierstein.' It was less energetic than the former—more like an attempt to revive old forms and images than as evincing the power to create new ones; yet there are in its pages, as Mr. Lockhart justly observes, 'occasional outbreaks of the old poetic spirit, more than sufficient to remove the work to an immeasurable distance from any of its order produced in this country in our own age. Indeed, the various play of fancy in the combination of persons and events, and the airy liveliness of both imagery and diction, may well justify us in applying to the author what he beautifully says of his King René:

> A mirthful man he was; the snows of age
> Fell, but they did not chill him. Gaiety,
> Even in life's closing, touched his teeming brain
> With such wild visions as the setting sun
> Raises in front of some hoar glacier,
> Painting the bleak ice with a thousand hues.'

The gaiety of Scott was the natural concomitant of kindly and gentle affections, a sound judgment, and uninterrupted industry. The minds of poets, it is said, never grow old, and Scott was hopeful to the last. Disease, however, was fast undermining his strength. His last work of fiction, published in 1831, was a fourth series of Tales of My Landlord, containing 'Count Robert of Paris' and 'Castle Dangerous.' They were written after repeated shocks of paralysis and apoplexy, and are mere shadows of his former greatness. And with this effort closed the noble mind that had so long swayed the sceptre of romance. The public received the imperfect volumes with tenderness and indulgence, as the farewell offering of the greatest of their contemporaries—the last feeble gleams of a light soon to be extinguished:

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A wand'ring witch-note of the distant spell;
And LOW 'tis silent all! Enchanter, fare-thee-well!

Quotation from works so well known, and printed in so many cheap forms, seems almost unnecessary. But we may note the wonderful success of the novels as a mercantile speculation. When Sir Walter died in 1832, and his life insurances were realised, there was still a balance due of £30,000. This debt, the publisher of Scott's works, Mr. Robert Cadell, ultimately took on himself, receiving in return the copyright of the works; and before his death in 1849, Mr. Cadell had set the estate of Abbotsford free from encumbrance, had purchased for himself a small estate (Ratho, near Edinburgh), and was able to leave to his family a fortune of about £100,000. Within the comparatively short period of twenty-two years, he had been able, as was remarked by a writer in the 'Athenæum,' to make as large a fortune through the works of one author alone as old Jacob Tonson succeeded in scraping together after fifty years' dealings with at least fifty authors, and with patent rights for government printing, which Mr. Cadell never had. Shortly before his death, Mr. Cadell sold the remainder of his copyrights to their latest possessors, Messrs. Adam Black & Co., for a sum of £17,000. The remission of the paper-duty enabled the publishers to issue the novels at a greatly reduced rate, and the sale, both in this country and America, has been immense. Millions of the sixpenny edition have been sold. The poetry of Scott, too, seems equally popular, and there has been a keen rivalry among London publishers to reproduce editions in various forms.

Sherwood Forest in the Time of Richard I.—From 'Ivanhoe.'

The sun was setting upon one of the rich grassy glades of the forest. Hundreds of broad-headed, short-stemmed, wide-branched oaks, which had witnessed, perhaps, the stately march of the Roman soldiery, flung their gnarled arms over a thick carpet of the most delicious greensward; in some places they were intermingled with beeches, hollies, and copsewood of various descriptions, so closely as totally to intercept the level beams of the sinking sun; in others they receded from each other, forming those long, sweeping vis as, in the intricacy of which the eye delights to lose itself; while imagination considers them as the paths to yet wilder scenes of silvan solitude. Here the red rays of the sun shot a broken and discoloured light, that partially hung upon the shattered boughs and mossy trunks of the trees; and there they illuminated, in brilliant patches, the portions of turf to which they made their way. A considerable open space in the midst of this glade seemed formerly to to have been dedicated to the rites of Druidical superstition; for on the summit of a hillock, so regular as to seem artificial, there still remained part of a circle of rough, unhewn stones, of large dimensions. Seven stood upright; the rest had been dislodged from their places, probably by the zeal of some convert to Christianity, and lay, some prostrate near their former site, and others on the side of the hill. One large stone only had found its way to the bottom, and, in stopping the course of a small brook which glided smoothly round the foot of the eminence, gave, by its opposition, a feeble voice of murmur to the placid and elsewhere silent streamlet.

The human figures which completed this landscape were in number two, partaking, in their dress and appearance, of that wild and rustic character which belonged to the woodlands of the West Riding of Yorkshire at that early period. The eldest of these men had a stern, savage, and wild aspect. His garment was of the simplest form imaginable, being a close jacket with sleeves, composed of the tanned skin of

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some animal, on which the hair had been originally left, but which had been worn off in so many places that it would have been difficult to distinguish, from the patches that remained, to what creature the fur had belonged. This primeval vestment reached from the throat to the knees, and served at once all the usual purposes of body-clothing. There was no wider opening at the collar than was necessary to admit the passage of the head, from which it may be inferred that it was put on by slipping it over the head and shoulders, in the manner of a modern shirt, or ancient hauberk. Sandals, bound with thongs made of boar's hide, protected the feet, and a roll of thin leather was twined artificially around the legs, and, ascending above the calf, left the knees bare, like those of a Scottish Highlander. To make the jacket sit yet more close to the body, it was gathered at the middle by a broad leathern belt, secured by a brass buckle, to one side of which was attached a sort of scrip, and to the other a ram's horn, accoutred with a mouth-piece, for the purpose of blowing. In the same belt was stuck one of those long, broad, sharp-pointed, and two-edged knives, with a buck's-horn handle, which were fabricated in the neighbourhood, and bore even at this early period, the name of a Sheffield whittle. The man had no covering upon his head, which was only defended by his own thick hair, matted and twisted together, and scorched by the influence of the sun into a rusty, dark-red colour, forming a contrast with the overgrown beard upon his cheeks, which was rather of a yellow or amber hue. One part of his dress only remains; but it is too remarkable to be suppressed; it was a brass ring, resembling a dog's collar, but without any opening, and soldered fast round his neck, so loose as to form no impediment to his breathing, yet so tight as to be incapable of being removed excepting by the use of the file. On this singular gorget was engraved, in Saxon characters, an inscription of the following purport: 'Gurth, the son of Beowulph, is the born thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood.'

Beside the swine-herd—for such was Gurth's occupation—was seated, upon one of the fallen Druidical monuments, a person about ten years younger in appearance, and whose dress, though resembling his companion's in form, was of better materials and a more fantastic appearance. His jacket had been stained of a bright purple hue, upon which there had been some attempt to paint grotesque ornaments in different colours. To the jacket he added a short cloak, which scarcely reached halfway down his thigh. It was of crimson cloth though a good deal soiled, lined with bright yellow; and as he could transfer it from one shoulder to the other, or, at his pleasure, draw it all around him, its width, contrasted with its want of longitude, formed a fantastic piece of drapery. He had thin silver bracelets upon his arms, and on his neck a collar of the same metal, bearing the inscription: 'Wamba, the son of Witless, is the thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood.' This personage had the same sort of sandals with his companion; but instead of the roll of leather thong, his legs were cased in a sort of gaiters, of which one was red and the other yellow. He was provided also with a cap, having around it more than one bell, about the size of those attached to hawks, which jingled as he turned his head to one side or other; and as he seldom remained a minute in the same posture, the sound might be considered as incessant. Around the edge of this cap was a stiff bandeau of leather, cut at the top into open work resembling a coronet; while a prolonged bag rose from within it, and fell down on one shoulder, like an old-fashioned night-cap, or a jelly-bag, or the head-gear of a modern hussar. It was to this part of the cap that the bells were attached, which circumstance, as well as the shape of his head-dress, and his own half-crazed, half-cunning expression of countenance, sufficiently pointed him out as belonging to the race of domestic clowns or jesters maintained in the houses of the wealthy, to help away the tedium of those lingering hours which they were obliged to spend within doors. He bore, like his companion, a scrip attached to his belt; but had neither horn nor knife, being probably considered as belonging to a class whom it is esteemed dangerous to entrust with edge-tools. In place of these, he was equipped with a sword of lath, resembling that with which Harlequin operates his wonders upon the modern stage.

The outward appearance of these two men formed scarce a stronger contrast than their look and demeanour. That of the serf or bondsman was sad and sullen; his aspect was bent on the ground with an appearance of deep dejection, which might be almost construed into apathy, had not the fire which occasionally sparkled in his red eye manifested that there slumbered, under the appearance of sullen despondency, a sense of oppression, and a disposition to resistance. The looks of

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Wamba, on the other hand, indicated, as usual with his class, a sort of vacant curiosity and fidgety impatience of any posture of repose, together with the utmost self-satisfaction respecting his own situation, and the appearance which he made. The dialogue which they maintained between them was carried on in Anglo-Saxon, which was universally spoken by the inferior classes, excepting the Norman soldiers and the immediate personal dependents of the great feudal nobles.

The Fisherman's Funeral.—From 'The Antiquary.'

The Antiquary, being now alone, hastened his pace, and soon arrived before the half-dozen cottages at Mussel-Crag. They now had, in addition to their usual squalid and uncomfortable appearance, the melancholy attributes of the house of mourning. The boats were all drawn up on the beach; and, though the day was fine and the season favourable, the chant which is used by the fishers when at sea was silent, as well as the prattle of the children, and the shrill song of the mother as she sits mending her nets by the door. A few of the neighbours, some in their antique and well-saved suits of black, others in their ordinary clothes, but all bearing an expression of mournful sympathy with distress so sudden and unexpected, stood gathered around the door of Mucklebackit's cottage, waiting 'till the body was lifted.' As the Laird of Monkbarns approached, they made way for him to enter, doffing their hats and bonnets, as he passed, with an air of melancholy courtesy, and he returned their salutes in the same manner.

In the inside of the cottage was a scene which Sir Wilkie alone could have painted with that exquisite feeling of nature which characterises his enchanting productions. The body was laid in its coffin within the wooden bedstead which the young fisher had occupied while alive. At a little distance stood the father, whose rugged, weather-beaten countenance, shaded by his grizzled hair, had faced many a stormy night and night-like day. He was apparently revolving his loss in his mind with that strong feeling of painful grief peculiar to harsh and rough characters, which almost breaks forth into hatred against the world and all that remain in it after the beloved object is withdrawn. The old man had made the most desperate efforts to save his son, and had been withheld only by main force from renewing them at a moment when, without the possibility of assisting the sufferer, he must himself have perished. All this apparently was boiling in his recollection. His glance was directed sidelong towards the coffin, as to an object on which he could not steadfastly look, and yet from which he could not withdraw his eyes. His answers to the necessary questions which were occasionally put to him were brief, harsh, and almost fierce. His family had not yet dared to address to him a word either of sympathy or consolation. His masculine wife, virago as she was, and absolute mistress of the family, as she justly boasted herself on all ordinary occasions, was, by this great loss, terrified into silence and submission, and compelled to hide from her husband's observation the bursts of her female sorrow. As he had rejected food ever since the disaster had happened, not daring herself to approach him, she had that morning, with affectionate artifice, employed the youngest and favourite child to present her husband with some nourishment. His first action was to push it from him with an angry violence that frightened the child; his next, to snatch up the boy, and devour him with kisses. 'Ye'll be a braw fellow, an ye be spared, Patie; but ye'll never—never can be—what he was to me! He has sailed the coble wi' me since he was ten years auld, and there wasna the like o' him drew a net betwixt this and Buchan-ness. They say folks maun submit; I will try.' And he had been silent from that moment until compelled to answer the necessary questions we have already noticed. Such was the disconsolate state of the father.

In another corner of the cottage, her face covered by her apron, which was flung over it, sat the mother, the nature of her grief sufficiently indicated by the wringing of her hands, and the convulsive agitations of her bosom, which the covering could not conceal. Two of her gossips, officiously whispering into her ear the commonplace topic of resignation under irremediable misfortune, seemed as if they were endeavouring to stem the grief which they could not console. The sorrow of the children was mingled with wonder at the preparations they beheld around them, and at the unusual display of wheaten bread and wine, which the poorest peasant or fisher offers to the guests on these mournful occasions; and thus their grief for their

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brother's death was almost already lost in admiration of the splendour of his funeral.

But the figure of the old grandmother was the most remarkable of the sorrowing group. Seated on her accustomed chair, with her usual air of apathy, and want of interest in what surrounded her, she seemed every now and then mechanically to resume the motion of twirling her spindle; then to look towards her bosom for the distaff, although both had been laid aside. She would then cast her eyes about, as if surprised at missing the usual implements of her industry, and appear struck by the black colour of the gown in which they had dressed her, and embarrassed by the number of persons by whom she was surrounded. Then finally, she would raise her head with a ghastly look, and fix her eyes upon the bed which contained the coffin of her grandson, as if she had at once, and for the first time, acquired sense to comprehend her inexpressible calamity. These alternate feelings of embarrassment, wonder, and grief, seemed to succeed each other more than once upon her torpid features. But she spoke not a word, neither had she shed a tear, nor did one of the family understand, either from look or expression, to what extent she comprehended the uncommon bustle around her. Thus, she sat among the funeral assembly like a connecting link between the surviving mourners and the dead corpse which they bewailed—a being in whom the light of existence was already obscured by the encroaching shadows of death.

When Oldbuck entered this house of mourning, he was received by a general and silent inclination of the head, and, according to the fashion of Scotland on such occasions, wine and spirits were offered round to the guests. . . . At this moment the clergyman entered the cottage. . . He had no sooner entered the hut, and received the mute and melancholy salutations of the company whom it contained, than he edged himself towards the unfortunate father, and seemed to endeavor to slide in a few words of condolence or of consolation. But the old man was incapable as yet of receiving either; he nodded, however, gruffly, and shook the clergyman's hand in acknowledgement of his good intentions, but was either unable or unwilling to make any verbal reply.

The minister next passed to the mother, moving along the floor as slowly, silently, and gradually as if he had been afraid that the ground would, like unsafe ice, break beneath his feet, or that the first echo of a footstep was to dissolve some magic spell, and plunge the hut, with all its inmates, into a subterranean abyss. The tenor of what he had said to the poor woman could only be judged by her answers, as, half stifled by sobs ill-repressed, and by the covering which she still kept over her countenance, she faintly answered at each pause in his speech: 'Yes, sir, yes!—Ye 're very gude—ye 're very gude!—Nae doubt, nae doubt! It 's our duty to submit! But, O dear! my poor Steenie! the pride o' my very heart, that was sae handsome and comely, and a help to his family, and a comfort to us a', and a pleasure to a' that lookit on him! O my bairn! my bairn! my bairn! what for is thou lying there! and eh! what for am I left to greet for ye!'

There was no contending with this burst of sorrow and natural affection. Oldbuck had repeated recourse to his snuff-box to conceal the tears which, despite his shrewd and caustic temper, were apt to start on such occasions. The female assistants whimpered, the men held their bonnets to their faces and spoke apart with each other. . . .

Mr. Oldbuck observed to the clergyman, that it was time to proceed with the ceremony. The father was incapable of giving directions, but the nearest relation of the family made a sign to the carpenter, who in such cases goes through the duty of the undertaker, to proceed with his office. The creak of the screw-nails presently announced that the lid of the last mansion of mortality was in the act of being secured above its tenant. The last act which separates us for ever, even from the mortal relics of the person we assemble to mourn, has usually its effect upon the most indifferent, selfish, and hard-hearted. With a spirit of contradiction, which we may be pardoned for esteeming narrow-minded, the fathers of the Scottish kirk rejected, even on this most solemn occasion, the form of an address to the Divinity, lest they should be thought to countenance the rituals of Rome or of England. With much better and more liberal judgment, it is the present practice of most of the Scottish clergymen to seize this opportunity of offering a prayer and exhortation, suitable to make an impression upon the living, while they are yet in the very presence of the relics of him whom they have but lately seen such as themselves.

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The coffin, covered with a pall, and supported upon handspikes by the nearest relatives, now only waited the father, to support the head as is customary. Two or three of these privileged persons spoke to him, but he answered only by shaking his hand and his head in token of refusal. With better intention than judgment, the friends, who considered this as an act of duty on the part of the living, and of decency towards the deceased, would have proceeded to enforce their request, had not Oldbuck interfered between the distressed father and his well-meaning tormentors, and informed them, that he himself as landlord and master to the deceased, 'would carry his head to the grave.' In spite of the sorrowful occasion the hearts of the relatives swelled within them at so marked a distinction on the part of the Laird; and old Alison Breck, who was present among other fish-women, swore almost aloud, 'His honour Monkbarns should never want six warp of oysters in the season [of which fish he was understood to be fond], if she should gang to sea and dredge for them hersel, in the foulest wind that ever blew.' And such is the temper of the Scottish common people, that, by this instance of compliance with their customs, and respect for their persons, Mr. Oldbuck gained more popularity than by all the sums which he had yearly distributed in the parish for purposes of private or general charity.

The sad procession now moved slowly forward, preceded by the beadles, or saulies, with their batons—miserable-looking old men, tottering as if on the edge of that grave to which they were marshalling another, and clad, according to Scottish guise, with threadbare black coats, and hunting-caps decorated with rusty crape. Monkbarns would probably have remonstrated against this superfluous expense, had he been consulted; but, in doing so, he would have given more offence than he gained popularity by condescending to perform the office of chief-mourner. Of this he was quite aware, and wisely withheld rebuke, where rebuke and advice would have been equally unavailing. In truth, the Scottish peasantry are still infected with that rage for funeral ceremonial, which once distinguished the grandees of the kingdom so much, that a sumptuary law was made by the parliament of Scotland for the purpose of restraining it; and I have known many in the lowest stations, who have denied themselves not merely the comforts, but almost the necessaries of life, in order to save such a sum of money as might enable their surviving friends to bury them like Christians, as they termed it, nor could their faithful executors be prevailed upon, though equally necessitous, to turn to the use and maintenance of the living, the money vainly wasted upon the interment of the dead.

The procession to the church-yard, at about half a mile's distance, was made with the mournful solemnity usual on these occasions—the body was consigned to its parent earth—and when the labour of the grave-diggers had filled up the trench, and covered it with fresh sod, Mr. Oldbuck, taking his hat off, saluted the assistants, who had stood by in mournful silence, and with that adieu dispersed the mourners.

A Stormy Sunset by the Seaside—From the 'Antiquary.'

The sun was now resting his huge disk upon the edge of the level ocean, and gilded the accumulation of towering clouds through which he had travelled the live-long day, and which now assembled on all sides, like misfortunes and disasters around a sinking empire and falling monarch. Still, however, his dying splendour gave a sombre magnificence to the massive congregation of vapours, forming out of the unsubstantial gloom the show of pyramids and towers, some touched with gold, some with purple some with a hue of deep and dark red. The distant sea, stretched beneath this varied and gorgeous canopy, lay almost portentously still, reflecting back the dazzling and level beams of the descending luminary, and the splendid colouring of the clouds amidst which he was setting. Nearer to the beach, the tide rippled onward in waves of sparkling silver, that imperceptibly, yet rapidly, gained upon the sand.

With a mind employed in admiration of the romantic scene, or perhaps on some more agitating topic, Miss Wardour advanced in silence by her father's side. Following the windings of the beach, they passed one projecting point of headland or rock after another, and now found themselves under a huge and continued extent of the precipices by which that iron-bound coast is in most places defended. Long projecting reefs of rock, extending under water, and only evincing their existence by here and there a peak entirely bare, or by the breakers which foamed over those that were partially covered, rendered Knockwinnock bay dreaded by pilots and ship-masters. The crags which rose between the beach and the mainland, to the height of

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two or three hundred feet, afforded in their crevices shelter to unnumbered sea-fowl, in situations seemingly secured by their dizzy height from the rapacity of man. Many of these wild tribes, with the instinct which sends them to seek the land before a storm arises, were now winging towards their nests with the shrill and dissonant clang which announces disquietude and fear. The disk of the sun became almost totally obscured ere he had altogether sunk below the horizon, and an early and lurid shade of darkness blotted the serene twilight of a summer evening. The wind began next to arise; but its wild and moaning sound was heard some time, and its effect became visible on the bosom of the sea, before the gale was felt on shore. The mass of waters, now dark and threatening, began to lift itself in larger ridges and sink in deeper furrows, forming waves that rose high in foam upon the breakers, or burst upon the beach with a sound resembling distant thunder.

Jeanie Deans and Queen Caroline.—From 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian.'

The queen seemed to acquiesce, and the duke made a signal for Jeanie to advance from the spot where she had hitherto remained, watching countenances which were too long accustomed to suppress all apparent signs of emotion, to convey to her any interesting intelligence. Her majesty could not help smiling at the awe-struck manner in which the quiet, demure figure of the little Scotchwoman advanced towards her, and yet more at the first sound of her broad northern accent. But Jeanie had a voice low and sweetly toned, an admirable thing in woman, and she besought 'her leddyship to have pity on a poor misguided young creature,' in tones so affecting, that, like the notes of some of her native songs, provincial vulgarity was lost in pathos.

'Stand up, young woman,' said the queen, but in a kind tone, 'and tell me what sort of a barbarous people your country-folk are, where child-murder is become so common as to require the restraint of laws like yours.'

'If your leddyship pleases,' answered Jeanie, 'there are mony places besides Scotland where mothers are unkind to their ain flesh and blood.'

It must be observed that the disputes between George II. and Frederick, Prince of Wales, were then at the highest, and that the good-natured part of the public laid the blame on the queen. She coloured highly, and darted a glance of a most penetrating character, first at Jeanie, and then at the duke. Both sustained it unmoved; Jeanie from total unconsciousness of the offence she had given, and the duke from his habitual composure. But in his heart he thought, 'My unlucky *protégée* has with this luckless answer shot dead, by a kind of chance-medley, her only hope of success.'

Lady Suffolk, good-humouredly and skilfully interposed in this awkward crisis. 'You should tell this lady,' she said to Jeanie, 'the particular causes which render this crime common in your country.'

'Some thinks it 's the Kirk-session—that is—it 's the—it 's the cutty-stool, if your leddyship pleases,' said Jeanie, looking down and courtesying.

'The what?' said Lady Suffolk, to whom the phrase was new, and who besides was rather deaf.

'That 's the stool of repentance, madam, if it please your leddyship,' answered Jeanie, 'for light life and conversation, and for breaking the seventh command.' Here she raised her eyes to the duke, saw his hand at his chin, and, totally unconscious of what she had said out of joint, gave double effect to the innuendo, by stopping short and looking embarrassed.

As for Lady Suffolk, she retired like a covering party, which, having interposed betwixt their retreating friends and the enemy, have suddenly drawn on themselves a fire unexpectedly severe.

The deuce take the lass, thought the Duke of Argyle to himself; there goes another shot, and she has hit with both barrels right and left!

Indeed the duke had himself his share of the confusion, for, having acted as master of ceremonies to this innocent offender, he felt much in the circumstances of a country squire, who, having introduced his spaniel into a well-appointed drawing-room, is doomed to witness the disorder and damage which arises to china and to dress-gowns, in consequence of its untimely frolics. Jeanie's last chance-hit, however, obliterated the ill impression which had arisen from the first; for her majesty had not so lost the feelings of a wife in those of a queen, but that she could

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enjoy a jest at the expense of 'her good Suffolk.' She turned towards the Duke of Argyle with a smile, which marked that she enjoyed the triumph, and observed, 'The Scotch are a rigidly moral people.' Then, again applying herself to Jeanie, she asked how she travelled up from Scotland.

'Upon my foot mostly, madam,' was the reply.

'What, all that immense way upon foot? How far can you walk in a day?'

'Five-and-twenty miles and a bittock.'

'And a what?' said the queen, looking towards the Duke of Argyle.

'And about five miles more,' replied the duke.

'I thought I was a good walker,' said the queen, 'but this shames me sadly.'

'May your leddyship never hae sae weary a heart, that ye canna be sensible of the weariness of the limbs,' said Jeanie.

That came better off, thought the duke; it 's the first thing she has said to the purpose.

'And I didna just a'thegither walk the haill way neither, for I had whiles the cast of a cart; and, I had the cast of a horse from Ferrybridge—and divers other easements,' said Jeanie, cutting short her story, for she observed the duke made the sign he had fixed upon.

'With all these accomodations,' answered the queen, 'you must have had a very fatiguing journey, and, I fear, to little purpose; since, if the king were to pardon your sister, in all probability it would do her little good, for I suppose your people of Edinburgh would hang her out of spite.'

She will sink herself now outright, thought the duke.

But he was wrong. The shoals on which Jeanie had touched in this delicate conversation lay underground, and were unknown to her; this rock was above water, and she avoided it.

'She was confident,' she said, 'that baith town and country wad rejoice to see his majesty taking compassion on a poor unfriended creature.'

'His majesty has not found it so in a late instance,' said the queen; 'but I suppose my lord duke would advise him to be guided by the votes of the rabble themselves, who should be hanged and who spared?'

'No, madam,' said the duke, 'but I would advise his majesty to be guided by his own feelings, and those of his royal consort; and then I am sure punishment will only attach itself to guilt, and even then with cautious reluctance.'

'Well, my Lord,' said her majesty, 'all these fine speeches do not convince me of the propriety of so soon shewing any mark of favour to your—I suppose I must not say rebellious?—but, at least, your very disaffected and intractable metropolis. Why, the whole nation is in a league to screen the savage and abominable murderers of that unhappy man; otherwise, how is it possible but that, of so many perpetrators, and engaged in so public an action for such a length of time, one at least must have been recognised? Even this wench, for aught I can tell, may be a depositary of the secret.—Hark you, young woman, had you any friends engaged in the Porteous mob?'

'No, madam,' answered Jeanie, happy that the question was so framed that she could, with a good conscience, answer it in the negative.

'But I suppose,' continued the queen, 'if you were possessed of such a secret, you would hold it a matter of conscience to keep it to yourself?'

'I would pray to be directed and guided what was the line of duty, madam,' answered Jeanie.

'Yes, and take that which suited your own inclinations,' replied her majesty.

'If it like you, madam,' said Jeanie, 'I would hae gaen to the end of the earth to save the life of John Porteous, or any other unhappy man in his condition; but I might lawfully doubt how far I am called upon to be the avenger of his blood, though it may become the civil magistrate to do so. He is dead and gane to his place, and they that have slain him must answer for their ain act. But my sister, my puir sister, Effie, still lives, though her days and hours are numbered! She still lives, and a word of the king's mouth might restore to her a broken-hearted auld man, that never in his daily and nightly exercise forgot to pray that his majesty might be blessed with a long and prosperous reign, and that his throne, and the throne of his posterity, might be established in righteousness. O madam, if ever ye kend what it was to sorrow or and with a sinning and a suffering creature, whose mind is sae tossed that she can

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be neither ca'd fit to live or die, have some compassion on our misery!—Save an honest house from dishonour, and an unhappy girl, not eighteen years of age, from an early and dreadful death! Alas! it is not when we sleep soft and wake merrily ourselves that we think on other people's sufferings. Our hearts are waxed light within us then, and we are for righting our ain wrongs and fighting our ain battles. But when the hour of trouble comes to the mind or to the body—and seldom may it visit your leddyship—and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low—lang and late may it be yours!—Oh, my leddy, then it isna what we hae dune for ouyselves, but what we hae dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly. And the thoughts that ye hae intervened to spare the puir thing's life will be sweeter in that hour, come when it may, than if a word of your mouth could hang the haill Porteous mob at the tail of ae tow.'

Tear followed tear down Jeanie's cheeks, as her features glowing and quivering with emotion, she pleaded her sister's cause with a pathos which was at once simple and solemn.

'This is eloquence,' said her majesty to the Duke of Argyle. 'Young woman,' she continued, addressing herself to Jeanie, 'I cannot grant a pardon to your sister, but you shall not want my warm intercession with his majesty. Take this housewife case,' she continued, putting a small embroidered needle-case into Jeanie's hands; 'do not open it now, but at your leisure—you will find something in it which will remind you that you have had an interview with Queen Caroline.'

Jeanie, having her suspicions thus confirmed, dropped on her knees, and would have expanded herself in gratitude; but the duke, who was upon thorns lest she should say more or less than just enough, touched his chin once more.

'Our business is, I think, ended for the present, my lord duke,' said the queen, 'and, I trust, to your satisfaction. Hereafter I hope to see your grace more frequently, both at Richmond and St. James's. Come, Lady Suffolk, we must wish his grace good-morning.'

They exchanged their parting reverences, and the duke, so soon as the ladies had turned their backs, assisted Jeanie to rise from the ground, and conducted her back through the avenue, which she trod with the feeling of one who walks in her sleep.

Storming of Front-de-Bœuf's Castle.—From 'Ivanhoe.'

'And I must lie here like a bed-ridden monk,' exclaimed Ivanhoe, 'while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others! Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath. Look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm.'

With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

'What dost thou see, Rebecca?' again demanded the wounded knight.

'Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them.'

'That cannot endure,' said Ivanhoe; 'if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is, so will his followers be.'

'I see him not,' said Rebecca.

'Foul craven!' exclaimed Ivanhoe; 'does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?'

'He blenches not! he blenches not!' said Rebecca; 'I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican.—They pull down the piles and palisades; they hew down the barriers with axes.—His high black plume floats abroad over the throng, like a raven over the field of the slain.—They have made a breach in the barriers—they rush in—they are thrust back!—Front-de-Bœuf heads the defenders; I see his gigantic form above the press. They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand, and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds!'

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She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

'Look forth again, Rebecca,' said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; 'the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand.—Look again; there is now less danger.'

Rebecca again looked forth, and almost immediately exclaimed: 'Holy prophets of the law! Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand on the breach, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife.—Heaven strike with the cause of the oppressed and of the captive!' She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed: 'He is down!—he is down!'

'Who is down?' cried Ivanhoe; 'for our dear Lady's sake, tell me which has fallen?'

'The Black Knight,' answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness: 'But no—but no!—the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed!—he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm. His sword is broken—he snatches an axe from a yeoman—he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow. The giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls!'

'Front-de-Bœuf?' exclaimed Ivanhoe.

'Front-de-Bœuf!' answered the Jewess; 'his men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar—their united force compels the champion to pause. They drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls.'

'The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?' said Ivanhoe.

'They have—they have!' exclaimed Rebecca—and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall; some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavour to ascend upon the shoulders of each other—down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads, and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the assault. Great God! hast thou given men thine own image, that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!'

'Think not of that,' said Ivanhoe; 'this is no time for such thoughts. Who yield?—who push their way?'

'The ladders are thrown down,' replied Rebecca, shuddering; the soldiers lie grovelling under them like crushed reptiles. The besieged have the better.'

'Saint George strikes for us!' exclaimed the knight; 'do the false yoemen give way?'

'No!' exclaimed Rebecca; 'they bear themselves right yoemanly—the Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe—the thundering blows which he deals, you may hear them above all the din and shouts of the battle. Stones and beams are hailed down on the bold champion—he regards them no more than if they were thistle-down or feathers!'

'By Saint John of Acre,' said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, 'methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed!'

'The postern gate shakes,' continued Rebecca; 'it crashes—it is splintered by his blows—they rush in—the outwork is won. O God!—they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat—O men, if ye be indeed men, spare them that can resist no longer!'

'The bridge—the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass?' exclaimed Ivanhoe.

'No,' replied Rebecca; 'the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed—few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle—the shrieks and cries which you hear tell the fate of the others. Alas! I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle.'

JOHN GALT.

JOHN GALT, author of 'The Annals of the Parish' and other novels which are valuable as reflecting the peculiarities of Scottish life and manners 'sixty years since,' was a native of Irvine, in Ayrshire. He was born on the 2d of May, 1779. His father commanded a West India vessel; and when the embryo novelist was in his eleventh year,

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the family went to live permanently at Greenock. Here Galt resided fourteen or fifteen years, displaying no marked proficiency at school, but evincing a predilection for poetry, music, and mechanics. He was placed in the custom-house at Greenock, and continued at the desk till about the year 1804, when, without any fixed pursuit, he went to London to 'push his fortune.' He had written a sort of epic poem on the Battle of Largs, and this he committed to the press; but conscious of its imperfections, he did not prefix his name to the work, and he almost immediately suppressed it. Galt then formed an unfortunate commercial connection, which lasted three years, on the termination of which he entered himself of Lincoln's Inn, with the view of being in due time called to the bar. Happening to visit Oxford in company with some friends, he conceived, while standing with them in the quadrangle of Christ-church, the design of writing a Life of Cardinal Wolsey. He set about the task with ardour; but his health failing, he went abroad. At Gibraltar, Galt met with Lord Byron and Mr. Hobhouse, then embarked on their tour for Greece, and the three sailed in the same packet. Galt resided some time in Sicily, then repaired to Malta, and afterwards proceeded to Greece, where he again met with Byron, and also had an interview with Ali Pacha. After rambling for some time among the classic scenes of Greece, Galt proceeded to Constantinople, thence to Nicomedia, and northwards to Kirpe, on the shores of the Black Sea. Some commercial speculations as to the practicability of landing British goods in defiance of the Berlin and Milan decrees, prompted these unusual wanderings. At one time, when detained by quarantine, Galt wrote or sketched six dramas, which were afterwards published in a volume, constituting, according to Sir Walter Scott, 'the worst tragedies ever seen.' On his return he published his 'Voyages and Travels,' and 'Letters from the Levant,' which were well received.

Galt next repaired to Gibraltar, to conduct a commercial business which it was proposed to establish there, but the design was defeated by the success of the Duke of Wellington in the Peninsula. He explored France to see if an opening could be found there, but no prospect appeared, and returning to England, he contributed some dramatic pieces to the New British Theatre. One of these, 'The Appeal,' was brought out at the Edinburgh theatre in 1818, and performed four nights, Sir Walter Scott having written an epilogue for the play. Among Galt's more elaborate compositions may be mentioned a 'Life of Benjamin West,' the artist, 'Historical Pictures,' 'The Wandering Jew,' and 'The Earthquake,' a novel in three volumes. He wrote for 'Blackwood's Magazine' in 1820, 'The Ayrshire Legatees,' a series of letters containing an amusing Scottish narrative. His next work was 'The Annals of the Parish' (1821), which instantly became popular. It is worthy of remark that 'The Annals' had been written some ten or twelve years before the date of

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its publication, and anterior to the appearance of 'Waverley' and 'Guy Mannering,' and that it was rejected by the publishers of those works, with the assurance that a novel or work of fiction entirely Scottish would not take with the public! Galt went on with his usual ardour in the composition of Scotch novels. He had now found where his strength lay, and 'Sir Andrew Wylie,' 'The Entail,' 'The Steam-boat,' and 'The Provost,' were successively published—the first two with decided success. These were followed at no long intervals by 'Ringan Gilhaize,' a story of the Scottish Covenanters; by 'The Spaewife,' a tale of the times of James I. of Scotland; and 'Rothelan,' a novel partly historical, founded on the work by Barnes on the Life and Reign of Edward I. Galt also published, anonymously, in 1824, an interesting imaginative little tale, 'The Omen,' which was reviewed by Sir Walter Scott in 'Blackwood's Magazine.' In fertility, Galt was only surpassed by Scott. His genius was unequal, and he does not seem to have been able to discriminate between the good and the bad. We next find Galt engaged in the formation and establishment of the Canada Company, which involved him in a long labyrinth of troubles; but previous to his departure, Galt composed his novel, 'The Last of the Lairds,' also descriptive of Scottish life.

He set out for America in 1826, his mission being limited to inquiry, for accomplishing which eight months were allowed. His duties, however, were increased, and his stay prolonged, by the numerous offers to purchase lots of land, and for determining on the system of management to be pursued by the Company. A million of capital had been intrusted to his management. On the 23d of April (St. George's Day) 1827, Galt proceeded to found the town of Guelph, in the Upper Province of Canada, which he did with due ceremony. The site selected for the town having been pointed out, 'a large maple tree,' he says, 'was chosen; on which, taking an axe from one of the woodmen, I struck the first stroke. To me, at least, the moment was impressive; and the silence of the woods that echoed to the sound was as the sigh of the solemn genius of the wilderness departing for ever.' The city soon prospered: in three months upwards of 160 building-lots were engaged, and houses rising as fast as building materials could be prepared. Before the end of the year, however, the founder of the city was embroiled in difficulties. Some secret enemies had misrepresented him—he was accused of lowering the Company's stock—his expenditure was complained of; and the Company sent out an accountant to act not only in that capacity but as cashier. Matters came to a crisis, and Galt determined to return to England. Ample testimony has been borne to the skill and energy with which he conducted the operations of this Company; but his fortune and his prospects had fled. Thwarted and depressed, he was resolved to battle with his fate, and he set himself down in England to build a new scheme of life, 'in which the secondary condition of

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authorship was made primary.' In six months Galt had six volumes ready. His first work was another novel in three volumes, 'Lawrie Todd,' which is equal to 'The Annals of the Parish or the Entail.' It was well received; and he soon after produced another, descriptive of the customs and manners of Scotland in the reign of Queen Mary, and entitled 'Southennan.'

For a short time in the same year (1830) Galt conducted the 'Courier' newspaper, but this new employment did not suit him, and he gladly left the daily drudgery to complete a 'Life of Byron.' The comparative brevity of this memoir (one small volume), the name of Galt as its author, and the interesting nature of the subject, soon sold three or four editions of the work; but it was sharply assailed by the critics. Some of the positions taken up by the author (as that, 'had Byron not been possessed of genius, he might have been a better man'), and some quaintness and affectation of expression, exposed him to ridicule. Galt next executed a series of 'Lives of the Players,' an amusing compilation; and 'Bogle Corbet,' another novel, the object of which, he said, was to give a view of society generally, as 'The Provost,' was of burgh incidents simply, and of the sort of *genteel* persons who are sometimes found among the emigrants to the United States. Disease now invaded the robust frame of the novelist; but he wrote on, and in a short time four other works of fiction issued from his pen—'Stanley Buxton,' 'The Member,' 'The Radical,' and 'Eben Erskine.' In 1832, an affection of the spine and an attack resembling paralysis, greatly reduced Galt, and subjected him to acute pain. Next year, however, he was again at the press. His work was a tale, entitled 'The Lost Child.' He also composed a Memoir of his own life in two volumes—a curious ill-digested melange, but worthy of perusal. In 1834 he published 'Literary Miscellanies,' in three volumes, dedicated to King William IV., who generously sent a sum of £200 to the author. He returned to his native country a perfect wreck, the victim of repeated attacks of paralysis; yet he wrote several pieces for periodical works, and edited the productions of others. After severe and protracted sufferings, borne with great firmness and patience, Galt died at Greenock on the 11th of April 1839.

Of the long list of our author's works, the greater part are already forgotten. Not a few of his novels, however, bid fair to be permanent, and 'The Annals of the Parish' will probably be read as long as 'Waverley' or 'Guy Mannering.' This inimitable little tale is the simple record of a country minister during the fifty years of his incumbency. Besides many amusing and touching incidents, the work presents us with a picture of the rise and progress of a Scottish rural village, and its transition to a manufacturing town, as witnessed by the minister, a man as simple as Abraham Adams, imbued with all old-fashioned national feelings and prejudices, but thoroughly sincere, kind-hearted, and pious. This Presbyterian worthy, the

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Rev. Micah Balwhidder, is a fine representative of the primitive Scottish pastor; diligent, blameless, loyal, and exemplary in his life, but without the fiery zeal and 'kirk-filling eloquence' of the supporters of the Covenant. Micah is easy, garrulous, fond of a quiet joke, and perfectly ignorant of the world. Little things are great to him in his retirement and his simplicity; and thus we find him chronicling, among his memorable events, the arrival of a dancing-master, the planting of a pear-tree, the getting a new bell for the kirk, the first appearance of Punch's Opera in the country-side, and other incidents of a like nature, which he mixes up indiscriminately with the breaking out of the American war, the establishment of manufactures, or the spread of French Revolutionary principles. Amidst the quaint humour and shrewd observation of honest Micah are some striking and pathetic incidents. Mrs. Malcolm, the widow of a Clyde shipmaster, comes to settle in his village; and being 'a genty body, calm, and methodical,' she brought up her children in a superior manner, and they all get on in the world. One of them becomes a sailor; and there are few more touching narratives in the language than the account of this cheerful, gallant-hearted lad, from his first setting off to sea, to his death as a midshipman in an engagement with the French. Taken altogether, this work of Galt's is invaluable for its truth and nature, its quiet unforced humour and pathos, its genuine nationality as a faithful record of Scottish feeling and manners, and its rich felicity of homely antique Scottish phrase and expression, which to his countrymen is perhaps the crowning excellence of the author.

In the following passage, the placing of Mr. Balwhidder as minister of Dalmailing is admirably described:

Placing of a Scottish Minister.

It was a great affair; for I was put in by the patron, and the people knew nothing whatsoever of me, and their hearts were stirred into strife on the occasion, and they did all that lay within the compass of their power to keep me out, insomuch that there was obliged to be a guard of soldiers to protect the presbytery; and it was a thing that made my heart grieve when I heard the drum beating and the fife playing as we were going to the kirk. The people were really mad and vicious, and flung dirt upon us as we passed, and reviled us all, and held out the finger of scorn at me; but I endured it with a resigned spirit, compassionating their wilfulness and blindness. Poor old Mr. Kilfuddy of the Braehill got such a clash of glaur [mire] on the side of his face, that his eye was almost extinguished.

When we got to the kirk door, it was found to be nailed up, so as by no possibility to be opened. The sergeant of the soldiers wanted to break it, but I was afraid that the heritors would grudge and complain of the expense of a new door, and I supplicated him to let it be as it was; we were therefore obligated to go in by a window, and the crowd followed us in the most unreverent manner, making the Lord's house like an inn on a fair-day with their grievous yelly-hooing. During the time of the psalm and the sermon they behaved themselves better, but when the induction came on, their clamour was dreadful; and Thomas Thorl, the weaver, a pious zealot in that time, got up and protested, and said: 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber.' And I thought I would have a hard and sore time of it with such an outstrapolous people. Mr. Given, that was then the minister, of Lugton, was a jocose man, and would have his joke even at a solemnity. When the

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laying of the hands upon me was a doing, he could not get near enough to put on his, but he stretched out his staff and touched my head, and said, to the great diversion of the rest: 'This will do well enough—timber to timber;' but it was an unfriendly saying of Mr. Given, considering the time and the place, and the temper of my people.

After the ceremony we then got out at the window, and it was a heavy day to me; but we went to the manse, and there we had an excellent dinner, which Mrs. Watts of the new inn of Irville prepared at my request, and sent her chaise-driver to serve, for he was likewise her waiter, she having then but one chaise, and that not often called for.

But although my people received me in this unruly manner, I was resolved to cultivate civility among them; and therefore the very next morning I began a round of visitations; but oh! it was a steep brae that I had to climb, and it needed a stout heart, for I found the doors in some places barred against me; in others, the bairns, when they saw me coming, ran crying to their mothers: 'Here's the feckless Mess-John;' and then, when I went in into the houses, their parents would not ask me to sit down, but with a scornful way said: 'Honest man, what's your pleasure here?' Nevertheless, I walked about from door to door, like a dejected beggar, till I got the almous deed of a civil reception, and—who would have thought it!—from no less a person than the same Thomas Thorl, that was so bitter against me in the kirk on the foregoing day.

Thomas was standing at the door with his green duffle apron and his red Kilmarnock night-cap—I mind him as well as if it was but yesterday—and he had seen me going from house to house, and in what manner I was rejected, and his bowels were moved, and he said to me in a kind manner: 'Come in, sir, and ease yourself'; this will never do; the clergy are God's corbies, and for their Master's sake it behooves us to respect them. There was no ane in the whole parish mair against you than mysel', but this early visitation is a symptom of grace that I couldna have expectit from a bird out of the nest of patronage.' I thanked Thomas, and went in with him, and we had some solid conversation together, and I told him that it was not so much the pastor's duty to feed the flock, as to herd them well; and that, although there might be some abler with the head than me, there wasna a he within the bounds of Scotland more willing to watch the fold by night and by day. And Thomas said he had not heard a mair sound observe for some time, and that if I held to that doctrine in the poopit, it wouldna be lang till I would work a change. 'I was mindit,' quoth he, 'never to set my foot within the kirk door while you were there; but to testify, and no to condemn without a trial, I'll be there next Lord's day, and egg my neighbours to be likewise, so ye'll no have to preach just to the bare walls and the laird's family.'

'The Ayrshire Legatees' is a story of the same cast as 'The Annals,' and describes (chiefly by means of correspondence) the adventures of another country minister and his family on a journey to London to obtain a rich legacy left him by a cousin in India. 'The Provost' is another portraiture of Scottish life, illustrative of the jealousies, contentions, local improvements, and *jobbery* of a small burgh in the olden time. Some of the descriptions in this work are very powerfully written. 'Sir Andrew Wylie' and 'The Entail' are more regular and ambitious performances, treble the length of the others, but not so carefully finished. The *pawkie* Ayrshire baronet is humorous, but not very natural. The character of Leddy Grippy in 'The Entail' was a prodigious favourite with Byron. Both Scott and Byron, it is said, read this novel three times—no slight testimony to its merits. We should be disposed, however, to give the preference to another of Galt's three-volume fictions, 'Lawrie Todd, or the Settlers,' a work which seems to have no parallel, since Defoe, for apparent reality, knowledge of human nature, and fertility of in-

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vention. The history of a real individual, a man named Grant Thorburn, supplied the author with part of his incidents, as the story of Alexander Selkirk did Defoe; but the mind and the experience of Galt are stamped on almost every page. In his former productions our author wrought with his recollections of the Scotland of his youth; the mingled worth, simplicity, *pawkiness*, and enthusiasm which he had seen or heard of as he loitered about Irvine or Greenock, or conversed with the country sires and matrons; but in 'Lawrie Todd' we have the fruit of his observations in the New World, presenting an entirely different and original phase of the Scottish character.

Lawrie is by trade a nailmaker, who emigrates with his brother to America; and their stock of worldly goods and riches, on arriving at New York, consisted of about five shillings in money, and an old chest containing some articles of dress and other necessaries. Lawrie works hard at the nailmaking, marries a pious and industrious maiden —who soon dies—and in time becomes master of a grocer's shop, which he exchanges for the business of a seedsman. The latter is a bad affair, and Laurie is compelled to sell all off, and begin the world again. He removes with his family to the backwoods, and once more is prosperous. He clears, builds, purchases land, and speculates to great advantage, till he is at length enabled to return to Scotland in some style, and visit the place of his nativity. This Scotish jaunt is a blemish in the work, for the incidents and descriptions are ridiculously exaggerated. But nothing can be better than the account of the early struggles of this humble hero—the American sketches of character with which the work abounds—the view it gives of life in the backwoods—or the peculiar *freshness* and vigor that seem to accompany every scene and every movement of the story. In perception of character and motive, within a certain sphere, Galt stands unsurpassed; and he has energy as well as quickness. His taste, however, was very defective; and this, combined with the hurry and uncertainty of his latter days, led him to waste his original powers on subjects unfitted for his pen, and injurious to his reputation. The story of his life is a melancholy one; his genius was an honour to his country, and merited a better reward.

The Windy Yule, or Christmas.—From 'The Provost.'

In the morning, the weather was blasty and sleety, waxing more and more tempestuous until about mid-day, when the wind checked suddenly round from the nor-east to the sou-west, and blew a gale, as if the Prince of the powers of the air was doing his utmost to work mischief. The rain blattered, the windows clattered, the shop shutters flapped, pigs from the lum-heads came rattling down like thunderclaps, and the skies were dismal both with cloud and carry. Yet, for all that, there was in the streets a stir and a busy visitation between neighbours, and every one went to their high windows, to look at the five poor barks that were warsling against the strong arm of the elements of the storm and the ocean.

Still the lift gloomed, and the wind roared; and it was as doleful a sight as ever was seen in any town afflicted with calamity, to see the sailors' wives, with their red cloaks about their heads, followed by their hirpling and disconsolate bairns, going one after another to the kirk-yard, to look at the vessels

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where their helpless bread-winners were battling with the tempest. My heart was really sorrowful, and full of a sore anxiety to think of what might happen to the town, whereof so many were in peril, and to whom no human magistracy could extend the arm of protection. Seeing no abatement of the wrath of heaven, that howled and roared around us, I put on my big coat, and taking my staff in my hand, having tied down my hat with a silk handkerchief, towards gloaming I walked likewise to the kirkyard, where I beheld such an assemblage of sorrow, as few men in my situation have ever been put to the trial to witness.

In the lee of the kirk many hundreds of the town were gathered together; but there was no discourse among them. The major part were sailors' wives and weans, and at every new thud of the blast, a sob rose, and the mothers drew their bairns closer in about them, as if they saw the visible hand of a foe raised to smite them. Apart from the multitude, I observed three or four young lasses, standing behind the Whinnyhill families' tomb, and I jaloused that they had joes in the ships, for they often looked to the bay, with long necks and sad faces, from behind the monument. But of all the pitious objects there on that doleful evening, none troubled my thoughts more than three motherless children, that belonged to the mate of one of the vessels in the jeopardy. He was an Englishman that had been settled some years in the town, where his family had neither kith nor kin; and his wife having died about a month before, the bairns, of whom the eldest was but nine or so, were friendless enough, though both my gudewife, and other well-disposed ladies, paid them all manner of attention, till their father would come home. The three poor little things, knowing that he was in one of the ships, had been often out and anxious, and they were then sitting under the lee of a headstone, near their mother's grave, chittering and creeping closer and closer at every squall! Never was such an orphan-like sight seen.

When it began to be so dark that the vessels could no longer be discerned from the churchyard, many went down to the shore, and I took the three babies home with me, and Mrs. Pawkie made tea for them, and they soon began to play with our own younger children, in blithe forgetfulness of the storm; every now and then, however, the eldest of them, when the shutters rattled, and the lum-head roared, would pause in his innocent daffing, and cower in towards Mrs. Pawkie, as if he was daunted and dismayed by something he knew not what.

Many a one that night walked the sounding shore in sorrow, and fires were lighted along it to a great extent, but the darkness and the noise of the raging deep, and the howling wind, never intermitted till about midnight; at which time a message was brought to me, that it might be needful to send a guard of soldiers to the beach, for that broken masts and tackle had come in, and that surely some of the barks had perished. I lost no time in obeying this suggestion, which was made to me by one of the owners of the *Louping Meg*; and to shew that I sincerely sympathised with all those in affliction, I rose and dressed myself, and went down to the shore, where I directed several old boats to be drawn up by the fires, and blankets to be brought, and cordials prepared, for them that might be spared with life to reach the land; and I walked the beach with the mourners till the morning.

As the day dawned, the wind began to abate in its violence, and to wear away from the sou-west into the norit; but it was soon discovered that some of the vessels with the corn had perished; for the first thing seen was a long fringe of tangle and grain, along the line of the high-water mark, and every one strained with greedy and grieved eyes, as the daylight brightened, to discover which had suffered. But I can proceed no further with the dismal recital of that doleful morning. Let it suffice here to be known, that, through the haze, we at last saw three of the vessels lying on their beam-ends, with their masts broken, and the waves riding like the furious horses of destruction over them. What had become of the other two, was never known; but it was supposed that they had foundered at their anchors, and that all on board perished.

The day being now Sabbath, and the whole town idle, everybody in a manner was down on the beach, to help and mourn, as the bodies, one after another, were cast out by the waves. Alas! few were the better of my provident preparation; and it was a thing not to be described, to see, for more than a mile along the coast, the new-made widows and fatherless bairns mourning and weeping over the corpses of those they loved. Seventeen bodies were, before ten o'clock, carried to the desolated dwell-

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ings of their families; and when old Thomas Pull, the bethere*ll*, went to ring the bell for public worship, such was the universal sorrow of the town, that Nanse Donsie, an idiot natural, ran up the street to stop him, crying, in the voice of pardonable desperation: 'Wha, in sic a time, can praise the Lord!'

THOMAS HOPE.

THOMAS HOPE (1770–1831), the author of 'Anastasius,' was one of the merchant-princes whom commerce led to opulence, and who repaid the compliment by ennobling his origin and pursuits with taste, munificence, and genius. He was one of three brothers, wealthy merchants in Amsterdam. When a young man, he spent some years in foreign travel, visiting the principal places in Europe, Asia, and Africa. On his return he settled in London, purchased a large house and a country mansion (Deepdene, near Dorking), and embellished both with drawings, picture-galleries, sculpture, amphitheatres for antiques, and all other rare and costly appliances. His appearances as an author arose out of these favourite occupations and studies. In 1805, he published a folio volume of drawings and descriptions, entitled 'Household Furniture and Decorations.' The ambitious style of this work, and the author's devotion to the forms of chairs, sofas, couches, and tables, provoked a witty piece of ridicule in the 'Edinburgh Review;' but the man of taste and virtù triumphed. A more classical and appropriate style of furniture and domestic utensils gained ground; and with Mr. Hope rests the honour of having achieved the improvement. Two other splendid publications proceeded from Mr. Hope, 'The Costume of the Ancients' (1809), and 'Designs of Modern Costumes' (1812), both works evincing extensive knowledge and curious research.

In 1819, Mr. Hope burst forth as a novelist of the first order. He had studied human nature as well as architecture and costume, and his early travels had exhibited to him men of various creeds and countries. The result was 'Anastasius, or Memoirs of a Modern Greek, written at the close of the Eighteenth Century,' in three volumes. The author's name was not prefixed to the work—as it was given forth as a veritable history—but the secret soon became known, and Mr. Hope, from being reputed as something like a learned upholsterer or clever draughtsman, was at once elevated into a rivalry with Byron as a glowing painter of foreign scenery and manners, and with Le Sage and the other masters of the novel, in the art of conducting a fable and delineating character. The author turned from fiction to metaphysics, and composed a work 'On the Origin and Prospects of Man,' which he did not live to see through the press, but which was published after his decease. His cosmogony is strange and unorthodox; but amidst his paradoxes, conceits and abstruse speculations, are many ingenious views and eloquent disquisitions. He was author also of an 'Essay on Architecture,' not published till 1835—an ingenious work, which went through several editions. Mr. Hope died on the 3d of February, 1831, and probate was granted for £180,000

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personal property. Mr. Beckford and 'Vathek' are the only parallels to Mr. Hope and 'Anastasius' in oriental wealth and imagination.

'Anastasius' is one of the most original and dazzling of modern romances. The hero is, like Zeluco, a villain spoiled by early indulgence; he becomes a renegade to his faith, a mercenary, a robber, and an assassin; but the elements of a better nature are sown in his composition, and break forth at times. He is a native of Chios, the son of Greek parents. To avoid the consequences of an amour with Helena, the consul's daughter, he runs off to sea in a Venetian vessel, which is boarded by pirates and captured. The pirates are in turn taken by a Turkish frigate, and carried before Hassan Pasha. Anastasius is released, fights with the Turks in the war against the Arnoots, and accompanies the Greek dragoman to Constantinople. Disgrace and beggary reduce him to various shifts and adventures. He follows a Jew quack-doctor selling nostrums—is thrown into the Bagnio, or state-prison—afterwards embraces the Turkish faith—revisits Greece—proceeds to Egypt—and subsequently ranges over Arabia, and visits Malta, Sicily, and Italy. His intrigues, adventures, sufferings, &c. are innumerable. Every aspect of Greek and Turkish society is depicted—sarcasm, piquant allusion, pathos and passion, and descriptions of scenery, are strangely intermingled in the narrative. Wit, epigram, and the glitter of rhetorical amplification, occupy too much space; but the scene is constantly shifting, and the work possesses the truth and accuracy of a book of travels joined to those of a romance. The traveller, too, is a thorough man of the world, has a keen insight into human weaknesses and foibles, and describes his adventures and impressions without hypocrisy or reserve. The most powerful passages are those in which pathos is predominant—such as the scenes with Euphrosyne, whom Anastasius has basely violated—his sensations on revisiting Greece and the tomb of Helena—his reflections on witnessing the dead Arnoot soldier whom he had slain—the horrors of the plague and famine—and, above all, the account of the death of Alexis, the child of Anastasius, and in whom were centered the only remains of his human affection, his love and hope. The gradual decay of this youth, and the intense anxiety and watchfulness of his father, constitute a scene of genuine grief and tenderness. We forget the craft and villainy of Anastasius, thus humbled and prostrate. His wild gaiety and heartless jests, his degeneracy and sensualism, have passed away. They had palled upon himself, but one spring of pure affection remained to redeem his nature; and it is not without the strongest pity and kindred commiseration that we see the desperate adventurer reduced to loneliness and heart-broken despair. The scene is introduced by an account of his recovering his lost son in Egypt, and carrying him off to Europe:

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The Death of Anastasius's Son.

My cousin's letter had promised me a brilliant lot, and—what was better—my own pockets insured me a decent competence. The refinements of a European education should add every external elegance to my boy's innate excellence, and, having myself moderately enjoyed the good things of this world, while striving to deserve the better promised in the next, I should, ere my friends became tired of my dotage, resign my last breath in the arms of my child.

The blue sky seemed to smile upon my cheerful thoughts, and the green wave to murmur approbation of my plan. Almighty God! what was there in it so heinous to deserve that an inexorable fate should cast it to the winds?

In the midst of my dream of happiness, my eye fell upon the darling object in which centred all its sweets. Insensibly my child's prattle had diminished, and had at last subsided in an unusual silence. I thought he looked pale; his eyes seemed heavy, and his lips felt parched. The rose, that every morning, still so fresh, so erect on its stalk, at mid-day hung its heavy head, discoloured, wan, and fading; but so frequently had the billows, during the fury of the storm, drenched my boy's little crib, that I could not wonder he should have felt their effects in a severe cold. I put him to bed, and tried to hush him to sleep. Soon, however, his face grew flushed, and his pulse became feverish. I failed alike in my endeavours to procure him repose and to afford him amusement: but, though playthings were repulsed, and tales no longer attended to, still he could not bear me an instant out of his sight; nor would he take anything except at my hands. Even when—as too soon it did—his reason began to wander, his filial affection retained its pristine hold of his heart. It had grown into an adoration of his equally doting father; and the mere consciousness of my presence seemed to relieve his uneasiness.

Had not my feelings, a few moments only before, been those of such exceeding happiness, I should not so soon perhaps have conceived great alarm; but I had throughout life found every extraordinary burst of joy followed by some unforeseen calamity; and my exultation had just risen to so unusual a pitch, that a deep dismay now at once struck me to the heart. I felt convinced that I had only been carried to so high a pinnacle of joy, in order to be hurled with greater ruin into an abyss of woe. Such became my anxiety to reach Trieste, and to obtain the best medical assistance, that even while the ship continued to cleave the waves like an arrow, I fancied it lay like a log upon the main. How, then, did my pangs increase when, as if in resentment of my unjust complaints, the breeze, dying away, really left our keel motionless on the waters! My anguish baffled all expression.

In truth, I do not know how I preserved my senses, except from the need I stood in of their aid; for, while we lay cursed with absolute immobility, and the sun ever found us, on rising, in the same place where it had left us on setting, my child—my darling child—was every instant growing worse, and sinking apace under the pressure of illness. To the deep and flushing glow of a complexion far exceeding in its transient brilliancy even the brightest hues of health, had succeeded a settled unchanging deadly paleness. His eye, whose round full orb was wont to beam upon me with mild but fervent radiance, now dim and wandering, for the most part remained half closed; and when, roused by my address, the idol of my heart strove to raise his languid look, and to meet the fearful inquiries of mine, he only shewed all the former fire of his countenance extinct. In the more violent bursts, indeed, of his unceasing delirium, his wasting features sometimes acquired a fresh but sad expression. He would then start up, and with his feeble hands clasped together, and big tears rolling down his faded cheeks, beg in the most moving terms to be restored to his home: but mostly he seemed absorbed in inward musings, and, no longer taking note of the passing hour, he frequently during the course of the day moved his pallid lips, as if repeating to himself the little prayer which he had been wont to say at bed-time and at rising, and the blessings I had taught him to add, addressed to his mother on behalf of his father. If—wretched to see him thus, and doubly agonised to think that I alone had been the cause—I burst out into tears which I strove to hide, his perception of outward objects seemed all at once for a moment to return. He asked me whether I was hurt, and would lament that, young and feeble as he was, he could not yet nurse me as he wished; but promised me better care when he should grow stronger.

In this way hour after hour, and day after day, rolled on, without any progress in

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our voyage, while all I had left to do was to sit doubled over my child's couch, watching all his wants, and studying all his looks, trying, but in vain, to discover some amendment. 'Oh, for those days,' I now thought, 'when a calm at sea appeared an intolerable evil, only because it stopped some tide of folly or delayed some scheme of vice!'

At last one afternoon, when, totally exhausted with want of sleep, I sat down by my child in all the composure of torpid despair, the sailors rushed in one and all—for even they had felt my agony, and doted on my boy. They came to cheer me with better tidings. A breeze had just sprung up! The waves had again begun to ripple, and the lazy keel to stir. As minute pressed on minute, the motion of the ship became swifter; and presently, as if nothing had been wanting but a first impulse, we again dashed through the waves with all our former speed.

Every hour now brought us visibly nearer the inmost recess of the deep Adriatic and the end of our journey. Pola seemed to glide by like a vision: presently we passed Fiume: we saw Capo d'Istria but a few minutes: at last we described Trieste itself! Another half-hour, and every separate house became visible, and not long after we ran full sail into the harbour. The sails were taken in, the anchor was dropped, and a boat instantly came alongside.

All the necessary preparations had been made for immediately conveying my patient on shore. Wrapped up in a shawl, he was lifted out of his crib, laid on a pillow, and lowered into the boat, where I held him in my lap, protected to the best of my power from the roughness of the blast and the dashing of the spray until we reached the quay.

In my distress I had totally forgotten the taint contracted at Melada, and had purposed, the instant we stepped on shore, to carry my child straight to a physician. New anguish pierced my soul when two bayonets crossed upon my breast, forced me, in spite of my alternate supplication and rage, to remain on the jetty, there to wait his coming, and his previous scrutiny of all our healthy crew. All I could obtain as a special favour was a messenger to hurry his approach, while, panting for his arrival, I sat down with my Alexis in my arms under a low shed which kept off a pelting shower. I scarce know how long this situation lasted. My mind was so wrapped up in the danger of my boy as to remain wholly unconscious of the bustle around, except when the removal of some cask or barrel forced me to shift my station. Yet, while wholly deaf to the unceasing din of the place, I could discern the faintest rumour that seemed to announce the approaching physician. Oh, how I cursed his unfeeling delay! how I would have paved his way with gold to have hastened his coming! and yet a something whispered continually in my ear that the utmost speed of man no longer could avail.

Ah! that at least, confirmed in this sad persuasion, I might have tasted the heart-rending pleasure of bestowing upon my departing child the last earthly endearments! but tranquil, composed, and softly slumbering as he looked, I feared to disturb a repose on which I founded my only remaining hopes. All at once, in the midst of my despair, I saw a sort of smile light up my darling's features, and, hard as I strove to guard against all vain illusions, I could not at this sight stop a ray of gladness from gliding unchecked into my trembling heart. Short, however, was the joy; soon vanished the deceitful symptom! On a closer view it only appeared to have been a slight convulsion which had hurried over my child's now tranquil countenance, as will sometimes dart over the smooth mirror of a dormant lake the image of a bird in the air. It looked like the response of a departing angel to those already on high, that hailed his speedy coming. The soul of my Alexis was fast preparing for its flight.

Lest he might feel ill at ease in my lap, I laid him down upon my cloak, and kneeled by his side to watch the growing change in his features. The present now was all to me: the future I knew I no longer should reck. Feeling my breath close to his cheek, he half opened his eyes, looked as if after a long absence again suddenly recognising his father, and—putting out his little mouth—seemed to crave one last token of love. The temptation was too powerful: I gently pressed my lip upon that of my babe, and gathered from it the proffered kiss. Life's last faint spark was just going forth, and I caught it on the threshold. Scarce had I drawn back my face, when all respiration ceased. His eye-strings broke, his features fell, and his limbs stiffened for ever. All was over: Alexis was no more.

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JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART.

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART (1794-1854), the biographer of his illustrious father-in-law, Sir Walter Scott, and editor of the 'Quarterly Review' from 1826 till 1852, was author of four novels—'Valerius, a Roman Story,' three volumes, 1821; 'Adam Blair,' one volume, 1822; 'Reginald Dalton,' three volumes, 1823; and 'Matthew Wald,' one volume, 1824.

The first of Mr. Lockhart's productions is the best. It is a tale of the times of Trajan, when that emperor, disregarding the example of his predecessor Nerva, persecuted the small Christian community which had found shelter in the bosom of the Eternal City, and were calmly pursuing their pure worship and peaceful lives. As the blood of the martyr is the seed of the church, the Christians were extending their numbers, though condemned to meet in caves and sepulchres, and forced to renounce the honours and ambition of the world. The hero of the tale visits Rome for the first time at this interesting period. He is the son of a Roman commander, who had settled in Britain, and is summoned to Rome after the death of his parents to take possession of an estate to which, as the heir of the Valerii, he had become entitled. His kinsman Licinius, an eminent lawyer, receives him with affection, and introduces him to his friends and acquaintances. We are thus presented with sketches of the domestic society of the Romans, with pictures of the Forum, the baths, temples, and other marvels of Rome, which are briefly, but distinctly and picturesquely delineated.

At the villa of Capito, an Epicurean philosopher, Valerius meets with the two fair nieces of his host, Sempronia and Athanasia. The latter is the heroine of the tale—a pure intellectual creation, in which we see united the Roman grace and feminine sweetness of the patrician lady, with the high-souled fortitude and elevation of the Christian. Athanasia has embraced the new faith, and is in close communion with its professors. Her charms overcome Valerius, who soon obtains possession of her secret; and after various adventures, in which he succours the persecuted maiden, and aids in her wonderful escape, he is at length admitted by baptism into the fellowship of the Christians, and embarks with Athanasia for Britain. One of the most striking scenes in the novel is a grand display at the Flavian amphitheatre, given by the emperor on the anniversary of the day on which he was adopted by Nerva. On this occasion a Christian prisoner is brought forward, either to renounce his faith in the face of the assembly, or to die in the arena. Eighty thousand persons, 'from the lordly senators on their silken couches, along the parapet of the arena, up to the impenetrable mass of plebeian heads which skirted the horizon, above the topmost wall of the amphitheatre itself,' were there met. The description concludes with the execution of the Christian. In another scene there is great classic grace, united with

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delicacy of feeling. It describes Athanasia in prison, and visited there by Valerius, through the connivance of Silo, the jailer, who belongs to the Christian party:

Athanasia in Prison.

Alas! said I to myself, of what tidings am I doomed ever to be the messenger! but she was alone; and how could I shrink from any pain that might perhaps alleviate hers? I took the key, glided along the corridors, and stood once more at the door of the chamber in which I had parted from Athanasia. No voice answered to my knock; I repeated it three times, and then, agitated with indistinct apprehension, hesitated no longer to open it. No lamp was burning within the chamber, but from without there entered a wavering glare of deep saffron-coloured light, which shewed me Athanasia extended on her couch. Its ominous and troubled hue had no power to mar the image of her sleeping tranquillity. I hung over her for a moment, and was about to disturb that slumber—perhaps the last slumber of peace and innocence—when the chamber walls were visited with a yet deeper glare. 'Caius,' she whispered, as I stepped from beside the couch, 'why do you leave me? Stay, Valerius.' I looked back, but her eyelids were still closed; the same calm smile was upon her dreaming lips. The light streamed redder and more red. All in an instant became as quiet without as within. I approached the window, and saw Cotilius standing in the midst of the court, Sabinus and Silo near him; the horsemen drawn up on either side, and a soldier close behind resting upon an unsheathed sword. I saw the keen blue eye as fierce as ever. I saw that the blood was still fervid in his cheeks; for the complexion of this man was of the same bold and florid brightness, so uncommon in Italy, which you have seen represented in the pictures of Sylla; and even the blaze of the torches seemed to strive in vain to heighten its natural scarlet. The soldier had lifted his sword, and my eye was fixed, as by fascination, when suddenly a deep voice was heard amidst the deadly silence: 'Cotilius!—look up, Cotilius!'

Aurelius, the Christian priest, standing at an open window not far distant from that at which I was placed, stretched forth his fettered hand as he spake: 'Cotilius! I charge thee look upon the hand from which the blessed water of baptism was cast upon thy head. I charge thee, look upon me, and say, ere yet the blow be given, upon what hope thy thoughts are fixed? Is this sword bared against the rebel of Cæsar, or a martyr of Jesus? I charge thee, speak; and for thy soul's sake speak truly'

A bitter motion of derision passed over his lips, and he nodded, as if impatiently, to the Prætorian. Instinctively I turned me from the spectacle, and my eye rested again upon the couch of Athanasia—but not upon the vision of her tranquillity. The clap with which the corpse fell upon the stones had perhaps reached the sleeping ear, and we know with what swiftness thoughts chase thoughts in the wilderness of dreams. So it was that she started at the very moment when the blow was given; and she whispered—for it was still but a deep whisper: 'Spare me, Trajan, Cæsar, Prince—have pity on my youth—strengthen, strengthen me, good Lord! Fie! Fie! we must not lie to save life. Felix—Valerius—come close to me, Caius—Fie! let us remember we are Romans—'Tis the trumpet'——

The Prætorian trumpet sounded the march in the court below, and Athanasia, starting from her sleep, gazed wildly around the reddened chamber. The blast of the trumpet was indeed in her ear—and Valerius hung over her: but after a moment the cloud of the broken dream passed away, and the maiden smiled as she extended her hand to me from the couch, and began to gather up the ringlets that floated all down upon her shoulder. She blushed and smiled mournfully, and asked me hastily whence I came, and for what purpose I had come; but before I could answer, the glare that was yet in the chamber seemed anew to be perplexing her, and she gazed from me to the red walls, and from them to me again; and then once more the trumpet was blown, and Athanasia sprung from her couch. I know not in what terms I was essaying to tell her what was the truth; but I know, that ere I had said many words, she discovered my meaning. For a moment she looked deadly pale, in spite of all the glare of the torch beams; but she recovered herself, and said in a voice that sounded almost as if it came from a light heart: 'But, Caius, I must not

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go to Cæsar without having at least a garland on my head. Stay here, Valerius, and I shal. be ready anon—quite ready.'

It seemed to me as if she were less hasty than she had promised; yet many minutes elapsed not ere she returned. She plucked a blossom from her hair as she drew near me, and said: 'Take it: you must not refuse one token more; this also is a sacred gift. Caius, you must learn never to look upon it without kissing these red streaks—these blessed streaks of the Christian flower.'

I took the flower from her hand and pressed it to my lips, and I remembered that the very first day I saw Athanasia she had plucked such a one when apart from all the rest in the gardens of Capito. I told her what I remembered, and it seemed as if the little circumstance had called up all the image of peaceful days, for once more sorrowfulness gathered upon her countenance. If the tear was ready, however, it was not permitted to drop; and Athanasia returned again to her flower.

'Do you think there are any of them in Britain?' said she; 'or do you think that they would grow there? You must go to my dear uncle, and he will not deny you when you tell him that it is for my sake he is to give you some of his. They call it the passion-flower—'tis an emblem of an awful thing. Caius, these purple streaks are like trickling drops; and here, look ye, they are all round the flower. Is it not very like a bloody crown upon a pale brow? I will take one of them in my hand, too, Caius; and methinks I shall not disgrace myself when I look upon it, even though Trajan should be frowning upon me.'

I had not the heart to interrupt her; but heard silently all she said, and I thought she said the words quickly and eagerly, as if she feared to be interrupted.

The old priest came into the chamber, while she was yet speaking so, and said very composedly: 'Come, my dear child, our friend has sent again for us, and the soldiers have been waiting already some space, who are to convey us to the Palatine. Come, children, we must part for a moment—perhaps it may be but for a moment—and Valerius may remain here till we return to him. Here, at least, dear Caius, you shall have the earliest tidings and the surest.'

The good man took Athanasia by the hand, and she, smiling now at length more serenely than ever, said only: 'Farewell then, Caius, for a little moment!' And so, drawing her veil over her face, she passed away from before me, giving, I think, more support to the ancient Aurelius than in her turn she received from him. I began to follow them, but the priest waved his hand as if to forbid me. The door closed after them, and I was alone.

'Adam Blair,' or, as the title runs, 'Some Passages in the Life of Mr. Adam Blair, Minister of the Gospel at Cross-Meikle,' is a narrative of the fall of a Scottish minister from the purity and dignity of the pastoral character, and his restoration, after a season of deep penitence and contrition, to the duties of his sacred profession, in the same place which had formerly witnessed his worth and usefulness. The unpleasant nature of the story, and a certain tone of exaggeration and sentimentalism in parts of it, render the perusal of the work somewhat painful and disagreeable, and of doubtful morality. But 'Adam Blair' is powerfully written, with an accurate conception of Scottish feeling and character, and passages of description equal to any in the author's other works. The tender-hearted enthusiastic minister of Cross-Meikle is hurried on to his downfall 'by fate and metaphysical aid,' and never appears in the light of a guilty person; while his faithful elder, John Maxwell, and his kind friends at Semplehaugh, are just and honourable representatives of the good old Scotch rural classes.

'Reginald Dalton' is the most extended of Mr. Lockhart's fictions, and gives us more of the 'general form and pressure' of humankind

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and society than his two previous works. The scene is laid in England, and we have a full account of college-life in Oxford, where Reginald, the hero, is educated, and where he learns to imbibe port, if not prejudice. The dissipation and extravagance of the son almost ruin his father, an English clergyman; and some scenes of distress and suffering consequent on this misconduct are related with true and manly feeling.

Description of an Old English Mansion

They halted to bait their horses at a little village on the main coast of the Palatinate, and then pursued their course leisurely through a rich and level country, until the groves of Grypherwast received them amidst all the breathless splendour of a noble sunset. It would be difficult to express the emotions with which young Reginald regarded, for the first time, the ancient demeane of his race. The scene was one which a stranger, of years and experience very superior to his, might have been pardoned for contemplating with some enthusiasm, but to him the first glimpse of the venerable front, embosomed amidst its

'Old contemporary trees,'

was the more than realisation of cherished dreams. Involuntarily he drew in his rein, and the whole party as involuntarily following the motion, they approached the gateway together at the slowest pace.

The gateway is almost in the heart of the village, for the hall of Grypherwast had been reared long before English gentlemen conceived it to be a point of dignity to have no humble roofs near their own. A beautiful stream runs hard by, and the hamlet is almost within the arms of the princely forest, whose ancient oaks, and beeches, and gigantic pine-trees, darken and ennoble the aspect of the whole surrounding region. The peasantry, who watch the flocks and herds in those deep and grassy glades—the fishermen, who draw their subsistence from the clear waters of the river—and the woodman, whose axes resound all day long among the inexhaustible thickets, are the sole inhabitants of the simple place. Over their cottages the hall of Grypherwast has predominated for many long centuries, a true old northern manor-house, not devoid of a certain magnificence in its general aspect, though making slender pretentions to anything like elegance in its details. The central tower, square, massy, rude, and almost destitute of windows, recalls the knightly and troubled period of the old Border wars; while the overshadowing roofs, carved balconies and multifarious chimneys scattered over the rest of the building, attest the successive influence of many more or less tasteful generations. Excepting in the original baronial tower, the upper parts of the house are all formed of oak, but this with such an air of strength and solidity as might well shame many modern structures raised of better materials. Nothing could be more perfectly in harmony with the whole character of the place than the autumnal brownness of the stately trees around. The same descending rays were tinging with rich lustre the outlines of their bare trunks, and the projecting edges of the old-fashioned bay-windows which they sheltered; and some rooks of very old family were cawing overhead almost in the midst of the hospitable smoke-wreaths. Within a couple of yards from the door of the house an eminently respectable-looking old man, in a powdered wig and very rich livery of blue and scarlet, was sitting on a garden-chair with a pipe in his mouth, and a cool tankard within his reach upon the ground.

The tale of 'Matthew Wald' is related in the first person, and the hero experiences a great variety of fortune. There is much worldly shrewdness and observation evinced in the delineation of some of the scenes and characters; but, on the whole, it is the poorest of Mr. Lockhart's novels. Its author, we suspect, like Sheridan, required time and patient revision to bring out fully his conceptions, and nevertheless was often tempted or impelled to hurry to a close.

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Mr Lockhart was born on the 14th of June 1794, in the manse or parsonage of Cambusnethan, county of Lanark. His father was minister of that parish, but being presented to the College Church, Glasgow, he removed thither, and his son was educated at Glasgow University. He was selected as one of the two students whom Glasgow College sends annually to Oxford, in virtue of an endowment named 'Snell's Foundation.' Having taken his degree, Mr. Lockhart repaired to Edinburgh, and in 1816 became an advocate at the Scottish bar. He was unsuccessful, and devoted himself chiefly to literature. He was a regular contributor to 'Blackwood's Magazine,' and imparted to that work a large portion of the spirit, originality, and determined political character which it has long maintained In 1820 he was married to Sophia, the eldest daughter of Sir Walter Scott, a lady who possessed much of the conversational talent, the unaffected good-humour, and liveliness of her father Mrs. Lockhart died on the 17th of May 1837, in London, whither Mr. Lockhart had gone to reside as successor to Mr. Gifford in the editorship of the 'Quarterly Review.'

In 1843 Mr. Lockhart received from Sir Robert Peel the sinecure appointment of Auditor of the Duchy of Cornwall, to which was attached a salary of £400 per annum. In point of fortune and connections, therefore, Mr. Lockhart was more successful than most authors who have elevated themselves by their talents, but ill health and private calamities darkened his latter days. He survived all the family of Sir Walter Scott, and his own two sons. He had another child, a daughter, married to Mr. Hope Scott of Abbotsford, who died in 1858; her daughter, Mary Monica, born in 1852, married in 1874 to the Hon. Joseph Constable-Maxwell, third son of Lord Herries, is now the only descendant of Sir Walter Scott Mr. Lockhart died at Abbotsford on the 25th of November 1854, and was interred near Scott in Dryburgh Abbey.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

Professor Wilson (1785–1854) carried the peculiar features and characteristics of his poetry into his prose compositions. The same amiable gentleness, tenderness, love of nature, pictures of solitary life, humble affections and pious hopes, expressed in an elaborate but rich structure of language, which fixed upon the author of the 'Isle of Palms' the title of a Lake Poet, may be seen in all his tales. The first of these appeared in 1822, under the name of 'Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life; a Selection from the Papers of the late Arthur Austin.' This volume consists of twenty-four short tales, three of which—The Elder's Funeral, The Snow-storm, and The Forgers—had previously been published in 'Blackwood's Magazine.' Most of them are tender and pathetic, and relate to Scottish rural and pastoral life. The innocence, simplicity, and strict piety of ancient manners are described as still lingering in our vales; but,

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with a fine spirit of homely truth and antique Scriptural phraseology, the author's scenes and characters are too Arcadian to be real. His second work, 'The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay' (one volume, 1823), is more regular in construction and varied in incident. The heroine is a maiden in humble life, whose father imbibes the opinions of Paine, and is imprisoned on a charge of sedition, but afterwards released. He becomes irreligious and profane as well as disaffected, and elopes with the mistress of a brother-reformer. The gradual ruin and deepening distress of this man's innocent family are related with much pathos. In many parts of the tale we are reminded of the affecting pictures of Crabbe. Of this kind is the description of the removal of the Lyndsays from their rural dwelling to one of the close lanes of the city, which is as natural and as truly pathetic as any scene in modern fiction.

The 'Flitting' or Removal of the Lyndsays.

The twenty-fourth day of November came at last—a dim, dull, dreary and obscure day, fit for parting everlastingly from a place or person tenderly beloved. There was no sun, no wind, no sound in the misty and unechoing air. A deadness lay over the wet earth, and there was no visible heaven. Their goods and chattels were few; but many little delays occurred, some accidental, and more in the unwillingness of their hearts to take a final farewell. A neighbour had lent his cart for the flitting, and it was now standing loaded at the door ready to move away. The fire, which had been kindled in the morning with a few borrowed peats, was now out, the shutters closed, the door was locked, and the key put into the hand of the person sent to receive it. And now there was nothing more to be said or done, and the impatient horse started briskly away from Braehead. The blind girl and poor Marion were sitting in the cart—Margaret and her mother were on foot. Esther had two or three small flower-pots in her lap, for in her blindness she loved the sweet fragrance and the felt forms and imagined beauty of flowers; and the innocent carried away her tame pigeon in her bosom. Just as Margaret lingered on the threshold, the robin-redbreast, that had been their boarder for several winters, hopped upon the stone-seat at the side of the door, and turned up its merry eyes to her face. 'There,' said she, 'is your last crumb from us, sweet Roby, but there is a God who takes care o' us a'.' The widow had by this time shut down the lid of her memory, and left all the hoard of her thoughts and feelings, joyful or despairing, buried in darkness. The assembled group of neighbours, mostly mothers, with their children in their arms, had given the 'God bless you, Alice—God bless you, Margaret, and the lave,' and began to disperse; each turning to her own cares and anxieties, in which, before night, the Lyndsays would either be forgotten, or thought on with that unpainful sympathy which is all the poor can afford or expect, but which, as in this case, often yields the fairest fruits of charity and love.

A cold sleety rain accompanied the cart and the foot-travellers all the way to the city. Short as the distance was, they met with several other flittings, some seemingly cheerful, and from good to better—others with woebegone faces, going like themselves down the path of poverty on a journey from which they were to rest at night in a bare and hungry house. . . .

The cart stopped at the foot of a lane too narrow to admit the wheels, and also too steep for a laden horse. Two or three of their new neighbours—persons in the very humblest condition, coarsely and negligently dressed, but seemingly kind and decent people—came out from their houses at the stopping of the cart-wheels, and one of them said: 'Ay, ay, here's the flitting. I 'se warrant, frae Braehead. Is that you, Mrs. Lyndsay? Hech, sers, but you've gotten a nasty cauld wet day for coming into Auld Reekie, as you kintra folks ca' Embro. Hae ye had ony tidings, say ye o' your gudeman since he gaed off wi' that limmer? Dool be wi' her and a' siclike.' Alice replied kindly to such questioning, for she knew it was not meant unkindly. The cart was soon unladen, and the furniture put into the empty room. A cheerful fire

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was blazing, and the animated and interested faces of the honest folks who crowded into it, on a slight acquaintance, unceremoniously and curiously, but without rudeness, gave a cheerful welcome to the new dwelling. In a quarter of an hour the beds were laid down—the room decently arranged—one and all of the neighbours said 'Gude-night,' and the door was closed upon the Lyndsays in their new dwelling.

They blessed and ate their bread in peace. The Bible was then opened, and Margaret read a chapter. There was frequent and loud noise in the lane of passing merriment or anger, but this little congregation worshipped God in a hymn, Esther's sweet voice leading the sacred melody, and they knelt together in prayer. It has been beautifully said by one whose works are not unknown in the dwellings of the poor:

> Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
> He, like the world, his ready visit pays
> Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
> Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
> And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.

Not so did sleep this night forsake the wretched. He came like moonlight into the house of the widow and the fatherless, and, under the shadow of his wings, their souls lay in oblivion of all trouble, or perhaps solaced even with delightful dreams.

A Snow-Storm.—From 'Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life.'

It was on a fierce and howling winter day that I was crossing the dreary moor of Achindown, on my way to the manse of that parish, a solitary pedestrian. The snow, which had been incessantly falling for a week past, was drifted into beautiful but dangerous wreaths, far and wide, over the melancholy expanse—and the scene kept visibly shifting before me, as the strong wind that blew from every point of the compass struck the dazzling masses, and heaved them up and down in endless transformation. There was something inspiriting in the labour with which, in the buoyant strength of youth, I forced my way through the storm, and I could not but enjoy those gleamings of sunlight that ever and anon burst through some unexpected opening in the sky, and gave a character of cheerfulness, and even warmth, to the sides or summits of the stricken hills. As the momentary cessation of the sharp drift allowed my eyes to look onwards and around, I saw here and there up the little opening valleys, cottages just visible beneath the black stems of their snow-covered clumps of trees, or beside some small spot of green pasture kept open for the sheep. These intimations of life and happiness came delightfully to me in the midst of the desolation; and the barking of a dog attending some shepherd in his quest on the hill, put fresh vigour into my limbs, telling me that, lonely as I seemed to be, I was surrounded by cheerful though unseen company, and that I was not the only wanderer over the snows.

As I walked along, my mind was insensibly filled with a crowd of pleasant images of rural winter life, that helped me gladly onwards over many miles of moor. I thought of the severe but cheerful labours of the barn—the mending of farm-gear by the fireside—the wheel turned by the foot of old age, less for gain than as a thrifty pastime—the skilful mother, making 'auld claes look amaist as weel's the new'—the ballad unconsciously listened to by the family, all busy at their own tasks around the singing maiden—the old traditionary tale told by some wayfarer hospitably housed till the storm should blow by—the unexpected visit of neighbours, on need or friendship—or the footstep of lover undeterred by the snow-drifts that have buried up his flocks. But above all, I thought of those hours of religious worship that have not yet escaped from the domestic life of the peasantry of Scotland—of the sound of Psalms that the depth of snow cannot deaden to the ear of Him to whom they are chanted—and of that sublime Sabbath-keeping, which, on days too tempestuous for the kirk, changes the cottage of the shepherd into the temple of God.

With such glad and peaceful images in my heart, I travelled along that dreary moor, with the cutting wind in my face, and my feet sinking in the snow or sliding on the hard blue ice beneath it, as cheerfully as ever I walked in the dewy warmth of a summer morning through fields of fragrance and of flowers. And now I could discern, within half-an-hour's walk before me, the spire of the church, close to which stood the manse of my aged friend and benefactor. My heart burned within me as a sudden gleam of stormy sunlight tipt it with fire—and I felt, at that moment,

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an inexpressible sense of the sublimity of the character of that gray-headed shepherd in the wilderness, keeping together his own happy little flock.

In 1824, Mr. Wilson published another but inferior story, 'The Foresters.' It certainly is a singular and interesting feature in the genius of an author known as an active man of the world, who spent most of his time in the higher social circles of his native country and in England, and whose scholastic and political tastes would seem to point to a different result, that, instead of portraying the manners with which he was familiar—instead of indulging in witty dialogue or humorous illustration—he should have selected homely Scottish subjects for his works of fiction, and appeared never so happy or so enthusiastic as when expatiating on the joys and sorrows of his humble countrymen in the sequestered and unambitious walks of life. A memoir of Mr. Wilson ('Christopher North') by his daughter, Mrs. Gordon, was published in 1862.

Various other novels issued about this time from the Edinburgh press. Mrs. Johnstone (1781–1857) published anonymously 'Clan Albyn' (1815), a tale written before the appearance of 'Waverley,' and approaching that work in the romantic glow which it casts over Highland character and scenery. A second novel, 'Elizabeth de Bruce,' was published by Mrs. Johnstone in 1827. This lady was also authoress of some interesting tales for children—'The Diversions of Hollycot,' 'The Nights of the Round Table,' &c.—and was also an extensive contributor to the periodical literature of the day. She was some years editor of 'Tait's Magazine,' with a salary of £250 a year. Mrs. Johnstone died in 1857. Her style is easy and elegant, and her writings are marked by good sense and a cultivated mind.

Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Bart. (1784–1848), wrote two novels connected with Scottish life and history, 'Lochandhu,' 1825, and 'The Wolf of Badenoch,' 1827. In 1830, Sir Thomas wrote an interesting 'Account of the Great Floods in Morayshire,' which happened in the autumn of 1829. He was then a resident among the romantic scenes of this unexampled inundation, and has described its effects with great picturesqueness and beauty, and with many homely and pathetic episodes relative to the suffering people. Sir Thomas also published a series of 'Highland Rambles,' much inferior to his early novels, though abounding like them, in striking descriptions of natural scenery. He edited Gilpin's 'Forest Scenery,' and Sir Uvedale Price's 'Essays on the Picturesque,' adding much new matter to each; and he was commissioned to write a memorial of her Majesty Queen Victoria's visit to Scotland in 1842. His latest work was a descriptive account of 'Scottish Rivers,' the Tweed and other streams, which he left incomplete. An edition of this work, with a preface by Dr. John Brown, was published in 1874. A complete knowledge of his native country, its scenery, people, history, and antiquities—a talent for picturesque delineation—and a taste for architecture, landscape-gardening, and its attendant rural and elegant pursuits, distin-

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guished this author. Sir Thomas was of an old Scottish family, representing lineally the houses of Lauder and Bass, and, through a female, Dick of Braid and Grange.

'The Youth and Manhood of Cyril Thornton,' 1827, was hailed as one of the most vigorous and interesting fictions of the day. It contained sketches of college-life, military campaigns, and other bustling scenes and adventures. Some of the foreign scenes are very vividly drawn. It was the production of the late THOMAS HAMILTON (brother of the distinguished philosopher, Sir William Hamilton), captain in the 29th Regiment, who died in 1842, aged fifty-three. He visited America, and wrote a lively ingenious work on the New World, entitled 'Men and Manners in America,' 1833. Captain Hamilton was one of the many travellers who disliked the peculiar customs, the democratic government, and social habits of the Americans; and he spoke his mind freely, but apparently in a spirit of truth and candour. Captain Hamilton was also author of 'Annals of the Peninsular War.'

Among the other writers of fiction who at this time published anonymously in Edinburgh was an English divine, DR. JAMES HOOK, (1771-1828), the only brother of Theodore Hook, and who was dean of Worcester and archdeacon of Huntingdon. To indulge his native wit and humour, and perhaps to spread those loyal Tory principles which, like his brother, he carried to their utmost extent, Dr. Hook wrote two novels, 'Pen Owen,' 1822, and 'Percy Mallory,' 1823. They are clever, irregular works, touching on modern events and living characters, and discussing various political questions. 'Pen Owen' is the superior novel, and contains some good-humour and satire on Welsh genealogy and antiquities. Dr. Hook wrote several political pamphlets, sermons, and charges.

ANDREW PICKEN (1788–1833) was a native of Paisley, son of a manufacturer, and brought up to a mercantile life. He was engaged in business for some time in the West Indies, afterwards in a bank in Ireland, in Glasgow, and in Liverpool. At the latter place he established himself as a bookseller, but was unsuccessful, and went to London to pursue literature as a profession. His first work, 'Tales and Sketches of the West of Scotland,' gave offence by some satirical portraits, but was generally esteemed for its local fidelity and natural painting. His novel of 'The Sectarian; or, the Church and the Meeting-house,' three volumes, 1829, displayed more vigorous and concentrated powers; but the subject was unhappy, and the pictures which the author drew of the Dissenters, representing them as selfish, hypocritical, and sordid, irritated a great body of readers. Next year Mr. Picken made a more successful appearance. 'The Dominie's Legacy,' three volumes, was warmly welcomed by novel-readers, and a second edition was called for by the end of the year. This work consists of a number of Scottish stories—like Mr. Carleton's Irish tales—some humorous and some pathetic. Minister Tam

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and Mary Ogilvy approach near to the happiest efforts of Galt The same year our author conciliated the evangelical Dissenters by an interesting religious compilation—'Travels and Researches of Eminent English Missionaries; including a Historical Sketch of the Progress and Present State of the Principal Protestant Missions of Late Years.' In 1831 Mr. Picken issued 'The Club-Book,' a collection of original tales by different authors. Mr. James Tyrone Power, Galt, Mr. Moir, James Hogg, Mr. Jerdan, and Allan Cunningham contributed each a story, and the editor himself added two—The Deerstalkers, and the Three Kearneys. His next work was 'Traditionary Stories of Old Families,' the first part of a series which was to embrace the legendary history of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Such a work might be rendered highly interesting and popular, for almost every old family has some traditionary lore—some tale of love, or war, or superstition—that is handed down from generation to generation. Mr. Picken now applied himself to another Scottish novel, 'The Black Watch' (the original name of the gallant 42d Regiment); and he had just completed this work when he was struck with an attack of apoplexy, which in a fortnight proved fatal. He died on the 23d of November, 1833. Mr. Picken, according to one of his friends, 'was the dominie of his own tales—simple, affectionate, retiring; dwelling apart from the world, and blending in all his views of it the gentle and tender feelings reflected from his own mind.'

SUSAN EDMONSTOUNE FERRIER.

This lady was authoress of 'Marriage,' published in 1818, the 'Inheritance,' 1824, and 'Destiny, or the Chief's Daughter,' 1831—all novels in three volumes each. She was daughter of James Ferrier, Esq., 'one of Sir Walter's brethren of the clerk's table;' and the great novelist, at the conclusion of the Tales of My Landlord, alluded to his 'sister shadow,' the author of 'the very lively work entitled "Marriage," as one of the labourers capable of gathering in the large harvest of Scottish character and fiction.* In his private diary he

* In describing the melancholy situation of Sir Walter the year before his death, Mr. Lockhart introduces Miss Ferrier in a very amiable light, and paints a charming little picture. 'To assist them (the family of Scott) in amusing him in the hours which he spent out of his study, and especially that he might be tempted to make those hours more frequent, his daughters had invited his friend the authoress of *Marriage* to come out to Abbotsford; and her coming was serviceable: for she knew and loved him well, and she had seen enough of affliction akin to his to be well skilled in dealing with it. She could not be an hour in his company without observing what filled his children with more sorrow than all the rest of the case. He would begin a story as gaily as ever, and go on, in spite of the hesitation in his speech, to tell it with highly picturesque effect, but before he reached the point, it would seem as if some internal spring had given way; he paused, and gazed round him with the blank anxiety of look that a blind man has when he has dropped his staff. Unthinking friends sometimes pained him sadly by giving him the catch-word abruptly. I noticed the delicacy of Miss Ferrier on such occasions. Her sight was bad, and she

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has also mentioned Miss Ferrier as 'a gifted personage, having, besides her great talents, conversation the least *exigeante* of any author, female at least, whom he had ever seen among the long list he had encountered with; simple, full of humour, and exceedingly ready at repartee; and all this without the least affectation of the blue-stocking.' This is high praise; but the readers of Miss Ferrier's novels will at once recognise it as characteristic, and exactly what they would have anticipated. This lady was a Scottish Miss Edgeworth—of a lively, practical, penetrating cast of mind; skilful in depicting character and seizing upon national peculiarities; caustic in her wit and humour, with a quick sense of the ludicrous; and desirous of inculcating sound morality and attention to the courtesies and charities of life. In some passages, indeed, she evinces a deep religious feeling, approaching to the evangelical views of Hannah More; but the general strain of her writing relates to the foibles and oddities of mankind, and no one has drawn them with greater breadth of comic humour or effect. Her scenes often resemble the style of our best old comedies, and she may boast, like Foote, of adding many new and original characters to the stock of our comic literature. Her first work is a complete gallery of this kind. There is a shade of caricature in some of the female portraits, notwithstanding the explanation of the authoress that they lived at a time when Scotland was very different from what it is now—when female education was little attended to even in families of the highest rank; and consequently the ladies of those days possessed a *raciness* in their manners and ideas that we should vainly seek for in this age of cultivation and refinement. This fact is further illustrated by Lord Cockburn's 'Memorials of his Own Times.'

It is not only, however, in satirising the foibles of her own sex that Miss Ferrier displays such original talent and humour. Dr. Redgill, a medical hanger-on and diner-out, is a gourmand of the first class, who looks upon bad dinners to be the source of much of the misery we hear of in the married life, and who compares a woman's reputation to a beef-steak—'if once breathed upon, 'tis good for nothing.' Many sly satirical touches occur throughout the work. In one of Miss Grizzy's letters we hear of a Major MacTavish of the militia, who, independent of his rank, which Grizzy thought was very high, distinguished himself, and shewed the greatest bravery once when there was a very serious riot about the raising the potatoes a penny a peck, when there was no occasion for it, in the town of Dunoon. We are told also that country visits

took care not to use her glasses when he was speaking; and she affected to be also troubled with deafness, and would say: "Well, I am getting as dull as a post; I have not heard a word since you said so and so," being sure to mention a circumstance behind that at which he had really halted. He then took up the thread with his habitual smile of courtesy, as if forgetting his case entirely in the consideration of the lady's infirmity.'

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should seldom exceed three days—the *rest* day, the *dressed* day, and the *pressed* day. There is a great shrewdness and knowledge of human nature in the manner in which the aunts got over their sorrow for the death of their father, the old laird. 'They sighed and mourned for a time, but soon found occupation congenial to their nature in the little department of life: dressing crape; reviving black silk; converting narrow hems into broad hems; and, in short, who so busy, so important, as the ladies of Glenfern?' The most striking picture in the book is that of Mrs. Violet Macshake, who is introduced as living in a lofty lodging in the Old Town of Edinburgh, where she is visited by her grand-nephew Mr. Douglas, and his niece Mary. In person she is tall and hard-favoured, and dressed in an antiquated style:

A Scotch Lady of the Old School.

As soon as she recognised Mr. Douglas, she welcomed him with much cordiality, shook him long and heartily by the hand, patted him on the back, looked into his face with much seeming satisfaction; and, in short, gave all the demonstrations of gladness usual with gentlewomen of a certain age. Her pleasure, however, appeared to be rather an *impromptu* than a habitual feeling; for, as the surprise wore off, her visage resumed its harsh and sarcastic expression, and she seemed eager to efface any agreeable impression her reception might have excited.

'And wha thought o' seein' ye enoo?' said she, in a quick gabbling voice; 'what's brought you to the toon? Are you come to spend your honest father's siller ere he's weel cauld in his grave, puir man?'

Mr. Douglas explained that it was upon account of his niece's health.

'Health!' repeated she with a sardonic smile: 'it wad mak an ool laugh to hear the wark that's made aboot young fowk's health noo-a-days. I wonder what ye're a' made o',' grasping Mary's arm in her great bony hand—'a wheen puir feckless windlestraes—ye maun awa' to Ingland for your healths. Set ye up! I wonder what cam o' the lasses!' my time that bute [behoved] to bide at hame? And whilk o' ye, I sud like to ken. 'Il e'r leive to see ninety-sax, like me? Health! he! he!'

Mary, glad of a pretence to indulge the mirth the old lady's manner and appearance had excited, joined most heartily in the laugh.

'Tak aff yer bannet, bairn, an' let me see your face; wha can tell what like ye are wi' that snule o' a thing on your head?' Then after taking an accurate survey of her face, she pushed aside her pelisse: 'Weel, it 's ae mercy I see ye hae neither the red head nor the muckle cuits o' the Douglasses. I kenna whuther your father has them or no. I ne'er set een on him: neither him nor his braw leddy thought it worth their while to speer after me: but I was at nae loss, by a' accounts.'

'You have not asked after any of your Glenfern friends,' said Mr. Douglas, hoping to touch a more sympathetic cord.

'Time eneugh—will ye let me draw my breath, man—fowk canna say awthing at ance. An' ye but to hae an Inglish wife tu, a Scotch lass wadna ser' ye. An' yer wean I 'se warran' it 's ane o' the warld's wonders—it 's been unca lang o' comin'—he, he!'

'He has begun life under very melancholy auspices, poor fellow!' said Mr. Douglas, in allusion to his father's death.

'An' wha's fnut was that? I ne'er heard tell o' the like o 't, to hae the birn kirsened an' its grandfather deein'! But fowk are naither born, nor kirsened, nor do they wad or dee as they used to du—awthing 's changed.'

'You must, indeed, have witnessed many changes?' observed Mr. Douglas, rather at a loss how to utter anything of a conciliatory nature.

'Changes!—weel a wat I sometimes wunder if it 's the same warld, an' if it 's my ain heed that 's upon my shoothers.'

'But with these changes you must also have seen many improvements?' said Mary in a tone of diffidence.

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'Improvements!' turning sharply around upon her; 'what ken ye about improvements, bairn? A bonny improvement, or ens no, to see tyleyors and sclaters leavin' whar I mind jewks and yerls. An' that great glowerin' New Toon there,' pointing out of her windows, 'whar I used to sit an' luck oot at bonny green parks, an' see the coos milket, and the bits o' bairnies rowin' and tumlin', an' the lasses trampin' i' their tubs—what see I noo but stane an' lime, an' stoor an' dirt, an' idle cheels an' dinkit oot madams prancin'. Improvements, indeed!'

Mary found she was not likely to advance her uncle's fortune by the judiciousness of her remarks, therefore prudently resolved to hazard no more. Mr. Douglas, who was more *au fait* to the prejudices of old age, and who was always amused with her bitter remarks, when they did not touch himself, encouraged her to continue the conversation by some observation on the prevailing manners.

'Mainers!' repeated she, with a contemptuous laugh; 'what ca ye' mainers noo, for I dinna ken? ilk ane gangs bang intill their neebor's hoos, and bang oot o't, as it war a chynge-hoos; an' as for the maister o't, he's no o' sae muckle vaalu as the flunky ahint his chyre. I' my grandfather's time, as I hae heard him tell, ilka maister o' a family had his ain sate in his ain hoos; ay; an' sat wi' his hat on his heed afore the best o' the land, an' had his ain dish, an' was ay helpit first, an' keepit up his owthority as a man sude du. Paurents war paurents than—bairns dardna set up their gabs afore them than as they du noo. 'They ne'er presumed to say their heeds war their ain i' thae days—wife an' servants, reteeners an' childer, a trummelt i' the presence o' their heed.'

Here a long pinch of snuff caused a pause in the old lady's harangue. Mr. Douglas availed himself of the opportunity to rise and take leave.

'Oo, what 's takin' ye awa', Archie, in sic a hurry? Sit doon there,' laying her hand upon his arm, 'an' rest ye, an' tak a glass o' wine an' a bit breed; or maybe,' turning to Mary, 'ye wad rather hae a drap broth to warm ye? What gars ye look sae blae, bairn? I'm sure it 's no cauld; but ye 're just like the lave; ye gang a' skiltin' about the streets half-naked, an' than ye maun sit an' birsle yoursels afore the fire at hame.'

She had now shuffled along to the further end of the room, and opening a press, took out wine and a plateful of various-shaped articles of bread, which she handed to Mary.

'Hae, bairn—tak a cookie—tak it up—what are you feared for! it 'll no bite ye. Here 's t' ye, Glenfern, an' your wife an' your wean; puir tead, it 's no had a very chancy ootset, weel a wat.'

The wine being drank, and the cookies discussed, Mr. Douglas made another attempt to withdraw, but in vain.

'Canna ye sit still a wee, man, an' let me speer after my auld freens at Glenfern? Hoo 's Grizzy, an' Jacky, an' Nicky?—aye workin' awa' at the peels an' the droge—he, he! I ne'er swallowed a peel nor gied a doit for drogs a' my days, an' see an ony o' them 'll rin a race wi' me whan they 're naur fivescore.'

Mr. Douglas here paid some compliments upon her appearance, which were pretty graciously received; and added that he was the bearer of a letter from his aunt Grizzy, which he would send along with a roebuck and brace of moor-game.

'Gin your roebuck's nae better than your last, atweel it's no worth the sendin': poor dry fissinless dirt, no worth the chowin'; weel a wat I begrudged my teeth on't. Your muirfowl war nae that lil, but they 're no worth the carryin'; they 're doug cheap i' the market enoo, so it 's nae great compliment. Gin ye had brought me a leg o' gude mutton, or a cauler sawmont, there would hae been some sense in 't; but ye 're ane o' the fowk that 'll ne'er harry yoursel' wi' your presents; it's but the pickle powther they cost ye, an' I 'se warran' ye 're thinkin' mair o' your ain diversion than o' my stamick whan ye 're at the shootin' o' them, puir beasts.'

Mr. Douglas had borne the various indignities levelled against himself and his family with a philosophy that had no parallel in his life before, but to this attack upon his game he was not proof. His colour rose, his eyes flashed fire, and something resembling an oath burst from his lips as he strode indignantly towards the door.

His friend, however, was too nimble for him. She stepped before him, and, breaking into a discordant laugh as she patted him on the back: 'So I see ye 're just the auld man, Archie—aye ready to tak the strums an' ye dinna get a' thing your ain

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wye. Mony a time I had to fleech ye oot o' the dorts when ye was a callant. Do ye mind hoo ye was affronted because I set ye doon to a cauld pigeon-pye an' a tankee o' tippenny ae night to your fowerhoors afore some leddies—he, he, he! Weel a wat yere wife maun hae her ain adoos to manage ye, for ye're a cumstairy chield, Archie.'

Mr. Douglas still looked as if he was irresolute whether to laugh or be angry.

'Come, come, sit ye doon there till I speak to this bairn,' said she, as she pulled Mary into an adjoining bed-chamber, which wore the same aspect of chilly neatness as the one they had quitted. Then pulling a huge bunch of keys from her pocket, she opened a drawer, out of which she took a pair of diamond ear-rings. 'Hae, bairn,' said she, as she stuffed them into Mary's hand; 'they belanged to your father's grandmother. She was a gude woman, an' had four-an'-twenty sons and dochters, an' I wass ye nae waur fortie than just to hae as mony. But mind ye,' with a shake of her bony finger, 'they maun a' be Scots. Gin I thought ye wad mairry ony pock-puddin', flent haed wad ye hae gotten from me. Noo had your tongue, and dinna deive me wi' thanks,' almost pushing her into the parlour again; 'and sin ye 're gawn awa' the morn, I'll see nae mair o' ye enoo—so fare-ye-weel. But, Archie, ye maun come an' tak your breakfast wi' me. I hae muckle to say to you; but ye mauna be sae hard upon my baps as ye used to be,' with a facetious grin to her mollified favourite as they shook hands and parted.

'Well, how do you like Mrs. Macshake, Mary?' asked her uncle as they walked home.

'That is a cruel question, uncle,' answered she with a smile. 'My gratitude and my taste are at such variance,' displaying her splendid gift, 'that I know not how to reconcile them.'

'That is always the case with those whom Mrs. Macshake has obliged,' returned Mr. Douglas: 'she does many liberal things, but in so ungracious a manner, that people are never sure whether they are obliged or insulted by her. But the way in which she receives kindness is still worse. Could anything equal her impertinence about my roebuck?—Faith, I've a good mind never to enter her door again.'

Mary could scarcely preserve her gravity at her uncle's indignation, which seemed so disproportioned to the cause. But, to turn the current of his ideas, she remarked, that he had certainly been at pains to select two admirable specimens of her countrywomen for her.

'I don't think I shall soon forget either Mrs. Gawffaw or Mrs. Macshake,' said she, laughing.

'I hope you won't carry away the impression that these two *lusus naturæ* are specimens of Scotchwomen?' said her uncle. 'The former, indeed, is rather a sort of weed that infests every soil—the latter, to be sure, is an indigenous plant. I question if she would have arrived at such perfection in a more cultivated field, or genial clime. She was born at a time when Scotland was very different from what it is now. Female education was little attended to, even in families of the highest rank; consequently, the ladies of those days possess a *raciness* in their manners and ideas that we should vainly seek for in this age of cultivation and refinement.'

Aware, perhaps, of the defective outline or story of her first novel, Miss Ferrier bestowed much more pains on the construction of 'The Inheritance.' It is too complicated for an analysis in this place; but we may mention that it is connected with high-life and a wide range of characters, the heroine being a young lady born in France, and heiress to a splendid estate and peerage in Scotland, to which, after various adventures and reverses, she finally succeeds. The tale is well arranged and developed. Its chief attraction, however, consists in the delineation of characters. Uncle Adam and Miss Pratt—the former a touchy, sensitive, rich East Indian, and the latter another of Miss Ferrier's inimitable old maids—are among the best of the portraits. 'Destiny' is connected with Highland scenery and Highland manners, but is far from romantic. Miss Ferrier is as practical and as discerning in her tastes and researches as Miss Edgeworth. The

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chief, Glenroy, is proud and irascible, spoiled by the fawning of his inferiors, and in his family circle is generous without kindness and profuse without benevolence. The Highland minister, Mr. Duncan MacDow, is an admirable character, though no very prepossessing specimen of the country pastor. Edith, the heroine, is a sweet and gentle creation, and there are strong feeling and passion in some of the scenes. In the case of masculine intellects, like those of the authoress of 'Marriage' and the great Irish novelist, the progress of years seems to impart greater softness and sensibility, and call forth the gentler affections. Miss Ferrier died in 1854, aged seventy-two.

JAMES MORIER.

JAMES MORIER (1780–1849), author of a 'Journey through Persia,' and sometime secretary of embassy to the court of Persia, embodied his knowledge of the East in a series of novels—'The Adventures of Hajji Baba, of Ispahan,' three volumes, 1824 (with a second part published in two volumes in 1828); 'Zohrab, the Hostage,' three volumes, 1832; 'Ayesha, the Maid of Kars,' three volumes, 1834; and 'The Mirza,' three volumes, 1841. The object of his first work was, he says, the single idea of illustrating Eastern manners by contrast with those of England, and the author evinces a minute and familiar acquaintance with the habits and customs of the Persians. The truth of his satirical descriptions and allusions was felt even by the court of Persia; for Mr. Morier published a letter from a minister of state in that country, expressing the displeasure which the king felt at the 'very foolish business' of the book. It is probable, however, as the author supposes, that this irritation may lead to reflection, and reflection to amendment, as he conceived the Persians to be, in talent and natural capacity, equal to any nation in the world, and would be no less on a level with them in feeling, honesty, and the higher moral qualities, were their education favourable. The hero of Mr. Morier's tale is an adventurer like Gil Blas, and as much buffeted about in the world. He is the son of a barber of Ispahan, and is successively one of a band of Turkomans, a menial servant, a pupil of the physician-royal of Persia, an attendant on the chief-executioner, a religious devotee, and a seller of tobacco-pipes in Constantinople. Having by stratagem espoused a rich Turkish widow, he becomes an official to the Shah; and on his further distinguishing himself for his knowledge of the Europeans, he is appointed secretary to the mission of Mirzah Firouz, and accompanies the Persian ambassador to the court of England. In the course of his multiplied adventures, misfortunes, and escapes, the volatile unprincipled Hajji mixes with all classes, and is much in Teheran, Koordistan, Georgia, Bagdad, Constantinople, &c.

The work soon became popular. 'The novelty of the style,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'which was at once perceived to be genuine oriental

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by such internal evidence as establishes the value of real old China —the gay and glowing descriptions of Eastern state and pageantry —the character of the poetry occasionally introduced—secured a merited welcome for the Persian picaroon. The oriental scenes are the most valuable and original portions of "Hajji Baba," and possess the attraction of novelty to ordinary readers, yet the account of the constant embarrassment and surprise of the Persians at English manners and customs is highly amusing. The ceremonial of the dinner-table, that seemed to them "absolutely bristling with instruments of offence," blades of all sizes and descriptions, sufficient to have ornamented the girdles of the Shah's household, could not but puzzle those who had been accustomed simply to take everything up in their fingers. The mail-coach, the variety of our furniture and accommodation, and other domestic observances, were equally astonishing; but, above all, the want of ceremonial among our statesmen and public officers surprised the embassy. The following burst of oriental wonder and extravagance succeeds to an account of a visit paid them by the chairman and deputy-chairman of the East India Company, who came in a hackney-coach, and after the interview, walked away upon their own legs.

"When they were well off, we all sat mute, only occasionally saying: 'Allah! Allah! there is but one Allah!' so wonderfully astonished were we. What! India? that great, that magnificent empire! —that scene of Persian conquest and Persian glory!—the land of elephants and precious stones, the seat of shawls and kincobs!—that paradise sung by poets, celebrated by historians more ancient than Irân itself!—at whose boundaries the sun is permitted to rise, and around whose majestic mountains, some clad in eternal snows, others in eternal verdure, the stars and the moon are allowed to gambol and carouse! What! is it so fallen, so degraded, as to be swayed by two obscure mortals, living in regions that know not the warmth of the sun? Two swine-eating infidels, shaven, impure walkers on foot, and who, by way of state, travel in dirty coaches filled with straw! This seemed to us a greater miracle in government than even that of Beg Ian, the plaiter of whips, who governed the Turkomans and the countries of Samarcand and Bokhara, leading a life more like a beggar than a potentate."'

'Zohrab' is a historical novel, of the time of Aga Mohammed Shah, a famous Persian prince, described by Sir John Malcolm as having taught the Russians to beat the French by making a desert before the line of the invader's march, and thus leaving the enemy master of only so much ground as his cannon could command. In concluding 'Mirza' Mr. Morier says: 'I may venture to assert that the East, as we have known it in oriental tales, is now fast on the change—"*C'est le commencement de la fin.*" Perhaps we have gleaned the last of the beards and obtained an expiring glimpse of the heavy caoûk and the ample shalwar ere they are exchanged for the hat and the spruce

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pantaloon. How wonderful is it—how full of serious contemplation is the fact that the whole fabric of Mohammedanism should have been assailed, almost suddenly as well as simultaneously, by events which nothing human could have foreseen. Barbara, Egypt, Syria, the banks of the Euphrates and Tigris, the Red Sea, Constantinople, Asia Minor, Persia and Afghanistan, all more or less have felt the influence of European or anti-Mohammedan agencies. Perhaps the present generation may not see a new structure erected, but true it is they have seen its foundations laid.'

In 1838 appeared 'The Banished,' a novel, edited by Mr. Morier. The work is a translation from the German, a tale of the Swabian league in the sixteenth century. Mr. Morier died at Brighton.

The Barber of Bagdad.—From 'Hajji Baba.'

In the reign of the Caliph Haroun al Rashid, of happy memory, lived in the city of Bagdad a celebrated barber of the name of Ali Sakal. He was so famous for a steady hand, and dexterity in his profession, that he could shave a head and trim a beard and whiskers with his eyes blindfolded, without once drawing blood. There was not a man of any fashion at Bagdad who did not employ him; and such a run of business had he, that at length he became proud and insolent, and would scarcely ever touch a head whose master was not at least a *Beg* or an *Aga*. Wood for fuel was always scarce and dear at Bagdad; and, as his shop consumed a great deal, the wood-cutters brought their loads to him in preference, almost sure of meeting with a ready sale. It happened one day, that a poor wood-cutter, new in his profession, and ignorant of the character of Ali Sakal, went to his shop, and offered him for sale a load of wood, which he had just brought from a considerable distance in the country, on his ass. All immediately offered him a price, making use of these words: '*For all the wood that was upon the ass*' The wood-cutter agreed, unloaded his beast, and asked for the money. 'You have not given me all the wood yet,' said the barber; 'I must have the pack-saddle (which is chiefly made of wood) into the bargain; that was our agreement.' 'How!' said the other, in great amazement; 'who ever heard of such a bargain? It is impossible.' In short, after many words and much altercation, the overbearing barber seized the pack-saddle, wood and all, and sent away the poor peasant in great distress. He immediately ran to the cadi, and stated his griefs: the cadi was one of the barber's customers, and refused to hear the case. The wood-cutter went to a higher judge; he also patronised Ali Sakal, and made light of the complaint. The poor man then appealed to the mufti himself, who, having pondered over the question, at length settled, that it was too difficult a case for him to decide, no provision being made for it in the Koran; and therefore he must put up with his loss. The wood-cutter was not disheartened; but forthwith got a scribe to write a petition to the caliph himself, which he duly presented on Friday, the day when he went in state to the mosque. The caliph's punctuality in reading petitions was well known, and it was not long before the wood-cutter was called to his presence. When he had approached the caliph, he kneeled and kissed the ground; and then placing his arms straight before him, his hands covered with the sleeves of his cloak, and his feet close together, he awaited the decision of his case. 'Friend,' said the caliph, 'the barber has words on his side—you have equity on yours. The law must be defined by words, and agreements must be made by words: the former must have its course, or it is nothing; and agreements must be kept, or there would be no faith between man and man; therefore the barber must keep all his wood'—— Then calling the wood-cutter close to him, the caliph whispered something in his ear, which none but he could hear, and then sent him away quite satisfied. . . .

The wood-cutter having made his obeisances, returned to his ass, which was tied without, took it by the halter, and proceeded to his home. A few days after, he applied to the barber, as if nothing had happened between them, requesting that he, and a companion of his from the country, might enjoy the dexterity of his hand; and the price at which both operations were to be performed was settled. When the

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wood-cutter's crown had been properly shorn. Ali Sakal asked where his companion was. 'He is just standing without here,' said the other, 'and he shall come in presently.' Accordingly he went out, and returned, leading his ass after him by the halter. 'This is my companion,' said he, 'and you must shave him.' 'Shave him!' exclaimed the barber, in the greatest surprise; 'it is enough that I have consented to demean myself by touching you, and do you insult me by asking me to do as much to your ass? Away with you, or I'll send you both to *Jehannum*;' and forthwith drove them out of his shop.

The wood-cutter immediately went to the caliph, was admitted to his presence, and related his case. 'Tis well,' said the commander of the faithful: 'bring Ali Sakal and his razors to me this instant,' he exclaimed to one of his officers; and in the course of ten minutes the barber stood before him. 'Why do you refuse to shave this man's companion?' said the caliph to the barber; 'was not that your agreement?' Ali, kissing the ground, answered: 'Tis true, O caliph, that such was our agreement; but who ever made a companion of an ass before? or who ever before thought of treating it like a true believer?' 'You may say right,' said the caliph; 'but, at the same time, who ever thought of insisting upon a pack-saddle being included in a load of wood? No, no, it is the wood-cutter's turn now. To the ass immediately, or you know the consequences.' The barber was then obliged to prepare a great quantity of soap, to lather the beast from head to foot, and to shave him in the presence of the caliph, and of the whole court, whilst he was jeered and mocked by the taunts and laughing of all the bystanders. The poor wood-cutter was then dismissed with an appropriate present of money, and all Bagdad resounded with the story, and celebrated the justice of the commander of the faithful.

JAMES BAILLIE FRASER.

JAMES BAILLIE FRASER (1783–1856), like Mr. Morier, described the life and manners of the Persians by fictitious as well as true narratives. In 1828 he published 'The Kuzzilbash, a Tale of Khorasan,' three volumes, to which he afterwards added a continuation, under the name of 'The Persian Adventurer,' the title of his first work not being generally understood: it was often taken, he says, for a cookery book! The term Kuzzilbash, which is Turkish, signifies Red-head, and was an appellation originally given by Shah Ismael I. to seven tribes bound to defend their king. These tribes wore a red cap as a distinguishing mark, which afterwards became the military head-dress of the Persian troops; hence the word Kuzzilbash is used to express a Persian soldier; and often, particularly among the Toorkomans and Oozbeks, is applied as a national designation to the people in general. Mr. Fraser's hero relates his own adventures, which begin almost from his birth; for he is carried off while a child by a band of Toorkoman robbers, who plunder his father's lands and village, situated in Khorasan, on the borders of the great desert which stretches from the banks of the Caspian Sea to those of the river Oxus. The infant bravery of Ismael, the Kuzzilbash, interests Omer Khan, head of a tribe or camp of the plunderers, and he spares the child, and keeps him to attend on his own son Selim. In the camp of his master is a beautiful girl, daughter of a Persian captive; and with this young beauty, 'lovely as a child of the Peris,' Ismael forms an attachment that increases with their years. These early scenes are finely described; and the misfortunes of the fair Shireen are related with much pathos. The consequences of Ismael's passion force him to flee. He assumes the dress of the Kuzzilbash, and crossing the

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desert, joins the army of the victorious Nadir Shah, and assists in recovering the holy city of Mushed, the capital of Khorasan. His bravery is rewarded with honours and dignities; and after various scenes of love and war, the Kuzzilbash is united to his Shireen.

A brief but characteristic scene—a meeting of two warriors in the desert—is strikingly described, though the reader is impressed with the idea that European thoughts and expressions mingle too largely with the narrative:

Meeting of Eastern Warriors in the Desert.

By the time I reached the banks of this stream the sun had set, and it was necessary to seek some retreat where I might pass the night and refresh myself and my horse without fear of discovery. Ascending the river-bed, therefore, with this intention, I soon found a recess where I could repose myself, surrounded by green pasture, in which my horse might feed; but as it would have been dangerous to let him go at large all night, I employed myself for a while in cutting the longest and thickest of the grass which grew on the banks of the stream for his night's repast, permitting him to pasture at will, until dark; and securing him then close to the spot I meant to occupy, after a moderate meal, I commended myself to Allah, and lay down to rest.

The loud neighing of my horse awoke me with a start, as the first light of dawn broke in the east. Quickly springing on my feet, and grasping my spear and scimitar, which lay under my head, I looked around for the cause of alarm. Nor did it long remain doubtful; for, at the distance of scarce two hundred yards, I saw a single horsemen advancing. To tighten my girdle around my loins, to string my bow, and prepare two or three arrows for use, was but the work of a few moments; before these preparations, however, were completed, the stranger was close at hand. Fitting an arrow to my bow, I placed myself upon guard, and examined him narrowly as he approached. He was a man of goodly stature and powerful frame; his countenance hard, strongly marked, and furnished with a thick black beard, bore testimony of exposure to many a blast, but it still preserved a prepossessing expression of good-humour and benevolence. His turban, which was formed of a cashmere shawl, sorely tashed and torn, and twisted here and there with small steel chains, according to the fashion of the time, was wound around a red cloth cap that rose in four peaks high above the head. His ocmah, or riding-coat, of crimson cloth, much stained and faded, opening at the bosom, shewed the links of a coat-of-mail which he wore below; a yellow shawl formed his girdle; his huge shulwars, or riding-trousers, of thick fawn-coloured Kerman woollen stuff, fell in folds over the large red leather boots in which his legs were cased; by his side hung a crooked scimitar in a black leather scabbard, and from the holsters of his saddle peeped out the butt-ends of a pair of pistols—weapons of which I then knew not the use, any more than of the matchlock which was slung at his back. He was mounted on a powerful but jaded horse, and appeared to have already travelled far.

When the striking figure had approached within thirty yards, I called out in the Turkish language, commonly used in the country: 'Whoever thou art, come no nearer on thy peril, or I shall salute thee with this arrow from my bow!' 'Why, boy,' returned the stranger in a deep manly voice, and speaking in the same tongue, 'thou art a bold lad, truly! but set thy heart at rest, I mean thee no harm.' 'Nay,' rejoined I, 'I am on foot, and alone. I know thee not, nor thy intentions. Either retire at once, or shew thy sincerity by setting thyself on equal terms with me: dismount from thy steed, and then I fear thee not, whatever be thy designs. Beware!' And so saying I drew my arrow to the head, and pointed it towards him. 'By the head of my father!' cried the stranger, 'thou art an absolute youth! but I like thee well; thy heart is stout, and thy demand is just; the sheep trusts not the wolf when it meets him in the plain, nor do we acknowledge every stranger in the desert for a friend. See,' continued he, dismounting actively, yet with a weight that made the turf ring again—'see, I yield my advantage; as for thy arrows, boy, I fear them not.'

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With that, he slung a small shield, which he bore at his back, before him, as if to cover his face, in case of treachery on my part, and leaving his horse where it stood, he advanced to me.

Taught from my youth to suspect and to guard against treachery, I still kept a wary eye on the motions of the stranger. But there was something in his open though rugged countenance and manly bearing that claimed and won my confidence. Slowly I lowered my hand, and relaxed the still drawn string of my bow, as he strode up to me with a firm, composed step.

'Youth,' said he, 'had my intentions been hostile, it is not thy arrows or thy bow, no, nor thy sword and spear, that could have stood thee much in stead. I am too old a soldier, and too well defended against such weapons, to fear them from so young an arm. But I am neither enemy nor traitor to attack thee unawares. I have travelled far during the past night, and mean to refresh myself awhile in this spot before I proceed on my journey; thou meanest not,' added he with a smile, 'to deny me the boon which Allah extends to all his creatures? What! still suspicious? Come, then, I will increase thy advantage, and try to win thy confidence.' With that he unbuckled his sword and threw it, with his matchlock, upon the turf a little way from him. 'See me now unarmed; wilt thou yet trust me?' Who could have doubted longer? I threw down my bow and arrows: 'Pardon,' cried I, 'my tardy confidence; but he that has escaped with difficulty from many perils, fears even their shadow: here,' continued I, 'are bread and salt, eat thou of them; thou art then my guest, and that sacred tie secures the faith of both.' The stranger, with another smile, took the offered food.

The following passage, describing the Kuzzilbash's return to his native village, affects us both by the view which it gives of the desolation caused in half-barbarous countries by war and rapine, and the beautiful train of sentiment which the author puts into the mouth of his hero:

Desolation of War.

We continued for some time longer, riding over a track once fertile and well cultivated, but now returned to its original desolation. The wild pomegranate, the thorn, and the thistle, grew high in the fields, and overran the walls that formerly inclosed them. At length we reached an open space, occupied by the ruins of a large walled village, among which a square building, with walls of greater height, and towers at each corner, rose particularly conspicuous.

As we approached this place I felt my heart stirred within me, and my whole frame agitated with a secret and indescribable emotion; visions of past events seemed hovering dimly in my memory, but my sensations were too indistinct and too confused to be intelligible to myself. At last a vague idea shot through my brain, and thrilled like a fiery arrow in my heart; with burning cheeks and eager eyes I looked towards my companion, and saw his own bent keenly upon me.

'Knowest thou this spot, young man?' said he, after a pause; 'if thy memory does not serve thee, cannot thy heart tell thee what walls are these?' I gasped for breath, but could not speak. 'Yes, Ismael,' continued he, 'these are the ruined walls of thy father's house; there passed the first days of thy childhood; within that broken tower thy eyes first saw the light! But its courts are now strewed with the unburied dust of thy kindred, and the foxes and wolves of the desert rear their young among its roofless chambers. These are the acts of that tribe to which thou hast so long been in bondage—such is the debt of blood which cries out for thy vengeance!'

I checked my horse to gaze on the scene of my infant years, and my companion seemed willing to indulge me. Is it indeed true, as some sages have taught, that man's good angel hovers over the place of his birth, and dwells with peculiar fondness on the innocent days of his childhood, and that in after-years of sorrow and of crime she pours the recollection of those pure and peaceful days like balm over the heart, to soften and improve it by their influence? How could it be without some agency like this, that, gazing thus unexpectedly on the desolate home of my fathers, the violent passions, the bustle, and the misery of later years, vanished from my mind like a dream; and the scenes and feelings of my childhood came fresh as

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yesterday to my remembrance? I heard the joyous clamour of my little brothers and sisters; our games, our quarrels, and our reconciliations, were once more present to me; the grave smile of my father, the kind but eternal gabble of my good old nurse; and, above all, the mild sweet voice of my beloved mother, as she adjusted our little disputes, or soothed our childish sorrows—all rushed upon my mind, and for a while quite overpowered me; I covered my face with my hands and wept in silence.

Besides his Eastern tales, Mr. Fraser wrote a story of his native country, 'The Highland Smugglers,' in which he displays the same talent for description, with much inferior powers in constructing a probable or interesting narrative. He died at his seat, Moniack, in Inverness-shire, a picturesque Highland spot.

THEODORE EDWARD HOOK.

THEODORE EDWARD HOOK, a fashionable and copious novelist, was born in London, September 22, 1788. He was the son of a distinguished musical composer; and at the early age of sixteen—after an imperfect course of education at Harrow School—he became a sort of partner in his father's business of music and song. In 1805 he composed a comic opera, 'The Soldier's Return,' the overture and music, as well as the dialogues and songs, entirely by himself. The opera was highly successful, and young Theodore was ready next year with another after-piece, 'Catch Him Who Can,' which exhibited the talents of Liston and Mathews in a popular and effective light, and had a great run of success. Several musical operas were then produced in rapid succession by Hook, as 'The Invisible Girl,' 'Music Mad,' 'Darkness Visible,' 'Trial by Jury,' 'The Fortress,' 'Tekeli,' 'Exchange no Robbery,' and 'Killing no Murder.' Some of these still keep possession of the stage, and evince wonderful knowledge of dramatic art, musical skill, and literary powers in so young an author. They were followed (1808) by a novel which has been described as a mere farce in a narrative shape. The remarkable conversational talents of Theodore Hook, and his popularity as a writer for the stage, led him much into society. Flushed with success, full of the gaiety and impetuosity of youth, and conscious of his power to please and even fascinate in company, he surrendered himself up to the enjoyment of the passing hour, and became noted for his 'boisterous buffooneries,' his wild sallies of wit and drollery, and his practical *hoaxes*.

Amongst his various talents was one which, though familiar in some other countries, whose language affords it facilities, has hitherto been rare, if not unknown in ours—namely, the power of *improvisating*, or extemporaneous composition of songs and music. Hook would at table turn the whole conversation of the evening into a song, sparkling with puns or witty allusions, and perfect in its rhymes. 'He accompanied himself,' says Lockhart, in the 'Quarterly Review,' 'on the pianoforte, and the music was frequently, though not always, as new as the verse. He usually stuck to the common ballad

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measures; but one favourite sport was a mimic opera, and then he seemed to triumph without effort over every variety of metre and complication of stanza. About the complete extemporaneousness of the whole there could rarely be the slightest doubt.' This power of extempore verse seems to have been the wonder of all Hook's associates; it astonished Sheridan, Coleridge, and the most illustrious of his contemporaries, who used to hang delighted over such rare and unequivocal manifestations of genius. Hook had been introduced to the prince-regent, afterwards George IV., and in 1812 he received the appointment of accomptant-general and treasurer to the colony of the Mauritius, with a salary of about £2000 per annum. This handsome provision he enjoyed for five years. The duties of the office were, however, neglected, and an examination being made into the books of the accomptant, various irregularities, omissions, and discrepancies were detected. There was a deficiency of a large amount, and Hook was ordered home under the charge of a detachment of military. Thus a dark cloud hung over him for the remainder of his life; but it is believed that he was in reality innocent of all but gross negligence.

On reaching London in 1819, he was subjected to a scrutiny by the Audit Board, and ultimately was pronounced liable to the crown for £12,000. In the meantime he laboured assiduously at literature as a profession. He became, in 1820, editor of the 'John Bull' newspaper, which he made conspicuous for its advocacy of high aristocratic principles, keen virulent personalities, and much wit and humour. His political songs were generally admired for their point and brilliancy of fancy. In 1823, after the award had been given finding h m a debtor to the crown in the sum mentioned, Hook was arrested, and continued nearly two years in confinement. His literary labours went on, however, without interruption, and in 1824, appeared the first series of his tales, entitled 'Sayings and Doings,' which were so well received that the author was made £2000 richer by the production. In 1825, he issued a second series, and shortly after that publication he was released from custody, with an intimation, however, that the crown abandoned nothing of its claim for the Mauritius debt. The popular novelist now pursued his literary career with unabated diligence and spirit. In 1828, he published a third series of 'Sayings and Doings;' in 1830, 'Maxwell;' in 1832, 'The Life of Sir David Baird;' in 1833, 'The Parson's Daughter,' and 'Love and Pride.' In 1836, he became editor of the 'New Monthly Magazine,' and contributed to its pages, in chapters, 'Gilbert Gurney,' and the far inferior sequel, 'Gurney Married,' each afterwards collected into a set of three volumes. In 1837, appeared 'Jack Brag;' in 1839, 'Births, Deaths, and Marriages;' 'Precepts and Practice;' and 'Fathers and Sons.' His last avowed work, 'Peregrine Bunce,' supposed not to have been wholly written by him, appeared some months after his death.

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The production of thirty-eight volumes within sixteen years—the author being all the while editor, and almost sole writer, of a newspaper, and for several years the efficient conductor of a magazine—certainly affords, as Mr. Lockhart remarks, sufficient proof that he never sank into idleness. At the same time Theodore Hook was the idol of the fashionable circles, and ran a heedless round of dissipation. Though in the receipt of a large income—probably not less than £3000 per annum—by his writings, he became involved in pecuniary embarrassments; and an unhappy connection which he had formed, yet dared not avow, entailed upon him the anxieties and responsibilities of a family. Parts of a diary which he kept have been published, and there are passages in it disclosing his struggles, his alternations of hope and despair, and his ever-deepening distresses and difficulties, which are inexpressibly touching as well as instructive. At length, overwhelmed with difficulties, his children unprovided for, and himself a victim to disease and exhaustion before he had completed his fifty-third year, he died at Fulham on the 24th of August 1841. His 'Life and Remains,' by the Rev. Mr. Barham, appeared in 1848.

The works of Theodore Hook are very unequal, and none of them perhaps display the rich and varied powers of his conversation. He was thoroughly acquainted with English life in the higher and middle ranks, and his early familiarity with the stage had taught him the effect of dramatic situations and pointed dialogue. The theatre, however, is not always a good school for taste in composition, and Hook's witty and tragic scenes and contrasts of character are often too violent in tone, and too little discriminated.

THOMAS COLLEY GRATTAN — MR. T. H. LISTER — MARQUIS OF NORMANBY.

THOMAS COLLEY GRATTAN (1796–1864) was born in Dublin, and commenced his literary career with a poetical romance, entitled 'Philibert' (1819), which was smoothly versified, but possessed no great merit. In 1823 appeared his 'Highways and Byways,' tales of continental wandering and adventure, written in a light, picturesque, and pleasing manner. These were so well received that the author wrote a second series, published in 1824, and a third in 1827. In 1830 he came forth with a novel in four volumes, 'The Heiress of Bruges, a Tale of the Year Sixteen Hundred.' The plot of this work is connected with the attempts made by the Flemish to emancipate themselves from the foreign sway of Spain, in which they were assisted by the Dutch, under Prince Maurice. Mr. Grattan was author also of 'Tales of Travel,' and histories of the Netherlands and of Switzerland. As a writer of fiction, a power of vivid description and observation of nature was Mr. Grattan's principal merit. His style is often diffuse and careless; and he does not seem to have laboured successfully in constructing his stories. His pictures of ordinary life in the French

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provinces, as he wandered among the highways and byways of that country with a cheerful observant spirit, noting the peculiarities of the people, are his happiest and most original efforts.

Mr. Thomas Henry Lister (1801–1842), a gentleman of rank and aristocratic connections, was author of three novels, descriptive of the manners of the higher classes—namely, 'Granby,' 1826; 'Herbert Lacy,' 1827; and 'Arlington,' 1832. These works are pleasingly written, and may be considered as affording correct pictures of domestic society, but they possessed no features of novelty or originality to preserve them for another generation. A strain of graceful reflection, in the style of the essays in the 'Mirror' and 'Lounger,' is mingled with the tale, and shews the author to have been a man of cultivated taste and feeling. In 1838 Mr. Lister published a 'Memoir of the Life and Administration of the Earl of Clarendon,' in three volumes, a work of considerable talent and research, in preparing which the author had access to documents and papers unknown to his predecessors. Mr. Lister at the time of his death held the government appointment of Registrar-general of births, marriages, and deaths. The following brief description in 'Granby' may be compared with Mr. Wordsworth's noble sonnet composed upon Westminster Bridge:

London at Sunrise.

Granby followed them with his eyes; and now, too full of happiness to be accessible to any feelings of jealousy or repining, after a short reverie of the purest satisfaction, he left the ball, and sallied out into the fresh cool air of a summer morning—suddenly passing from the red glare of lamplight to the clear sober brightness of returning day. He walked cheerfully onward, refreshed and exhilarated by the air of morning, and interested with the scene around him. It was broad daylight, and he viewed the town under an aspect in which it is alike presented to the late-retiring votary of pleasure, and to the early-rising sons of business. He stopped on the pavement of Oxford Street to contemplate the effect. The whole extent of that long vista, unclouded by the mid-day smoke, was distinctly visible to his eye at once. The houses shrunk to half their span, while the few visible spires of the adjacent churches seemed to rise less distant than before, gaily tipped with early sunshine, and much diminished in apparent size, but heightened in distinctness and in beauty. Had it not been for the cool gray tint which slightly mingled with every object, the brightness was almost that of noon. But the life, the bustle, the busy din, the flowing tide of human existence, were all wanting to complete the similitude. All was hushed and silent; and this mighty receptacle of human beings, which a few short hours would wake into active energy and motion, seemed like a city of the dead.

There was little to break this solemn illusion. Around were the monuments of human exertions, but the hands which formed them were no longer there. Few, if any, were the symptoms of life. No sounds were heard but the heavy creaking of a solitary wagon, the twittering of an occasional sparrow, the monotonous tone of the drowsy watchman, and the distant rattle of the retiring carriage, fading on the ear till it melted into silence; and the eye that searched for living objects fell on nothing but the grim greatcoated guardian of the night, muffled up into an appearance of doubtful character between bear and man, and scarcely distinguishable, by the colour of his dress, from the brown flags along which he sauntered.

Two novels of the same class with those of Mr. Lister were written by the first Marquis of Normanby (1797–1863)—namely, 'Matilda,' published in 1825, and 'Yes and No, a Tale of the Day,' 1827. They

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were well received by the public, being superior to the ordinary run of fashionable novels, but deficient in originality and vigour. Lord Normanby was the English ambassador at Paris in 1848, and some years afterwards (in 1857) he published 'A Year of Revolution,' from the journal he had kept at that stormy period. The work was poorly written, and in bad taste.

LADY CAROLINE LAMB—LADY DACRE—COUNTESS OF MORLEY—LADY CHARLOTTE BURY.

LADY CAROLINE LAMB (1785–1828) was the authoress of three works of fiction, utterly worthless in a literary point of view, but which, from extrinsic circumstances, were highly popular in their day. The first, 'Glenarvon,' was published in 1816, and the hero was understood to 'body forth' the character and sentiments of Lord Byron. It was a representation of the dangers attending a life of fashion. The second, 'Graham Hamilton,' depicted the difficulties and dangers inseparable even in the most amiable minds, from weakness and irresolution of character. The third, 'Ada Reis' (1823), is a wild Eastern tale, the hero being introduced as the Don Juan of his day, a Georgian by birth, who, like Othello, is 'sold to slavery,' but rises to honours and distinctions. In the end Ada is condemned, for various misdeeds, to eternal punishment! The history of Lady Caroline Lamb is painful. She was united, before the age of twenty, to the Hon. William Lamb (afterwards Lord Melbourne), and was long the delight of the fashionable circles, from the singularity as well as the grace of her manners, her literary accomplishments, and personal attractions. On meeting with Lord Byron, she contracted at first sight an unfortunate attachment for the noble poet, which continued three years, and was the theme of much remark. The poet is said to have trifled with her feelings, and a rupture took place. 'For many years Lady Caroline led a life of comparative seclusion, principally at Brocket Hall. This was interrupted by a singular and somewhat romantic occurrence. Riding with Mr. Lamb, she met, just by the park-gates, the hearse which was conveying the remains of Lord Byron to Newstead Abbey. She was taken home insensible: an illness of length and severity succeeded. A romantic susceptibility of temperament and character (ultimately ending in mental alienation) seems to have been the lot of this unfortunate lady. Her fate illustrates the wisdom of Thomson's advice:

> Then keep each passion down, however dear;
> Trust me, the tender are the most severe.

'The Recollections of a Chaperon,' 1833, by LADY DACRE, are a series of tales written with taste, feeling and passion. This lady is, we believe, also authoress of 'Trevelyan,' 1833, a work which, at the time of its publication, was considered as, in many respects, the best novel, by a female writer, that had appeared since Miss Edgeworth's

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'Vivian.'—Among other works of this class may be mentioned the tale of 'Dacre,' 1834, by the COUNTESS OF MORLEY, and several fashionable novels.—'The Divorced,' 'Family Records,' 'Love,' 'The Courtier's Daughter,' &c.—by LADY CHARLOTTE BURY. This lady is the supposed authoress of a 'Diary Illustrative of the Times of George IV.,' a scandalous chronicle, published in 1838. It appears that her Ladyship—then Lady Charlotte Campbell—had held an appointment in the household of the Princess of Wales, and during this time she kept a Diary, in which she recorded the foibles and failings of the unfortunate princess and other members of the court. The work was strongly condemned by the leading critical journals, and was received generally with disapprobation.

R. PLUMER WARD.

MR. R. PLUMER WARD (1765–1846) published in 1825 a singular metaphysical and religious romance, entitled 'Tremaine, or the Man of Refinement.' The author's name was not prefixed to his work; and as he alluded to his intimacy with English statesmen and political events, and seemed to belong to the Evangelical party in the Church, much speculation took place as to the paternity of the novel. The prolixity of some of the dissertations and dialogues, where the story stood still for half a volume, that the parties might converse and dispute, rendered 'Tremaine' somewhat heavy and tedious, in spite of the vigour and originality of talent it displayed. In a subsequent work, 'De Vere, or the Man of Independence,' 1827, the public dwelt with keen interest on a portraiture of Mr. Canning, whose career was then about to close in his premature death. The contention in the mind of this illustrious statesman between literary tastes and the pursuits of ambition, is beautifully delineated in one passage which has been often quoted. It represents a conversation between Wentworth (Canning), Sir George Deloraine, a reserved and sentimental man, and Dr. Herbert. The occasion of the conversation was Wentworth's having observed Deloraine coming out of Westminister Abbey by the door at Poets' Corner. Meeting at dinner, Sir George is rallied by Wentworth on his taste for the monuments of departed genius; which he defends; and he goes on to add:

Power of Literary Genius.

'It would do all you men of power good if you were to visit them too; for it would shew you how little more than upon a level is often the reputation of the greatest statesman with the fame of those who, by their genius, their philosophy, or love of letters, improve and gladden life even after they are gone.' The whole company saw the force of this remark, and Wentworth not the least among them. 'You have touched a theme,' said he, 'which has often engaged me, and others before me, with the keenest interest. I know nothing so calculated as this very reflection to cure us poor political slaves—especially when we feel the tugs we are obliged to sustain—of being dazzled by meteors.' 'Meteors do you call them?' said Dr. Herbert. 'What poet, I had almost said what philosopher, can stand in competition with the founder or defender of his country?' 'Ask your own Homer, your own Shakespeare,' answered Wentworth, forgetting his ambition

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for a moment in his love of letters. 'You take me in my weak part,' said Herbert, 'and the subject would carry us too far. I would remark, however, that but for the Solons, the Romuluses, the Charlemagnes, and Alfreds, we should have no Homer or Shakspeare to charm us.' 'I know this is your favourite theme,' said the minister, 'and you know how much I agree with you. But this is not precisely the question raised by Sir George; which is, the superiority in the temple of fame enjoyed by men distinguished for their efforts in song or history—but who might have been mere beggars when alive—over those who flaunted it superciliously over them in a pomp and pride which are now absolutely forgotten.' 'I will have nothing to do with supercilious flaunters,' replied Herbert; 'I speak of the liberal, the patriotic, who seek power for the true uses of power, in order to diffuse blessing and protection all around them. These can never fail to be deservedly applauded; and I honour such ambition as of infinitely more real consequence to the world than those whose works—however I may love them in private—can, from the mere nature of things, be comparatively known only to a few.' 'All that is most true,' said Mr. Wentworth; 'and for a while public men of the description you mention fill a larger space in the eye of mankind; that is, of contemporary mankind. But extinguish their power, no matter by what means, whether by losing favour at court, or being turned out by the country, to both which they are alike subject; let death forcibly remove them, or a queen die, and their light, like Bolingbroke's, goes out of itself; their influence is certainly gone, and where is even their reputation? It may glimmer for a minute, like the dying flame of a taper, after which they soon cease to be mentioned, perhaps even remembered.' 'Surely,' said the doctor, 'this is too much in extremes.' 'And yet,' continued Wentworth, 'have we not all heard of a maxim appalling to all lovers of political fame, "that nobody is missed?" Alas! then, are we not compelled to burst out with the poet:

> Alas, what boots it with incessant care
> To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,
> And strictly meditate the thankless Muse
> Were it not better done, as others use,
> To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
> Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?'

Both Sir George and De Vere kindled at this; and the doctor himself smiled, when the minister proceeded. 'In short,' said he, 'when a statesman, or even a conqueror, is departed, it depends upon the happier poet or philosophic historian to make even his name known to posterity; while the historian or poet acquires immortality for himself in conferring upon his heroes an inferior existence.' 'Inferior existence!' exclaimed Herbert. 'Yes; for look at Plutarch, and ask which are most esteemed, himself or those he records? Look at the old Claudii and Manlii of Livy; or the characters in Tacitus: or Mæcenas, Agrippa, or Agustus himself—princes, emperors, ministers, esteemed by contemporaries as gods! Fancy their splendour in the eye of the multitude while the multitude followed them! Look at them now! Spite even of their beautiful historians, we have often difficulty in rummaging out their old names; while those who wrote or sang of them live before our eyes. The benefits they conferred passed in a minute, while the compositions that record them last for ever.' Mr. Wentworth's energy moved his hearers, and even Herbert, who was too classical not to be shaken by these arguments. 'Still, however,' said the latter, 'we admire, and even wish to emulate Camillus and Miltiades, and Alexander; a Sully and a Clarendon.' 'Add a Lord Burleigh,' replied the minister, 'who, in reference to Spencer, thought a hundred pounds an immense sum for a song' Which is now most thought of or most loved?—the calculating minister or the poor poet? the puissant treasurer or he who was left "in suing long to bide?"' Sir George and DeVere, considering the quarter whence it came, were delighted with this question. The doctor was silent, and seemed to wish his great friend to go on. He proceeded thus: 'I might make the same question as to Horace and Mæcenas; and yet, I daresay, Horace was as proud of being taken in Mæcenas's coach to the Capitol as the Dean of St. Patrick's in Oxford's or Bolingbroke's to Windsor. Yet Oxford is even now chiefly remembered through that very dean, and so perhaps would Bolingbroke, but that he is an author, and a very considerable one, himself. We may recollect,' continued he, 'the manner in which Whitelocke mentions Milton

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—that "*one* Milton, a blind man" was made Secretary to Cromwell. Whitelocke was then the first subject in the state, and lived in all the pomp of the seals, and all the splendour of Bulstrode; while the blind man waked at early morn to listen to the lark bidding him good-morrow at his cottage-window. Where is the lord-keeper now?—where the blind man? What is known of Addison as secretary of state? and how can His Excellency compare with the man who charms us so exquisitely in his writings? When I have visited his interesting house at Bilton, in Warwickshire, sat in his very study, and read his very books, no words can describe my emotions. I breathe his official atmosphere here, but without thinking of him at all. In short, there is this delightful superiority in literary over political fame, that the one, to say the best of it, stalks in cold grandeur upon stilts, like a French tragedy actor, while the other winds itself into our warm hearts, and is hugged there with all the affection of a friend and all the admiration of a lover.' 'Hear! hear!' cried Sir George, which was echoed by De Vere and Herbert himself.

'De Clifford, or the Constant Man,' produced in 1841, is also a tale of actual life; and as the hero is at one time secretary to a cabinet minister, Mr. Ward revels in official details, rivalries, and intrigue. In 1844 our author produced 'Chatsworth, or the Romance of a Week.' Mr. Ward wrote some legal, historical, and political works now forgotten, and held office under government in the Admiralty and other departments for twenty-five years. Canning said sarcastically that Ward's law-books were as pleasant as novels, and his novels as dull as law-books.

JOHN BANIM—EYRE EVANS CROWE—CÆSAR OTWAY.

JOHN BANIM (1800–1842), author of 'Tales of the O'Hara Family,' seemed to unite the truth and circumstantiality of Crabbe with the dark and gloomy power of Godwin; and in knowledge of Irish character, habits, customs, and feeling, he was superior even to Miss Edgeworth or Lady Morgan. The story of the Nowlans, and that of Croohore of the Bill-hook, can never be forgotten by those who have once perused them. The force of the passions, and the effects of crime, turbulence, and misery, have rarely been painted with such overmastering energy, or wrought into narratives of more sustained and harrowing interest. The probability of his incidents was not much attended to by the author, and he indulged largely in scenes of horror and violence—in murders, abductions, pursuits, and escapes—but the whole was related with such spirit, raciness, and truth of costume and colouring, that the reader had neither time nor inclination to note defects. The very peculiarities of the Irish dialect and pronunciation—though constituting at first a difficulty in perusal, and always too much persisted in by Mr. Banim—heightened the wild native flavour of the stories, and enriched them with many new and picturesque words and phrases.

His 'Tales of the O'Hara Family' were produced in 1825 and 1826. They were followed, in 1823, by another Irish story, 'The Croppy,' connected with the insurrection in 1798. 'We paint,' said the author, 'from the people of a land amongst whom, for the last six hundred years, national provocations have never ceased to keep alive the strongest and often the worst passions of our nature; whose

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pauses, during that long lapse of a country's existence, from actual conflict in the field, have been but so many changes into mental strife, and who to this day are held prepared, should the war-cry be given, to rush at each other's throats, and enact scenes that, in the columns of a newspaper, would shew more terribly vivid than any selected by us from former facts, for the purposes of candid, though slight illustration.' There was too much of this 'strong writing' in 'The Croppy,' and worse faults were found in the prolixity of some of the dialogues and descriptions, and a too palpable imitation of the style of Scott in his historical romances. The scenes peculiarly Irish are, however, written with Mr. Banim's characteristic vigour: he describes the burning of a cabin till we seem to witness the spectacle; and the massacre at Vinegar Hill is portrayed with the distinctness of dramatic action. Nanny the knitter is also one of his happiest Irish likenesses. The experiment made by the author to depict the manners and frivolities of the higher classes—to draw a sprightly heroine, a maiden aunt, or the ordinary characters and traits of genteel society—was decidedly a failure. His strength lay in the cabin and the wild heath, not in the drawing-room. In 1830 Mr. Banim published 'The Denounced,' in three volumes, a work consisting of two tales—The Last Baron of Crana, and The Conformists. The same beauties and defects which characterise 'The Croppy' are seen in 'The Denounced;' but the Conformists is a deeply interesting story, and calls forth Mr. Banim's peculiarities of description and knowledge of character in a very striking light. His object is to depict the evils of that system of anti-Catholic tyranny when the p nal laws were in full force, by which home education was denied to Catholic families unless by a Protestant teacher. The more rigid of the Catholics abjured all instruction thus administered; and Mr. Banim describes the effects of ignorance and neglect on the second son of a Catholic gentleman, haughty, sensitive, and painfully alive to the disadvantages and degradation of his condition. The whole account of this family, the D'Arcys, is written with great skill and effect.

In 1838 Mr. Banim collected several of his contributions to periodical works, and published them under the title of 'The Bit o' Writin', and other Tales.' In 1842 he sent forth an original and excellent novel, in three volumes, 'Father Connell,' the hero being an aged and benevolent Catholic priest, not unworthy of association with the Protestant Vicar of Wakefield. This primitive pastor becomes the patron of a poor vagrant boy, Neddy Fennell, whose adventures furnish the incidents for the story. This was destined to be the last work of the author. He died in August 1842, in the prime of life, in the neighbourhood of Kilkenny, which also was his birthplace. 'Mr. Banim began life as a miniature-painter; but, seduced from his profession by promptings too strong to be resisted, and by the success of a tragedy, "Damon and Pythias," he early abandoned

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art, and adopted literature as a profession; and he will be long remembered as the writer of that powerful and painful series of novels, "Tales of the O'Hara Family." Some years previous, the general sympathy was attracted to Mr. Banim's struggle against the suffering and privation which came in the train of disease that precluded all literary exertion; and on that occasion Sir Robert Peel came to the aid of the distressed author, whose latter years were restored to his native country, and made easy by a yearly pension of £150 from the civil list, to which an addition of £40 a year was afterwards made for the education of his daughter, an only child.' Besides the works we have mentioned, Mr. Banim wrote 'Boyne Water,' and other poetical pieces; and he contributed largely to the different magazines and annuals. The 'Tales of the O'Hara Family' had given him a name that carried general attraction to all lovers of light literature; and there are few of these short and hasty tales that do not contain some traces of his unrivalled Irish power and fidelity of delineation. In some respects Mr. Banim was a mannerist: his knowledge extended over a wide surface of Irish history and of character, under all its modifications; but his style and imagination were confined chiefly to the same class of subjects, and to a peculiar mode of treating them. A Life of Banim, with extracts from his correspondence—unfolding a life of constant struggle and exertion—was published in 1857, written by Mr. P. J. Murray.

Description of the Burning of a Croppy's House.

The smith kept a brooding and gloomy silence; his almost savage yet steadfast glare fastened upon the element that, not more raging than his own bosom, devoured his dwelling. Fire had been set to the house in many places within and without; and though at first it crept slowly along the surface of the thatch, or only sent out bursting wreaths of vapour from the interior, or through the doorway, few minutes elapsed until the whole of the combustible roof was one mass of flame, shooting up into the serene air in a spire of dazzling brilliancy, mixed with vivid sparks, and relieved against a background of dark-gray smoke.

Sky and earth appeared reddened into common ignition with the blaze. The houses around gleamed hotly; the very stones and rocks on the hillside seemed portions of fire; and Shawn-a-Gow's bare head and herculean shoulders were covered with spreading showers of the ashes of his own roof.

His distended eye fixed, too, upon the figures of the actors in this scene, now rendered fiercely distinct, and their scabbards, their buttons, and their polished black helmets, bickering redly in the glow, as, at a command from their captain, they sent up the hillside three shouts over the demolition of the Croppy's dwelling. But still, though his breast heaved, and though wreaths of foam edged his lips, Shawn was silent; and little Peter now feared to address a word to him. And other sights and occurrences claimed whatever attention he was able to afford. Rising to a pitch of shrillness that overmastered the cheers of the yeomen, the cries of a man in bodily agony struck on the ears of the listeners on the hill, and looking hard towards a spot brilliantly illuminated, they saw Saunders Smyly vigorously engaged in one of his tasks as disciplinarian to the Ballybrechoone cavalry. With much ostentation, his instrument of torture was flourished round his head, and though at every lash the shrieks of the sufferer came loud, the lashes themselves were scarce less distinct.

A second group challenged the eye. Shawn-a-Gow's house stood alone in the village. A short distance before its door was a lime-tree, with benches contrived all round the trunk, upon which, in summer weather, the gossippers of the village used to seat themselves. This tree, standing between our spectators and the blaze, cut darkly

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against the glowing objects beyond it; and three or four yeomen, their backs turned to the hill, their faces to the burning house, and consequently their figures also appearing black, seemed busily occupied in some feat that required the exertion of pulling with their hands lifted above their heads. Shawn flashed an inquiring glance upon them, and anon a human form, still, like their figures, vague and undefined in blackness, gradually became elevated from the ground beneath the tree, until its head almost touched a projecting branch, and then it remained stationary, suspended from that branch.

Shawn's rage increased to madness at this sight, though he did not admit it to be immediately connected with his more individual causes for wrath. And now came an event that made a climax, for the present, to his emotions, and at length caused some expressions of his pent-up feelings. A loud crackling crash echoed from his house; a volume of flame, taller and more dense than any by which it was preceded, darted up to the heavens; then almost former darkness fell on the hillside; a gloomy red glow alone remained on the objects below; and nothing but thick smoke, dotted with sparks, continued to issue from his dwelling. After everything that could inferiorly supply food to the flame had been devoured, it was the roof of his old house that now fell in.

'By the ashes o' my cabin, burnt down before me this night—an' I stannin' a houseless beggar on the hillside lookin' at id—while I can get an Orangeman's house to take the blaze, an' a wisp to kindle the blaze up, I 'll burn ten houses for that one!'

And so asseverating, he recrossed the summit of the hill, and, followed by Peter Rooney, descended into the little valley of refuge.

The national character of Ireland was further illustrated by two collections of tales published anonymously, entitled 'To-day in Ireland,' 1825; and 'Yesterday in Ireland,' 1829. Though imperfectly acquainted with the art of a novelist, this writer is often correct and happy in his descriptions and historical summaries. Like Banim, he has ventured on the stormy period of 1798, and has been more minute than his great rival in sketching the circumstances of the rebellion.—MR. EYRE EVANS CROWE, author of a 'History of France,' and of 'The English in Italy and France,' a work of superior merit, was the author of these tales.—The REV. CÆSAR OTWAY, of Dublin, in his 'Sketches of Ireland,' and his 'Tour in Connaught,' &c., has displayed many of the most valuable qualities of a novelist, without attempting the construction of a regular story. His lively style and humorous illustrations of the manners of the people render his topographical works very pleasant as well as instructive reading. Mr. Otway was a keen theologian, a determined anti-Catholic, but full of Irish feeling and universal kindliness. He died in March 1842.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

Gerald Griffin, author of some excellent Irish tales, was born at Limerick on the 12th of December, 1803. His first schoolmaster appears to have been a true Milesian pedant and original, for one of his advertisements begins, 'When ponderous polysyllables promulgate professional powers!'—and he boasted of being one of *three* persons in Ireland who knew how to read correctly; namely, the Bishop of Killaloe, the Earl of Clare, and himself, Mr. MacEligot! Gerald was afterwards placed under a private tutor, whence he was removed to attend a school at Limerick. While a mere youth he became con-

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nected with the *Limerick Advertiser* newspaper; but having written a tragedy, he migrated to London in his twentieth year, with the hope of distinguishing himself in literature and the drama. Disappointment very naturally followed, and Gerald betook himself to reporting for the daily press and contributing to the magazines. In 1825 he succeeded in getting an operatic melodrama brought out at the English Opera House; and in 1827 appeared his 'Holland-tide, or Munster Popular Tales,' a series of short stories, thoroughly Irish, and evincing powers of observation and description from which much might be anticipated. This fortunate beginning was followed the same year by 'Tales of the Munster Festivals, containing Card-drawing, the Half-sir, and Suil Dhuv, the Coiner,' three volumes.

The nationality of these tales, and the talent of the author in depicting the mingled levity and pathos of the Irish character, rendered them exceedingly popular. His reputation was still further increased by the publication, in 1829, of 'The Collegians; a Second Series of Tales of the Munster Festivals,' three volumes, which proved to be the most popular of all his works, and was thought by many to place Griffin as an Irish novelist above Banim and Carleton. Some of the scenes possess a deep and melancholy interest; for, in awakening terror, and painting the sterner passions and their results, Griffin displayed the art and power of a master. 'The Collegians,' says a writer in the 'Edinburgh Review,' 'is a very interesting and well-constructed tale, full of incident and passion. It is a history of the clandestine union of a young man of good birth and fortune with a girl of far inferior rank, and of the consequences which too naturally result. The gradual decay of an attachment which was scarcely based on anything better than sensual love—the irksomeness of concealment—the goadings of wounded pride—the suggestions of self-interest, which had been hastily neglected for an object which proves inadequate when gained—all these combining to produce, first, neglect, and lastly, aversion, are interestingly and vividly described.' In 1830 Mr. Griffin was again in the field with his Irish sketches. Two tales, 'The Rivals,' and 'Tracey's Ambition,' were well received, though improbable in plot and ill arranged in incident. The author continued his miscellaneous labours for the press, and published, besides a number of contributions to periodicals, another series of stories, entitled 'Tales of the Five Senses.' These are not equal to his 'Munster Tales,' but are, nevertheless, full of fine Irish description and character, and of that 'dark and touching power' which Mr. Carleton assigns as the distinguishing excellence of his brother-novelist.

Notwithstanding the early success and growing reputation of Mr. Griffin, he soon became tired of the world, and anxious to retreat from its toils and its pleasures. He had been educated in the Roman Catholic faith, and one of his sisters had, about the year 1830, taken the veil. This circumstance awakened the poetical and devotional feelings and desires that formed part of his character, and he grew

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daily more anxious to quit the busy world for a life of religious duty and service. The following verses, written at this time, are expressive of his new enthusiasm:

Seven dreary winters gone and spent,
Seven blooming summers vanished too,
Since, on an eager mission bent,
I left my Irish home and you.

How passed those years, I will not say;
They cannot be by words renewed—
God washed their sinful parts away!
And blest be He for all their good.

With even mind and tranquil breast
I left my youthful sister then,
And now in sweet religious rest
I see my sister there again.

Returning from that stormy world,
How pleasing is a sight like this!
To see that bark with canvas furled
Still riding in that port of peace.

Oh, darling of a heart that still,
By earthly joys so deeply trod,
At moments bids its owner feel
The warmth of nature and of God!

Still be his care in future years
To learn of thee truth's simple way,
And free from foundless hopes or fears,
Serenely live, securely pray.

And when our Christmas days are past,
And life's vain shadows faint and dim,
Oh, be my sister heard at last,
When her pure hands are raised for him!

Christmas, 1830.

His mind, fixed on this subject, still retained its youthful buoyancy and cheerfulness. He retired from the world in the autumn of 1838, and joined the Christian Brotherhood—whose duty it is to instruct the poor—in the monastery at Cork. In the second year of his novitiate he was attacked with typhus fever, and died on the 12th of June, 1840.

WILLIAM CARLETON.

WILLIAM CARLETON, author of 'Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry,' was born at Prillisk, in the parish of Clogher, and county of Tyrone, in the year 1798. His father was a person in lowly station—a peasant—but highly and singularly gifted. His memory was unusually retentive, and as a teller of old tales, legends, and historical anecdotes, he was unrivalled; and his stock of them was inexhaustible. He spoke the Irish and English languages with nearly equal fluency. His mother was skilled in the native music of the country, and possessed the sweetest and most exquisite of human

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voices.* She was celebrated for the effect she gave to the Irish cry or 'keene.' 'I have often been present,' says her son, 'when she has "raised the keene" over the corpse of some relative or neighbour, and my readers may judge of the melancholy charm which accompanied this expression of her sympathy, when I assure them that the general clamour of violent grief was gradually diminished, from admiration, until it became ultimately hushed, and no voice was heard but her own—wailing in sorrowful but solitary beauty.' With such parents Carleton could not fail to imbibe the peculiar feelings and superstitions of his country. His humble home was a fitting nursery for Irish genius.

His first schoolmaster was a Connaught man, named Pat Frayne, the prototype of Mat Kavanagh in 'The Hedge School.' He also received some instruction from a classical teacher, a 'tyrannical blockhead' who settled in the neighbourhood; and it was afterwards agreed to send him to Munster, as a poor scholar, to complete his education. In some cases a collection is made to provide an outfit for the youth thus leaving home; but Carleton's own family supplied the funds supposed to be necessary. The circumstances attending his departure, Carleton has related in his fine tale, 'The Poor Scholar.' As he journeyed slowly along the road, his superstitious fears got the better of his ambition to be a scholar, and stopping for the night at a small inn by the way, a disagreeable dream determined the homesick lad to return to his father's cottage. His affectionate parents were equally joyed to receive him; and Carleton seems to have done little for some years but join in the sports and pastimes of the people, and attend every wake, dance, fair, and merrymaking in the neighbourhood. In his seventeenth year he went to assist a distant relative, a priest, who had opened a classical school near Glasslough, county of Monaghan, where he remained two years. A pilgrimage to the far-famed Lough Derg, or St. Patrick's Purgatory, excited his imagination; and the description of that performance, some years afterwards, 'not only,' he says, 'constituted my *debut* in literature, but was also the means of preventing me from being a pleasant, strong-bodied parish priest at this day; indeed it was the cause of changing the whole destiny of my subsequent life.'

About this time chance threw a copy of 'Gil Blas' in his way, and his love of adventure was so stimulated by its perusal, that he left his native place, and set off on a visit to a Catholic clergyman in the county of Louth. He stopped with him a fortnight, and succeeded in procuring a tuition in the house of a farmer near Corcreagh. This, however, was a tame life and a hard one, and Carleton resolved on precipitating himself on the Irish metropolis, with no other guide than a certain strong feeling of vague and shapeless ambition. He

* These particulars concerning the personal history of the novelist are contained in his introduction to the last edition of the *Traits and Stories*.

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entered Dublin with only 2s. 9d. in his pocket. From this period we suppose we must date the commencement of Mr. Carleton's literary career. In 1830 appeared his 'Traits and Stories,' two volumes, published in Dublin, but without the author's name. The critics were unanimous in favour of the Irish sketcher. His account of the northern Irish—the Ulster creachts—was new to the reading public; and the 'dark mountains and green vales' of his native Tyrone, of Donegal, and Derry, had been left untouched by the previous writers on Ireland. A Second Series of these tales was published by Mr. Carleton in 1832, and was equally well received. In 1839 he sent forth a powerful Irish story, 'Fardorougha the Miser, or the Convicts of Lisnamona,' in which the passion of avarice is strikingly depicted, without its victim being wholly dead to natural tenderness and affection. Scenes of broad humour and comic extravagance are interspersed throughout the work.

Two years afterwards (1814) appeared 'The Fawn of Spring Vale, the Clarionet, and other Tales,' three volumes. There is more of pathetic composition in this collection than in the former; but one genial, light-hearted, humorous story, 'The Misfortunes of Barney Branagan,' was a prodigious favourite. In 1845 Mr. Carleton published another Irish novel, 'Valentine M'Clutchy;' in 1846, 'Rody the Rover;' in 1847, 'The Black Prophet;' in 1849, 'The Tithe Proctor;' in 1855, 'Willy Reilly;' and in 1860, 'The Evil Eye.' A pension of £200 was settled upon the Irish novelist. He died January 30, 1869. The great merit of Mr. Carleton is the truth of his delineations and the apparent artlessness of his stories. If he has not the passionate energy—or, as he himself has termed it 'the melancholy but indignant reclamations'—of John Banim, he has not his party prejudices or bitterness. He seems to have formed a fair and just estimate of the character of his countrymen, and to have drawn it as it actually appeared to him at home and abroad—in feud and in festival—in the various scenes which passed before him in his native district and during his subsequent rambles. The lower Irish, he justly remarks, were, until a comparatively recent period, treated with apathy and gross neglect by the only class to whom they could or ought to look up for sympathy or protection. Hence those deep-rooted prejudices and fearful crimes which stain the history of a people remarkable for their social and domestic virtues. 'In domestic life,' says Mr. Carleton, 'there is no man so exquisitely affectionate and humanised as the Irishman. The national imagination is active, and the national heart warm, and it follows very naturally that he should be, and is, tender and strong in all his domestic relations. Unlike the people of other nations, his grief is loud but lasting: vehement but deep; and whilst its shadow has been chequered by the laughter and mirth of a cheerful disposition, still, in the moments of seclusion, at his bedside prayer, or over the grave of those he loved, it will put itself forth, after half a life, with a vivid power of recollection which is

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sometimes almost beyond belief.' A people thus cast in extremes—melancholy and humorous—passionate in affection and in hatred—cherishing the old language, traditions, and recollections of their country—their wild music, poetry, and customs—ready either for good or for evil—such a people certainly affords the novelist abundant materials for his fictions. The field is ample, and it has been richly cultivated.

Picture of an Irish Village and School-house.

The village of Findramore was situated at the foot of a long green hill, the outline of which formed a low arch, as it rose to the eye against the horizon. This hill was studded with clumps of beeches, and sometimes inclosed as a meadow. In the month of July, when the grass on it was long, many an hour have I spent in solitary enjoyment, watching the wavy motion produced upon its pliant surface by the sunny winds, or the flight of the cloud-shadows, like gigantic phantoms, as they swept rapidly over it, whilst the murmur of the rocking trees, and the glancing of their bright leaves in the sun, produced a heartfelt pleasure, the very memory of which rises in my imagination like some fading recollection of a brighter world.

At the foot of this hill ran a clear deep-banked river, bounded on one side by a slip of rich level meadow, and on the other by a kind of common for the village geese, whose white feathers during the summer season lay scattered over its green surface. It was also the play-ground for the boys of the village school; for there ran that part of the river which, with very correct judgment, the urchins had selected as their bathing-place. A little slope or watering-ground in the bank brought them to the edge of the stream, where the bottom fell away into the fearful depths of the whirlpool under the hanging oak on the other bank. Well do I remember the first time I ventured to swim across it, and even yet do I see in imagination the two bunches of water-flagons on which the inexperienced swimmers trusted themselves in the water.

About two hundred yards above this, the *boreen* [little road] which led from the village to the main road crossed the river by one of those old narrow bridges whose arches rise like round ditches across the road—an almost impassable barrier to horse and car. On passing the bridge in a northern direction, you found a range of low thatched houses on each side of the road; and if one o'clock, the hour of dinner, drew near, you might observe columns of blue smoke curling up from a row of chimneys, some made of wicker-creels plastered over with a rich coat of mud, some of old narrow bottomless tubs, and others, with a great appearance of taste, ornamented with thick circular ropes of straw sewed together like bees' skeps with the peel of a brier; and many having nothing but the open vent above. But the smoke by no means escaped by its legitimate aperture, for you might observe little clouds of it bursting out of the doors and windows; the panes of the latter, being mostly stopped at other times with old hats and rags, were now left entirely open for the purpose of giving it a free escape.

Before the doors, on right and left, was a series of dunghills, each with its concomitant sink of green, rotten water; and if it happened that a stout-looking woman with watery eyes and a yellow cap hung loosely upon her matted locks, came, with a chubby urchin on one arm and a pot of dirty water in her hand, its unceremonious ejection in the aforesaid sink would be apt to send you up the village with your finger and thumb—for what purpose you would yourself perfectly understand—closely but not knowingly applied to your nostrils. But, independently of this, you would be apt to have other reasons for giving your horse, whose heels are by this time surrounded by a dozen of barking curs, and the same number of shouting urchins, a pretty sharp touch of the spurs, as well as for complaining bitterly of the odour of the atmosphere. It is no landscape without figures; and you might notice—if you are, as I suppose you to be, a man of observation—in every sink, as you pass along, a slip of a pig stretched in the middle of the mud, the very *beau-idéal* of luxury, giving occasionally a long luxuriant grunt, highly expressive of his enjoyment; or perhaps an old farrower lying in indolent repose, with half-a-dozen young ones jostling each other for their draught, and punching her belly with their little snouts, reckless of the fumes they are creating; whilst the loud crow of the

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cock, as he confidently flaps his wings on his own dunghill, gives the warning note for the hour of dinner.

As you advance, you will also perceive several faces thrust out of the doors, and rather than miss a sight of you, a grotesque visage peeping by a short-cut through the paneless windows, or a tattered female flying to snatch up her urchin that has been tumbling itself heels up in the dust of the road, lest 'the gintleman's horse might ride over it:' and if you happen to look behind, you may observe a shaggy-headed youth in tattered frieze, with one hand thrust indolently in his breast, standing at the door in conversation with the inmates, a broad grin of sarcastic ridicule on his face, in the act of breaking a joke or two upon yourself or your horse; or perhaps your jaw may be saluted with a lump of clay, just hard enough not to fall asunder as it flies, cast by some ragged gorsoon from behind a hedge, who squats himself in a ridge of corn to avoid detection.

Seated upon a hob at the door, you may observe a tollworn man without coat or waistcoat, his red muscular sunburnt shoulder peering through the remnant of a shirt, mending his shoes with a piece of twisted flax, called a *tingel*, or perhaps sewing two footless stockings, or *martyeens*, to his coat, as a substitute for sleeves.

In the gardens, which are usually fringed with nettles, you will see a solitary labourer, working with that carelessness and apathy that characterise an Irishman when he labours *for himself*, leaning upon his spade to look after you, and glad of any excuse to be idle.

The houses, however, are not all such as I have described—far from it. You see here and there, between the more humble cabins, a stout comfortable-looking farmhouse with ornamental thatching and well-glazed windows; adjoining to which is a hay-yard with five or six large stacks of corn, well trimmed and roped, and a fine yellow weather-beaten old hay-rick, half-cut—not taking into account twelve or thirteen circular strata of stones that mark out the foundations on which others had been raised. Neither is the rich smell of oaten or wheaten bread, which the goodwife is baking on the griddle, unpleasant to your nostrils; nor would the bubbling of a large pot, in which you might see, should you chance to enter, a prodigious square of fat, yellow, and almost transparent bacon tumbling about, be an unpleasant object: truly, as it hangs over a large fire, with well-swept hearthstone, it is in good keeping with the white settle and chairs, and the dresser with noggins, wooden trenchers, and pewter dishes, perfectly clean, and as well polished as a French courtier.

As you leave the village, you have, to the left, a view of the hill which I have already described, and, to the right, a level expanse of fertile country, bounded by a good view of respectable mountains peering decently into the sky; and in a line that forms an acute angle from the point of the road where you ride, is a delightful valley, in the bottom of which shines a pretty lake; and a little beyond, on the slope of a green hill, rises a splendid house, surrounded by a park, well wooded and stocked with deer. You have now topped the little hill above the village, and a straight line of level road, a mile long, goes forward to a country town which lies immediately behind that white church with its spire cutting into the sky before you. You descend on the other side, and having advanced a few perches, look to the left, where you see a long thatched chapel, only distinguished from a dwelling house by its want of chimneys, and a small stone cross that stands on the top of the eastern gable; behind it is a grave-yard, and beside it a snug public-house, well whitewashed; then, to the right, you observe a door apparently in the side of a clay bank, which rises considerably above the pavement of the road. What! you ask yourself, can this be a human habitation? But ere you have time to answer the question, a confused buzz of voices from within reaches your ear, and the appearance of a little gorsoon, with a red close-cropped head and Milesian face, having in his hand a short white stick, or the thigh-bone of a horse, which you at once recognise as 'the pass' of a village school, gives you the full information. He has an inkhorn, covered with leather, dangling at the button-hole (for he has long since played away the buttons) of his frieze jacket—his mouth is circumscribed with a streak of ink—his pen is stuck knowingly behind his ear—his shins are dotted over with fire-blisters, black, red, and blue—on each heel a kibe—his 'leather crackers'—*videlicit*, breeches—shrunk up upon him, and only reaching as far down as the caps of his knees. Having spied you, he places his hand over his brows, to throw back the dazzling light of the sun, and

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peers at you from under it, till he breaks out into a laugh, exclaiming, half to himself, half to you:

'You a gintleman!—no, nor one of your breed never was, you procthorin' thief you!'

You are now immediately opposite the door of the seminary, when half-a-dozen of those seated next it notice you.

'Oh, sir, here 's a gintleman on a horse!—masther, sir, here 's a gintleman on a horse, wid boots and spurs on him, that 's looking in at us.'

'Silence!' exclaims the master; 'back from the door—boys, rehearse—every one of you rehearse, I say, you Bœotians, till the gintleman goes past!'

'I want to go out, if you plase, sir.'

'No, you don't, Phelim.'

'I do indeed, sir.'

'What! is it afther conthradictin' me you 'd be? Don't you see the "porter 's" out, and you can't go.'

'Well, 'tis Mat Meehan has it, sir; and he 's out this half-hour, sir; I can't stay in, sir!'

'You want to be idling your time looking at the gintleman, Phelim.'

'No, indeed, sir.'

'Phelim, I know you of old—go to your sate. I tell you, Phelim, you were born for the encouragement of the hemp manufacture, and you 'll die promoting it.'

In the meantime the master puts his head out of the door, his body stooped to a 'half-bend'—a phrase, and the exact curve which it forms, I leave for the present to your own sagacity—and surveys you until you pass. That is an Irish hedge school, and the personage who follows you with his eye a hedge schoolmaster.

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

Mary Russell Mitford, the painter of English rural life in its happiest and most genial aspects, was born in 1786 at Alresford, in Hampshire. Reminiscences of her early boarding-school days are scattered through her works, and she appears to have been always an enthusiastic reader. Her father, Dr. Mitford, was at one time possessed of a considerable fortune—on one occasion he won a lottery-prize of £20,000—but he squandered it in folly and extravagance, and was latterly supported by the pen of his daughter. When very young, she published a volume of miscellaneous poems, and a metrical tale in the style of Scott, entitled 'Christine, the Maid of the South Seas,' founded on the discovery of the mutineers of the *Bounty*. In 1823 was produced her effective and striking tragedy of 'Julian,' dedicated to Mr. Macready, the actor, 'for the zeal with which he befriended the production of a stranger, for the judicious alterations which he suggested, and for the energy, the pathos, and the skill with which he more than embodied its principal character.' Next year Miss Mitford published the first volume of 'Our Village, Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery,' to which four other volumes were subsequently added, the fifth and last in 1832. 'Every one,' says a lively writer*, 'now knows "Our Village," and every one knows that the nooks and corners, the haunts and the copses so delightfully described in its pages, will be found in the immediate neighborhood of Reading, and more especially around Three-Mile Cross, a cluster of cot-

*Mr. Chorley—*The Authors of England.* HENRY FOTHERGILL CHORLEY, a pleasing miscellaneous writer and musical critic, died February 16, 1872.

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tages on the Basingstoke Road, in one of which our authoress resided for many years. But so little were the peculiar and original excellence of her descriptions understood, in the first instance, that, after having gone the round of rejection through the more important periodicals, they at last saw the light in no worthier publication than the 'Lady's Magazine.' But the series of rural pictures grew, and the venture of collecting them into a separate volume was tried. The public began to relish the style, so fresh, yet so finished—to enjoy the delicate humour and the simple pathos of the tales; and the result was, that the popularity of these sketches outgrew that of the work of a loftier order proceeding from the same pen; that young writers, English and American, began to imitate so artless and charming a manner of narration; and that an obscure Berkshire hamlet, by the magic of talent and kindly feeling, was converted into a place of resort and interest for not a few of the finest spirits of the age.

Extending her observation from the country village to the market town, Miss Mitford published another interesting volume of descriptions, entitled 'Belford Regis' (1835). She also gleaned from the New World three volumes of 'Stories of American Life, by American Writers,' of which she remarks: 'The scenes described and the personages introduced are as various as the authors, extending in geographical space from Canada to Mexico, and including almost every degree of civilisation, from the wild Indian, and the almost equally wild hunter of the forest and prairies, to the cultivated inhabitant of the city and plain.' Besides her tragedies—which are little inferior to those of Miss Baillie as intellectual productions, while one of them, 'Rienzi,' has been highly successful on the stage—Miss Mitford contributed numerous tales to the annuals and magazines, shewing that her industry was equal to her talents. It is to her English tales, however, that she must chiefly trust her fame with posterity; and there is so much truth and observation, as well as beauty, in these rural delineations, that we cannot conceive their ever being considered obsolete or uninteresting. In them she has treasured not only the results of long and familiar observation, but the feelings and conceptions of a truly poetical mind. She is a prose Cowper, without his gloom or bitterness. In 1838, Miss Mitford's name was added to the pension-list—a well-earned tribute to one whose genius had been devoted to the honour and embellishment of her country. Though suffering almost constantly for many years from debility or acute pain, she continued her literary pursuits. In 1852, she published 'Recollections of a Literary Life,' three volumes—a work consisting chiefly of extracts—and in 1854, 'Atherston, and other Tales,' three volumes. The same year she published a collected edition of her 'Dramatic Works.' She died at her residence near Reading in January 1855, aged sixty-nine.

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Tom Cordery, the Poacher.

This human oak grew on the wild North-of-Hampshire country; a country of heath, and hill, and forest, partly reclaimed, inclosed, and planted by some of the greater proprietors, but for the most part uncultivated and uncivilised, a proper refuge for wild animals of every species. Of these the most notable was my friend Tom Cordery, who presented in his own person no unfit emblem of the district in which he lived—the gentlest of savages, the wildest of civilised men. He was by calling rat-catcher, hare-finder, and broom-maker; a triad of trades which he had substituted for the one grand profession of poaching, which he followed in his younger days with unrivalled talent and success, and would, undoubtedly, have pursued till his death, had not the bursting of an overloaded gun unluckily shot off his left hand. As it was, he still contrived to mingle a little of his old unlawful occupation with his honest callings; was a reference of high authority amongst the young aspirants, an adviser of undoubted honour and secrecy—suspected, and more than suspected, as being one 'who, though he played no more, o'erlooked the cards.' Yet he kept to windward of the law, and indeed contrived to be on such terms of social and even friendly intercourse with the guardians of the game on M—— Common, as may be said to prevail between reputed thieves and the myrmidons of justice in the neighbourhood of Bow Street.

Never did any human being look more like that sort of sportsman commonly called a poacher. He was a tall, finely-built man, with a prodigious stride, that cleared the ground like a horse, and a power of continuing his slow and steady speed, that seemed nothing less than miraculous. Neither man, nor horse, nor dog, could out-tire him. He had a bold, undaunted presence, and an evident strength and power of bone and muscle. You might see, by looking at him, that he did not know what fear meant. In his youth he had fought more battles than any man in the forest. He was as if born without nerves, totally insensible to the recoils and disgusts of humanity. I have known him take up a huge adder, cut off its head, and then deposit the living and writhing body in his brimless hat, and walk with it coiling and wreathing about his head, like another Medusa, till the sport of the day was over, and he carried it home to secure the fat. With all this iron stubbornness of nature, he was of a most mild and gentle demeanour, had a fine placidity of countenance, and a quick blue eye beaming with good-humour. His face was sunburnt into one general pale vermilion hue that overspread all his features; his very hair was sunburnt too.

Everybody liked Tom Cordery. He had himself an aptness to like, which is certain to be repaid in kind; the very dogs knew him, and loved him, and would beat for him almost as soon as for their master. Even May, the most sagacious of greyhounds, appreciated his talents, and would as soon listen to Tom sohoing as to old Tray giving tongue.

Behind those sallows, in a nook between them and the hill, rose the uncouth and shapeless cottage of Tom Cordery. It is a scene which hangs upon the eye and the memory, striking, grand—almost sublime, and, above all, eminently foreign. No English painter would choose such a subject for an English landscape; no one, in a picture, would take it for English. It might pass for one of those scenes which have furnished models to Salvator Rosa. Tom's cottage was however, very thoroughly national and characteristic: a low, ruinous hovel, the door of which was fastened with a sedulous attention to security, that contrasted strangely with the tattered thatch of the roof and the half-broken windows. No garden, no pigsty, no pens for geese, none of the usual signs of cottage habitation; yet the house was covered with nondescript dwellings, and the very walls were animate with their extraordinary tenants—pheasants, partridges, rabbits, tame wild-ducks, half-tame hares, and their enemies by nature and education, the ferrets, terriers, and mongrels, of whom his retinue consisted. Great ingenuity had been evinced in keeping separate these jarring elements; and by dint of hutches, cages, fences, kennels, and half-a-dozen little hurdled inclosures, resembling the sort of courts which children are apt to build round their card-houses, peace was in general tolerably well preserved. Frequent sounds, however, of fear or of anger, as their several instincts were aroused, gave token that it was but a forced and hollow truce; and at such times the clamour was prodigious. Tom had the remarkable tenderness for animals when domesticated, which is

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so often found in those whose sole vocation seems to be their destruction in the field; and the one long, straggling, uncelled, barn-like room, which served for kitchen, bed-chamber, and hall, was cumbered with bipeds and quadrupeds of all kinds and descriptions—the sick, the delicate, the newly caught, the lying-in. In the midst of this menagerie sat Tom's wife—for he was married, though without a family—married to a woman lame of a leg, as he himself was minus an arm—now trying to quiet her noisy inmates, now to outscold them. How long his friend, the keeper, would have continued to wink at this den of live game, none can say; the roof fairly fell in during the deep snow of last winter, killing, as poor Tom observed, two as fine litters of rabbits as ever were kittened. Remotely, I have no doubt that he himself fell a sacrifice to this misadventure. The overseer, to whom he applied to reinstate his beloved habitation, decided that the walls would never bear another roof, and removed him and his wife, as an especial favour, to a tidy, snug, comfortable room in the workhouse. The workhouse! From that hour poor Tom visibly altered. He lost his hilarity and independence. It was a change such as he had himself often inflicted—a complete change of habits, a transition from the wild to the tame. No labour was demanded of him; he went about as before, finding hares, killing rats, selling brooms; but the spirit of the man was departed. He talked of the quiet of his old abode, and the noise of his new; complained of children and other bad company; and looked down on his neighbours with the sort of contempt with which a cock-pheasant might regard a barn-door fowl. Most of all did he, braced into a gipsy-like defiance of wet and cold, grumble at the warmth and dryness of his apartment. He used to foretell that it would kill him, and assuredly it did so. Never could the typhus fever have found out that wild hillside, or have lurked under that broken roof. The free touch of the air would have chased the demon. Alas, poor Tom! warmth, and snugness, and comfort, whole windows, and an entire ceiling, were the death of him. Alas, poor Tom!

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK (1788-1866) was born at Weymouth, the son of a London merchant. He was an accomplished classical scholar, though self-taught from the age of thirteen. He was long connected with the East India Company, and in 1816 came to be Chief Examiner of Indian correspondence, as successor to James Mill, the historian. On Peacock's retirement in 1856, John Stuart Mill took his place. Peacock was the author of some lively, natural, and descriptive novels, with little plot or story, but containing witty and sarcastic dialogues, with copies of verses above mediocrity, and sketches of eccentric character. 'Headlong Hall' was produced in 1816; 'Nightmare Abbey' in 1818; 'Maid Marian' in 1822; 'Misfortunes of Elphin' in 1829; 'Crochet Castle' in 1831; and 'Gryll Grange' in 1860—the last, though written when its author was seventy-two, is as full of humour and clever dialogue as his earlier tales. Besides these works of fiction, Peacock wrote several poetical satires and other poems, and contributed to 'Fraser's Magazine' Memoirs of Shelley, with whom he was on terms of close intimacy. Conjointly with Byron, he was named as Shelley's executor, with a legacy of £1000. To Peacock we owe a clear and authentic account of the most interesting passages of Shelley's life and domestic history. In 1875 the collected works of Peacock were published in three volumes, with a Preface by Lord Houghton, and a biographical notice by Peacock's granddaughter, Edith Nicolls.

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Freebooter Life in the Forest—From 'Maid Marian.'

The baron, with some of his retainers, and all the foresters, halted at daybreak in Sherwood Forest. The foresters quickly erected tents, and prepared an abundant breakfast of venison and ale.

'Now, Lord Fitzwater,' said the chief forester, 'recognise your son-in-law that was to have been, in the outlaw Robin Hood.'

'Ay, ay,' said the baron, 'I have recognised you long ago.'

'And recognise your young friend Gamwell,' said the second, 'in the outlaw Scarlet.'

'And Little John, the page,' said the third. 'in Little John the outlaw.'

'And Father Michael of Rubygill Abbey,' said the friar, 'in Friar Tuck of Sherwood Forest. Truly I have a chapel here hard by in the shape of a hollow tree, where I put up my prayers for travellers, and Little John holds the plate at the door, for good praying deserves good paying.'

'I am in fine company,' said the baron.

'In the very best of company,' said the friar; 'in the high court of Nature, and in the midst of her own nobility. Is it not so? This goodly grove is our palace: the oak and the beech are its colonnade and its canopy; the sun, and the moon, and the stars, are its everlasting lamps; the grass, and the daisy, and the primrose, and the violet, are its many-coloured floor of green, white, yellow, and blue; the May-flower, and the woodbine, and the eglantine, and the ivy, are its decorations, its curtains, and its tapestry; the lark, and the thrush, and the linnet, and the nightingale, are its unhired minstrels and musicians. Robin Hood is king of the forest both by dignity of birth and by virtue of his standing army, to say nothing of the free choice of his people, which he has indeed; but I pass it by as an illegitimate basis of power. He holds his dominion over the forest, and its horned multitude of citizen-deer, and its swinish multitude or peasantry of wild boars, by right of conquest and force of arms. He levies contributions among them by the free consent of his archers, their virtual representatives. If they should find a voice to complain that we are "tyrants and usurpers, to kill and cook them up in their assigned and native dwelling-place," we should most convincingly admonish them, with point of arrow, that they have nothing to do with our laws but to obey them. Is it not written that the fat ribs of the herd shall be fed upon by the mighty in the land? And have not they, withal, my blessing?—my orthodox, canonical, and archiepiscopal blessing? Do I not give thanks for them when they are well roasted and smoking under my nose? What title had William of Normandy to England that Robin of Locksley has not to merry Sherwood? William fought for his claim. So does Robin. With whom both? With any that would or will dispute it. William raised contributions. So does Robin. From whom both? From all that they could or can make pay them. Why did any pay them to William? Why do any pay them to Robin? For the same reason to both—because they could not or cannot help it. They differ, indeed, in this, that William took from the poor and gave to the rich, and Robin takes from the rich and gives to the poor; and therein is Robin illegitimate, though in all else he is true prince. Scarlet and John, are they not peers of the forest?—lords temporal of Sherwood? And am not I lord spiritual? Am I not archbishop? Am I not Pope? Do I not consecrate their banner and absolve their sins? Are not they State, and am not I Church? Are not they State monarchical, and am not I Church militant? Do I not excommunicate our enemies from venison and brawn, and, by'r Lady! when need calls, beat them down under my feet? The State levies tax, and the Church levies tithe. Even so do we. Mass! we take all at once. What then? It is tax by redemption, and tithe by commutation. Your William and Richard can cut and come again, but our Robin deals with slippery subjects that come not twice to his exchequer. What need we, then, to constitute a court, except a fool and a laureate? For the fool, his only use is to make false knaves merry by art, and we are true men, and are merry by nature. For the laureate, his only office is to find virtues in those who have none, and to drink sack for his pains. We have quite virtue enough to need him not, and can drink our sack for ourselves.'

'Well preached, friar,' said Robin Hood; 'yet there is one thing wanting to constitute a court, and that is a queen.—And now, lovely Matilda, look round upon these silvan shades, where we so often have roused the stag from his ferny covert. The

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rising sun smiles upon us through the stems of that beechen knoll. Shall I take your hand, Matilda, in the presence of this my court? Shall I crown you with our wild-wood coronal, and hail you Queen of the Forest? Will you be the Queen Matilda of your own true King Robin?'

Matilda smiled assent.

'Not Matilda,' said the friar: 'the rules of our holy alliance require new birth. We have accepted in favour of Little John because he is Great John, and his name is a misnomer. I sprinkle not thy forehead with water, but thy lips with wine, and baptise thee MARIAN.'

Winter Scenery: Waterfalls in Frost—From Letter Written in Wales.

I wish I could find language sufficiently powerful to convey to you an idea of the sublime magnificence of the waterfalls in the frost, when the old, overhanging oaks are spangled with icicles; the rocks sheeted with frozen foam, formed by the flying spray; and the water that oozes from their sides congealed into innumerable pillars of crystal. Every season has its charms. The picturesque tourists—those birds of summer—see not half the beauties of nature.

Truth to Nature essential in Poetry.—From 'Gryll Grange.'

MISS ILEX. Few may perceive an inaccuracy, but to those who do, it causes a great diminution, if not a total destruction, of pleasure in perusal. Shakspeare never makes a flower blossom out of season! Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey are true to nature in this and in all other respects, even in their wildest imaginings.

THE REV. DR OPIMIAN. Yet here is a combination, by one of our greatest poets, of flowers that never blossom in the same season:

> Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
> The tufted crow-toe and pale jessamine,
> The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
> The glowing violet,
> The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
> With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
> And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
> Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
> And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
> To deck the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
>
> [MILTON'S *Lycidas*.]

And at the same time he plucks the berries of the myrtle and the ivy.

MISS ILEX. Very beautiful, if not true to English seasons; but Milton might have thought himself justified in making this combination in Arcadia. Generally, he is strictly accurate, to a degree that is in itself a beauty. For instance, in his address to the nightingale:

> Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among,
> I woo, to hear thy even song,
> And missing thee, I walk unseen
> On the dry smooth-shaven green.

The song of the nightingale ceases about the time that the grass is mown.

THE REV. DR OPIMIAN. The old Greek poetry is always true to nature, and will bear any degree of critical analysis. I must say I take no pleasure in poetry that will not.

MR MAC-BORROWDALE. No poet is truer to nature than Burns, and no one less so than Moore. His imagery is almost always false. Here is a highly applauded stanza, and very taking at first sight:

> The night-dew of heaven, though in silence it weeps,
> Shall brighten with verdure the sod where he sleeps;
> And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
> Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

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But it will not bear analysis. The dew is the cause of the verdure, but the tear is not the cause of the memory: the memory is the cause of the tear.

THE REV. DR. OPIMIAN. There are inaccuracies more offensive to me than even false imagery. Here is one in a song which I have often heard with displeasure. A young man goes up a mountain, and as he goes higher and higher, he repeats *Excelsior!* but *excelsior* is only taller in the comparison of things on a common basis, not higher as a detached object in the air. Jack's bean-stalk was *excelsior* the higher it grew, but Jack himself was no more *celsus* at the top than he had been at the bottom.

MR. MAC-BORROWDALE. I am afraid, doctor, if you look for profound knowledge in popular poetry, you will often be disappointed.

THE REV. DR. OPIMIAN. I do not look for profound knowledge; but I do expect that poets should understand what they talk of. Burns was not a scholar, but he was always master of his subject. All the scholarship of the world would not have produced 'Tam o' Shanter,' but in the whole of that poem there is not a false image nor a misused word. What do you suppose these lines represent?

> I turning saw, throned on a flowery rise,
> One sitting on a crimson scarf unrolled—
> A queen with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes,
> Brow-bound with burning gold.
>
> [TENNYSON'S *Dream of Fair Women.*]

MR. MAC-BORROWDALE. I should take it to be a description of the Queen of Bambo.

THE REV. DR. OPIMIAN. Yet thus one of our most popular poets describes Cleopatra, and one of our most popular artists has illustrated the description by a portrait of a hideous grinning Ethiop! Moore led the way to this perversion by demonstrating that the Egyptian women must have been beautiful because they were 'the countrywomen of Cleopatra.' Here we have a sort of counter-demonstration that Cleopatra must have been a fright because she was the countrywoman of the Egyptians. But Cleopatra was a Greek, the daughter of Ptolemy Aulets and a lady of Pontus. The Ptolemies were Greeks, and whoever will look at their genealogy, their coins, and their medals, will see how carefully they kept their pure blood uncontaminated by African intermixture. Think of this description and this picture applied to one who, Dio says—and all antiquity confirms him—was 'the most superlatively beautiful of women, splendid to see, and delighted to hear.' For she was eminently accomplished; she spoke many languages with grace and facility. Her mind was as wonderful as her personal beauty.

HISTORIANS AND BIOGRAPHERS.

In depth of research and critical investigation, the historical works of this period are honourable to our literature. Access has been readily obtained to all public documents, and private collections have been thrown open with a spirit of enlightened liberality. Certain departments of history—as the Anglo-Saxon period, and the progress generally of the English constitution—have also been cultivated with superior learning and diligence. The great works of Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon, still maintain their literary pre-eminence, but the historical value of the first two has been materially diminished by subsequent inquiry and new information.

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WILLIAM MITFORD.

The most elaborate and comprehensive work we have here to notice is 'The History of Greece from the Earliest Period,' by WILLIAM MITFORD, Esq. (1744–1827). The first volume of Mr. Mitford's History came before the public in 1784, a second was published in 1790, and a third in 1797. It was not, however, until 1810 that the work was completed. Mr. Mitford, descended from an ancient family in Northumberland, was born in London on the 10th of February 1744, and was educated first at Cheam School, Surrey, and afterwards at Queen's College, Oxford. He studied the law, but abandoned it on obtaining a commission in the the South Hampshire Militia, of which regiment he was afterwards lieutenant-colonel.

In 1761, he succeeded to the family estate in Hampshire, and was thus enabled to pursue those classical and historical studies to which he was ardently devoted. His first publication was an 'Essay on the Harmony of Language, intended principally to illustrate that of the English Language,' 1774, which afterwards reached a second edition. While in the militia he published a 'Treatise on the Military Force, and particularly of the Militia of the Kingdom.' This subject seems to have engrossed much of his attention, for at a subsequent period of his life, when a member of the House of Commons, Mr. Mitford advocated the cause of the militia with much fervour, and recommended a salutary jealousy relative to a standing army in this country. He was nevertheless a general supporter of ministers, and held the government appointment of Verdurer of the New Forest. Mr. Mitford was twice elected member of parliament for the borough of Beer-Alston, in Devonshire, and afterwards for New Romney, in Kent. The 'History of Greece' has passed through several editions. Byron says of Mr. Mitford as an historian: 'His great pleasure consists in praising tyrants, abusing Plutarch, spelling oddly, and writing quaintly; and what is strange, after all, *his* is the best modern History of Greece in any language, and he is perhaps the best of all modern historians whatsoever. Having named his sins,' adds the noble poet, 'it is but fair to state his virtues—learning, labour, research, wrath, and partiality. I call the latter virtues in a writer, because they make him write in earnest.' The earnestness of Mr. Mitford is too often directed against what he terms 'the inherent weakness and the indelible barbarism of democratical government.'

He was a warm admirer of the English constitution and of the monarchical form of government, and this bias led him to be unjust to the Athenian people, whom he on one occasion terms 'the sovereign beggars of Athens.' His fidelity as a reporter of facts has also been questioned. 'He contracts the strongest individual partialities, and according as these lead, he is credulous or mistrustful—he exaggerates or he qualifies—he expands or he cuts down the documents on which he has to proceed. With regard to the bright side of

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almost every king whom he has to describe, Mr. Mitford is more than credulous; for a credulous man believes all that he is told. Mr. Mitford believes more than he is told. With regard to the dark side of the same individuals, his habits of estimating evidence are precisely in the opposite extreme. In treating of the democracies or of the democratical leaders, his statements are not less partial and exaggerated.'* It is undeniable that Mr. Mitford over-coloured the evils of popular government; but there is so much acuteness and spirit in his political disquisitions, and his narrative of events is so animated, full, and distinct, that he is always read with pleasure. His qualifications were great, and his very defects constitute a sort of individuality that is not without its attraction in so long a History. A more democratic but also more comprehensive view of Grecian history was afterwards taken by Mr. Grote.

Condemnation and Death of Socrates.

We are not informed when Socrates first became distinguished as a Sophist; for in that description of men he was in his own day reckoned. When the wit of Aristophanes was directed against him in the theatre, he was already among the most eminent, but his eminence seems to have been then recent. It was about the tenth or eleventh year of the Peloponnesian war, when he was six or seven and forty years of age, that, after the manner of the old comedy, he was offered to public derision upon the stage by his own name, as one of the persons of the drama, in the comedy of Aristophanes called 'The Clouds,' which is yet extant.

Two or three and twenty years had elapsed since the first representation of 'The Clouds;' the storms of conquest suffered from a foreign enemy, and of four revolutions in the civil government of the country, had passed; near y three years had followed of that quiet which the revolution under Thrasybulus produced, and the act of amnesty should have confirmed when a young man named Melitus went to the king-archon, and in the usual form delivered an information against Socrates, and bound himself to prosecute. The information ran thus: 'Melitus, son of Melitus, of the borough of Pitthos, declares these upon oath against Socrates, son of Sophroniscus, of the borough of Alopece; Socrates is guilty of reviling the gods whom the city acknowledges, and of preaching other new gods: moreover, he is guilty of corrupting the youth. Penalty, death.'

Xenophon begins his Memorials of his revered master with declaring his wonder how the Athenians could have been persuaded to condemn to death a man of such uncommonly clear innocence and exalted worth. Ælian, though for authority he can bear no comparison with Xenophon, has nevertheless, I think, given the solution. 'Socrates,' he says, 'disliked the Athenian constitution; for he saw that democracy is tyrannical, and abounds with all the evils of absolute monarchy.' But though the political circumstances of the times made it necessary for contemporary writers to speak with caution, yet both Xenophon and Plato have declared enough to shew that the assertion of Ælian was well founded; and further proof, were it wanted, may be derived from another early writer, nearly contemporary, and deeply versed in the politics of his age, the orator Æschines. Indeed, though not stated in the indictment, yet it was urged against Socrates by his prosecutors before the court, that he was disaffected to the democracy; and in proof, they affirmed it to be notorious that he had ridiculed what the Athenian constitution prescribed, the appointment to magistracy by lot. 'Thus,' they said, 'he taught his numerous followers, youths of the principal families of the city, to despise the established governmen , and to be turbulent and seditious; and his success had been seen in the conduct of two of the most eminent, Alcibiades and Critias. Even the best things he converted to these ill

* *Westminster Review* for 1826.

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purposes: from the most esteemed poets, and particularly from Homer, he selected passages to enforce his anti-democratical principles.'

Socrates, it appears, indeed, was not inclined to deny his disapprobation of the Athenian constitution. His defence itself, as it is reported by Plato, contains matter on which to found an accusation against him of disaffection to the sovereignty of the people, such as, under the jealous tyranny of the Athenian democracy, would sometimes subject a man to the penalties of high treason. 'You well know,' he says, 'Athenians, that had I engaged in public business, I should long ago have perished without procuring any advantage either to you or to myself. Let not the truth offend you: it is no peculiarity of your democracy, or of your national character; but wherever the people are sovereign, no man who shall dare honestly to oppose injustice—frequent and extravagant injustice—can avoid destruction.'

Without this proof, indeed, we might reasonably believe, that though Socrates was a good and faithful subject of the Athenian government, and would promote no sedition, no political violence, yet he could not like the Athenian constitution. He wished for wholesome changes by gentle means; and it seems even to have been a principal object of the labours to which he dedicated himself, to infuse principles into the rising generation that might bring about the desirable change insensibly.

Melitus, who stood forward as his principal accuser, was, as Plato informs us, nowise a man of any great consideration. His legal description gives some probability to the conjecture, that his father was one of the commissioners sent to Lacedæmon from the moderate party, who opposed the ten successors of the thirty tyrants, while Thrasybulus held Piræus, and Pausanias was encamped before Athens. He was a poet, and stood forward, as in a common cause of the poets, who esteemed the doctrine of Socrates injurious to their interest. Unsupported, his accusation would have been little formidable; but he seems to have been a mere instrument in the business. He was soon joined by Lycon, one of the most powerful speakers of his time. Lycon was the avowed patron of the rhetoricians, who, as well as the poets, thought their interest injured by the moral philosopher's doctrine. I know not that on any other occasion in Grecian history we have any account of this kind of party-interest operating; but from circumstances nearly analogous in our own country—if we substitute for poets the clergy, and for rhetoricians the lawyers—we may gather what might be the party-spirit, and what the weight of influence of the rhetoricians and poets in Athens. With Lycon, Anytus, a man scarcely second to any in the commonwealth in rank and general estimation, who had held high command with reputation in the Peloponnesian war, and had been the principal associate of Thrasybulus in the war against the thirty, and the restoration of the democracy, declared himself a supporter of the prosecution. Nothing in the accusation could, by any known law of Athens, affect the life of the accused. In England, no man would be put upon trial on so vague a charge—no grand jury would listen to it. But in Athens, if the party was strong enough, it signified little what was the law. When Lycon and Anytus came forward, Socrates saw that his condemnation was already decided.

By the course of his life, however, and by the turn of his thoughts for many years, he had so prepared himself for all events, that, far from alarmed at the probability of his condemnation, he rather rejoiced at it, as at his age a fortunate occurrence. He was persuaded of the soul's immortality, and of the superintending providence of an all-good Deity, whose favour he had always been assiduously endeavouring to deserve. Men fear death, he said, as if unquestionably the greatest evil, and yet no man knows that it may not be the greatest good. If, indeed, great joys were in prospect, he might, and his friends for him, with somewhat more reason, regret the event; but at his years, and with his scanty fortune—though he was happy enough at seventy still to preserve both body and mind in vigour—yet even his present gratifications must necessarily soon decay. To avoid, therefore, the evils of age, pain, sickness, decay of sight, decay of hearing, perhaps decay of understanding, by the easiest of deaths (for such the Athenian mode of execution—by a draught of hemlock—was reputed), cheered with the company of surrounding friends, could not be otherwise than a blessing.

Xenophon says that, by condescending to a little supplication, Socrates might easily have obtained his acquittal. No admonition or entreaty of his friends, however, could persuade him to such an unworthiness. On the contrary, when put

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upon his defence, he told the people that he did not plead for his own sake, but for theirs, wishing them to avoid the guilt of an unjust condemnation. It was usual for accused persons to bewail their apprehended lot, with tears to supplicate favour, and, by exhibiting their children upon the bema, to endeavour to excite pity. He thought it, he said, more respectful to the court, as well as more becoming himself, to omit all this; however aware that their sentiments were likely so far to differ from his, that judgment would be given in anger for it.

Condemnation pronounced wrought no change upon him. He again addressed the court, declared his innocence of the matters laid against him, and observed that, even if every charge had been completely proved, still, all together did not, according to any known law, amount to a capital crime. 'But,' in conclusion he said, 'it is time to depart—I to die, you to live; but which for the greater good, God only knows.'

It was usual at Athens for execution very soon to follow condemnation—commonly on the morrow; but it happened that the condemnation of Socrates took place on the eve of the day appointed for the sacred ceremony of crowning the galley which carried the annual offerings to the gods worshipped at Delos, and immemorial tradition forbade all executions till the sacred vessel's return. Thus, the death of Socrates was respited thirty days, while his friends had free access to him in the prison. During all that time he admirably supported his constancy. Means were concerted for his escape; the jailer was bribed, a vessel prepared, and a secure retreat in Thessaly provided. No arguments, no prayers, could persuade him to use the opportunity. He had always taught the duty of obedience to the laws, and he would not furnish an example of the breach of it. To no purpose it was urged that he had been unjustly condemned—he had always held that wrong did not justify wrong. He waited with perfect composure the return of the sacred vessel, reasoned on the immortality of the soul, the advantage of virtue, the happiness derived from having made it through life his pursuit, and with his friends about him, took the fatal cup and died.

Writers who, after Xenophon and Plato, have related the death of Socrates, seem to have held themselves bound to vie with those who preceded them in giving pathos to the story. The purpose here has been rather to render it intelligible—to shew its connection with the political history of Athens—to derive from it illustration of the political history. The magnanimity of Socrates, the principal efficient of the pathos, surely deserves admiration; yet it is not that in which he has most outshone other men. The circumstances of Lord Russell's fate were far more trying. Socrates, we may reasonably suppose, would have borne Lord Russell's trial; but with Bishop Burnet for his eulogist, instead of Plato and Xenophon, he would not have had his present splendid fame. The singular merit of Socrates lay in the purity and the usefulness of his manners and conversation; the clearness with which he saw, and the steadiness with which he practised, in a blind and corrupt age, all moral duties; the disinterestedness and the zeal with which he devoted himself to the benefit of others; and the enlarged and warm benevolence, whence his supreme and almost only pleasure seems to have consisted in doing good. The purity of Christian morality, little enough, indeed, seen in practice, nevertheless is become so familiar in theory, that it passes almost for obvious, and even congenial to the human mind. Those only will justly estimate the merit of that near approach to it which Socrates made, who will take the pains to gather—as they may from the writings of his contemporaries and predecessors—how little conception was entertained of it before his time; how dull to a just moral sense the human mind has really been: how slow the progress in the investigation of moral duties, even where not only great pains have been taken, but the greatest abilities zealously employed; and when discovered, how difficult it has been to establish them by proofs beyond controversy, or proofs even that should be generally admitted by the reason of men. It is through the light which Socrates diffused by his doctrine, enforced by his practice, with the advantage of having both the doctrine and the practice exhibited to highest advantage in the incomparable writings of disciples such as Xenophon and Plato, that his life forms an era in the history of Athens and of man.

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DR. JOHN GILLIES—SHARON TURNER—WILLIAM COXE—GEORGE CHALMERS—C. J. FOX.

While the first volume of Mitford's History was before the public, and experiencing that degree of favour which induced the author to continue his work, DR. JOHN GILLIES (1747–1836), who succeeded Robertson as Historiographer to His Majesty for Scotland, published 'The History of Ancient Greece, its Colonies and Conquests,' two volumes, quarto, 1786. The monarchial spirit of the new historian was scarcely less decided than that of Mr. Mitford, though expressed with less zeal and idiomatic plainness. 'The History of Greece,' says Dr. Gillies, 'exposes the dangerous turbulence of democracy, and arraigns the despotism of tyrants. By describing the incurable evils inherent in every republican policy, it evinces the inestimable benefits resulting to liberty itself from the lawful dominion of hereditary kings, and the steady operation of well-regulated monarchy.' The History of Dr. Gillies was executed with considerable ability and care; a sixth edition of the work (London, 1820, four volumes, 8vo) was published, and it may still be consulted with advantage. Dr. Gillies also wrote a 'View of the Reign of Frederick II. of Prussia,' a 'History of the World from the Reign of Alexander to Augustus' (1807–10), a translation of Aristotle's 'Rhetoric' (1823), &c.

In 1799, MR. SHARON TURNER, a London solicitor, commenced the publication of a series of works on English history. The first was a 'History of the Anglo-Saxons' (1799–1805); the second, a 'History of England during the Middle Ages (1814–15). In subsequent publications he continued the series to the end of the reign of Elizabeth; the whole being comprised in twelve volumes, and containing much new and interesting information on the government, laws, literature, and manners, as well as on the civil and ecclesiastical history of the country. From an ambitious attempt to rival Gibbon in loftiness of style and diction, Mr. Turner has disfigured his History by a pomp of expression and involved intricacy of style, that often border on the ludicrous, and mar the effect of his narrative. This defect is more conspicuous in his latter volumes. The early part of his History, devoted to the Anglo-Saxons, and the labour, as he informs us, of sixteen years, is by far the most valuable. Mr. Turner also published a 'Sacred History of the World,' in two volumes. So late as 1845, Mr. Turner published an historical poem, 'Richard III.' He latterly enjoyed a pension of £200 per annum, and died at his residence in London, February 13, 1847, aged seventy-nine.

History has been largely indebted to the persevering labours of the REV. WILLIAM COXE, Archdeacon of Wilts (1747–1828). In the capacity of tutor to young noblemen, Mr. Coxe travelled over various countries, and published 'Travels in Switzerland' (1778–1801), and 'Travels in Poland, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark' (1778–84). Set-

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tling at home, and obtaining church preferment, he entered on those historical works, derived from family papers and other authentic sources, which form his most valuable publications. In 1798 appeared his 'Memoirs of the Life and Administration of Sir Robert Walpole;' in 1802, 'Memoirs of Lord Walpole;' in 1807, 'History of the House of Austria;' in 1813, 'Memoirs of the Kings of Spain of the House of Bourbon;' in 1816–19, 'Memoirs of the Duke of Marlborough;' in 1821, 'Correspondence of the Duke of Shrewsbury;' and in 1829, 'Memoirs of the Pelham Administration.' The last was a posthumous publication. The 'Memoirs' of Walpole and Marlborough are valuable works, containing letters, private, official, and diplomatic, with other details drawn from manuscript collections. As a biographer, Coxe was apt to fall into the common error of magnifying the merits and sinking the defects of his hero; but the service he rendered to history by the collection of such a mass of materials can hardly be overestimated.

Resembling Turner and Coxe in the vastness of his undertakings, but inferior as a writer, was GEORGE CHALMERS (1742–1825), a native of Fochabers, county of Elgin, and originally a barrister in one of the American colonies before their disjunction from Britain. His first composition, 'A History of the United Colonies, from their Settlement till the Peace of 1763,' appeared in 1780; and from time to time he gave to the world many works connected with history, politics, and literature. Among these was a 'Life of Sir David Lyndsay,' with an edition of his works; a 'Life of Mary, Queen of Scots, from the State Papers,' &c. In 1807 he commenced the publication of his 'Caledonia,' of which three large volumes had appeared, when his death precluded the hope of its being completed. It contains a laborious antiquarian detail of the earlier periods of Scottish history, with minute topographical and historical accounts of the various provinces of the country.

CHARLES JAMES FOX (1749–1806), the celebrated statesman and orator, during his intervals of relaxation from public life, among other literary studies and occupations, commenced a History of the Reign of King James II., intending to continue it to the settlement at the Revolution of 1688. An Introductory Chapter, giving a rapid view of our constitutional history from the time of Henry VII., he completed. He wrote also some chapters of his History; but at the time of his death he had made but little progress in his work.

Public affairs, and a strong partiality and attachment to the study of the classics, and to works of imagination and poetry, were constantly drawing him off from historical researches; added to which, he was fastidiously scrupulous as to all the niceties of language, and wished to form his plan exclusively on the model of ancient writers, without note, digression, or dissertation. 'He once assured me,' says his nephew, Lord Holland, 'that he would admit no word into his book for which he had not the authority of Dryden.' We need

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not therefore wonder that Mr. Fox died before completing his History. Such minute attention to style, joined to equal regard for facts and circumstances, must have weighed down any writer even of active habits and uninterrupted application. In 1808, the unfinished composition was given to the world by Lord Holland, under the title of 'A History of the Early Part of the Reign of James II., with an Introductory Chapter.' An Appendix of original papers was also added. The History is plainly written, without the slightest approach to pedantry or pretence; but the style of the great statesman, with all the care bestowed upon it, is far from being perfect. It wants force and vivacity, as if, in the process of elaboration, the graphic clearness of narrative and distinct perception of events and characters necessary to the historian, had evaporated. The sentiments and principles of the author are, however, worthy of his liberal and capacious mind.

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

As a philosophical historian, critic, and politician, SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH deserves honourable mention. He was also one of the last of the Scottish metaphysicians, and one of the most brilliant conversers of his times—qualifications apparently very dissimilar. His candour, benevolence, and liberality gave a grace and dignity to his literary speculations and to his daily life. Mackintosh was a native of Inverness-shire, and was born at Aldourie-house, on the banks of Loch Ness, October 24, 1765. His father was a brave Highland officer, who possessed a small estate, called Kylachy, in his native county, which Sir James afterwards sold for £9000. From his earliest days James Mackintosh had a passion for books; and though all his relatives were Jacobites, he was a staunch Whig. After studying at Aberdeen—where he had as a college-companion and friend the pious and eloquent Robert Hall—Mackintosh went to Edinburgh, and studied medicine. In 1788, he repaired to London, wrote for the press, and afterwards applied himself to the study of law. In 1791, he published his 'Vindiciæ Gallicæ,' a defence of the French Revolution, in reply to Burke, which for cogency of argument, historical knowledge, and logical precision, is a remarkable work to be written by a careless and irregular young man of twenty-six. Though his bearing to his great antagonist was chivalrous and polite, Mackintosh attacked his opinions with the ardour and impetuosity of youth; and his work was received with great applause. Four years afterwards he acknowledged to Burke that he had been the dupe of his own enthusiasm, and that a 'melancholy experience' had undeceived him.

The excesses of the French Revolution had no doubt contributed to this change, which, though it afterwards was made the cause of obloquy and derision to Mackintosh, seems to have been adopted with perfect sincerity and singleness of purpose. He afterwards de-

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livered and published a series of lectures on the Law of Nature and Nations, which greatly extended his reputation. In 1795, he was called to the bar, and in his capacity of barrister, in 1803, he made a brilliant defence of M. Peltier, an emigrant royalist of France, who had been indicted for a libel on Napoleon, then First Consul. The forensic display of Mackintosh is too much like an elaborate essay or dissertation, but it marked him out for legal promotion, and he received the appointment—to which his poverty, not his will, consented—of Recorder of Bombay. He was knighted; sailed from England in the beginning of 1804; and after discharging faithfully his high official duties, returned at the end of seven years, the earliest period that entitled him to his retiring pension of £1200 per annum. Mackintosh now obtained a seat in parliament, and stuck faithfully by his old friends the Whigs, without one glimpse of favour, till, in 1827, his friend Mr. Canning, on the formation of his administration, made him a privy-councillor. On the accession of the Whig ministry in 1830, he was appointed a commissioner for the affairs of India. On questions of criminal law and national policy Mackintosh spoke forcibly, but he cannot be said to have been a successful parliamentary orator.

Amid the bustle of public business he did not neglect literature, though he wanted resolution for continuous and severe study. The charms of society, the interruptions of public business, and the debilitating effects of his residence in India, also co-operated with his constitutional indolence in preventing the realisation of the ambitious dreams of his youth. He contributed, however, various articles to the 'Edinburgh Review,' and wrote a masterly 'Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Philosophy' for the 'Encyclopædia Brittanica.' He wrote three volumes of a compendious popular 'History of England' for Lardner's 'Cabinet Cyclopædia,' which, though deficient in the graces of narrative and style, contains some admirable views of constitutional history and antiquarian research. His learning was abundant; he wanted only method and elegance. He also contributed a short but valuable life of Sir Thomas More—which sprung out of his researches into the reign of Henry VIII., and was otherwise a subject congenial to his taste—to the same miscellany; and he was engaged on a 'History of the Revolution of 1688,' when his life was somewhat suddenly terminated on the 30th of May, 1832. The portion of his 'History of the Revolution,' which he had written and corrected—amounting to about 350 pages—was published in 1834, with a continuation by some writer who was opposed to Sir James in many essential points. In the works of Mackintosh we have only the fragments of a capacious mind; but in all of them his learning, his candour, his strong love of truth, his justness of thinking and clearness in perceiving, and his genuine philanthropy, are conspicuous. It is to be regretted that he had no Boswell to record his conversation.

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Chivalry and Modern Manners.—From the 'Vindiciæ Gallicæ.'

The collision of armed multitudes [in Paris] terminated in unforeseen excesses and execrable crimes. In the eye of Mr. Burke, however, these crimes and excesses assume an aspect far more important than can be communicated to them by their own insulated guilt. They form, in his opinion, the crisis of a revolution far more important than any change of government—a revolution in which the sentiments and opinions that have formed the manners of the European nations are to perish. 'The age of chivalry is gone, and the glory of Europe extinguished for ever!' He follows this exclamation by an eloquent eulogium on chivalry, and by gloomy predictions of the future state of Europe, when the nation that has been so long accustomed to give her the tone in arts and manners is thus debased and corrupted. A caviller might remark, that ages much more near the meridian fervour of chivalry than ours have witnessed a treatment of queens as little gallant and generous as that of the Parisian mob. He might remind Mr. Burke that, in the age and country of Sir Philip Sidney, a queen of France, whom no blindness to accomplishment, no malignity of detraction, could reduce to the level of Marie Antoinette, was, by 'a nation of men of honour and cavaliers,' permitted to languish in captivity, and expire on a scaffold; and he might add, that the manners of a country are more surely indicated by the systematic cruelty of a sovereign, than by the licentious frenzy of a mob. He might remark, that the mild system of modern manners which survived the massacres with which fanaticism had for a century desolated and almost barbarised Europe, might perhaps resist the shock of one day's excesses committed by a delirious populace.

But the subject itself is, to an enlarged thinker, fertile in reflections of a different nature. That system of manners which arose among the Gothic nations of Europe, of which chivalry was more properly the effusion than the source, is, without doubt, one of the most peculiar and interesting appearances in human affairs. The moral causes which formed its character have not perhaps been hitherto investigated with the happiest success. But to confine ourselves to the subject before us, chivalry was certainly one of the most prominent features and remarkable effects of this system of manners. Candour must confess that this singular institution is not *alone* admirable as a corrector of the ferocious ages in which it flourished. It contributed to polish and soften Europe. It paved the way for that diffusion of knowledge and extension of commerce which afterwards in some measure supplanted it, and gave a new character to manners. Society is inevitably progressive. In government, commerce has overthrown that 'feudal and chivalrous' system under whose shade it first grew. In religion, learning has subverted that superstition whose opulent endowments had first fostered it. Peculiar circumstances softened the barbarism of the middle ages to a degree which favoured the admission of commerce and the growth of knowledge. These circumstances were connected with the manners of chivalry: but the sentiments peculiar to that institution could only be preserved by the situation which gave them birth. They were themselves enfeebled in the progress from ferocity and turbulence, and almost obliterated by tranquillity and refinement. But the auxiliaries which the manners of chivalry had in rude ages reared gathered strength from its weakness, and flourished in its decay. Commerce and diffused knowledge have in fact so completely assumed the ascendant in polished nations, that it will be difficult to discover any relics of Gothic manners but in a fantastic exterior, which has survived the generous illusions that made these manners splendid and seductive. Their direct influence has long ceased in Europe; but their indirect influence through the medium of those causes, which would not perhaps have existed but for the mildness which chivalry created in the midst of a barbarous age, still operates with increasing vigour. The manners of the middle age were, in the most singular sense, compulsory. Enterprising benevolence was produced by general fierceness, gallant courtesy by ferocious rudeness, and artificial gentleness resisted the torrent of natural barbarism. But a less incongruous system has succeeded, in which commerce, which unites men's interests, and knowledge, which excludes those prejudices that tend to embroil them, present a broader basis for the stability of civilised and beneficent manners.

Mr. Burke, indeed, forbodes the most fatal consequences to literature, from events which he supposes to have given a mortal blow to the spirit of chivalry. I have ever been protected from such apprehensions by my belief in a very simple truth—*that*

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diffused knowledge immortalises itself. A literature which is confined to a few may be destroyed by the massacre of scholars and the conflagration of libraries, but the diffused knowledge of the present day could only be annihilated by the extirpation of the civilised part of mankind.

Extract from Speech in Defence of Mr. Peltier, for a Libel on Napoleon Bonaparte, February 1803.

Gentlemen—There is one point of view in which this case seems to merit your most serious attention. The real prosecutor is the master of the greatest empire the civilised world ever saw—the defendant is a defenceless proscribed exile. I consider this case, therefore, as the first of a long series of conflicts between the greatest power in the world and the ONLY FREE PRESS remaining in Europe. Gentlemen, this distinction of the English press is new—it is a proud and a melancholy distinction. Before the great earthquake of the French Revolution had swallowed up all the asylums of free discussion on the continent, we enjoyed that privilege. Indeed, more fully than others, but we did not enjoy it exclusively. In Holland, in Switzerland, in the imperial towns of Germany, the press was either legally or practically free. Holland and Switzerland are no more; and since the commencement of this prosecution, fifty imperial towns have been erased from the list of independent states by one dash of the pen. Three or four still preserve a precarious and trembling existence. I will not say by what compliances they must purchase its continuance. I will not insult the feebleness of states whose unmerited fall I do most bitterly deplore.

These governments were, in many respects, one of the most interesting parts of the ancient system of Europe. The perfect security of such inconsiderable and feeble states, their undisturbed tranquillity amidst the wars and conquests that surrounded them, attested, beyond any other part of the European system, the moderation, the justice, the civilisation, to which Christian Europe had reached in modern times. Their weakness was protected only by the habitual reverence for justice which, during a long series of ages, had grown up in Christendom. This was the only fortification which defended them against those mighty monarchs to whom they offered so easy a prey. And, till the French Revolution, this was sufficient. Consider, for instance, the republic of Geneva; think of her defenceless position in the very jaws of France; but think also of her undisturbed security, of her profound quiet, of the brilliant success with which she applied to industry and literature, while Louis XIV. was pouring his myriads into Italy before her gates; call to mind, if ages crowded into years have not effaced them from your memory, that happy period when we scarcely dreamed more of the subjugation of the feeblest republic in Europe than of the conquest of her mightiest empire, and tell me if you can imagine a spectacle more beautiful to the moral eye, or a more striking proof of progress in the noblest principles of civilisation. These feeble states, these monuments of the justice of Europe, the asylum of peace, of industry, and of literature—the organs of public reason, the refuge of oppressed innocence and persecuted truth—have perished with those ancient principles which were their sole guardians and protectors. They have been swallowed up by that fearful convulsion which has shaken the uttermost corners of the earth. They are destroyed, and gone for ever! One asylum of free discussion is still inviolate. There is still one spot in Europe where man can freely exercise his reason on the most important concerns of society, where he can boldly publish his judgment on the acts of the proudest and most powerful tyrants. The press of England is still free. It is guarded by the free constitution of our forefathers. It is guarded by the hearts and arms of Englishmen, and I trust I may venture to say, that if it be to fall, it will fall only under the ruins of the British empire. It is an awful consideration, gentlemen. Every other monument of European liberty has perished. That ancient fabric which has been gradually reared by the wisdom and virtue of our fathers, still stands. It stands, thanks be to God! solid and entire—but it stands alone, and it stands in ruins! Believing, then, as I do, that we are on the eve of a great struggle, that this is only the first battle between reason and power—that you have now in your hands, committed to your trust, the only remains of free discussion in Europe, now confined to this kingdom; addressing you, therefore, as the guardians of the most important interests of mankind; convinced that the unfettered exercise of reason

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depends more on your present verdict than on any other that was ever delivered by a jury, I trust I may rely with confidence on the issue—I trust that you will consider yourselves as the advanced-guard of liberty—as having this day to fight the first battle of free discussion against the most formidable enemy that it ever encountered!

DR. JOHN LINGARD—GEORGE BRODIE—WILLIAM GODWIN.

DR. JOHN LINGARD, a Roman Catholic priest, published in 1819 three volumes of a 'History of England from the Invasion by the Romans.' He subsequently continued his work in five more volumes, bringing his narrative down to the abdication of James II. To talents of a high order, both as respects acuteness of analysis and powers of description and narrative, Dr. Lingard added unconquerable industry, and access to scources of information new and important. He is generally as impartial as Hume, or even Robertson; but it is undeniable that his religious opinions have in some cases perverted the fidelity of his history, leading him to palliate the atrocities of the Bartholomew Massacre, and to darken the shades in the characters of Queen Elizabeth, Cranmer, Anne Boleyn, and others connected with the reformation in the church. His work was subjected to a rigid scrutiny by Dr. John Allen, in two elaborate articles in the 'Edinburgh Review,' by the Rev. Mr. Todd, who published a defence of the character of Cranmer—and by other zealous Protestant writers. To these antagonists Dr. Lingard replied in 1826 by a vindication of his fidelity as an historian, which affords an excellent specimen of calm controversial writing. His work has now taken its place among the most valuable of our national histories. It has gone through three editions and has been received with equal favour on the continent. The most able of his critics (though condemning his account of the English Reformation, and other passages evincing a peculiar bias) admits that Dr. Lingard possesses, what he claims, the rare merit of having collected his materials from original historians and records, by which his narrative receives a freshness of character, and a stamp of originality, not to be found in any general History of England in common use. We give a specimen of the narrative style of the author.

Cromwell's Expulsion of the Parliament in 1653.

At length Cromwell fixed on his plan to procure the dissolution of the parliament, and to vest for a time the sovereign authority in a council of forty persons, with himself at their head. It was his wish to effect this quietly by the votes of the parliament—his resolution to effect it by open force, if such votes were refused. Several meetings were held by the officers and members at the lodgings of the Lord-general in Whitehall. St. John and a few others gave their assent; the rest, under the guidance of Whitelock and Widrington, declared that the dissolution would be dangerous, and the establishment of the proposed council unwarrantable. In the meantime the House resumed the consideration of the new representative body; and several qualifications were voted, to all of which the officers raised objections, but chiefly to the 'admission of members,' a project to strengthen the government by the introduction of the Presbyterian interest. 'Never,' said Cromwell, 'shall any of that judgment who have deserted the good cause be admitted to power.' On the

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last meeting, held on the 19th of April, all these points were long and warmly debated. Some of the officers declared that the parliament must be dissolved 'one way or other;' but the general checked their indiscretion and precipitancy, and the assembly broke up at midnight, with an understanding that the leading men on each side should resume the subject in the morning.

At an early hour the conference was recommenced, and, after a short time, interrupted, in consequence of the receipt of a notice by the general, that it was the intention of the House to comply with the desires of the army. This was a mistake; the opposite party had indeed resolved to pass a bill of dissolution; not, however, the bill proposed by the officers, but their own bill, containing all the obnoxious provisions, and to pass it that very morning, that it might obtain the force of law before their adversaries could have time to appeal to the power of the sword. While Harrison 'most strictly and humbly' conjured them to pause before they took so important a step, Ingoldsby hastened to inform the Lord-general at Whitehall. His resolution was immediately formed, and a company of musketeers received orders to accompany him to the House. At this eventful moment, big with the most important consequences both to himself and his country, whatever were the workings of Cromwell's mind, he had the art to conceal them from the eyes of the beholders. Leaving the military in the lobby, he entered the House and composedly seated himself on one of the outer benches. His dress was a plain suit of black cloth with gray worsted stockings. For a while he seemed to listen with interest to the debate; but when the Speaker was going to put the question, he whispered to Harrison, 'This is the time; I must do it;' and rising, put off his hat to address the House. At first his language was decorous, and even laudatory. Gradually he became more warm and animated; at last he assumed all the vehemence of passion, and indulged in personal vituperation. He charged the members with self-seeking and profaneness, with the frequent denial of justice, and numerous acts of oppression; with idolising the lawyers, the constant advocates of tyranny; with neglecting the men who had bled for them in the field, that they might gain the Presbyterians who had apostatised from the cause; and with doing all this in order to perpetuate their own power and to replenish their own purses. But their time was come; the Lord had disowned them; He had chosen more worthy instruments to perform his work. Here the orator was interrupted by Sir Peter Wentworth, who declared that he had never heard language so unparliamentary—language, too, the more offensive, because it was addressed to them by their own servant, whom they had too fondly cherished, and whom, by their unprecedented bounty they had made what he was. At these words Cromwell put on his hat, and, springing from his place, exclaimed: 'Come, come, sir, I will put an end to your prating.' For a few seconds, apparently in the most violent agitation, he paced forward and backward, and then, stamping on the floor, added: 'You are no parliament; I say you are no parliament; bring them in, bring them in.' Instantly the door opened, and Colonel Worsley entered, followed by more than twenty musketeers. 'This,' cried Sir Henry Vane, 'is not honest; it is against morality and common honesty.' 'Sir Henry Vane,' replied Cromwell; 'O Sir Henry Vane! The Lord deliver me from Sir Henry Vane! He might have prevented this. But he is a juggler, and has not common honesty himself!' From Vane he directed his discourse to Whitelock, on whom he poured a torrent of abuse; then pointing to Chaloner, 'There,' he cried, 'sits a drunkard;' next to Marten and Wentworth, 'There are two whoremasters;' and afterwards selecting different members in succession, described them as dishonest and corrupt livers, a shame and scandal to the profession of the gospel. Suddenly, however, checking himself, he turned to the guard and ordered them to clear the House. At these words Colonel Harrison took the Speaker by the hand and led him from the chair; Algernon Sidney was next compelled to quit his seat; and the other members, eighty in number, on the approach of the military, rose and moved towards the door. Cromwell now resumed his discourse. 'It is you,' he exclaimed, 'that have forced me to do this. I have sought the Lord both day and night that He would rather slay me than put me on the doing of this work.' Alderman Allan took advantage of these words to observe, that it was not yet too late to undo what had been done; but Cromwell instantly charged him with peculation, and gave him into custody. When all were gone, fixing his eye on the mace, 'What,' said he, 'shall we do with this fool's bauble?' Here,

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carry it away.' Then, taking the act of dissolution from the clerk, he ordered the doors to be locked, and, accompanied by the military, returned to Whitehall.

That afternoon the members of the council assembled in their usual place of meeting. Bradshaw had just taken the chair, when the Lord-general entered and told them that if they were there as private individuals, they were welcome; but if as the Council of State, they must know that the parliament was dissolved, and with it also the council. 'Sir,' replied Bradshaw, with the spirit of an ancient Roman, 'we have heard what you did at the House this morning, and before many hours all England will know it. But, sir, you are mistaken to think that the parliament is dissolved. No power under heaven can dissolve them but themselves; therefore, take you notice of that.' After this protest they withdrew. Thus by the parricidal hands of its own children, perished the Long Parliament, which, under a variety of forms, had, for more than twelve years, defended and invaded the liberties of the nation. It fell without a struggle or a groan, unpitied and unregretted. The members slunk away to their homes, where they sought by submission to purchase the forbearance of their new master; and their partisans, if partisans they had, reserved themselves in silence for a day of retribution, which came not before Cromwell slept in his grave. The royalists congratulated each other on an event which they deemed a preparatory step to the restoration of the king; the army and navy, in numerous addresses, declared that they would live and die, stand and fall, with the Lord-general; and in every part of the country the congregations of the saints magnified the arm of the Lord, which had broken the mighty, that in lieu of the sway of mortal men, the fifth monarchy, the reign of Christ might be established on earth.

It would, however, be unjust to the memory of those who exercised the supreme power after the death of the king, not to acknowledge that there existed among them men capable of wielding with energy the destinies of a great empire. They governed only four years; yet under their auspices, the conquests of Ireland and Scotland were achieved, and a navy was created, the rival of that of Holland, and the terror of the rest of Europe. But there existed an essential error in their form of government. Deliberative assemblies are always slow in their proceedings; yet the pleasure of parliament, as the supreme power, was to be taken on every subject connected with the foreign relations or the internal administration of the country; and hence it happened that, among the immense variety of questions which came before it, those commanded immediate attention which were deemed of immediate necessity; while the others, though often of the highest importance to the national welfare, were first postponed, then neglected, and ultimately forgotten. To this habit of procrastination was perhaps owing the extinction of its authority. It disappointed the hopes of the country, and supplied Cromwell with the most plausible arguments in defence of his conduct.

Besides his elaborate 'History of England,' Dr. Lingard was author of a work evincing great erudition and research, on the 'Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church,' published in 1809. Dr. Lingard died at Hornby, near Lancaster, his birth-place, in July 1851, aged eighty.

The great epoch of the English Commonwealth, and the struggle by which it was preceded, has been illustrated by MR. GEORGE BRODIE'S 'History of the British Empire from the Accession of Charles I. to the Restoration,' four volumes, 1822, and by MR. WILLIAM GODWIN'S 'History of the Commonwealth of England,' four volumes, 1824–1827. The former work is chiefly devoted to an exposure of the errors and misrepresentations of Hume; while Mr. Godwin writes too much in the spirit of a partisan, without the calmness and dignity of the historian. Both works, however, afford new and important facts and illustrations of the momentous period of which they treat. Mr. Brodie was Historiographer Royal of Scotland; he died January 2, 1867.

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W. ROSCOE—M. LAING—JOHN PINKERTON.

WILLIAM ROSCOE (1753–1831), as the author of the 'Life of Lorenzo de' Medici,' and the 'Life and Pontificate of Leo X.,' may be more properly classed with our historians than biographers. The two works contain an account of the revival of letters, and fill up the blank between Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall' and Robertson's 'Charles V.' Mr. Roscoe was a native of Liverpool, the son of humble parents, and while engaged as clerk to an attorney, he devoted his leisure hours to the cultivation of his taste for poetry and elegant literature. He acquired a competent knowledge of the Latin, French, and Italian languages. After the completion of his clerkship, Mr. Roscoe entered into business in Liverpool, and took an active part in every scheme of improvement, local and national. He wrote a poem on the 'Wrongs of Africa,' to illustrate the evils of slavery, and also a pamphlet on the same subject, which was translated into French by Madame Necker. The stirring times in which he lived called forth several short political dissertations from his pen; but about the year 1789, he applied himself to the great task he had long meditated, a biographical account of Lorenzo de' Medici. He procured much new and valuable information, and in 1796 published the result of his labours in two quarto volumes, entitled 'The Life of Lorenzo de' Medici, called the Magnificent.' The work was highly successful, and at once elevated Mr. Roscoe into the proud situation of one of the most popular authors of the day. A second edition was soon called for, and Messrs. Cadell and Davies purchased the copyright for £1200. About the same time he relinquished the practice of an attorney, and studied for the bar, but ultimately settled as a banker in Liverpool. His next literary appearance was as the translator of 'The Nurse,' a poem from the Italian of Luigi Tansillo.

In 1805 was published his second great work, 'The Life and Pontificate of Leo X.,' four volumes quarto, which, though carefully prepared, and also enriched with new information, did not experience the same success as his 'Life of Lorenzo.' 'The history of the reformation of religion,' it has been justly remarked, 'involved many questions of subtle disputation, as well as many topics of character and conduct; and, for a writer of great candour and discernment, it was scarcely possible to satisfy either the Papists or the Protestants.' The liberal sentiments and accomplishments of Mr. Roscoe recommended him to his townsmen as a fit person to represent them in parliament, and he was accordingly elected in 1806. He spoke in favour of the abolition of the slave-trade, and of the civil disabilities of the Catholics, which excited against him a powerful and violent opposition. Inclined to quiet and retirement, and disgusted with the conduct of his opponents, Mr. Roscoe withdrew from parliament at the next dissolution, and resolutely declined offering himself as a candidate. He still, however, took a warm interest in passing events, and published several pamphlets on the topics of the

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day. He projected a History of Art and Literature, a task well suited to his talents and attainments, but did not proceed with the work. Pecuniary embarrassments also came to cloud his latter days. The banking establishment of which he was a partner was forced in 1816 to suspend payment, and Mr. Roscoe had to sell his library, pictures, and other works of art. His love of literature continued undiminished. He gave valuable assistance in the establishment of the Royal Institution of Liverpool, and on its opening, delivered an inaugural address on the Origin and Vicissitudes of Literature, Science, and Art, and their Influence on the present State of Society. In 1827 Mr. Roscoe received the great gold medal of the Royal Society of Literature for his merits as an historian. He had previously edited an edition of Pope, in which he evinced but little research or discrimination.

MALCOLM LAING, a zealous Scottish historian, was born in the year 1762 at Strynzia, his paternal estate, in Orkney. He was educated for the Scottish bar, and passed advocate in 1785. He appeared as an author in 1793, having completed Dr. Henry's 'History of Great Britain' after that author's death. The sturdy Whig opinions of Laing formed a contrast to the tame moderatism of Henry; but his attainments and research were far superior to those of his predecessor. In 1800 he published 'The History of Scotland from the Union of the Crowns on the Accession of King James VI. to the Throne of England, to the Union of the Kingdoms in the Reign of Queen Anne; with two Dissertations, Historical and Critical, on the Gowrie Conspiracy, and on the supposed Authenticity of Ossian's Poems.' This is an able work, marked by strong prejudices and predilections, but valuable to the historical student for its acute reasoning and analysis. Laing attacked the translator of 'Ossian' with unmerciful and almost ludicrous severity; in revenge for which, the Highland admirers of the Celtic Muse attributed his sentiments to the prejudice natural to an Orkney man, caused by the severe checks given by the ancient Caledonians to their predatory Scandinavian predecessors! Laing replied by another publication—'The Poems of Ossian, &c., containing the Poetical Works of James Macpherson, Esq., in Prose and Rhyme, with Notes and Illustrations.' In 1804, he published another edition of his 'History of Scotland,' to which he prefixed a 'Preliminary Dissertation on the Participation of Mary, Queen of Scots, in the Murder of Darnley.' The latter is a very ingenuous historical argument, the ablest of Mr. Laing's productions, uniting the practised skill and acumen of the Scottish lawyer with the knowledge of the antiquary and historian. The latter portion of Mr. Laing's life was spent on his paternal estate in Orkney, where he entered upon a course of local and agricultural improvement with the same ardour that he devoted to his literary pursuits. He died in the year 1818. 'Mr. Laing's merit,' says a writer in the 'Edinburgh Review,' 'as a critical inquirer into history,

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an enlightened collector of materials, and a sagacious judge of evidence, has never been surpassed. In spite of his ardent love of liberty, no man has yet presumed to charge him with the slightest sacrifice of historical integrity to his zeal. That he never perfectly attained the art of full, clear, and easy narrative, was owing to the peculiar style of those writers who were popular in his youth, and may be mentioned as a remarkable instance of the disproportion of particular talents to a general vigour of mind.'

JOHN PINKERTON (1758–1826) distinguished himself by the fierce controversial tone of his historical writings, and by the violence of his prejudices, yet was a learned and industrious collector of forgotten fragments of ancient history and of national antiquities. He was a native of Edinburgh, and bred to the law. The latter, however, he soon forsook for literary pursuits. He commenced by writing imperfect verses, which, in his peculiar antique orthography, he styled 'Rimes,' from which he diverged to collecting 'Select Scottish Ballads,' 1783, and inditing an 'Essay on Medals,' 1784. Under the name of Heron, he published some 'Letters on Literature,' and was recommended by Gibbon to the booksellers as a fit person to translate the monkish historians. He afterwards (1786) published 'Ancient Scottish Poems,' being the writings of Sir Richard Maitland and others, extracted from a manuscript in the Pepys Library at Cambridge. But Pinkerton was an unfaithful editor. His first historical work was 'A Dissertation on the Origin and Progress of the Scythians, or Goths,' in which he laid down that theory which he maintained through life, that the Celts of Ireland, Wales and Scotland are savages, and have been savages since the world began! His next important work was an 'Inquiry into the History of Scotland preceding the Reign of Malcolm III., or 1056,' in which he debates at great length, and, as Sir Walter Scott remarks, with much display of learning, on the history of the Goths, and the conquests which he states them to have obtained over the Celts in their progress through all Europe. In 1796 he published a 'History of Scotland during the Reign of the Stuarts,' the most laborious and valuable of his works. He also compiled a 'Modern Geography,' edited a 'Collection of Voyages and Travels,' was some time editor of the 'Critical Review,' wrote a 'Treatise on Rocks,' and was engaged on various other literary tasks. Pinkerton died in want and obscurity in Paris.

SIR JOHN FENN, MR. GAIRDNER, AND THE PASTON LETTERS.

JOHN FENN (1739–1794), a country gentleman residing at East Dereham in Norfolk, described by Horace Walpole as a 'smatterer in antiquity, and a very good sort of a man,' conferred an invaluable boon on all historical readers, and on all students of the English language and English social life in former times, by editing and publishing the series of family archives known as 'The Paston Letters.' The first publication of the Letters took place in 1787, when two quarto vol-

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umes were issued from the press, containing original letters written 'by various persons of rank and consequence during the reigns of Henry VI., Edward IV., and Richard III.' In 1789 a third and fourth volume were published; and in 1823 a fifth and concluding volume appeared, bringing down the correspondence to the end of Henry VII.'s reign.

A very complete edition of these Letters was published in 1872–75, containing upwards of five hundred letters previouly unpublished, and edited by MR. JAMES GAIRDNER of the Public Record Office: vol. i. comprising the reign of Henry VI.; vols. ii. and iii. Edward IV., Edward V., Richard III., and Henry VII.* Mr. Gairdner prefixed a valuable Introduction to this new edition, and added illustrative notes. The genuineness of the letters is undoubted. It appears that, in the village of Paston, about twenty miles north of Norwich, lived for several centuries a family which took its surname from the place, the head of which, in the reign of Henry VI., was William Paston, a justice of the Common Pleas, celebrated as 'the good judge.' The last representative of the family was William, Baron Paston and Earl of Yarmouth (second baron and earl), who died in 1732. The correspondence of this family supplies a blank in English history during the Wars of the Roses, but is chiefly interesting and curious for the light it throws on the social life of England at that period—the round of domestic duties and employments, dress, food, entertainments, &c., pertaining to a good county family.

As a specimen, we quote a paper of instructions addressed by Mrs. Agnes Paston to some member of her household in London:

Erands to London of Augnes Paston the xxviii day of Jenure, the yer of Kyng Henry the Sext, xxxvi (1458).

To prey Grenefeld to send me feythfully word, by wrytyn, who Clement Paston hath do his dever in lernying. And if he hathe nought do well, nor wyll nought amend, prey hym that he wyll trewly belassch hym, tyl he wyll amend; and so ded the last mayetr, and the best that ever he had, att Caumbrage. And sey Grenefeld that if he wyll take up on hym to brynge hym in to good rewyll and lernyng, that I may verily know he doth hys dever, I wyll geve hym x marcs for hys labor; for I had lever he wer fayr beryed than lost for defaute.

Item, to se who many gownys Clement hathe; and the that be bar, late hem be reysyd. He hath achort grene gowne, and achort musterdevelers gowne, wer never reysyd; and achort blew gowne that was reysyd, and mad of a syde gowne, when I was last in London; and a syde russet gowne, furryd with bevyr, was mad this tyme yer; and a syde murry gowne was mad this tyme twelmonth.

Item, to do make me vi sponys, of viii ounce of troy wyght, well facyond, and dubbyl gylt.

And say Elyzabet Paston that she must use hyr selfe to werke redyly, as other jentylwomen done, and summwhat to help hyr selfe ther with.

Item, to pay the Lady Pole xxvis. viiid. for hyr bord.

And if Grenefeld have do wel hys dever to Clement, or wyll do hys dever, gefis hym the nobyll.

AGNES PASTON.

* The publisher of this work, Mr. Edward Arber, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, London, deserves the thanks of all lovers of our early literature, for his series of cheap and correct reprints of works previously scarce or only attainable at high prices. By his enterprise and literary taste, many of the choice and rare Elizabethan poems and tracts are now within the reach of all classes of readers.

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[To pray Greenfield to send me faithfully word, by writing, how Clement Paston hath done his devoir (or duty) in learning. And if he hath not done well, nor will not amend, pray him that he will truly be-lash him till he will amend: and so did the last master, and the best he ever had, at Cambridge. And say (to) Greenfield that if he will take upon him to bring him into good rule and learning, that I may verily know he doth his duty, I will give him ten marks for his labour: for I had liefer he were fair buried than lost for default.

Item, to see how many gowns Clement hath; and they that be bare, let them be raised(1). He hath a short green gown, and a short musterdevelus (2) gown, were never raised; and a short blue gown that was raised, and made of a syde (3) gown, when I was last at London; and a syde russet gown, furred with beaver, was made this time two-year: and a syde murry (4) gown was made this time twelmonth.

Item, to do make me (get me made) six spoons, of eight ounce of Troy weight, well fashioned, and double gilt.

And say (to) Elizabeth Paston that she must use herself to work readily, as other gentlewomen (hath) done, and somewhat to help herself therewith.

Item, to pay the Lady Pole 26s. 6d. for her board.

And if Greenfield have done well his duty to Clement, or will do his duty, give him the noble (5).

AGNES PASTON.

The following affecting farewell letter (the spelling modernised) possesses historical interest:

The Duke of Suffolk to his Son, April 30, 1450.

MY DEAR AND ONLY WELL-BELOVED SON—I beseech our Lord in heaven, the Maker of all the world, to bless you, and to send you ever grace to love Him and to dread Him; to the which as far as a father may charge his child, I both charge you and pray you to set all spirits and wits to do, and to know His holy laws and commandments, by the which ye shall with His great mercy pass all the great tempests and troubles of this wretched world. And that also wittingly, ye do nothing for love nor dread of any earthly creature that should displease Him. And thus as any frailty maketh you to fall, beseecheth His mercy soon to call you to Him again with repentance, satisfaction, and contrition of your heart never more in will to offend Him.

Secondly, next Him, above all earthly thing, to be true liegeman in heart, in will, in thought, in deed, unto the king our aldermost high and dread sovereign lord, to whom both ye and I be so much bound to; charging you as father can and may, rather to die than to be the contrary, or to know anything that were against the welfare of prosperity of his most royal person, but that, as far as your body and life may stretch, ye live and die to defend it, and to let his Highness have knowledge thereof in all the haste ye can.

Thirdly, in the same wise, I charge you, my dear son, alway, as ye be bounded by the commandment of God, to do, to love, to worship your lady and mother, and also that ye obey alway her commandments, and to believe her counsels and advices in all your works, the which dreaded not, but shall be best and truest to you. And if any other body would stir you to the contrary, to flee the counsel in any wise, for ye shall find it naught and evil.

Furthermore, as far as father may and can, I charge you in any wise to flee the company and counsel of proud men, of covetous men, and of flattering men, the more especially and mightily to withstand them, and not to draw nor to meddle with them, with all your might and power. And to draw to you and to your company good and virtuous men, and such as be of good conversation, and of truth, and by them shall ye never be deceived, nor repent you of. Moreover, never follow your own wit, in no wise, but in all your works, of such folks as I write of above,

1 A new nap or pile raised on the bare cloth. Thus in Shakspeare: 'Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.'—*Hen. VI.* Part II.

2 A kind of mixed gray woolen cloth, which continued in use to Elizabeth's reign. —HALLIWELL.

3 Syde gown—a low-hanging gown. See Sir David Lindsay, *ante*.

4 Murry or Murray colour was a dark red.

5 The noble, a gold coin, value 6s. 8d.

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asketh your advice and counsel, and doing thus, with the mercy of God, ye shall do right well, and live in right much worship and great heart's rest and ease. And I will be to you as good lord and father as my heart can think.

And last of all, as heartily and as lovingly as ever father blessed his child in earth, I give you the blessing of our Lord and of me, which of His infinite mercy increase you in all virtue and good living. And that your blood may, by His grace, from kindred to kindred multiply in this earth to His service, in such wise as, after the departing from this wretched world here, ye and they may glorify Him eternally among His angels in heaven.

Written of mine hand the day of my departing from this land. Your true and loving father, SUFFOLK.*

HENRY HALLAM.

The greatest historical name in this period, and one of the most learned of our constitutional writers and critics, was MR. HENRY HALLAM, son of Dr. Hallam, Dean of Wells. He was born in 1778, was educated at Eaton and Christ Church, Oxford, and was called to the bar by the Inner Temple. He was early appointed a Commissioner of Audit, an office which at once afforded him leisure and a competency, and enabled him to prosecute those studies on which his fame rests. Mr. Hallam was one of the early contributors to the 'Edinburgh Review.' Scott's edition of Dryden was criticised by Mr. Hallam in the Review for October, 1808, with great ability and candour. His first important work was a 'View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages,' two volumes quarto, 1818, being an account of the progress of Europe from the middle of the fifth to the end of the fifteenth century. To this work he afterwards added a volume of 'Supplemental Notes.' In 1827 he published 'The Constitutional History of England, from the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of George II.,' also in two volumes; and in 1837–38 an 'Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries,' in four volumes. With vast stores of knowledge, and indefatigable application, Mr. Hallam possessed a clear and independent judgment, and a style grave and impressive, yet enriched with occasional imagery and rhetorical graces. His 'Introduction to the Literature of Europe' is a great monument of his erudition. His knowledge of the language and literature of each nation was critical, if not profound, and his opinions were conveyed in a style remarkable for its succintness and perspicuity. In his first two works, the historian's views of political questions are those generally adopted by the Whig party, but are stated with calmness and moderation. He was peculiarly a supporter of *principles*, not of *men*. Mr. Hallam, like Burke, in his latter years 'lived in an inverted order: they who ought to have succeeded him had

* The duke embarked on Thursday the 30th April 1450 having been sentenced to five years' banishment from England. He was accused of having, in his communications with the French, been invariably opposed to the interests of England, and in particular that he had been bribed to deliver up Anjou and Maine to France. The pinnace in which he sailed was boarded off Dover by a ship called *Nicholas of the Tower*, the master of which saluted him with the words, 'Welcome traitor,' and he was barbarously murdered, his body brought to land, and thrown upon the sands at Dover.

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gone before him; they who should have been to him as posterity were in the place of ancestors.' His eldest son, Arthur Henry Hallam—the subject of Tennyson's 'In Memoriam'—died in 1833; and another son, Henry Fitzmaurice Hallam, was taken from him, shortly after he had been called to the bar, in 1850. The afflicted father collected and printed for private circulation the 'Remains, in Verse and Prose, of Arthur Henry Hallam' (1834), and some friend added memorials of the second son. Both were eminently accomplished, amiable, and promising young men. The historian died January 21, 1859, having reached the age of eighty-one.

Effects of the Feudal System.—From the 'View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages.'

It is the previous state of society, under the grandchildren of Charlemagne, which we must always keep in mind, if we would appreciate the effects of the feudal system upon the welfare of mankind. The institutions of the eleventh century must be compared with those of the ninth, not with the advanced civilisation of modern times. The state of anarchy which we usually term feudal was the natural result of a vast and barbarous empire feebly administered, and the cause, rather than the effect, of the general establishment of feudal tenures. These, by preserving the mutual relations of the whole, kept alive the feeling of a common country and common duties; and settled, after the lapse of ages, into the free constitution of England, the firm monarchy of France, and the federal union of Germany.

The utility of any form of policy may be estimated by its effects upon national greatness and security, upon civil liberty and private rights, upon the tranquillity and order of society, upon the increase and diffusion of wealth, or upon the general tone of moral sentiment and energy. The feudal constitution was little adapted for the defence of a mighty kingdom, far less for schemes of conquest. But as it prevailed alike in several adjacent countries, none had anything to fear from the military superiority of its neighbours. It was this inefficiency of the feudal militia, perhaps, that saved Europe, during the middle ages, from the danger of universal monarchy. In times when princes had little notions of confederacies for mutual protection, it is hard to say what might not have been the successes of an Otho, a Frederic, or a Philip Augustus, if they could have wielded the whole force of their subjects whenever their ambition required. If an empire equally extensive with that of Charlemagne, and supported by military despotism, had been formed about the twelfth or thirteenth centuries, the seeds of commerce and liberty, just then beginning to shoot, would have perished; and Europe, reduced to a barbarous servitude, might have fallen before the free barbarians of Tartary.

If we look at the feudal polity as a scheme of civil freedom, it bears a noble countenance. To the feudal law it is owing that the very names of right and privilege were not swept away, as in Asia, by the desolating hand of power. The tyranny which, on every favourable moment, was breaking through all barriers, would have rioted without control, if, when the people were poor and disunited, the nobility had not been brave and free. So far as the sphere of feudality extended, it diffused the spirit of liberty and the notions of private right. Every one will acknowledge this who considers the limitations of the services of vassalage, so cautiously marked in those law-books which are the records of customs; the reciprocity of obligation between the lord and his tenant; the consent required in every measure of a legislative or general nature; the security, above all, which every vassal found in the administration of justice by his peers, and even—we may in this sense say—in the trial by combat. The bulk of the people, it is true, were degraded by servitude; but this had no connection with the feudal tenures.

The peace and good order of society were not promoted by this system. Though private wars did not originate in the feudal customs, it is impossible to doubt that they were perpetuated by so convenient an institution, which indeed owed its universal establishment to no other cause. And as predominant habits of warfare are totally irreconcilable with those of industry, not merely by the immediate works of

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destruction which render its efforts unavailing, but through that contempt of peaceful occupations which they produce, the feudal system must have been intrinsically adverse to the accumulation of wealth, and the improvement of those arts which mitigate the evils or abridge the labours of mankind.

But, as the school of moral discipline, the feudal institutions were perhaps most to be valued. Society had sunk, for several centuries after the dissolution of the Roman empire, into a condition of utter depravity; whe e if any vices could be selected as more eminently characteristic than others, they were falsehood treachery, and ingratitud·. In slowly purging off the lees of this extreme corruption, the feudal spirit exerted its ameliorating influence. Violation of faith stood first in the catalogue of crimes, most repugnant to the very essence of a feudal tenure, most severely and promptly avenged, most branded by general infamy. The feudal law-books breathe throughout a spirit of honourable obligation. The feudal course of jurisdiction promoted, what trial by peers is peculiarly calculated to promote, a keener feeling, as well as a readier perception, of moral as well as of legal distinctions. In the reciprocal services of lord and vassal, there was ample scope for every magnanimous and disinterested energy. The heart of man, when placed in circumstances that have a tendency to excite them, will seldom be deficient in such sentiments. No occasions could be more favourable than the protection of a faithful supporter, or the defence of a beneficent sovereign, against such powerful aggression as left little prospect except of sharing in his ruin.

The Houses and Furniture of the Nobles in the Middle Ages.—From the same.

It is an error to suppose that the English gentry were lodged in stately, or even in well-sized houses. Generally speaking, their dwellings were almost as inferior to those of their descendants in capacity as they were in convenience. The usual arrangement consisted of an entrance-passage running through the house, with a hall on one side, a parlour beyond, and one or two chambers above; and on the opposite side, a kitchen, pantry, and other offices. Such was the ordinary manor-house of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, as appears not only from the documents and engravings, but, as to the latter period, from the buildings themselves—sometimes, though not very frequently, occupied by families of consideration, more often converted into farm-houses, or distinct tenements. Larger structures were erected by men of great estates during the reigns of Henry IV. and Edward IV.; but very few can be traced higher; and such has been the effect of time, still more through the advance or decline of families, and the progress of architectural improvement, than the natural decay of these buildings, that I should conceive it difficult to name a house in England, still inhabited by a gentleman, and not belonging to the order of castles, the principal apartments of which are older than the reign of Henry VII. The instances at least must be extremely few.

The two most essential improvements in architecture during this period, one of which had been missed by the sagacity of Greece and Rome, were chimneys and glass windows. Nothing apparently can be more simple than the former; yet the wisdom of ancient times had been content to let the smoke escape by an aperture in the centre of the roof; and a discovery, of which Vitruvius had not a glimpse, was made, perhaps by some forgotten semi-barbarian! About the middle of the fourteenth century the use of chimneys is distinctly mentioned in England and in Italy; but they are found in several of our castles which bear a much older date. This country seems to have lost very early the art of making glass, which was preserved in France, whence artificers were brought into England to furnish the windows in some new churches in the seventh century. It is said that, in the reign of Henry III., a few ecclesiastical buildings had glazed windows. Suger, however, a century before, had adorned his great work, the Abbey of St. Denis, with windows not only glazed but painted; and I presume that other churches of the same class, both in France and England, especially after the lancet-shaped window had yielded to one of ampler dimensions, were generally decorated in a similar manner. Yet glass is said not to have been employed in the domestic architecture of France before the fourteenth century; and its introduction into England was probably by no means earlier. Nor, indeed, did it come into general use during the period of the middle ages. Glazed windows were considered as movable furniture, and prob-

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ably bore a high price. When the Earls of Northumberland, as late as the reign of Elizabeth, left Alnwick Castle, the windows were taken out of their frames and carefully laid by.

But if the domestic buildings of the fifteenth century would not seem very spacious or convenient at present, far less would this luxurious generation be content with their internal accommodations. A gentleman's house containing three or four beds was extraordinarily well provided; few probably had more than two. The walls were commonly bare, without wainscot, or even plaster, except that some great houses were furnished with hangings, and that, perhaps, hardly so soon as the reign of Edward IV. It is unnecessary to add, that neither libraries of books nor pictures could have found a place among furniture. Silver-plate was very rare, and hardly used for the table. A few inventories of furniture that still remain exhibit a miserable deficiency. And this was incomparably greater in private gentlemen's houses than among citizens, and especially foreign merchants. We have an inventory of the goods belonging to Contarini, a rich Venetian trader, at his house on St. Botolph's Lane, A.D. 1481. There appears to have been no less than ten beds, and glass windows are especially noted as movable furniture. No mention, however, is made of chairs or looking-glasses. If we compare his account, however trifling in our estimation, with a similar inventory of furniture in Skipton Castle, the great honour of the Earls of Cumberland, and among the most splendid mansions of the north, not at the same period—for I have not found any inventory of a nobleman's furniture so ancient—but in 1572, after almost a century of continual improvement, we shall be astonished at the inferior provision of the baronial residence. There were not more than seven or eight beds in this great castle, nor had any of the chambers either chairs, glasses, or carpets. It is in this sense, probably, that we must understand Æneas Sylvius, if he meant anything more than to express a traveller's discontent, when he declares that the Kings of Scotland would rejoice to be as well lodged as the second class of citizens at Nuremberg. Few burghers of that town had mansions. I presume, equal to the palaces of Dunfermline or Stirling; but it is not unlikely that they were better furnished.

It has been justly remarked, that in Mr. Hallam's 'Literature of Europe' there is more of sentiment than could have been anticipated from the calm, unimpassioned tenor of his historic style. We may illustrate this by two short extracts.

Shakspeare's Self-retrospection.

There seems to have been a period of Shakspeare's life when his heart was ill at ease, and ill content with the world and his own conscience; the memory of hours misspent, the pang of affection misplaced or unrequited, the experience of man's worser nature, which intercourse with unworthy associates, by choice or circumstances, peculiarly teaches: these, as they sank into the depths of his great mind, seem not only to have inspired into it the conception of 'Lear' and 'Timon,' but that of one primary character, the censurer of mankind. This type is first seen in the philosophic melancholy of Jaques, gazing with an undiminished serenity, and with a gaiety of fancy, though not of manners, on the follies of the world. It assumes a graver cast in the exiled Duke of the same play, and next one rather more severe in the Duke of 'Measure for Measure.' In all these, however, it is merely contemplative philosophy. In 'Hamlet,' this is mingled with the impulses of a perturbed heart under the pressure of extraordinary circumstances; it shines no longer, as in the former characters, with a steady light, but plays in fitful coruscations amidst feigned gaiety and extravagance. In 'Lear,' it is the flash of sudden inspiration across the incongruous imagery of madness; in 'Timon,' it is obscured by the exaggerations of misanthropy. These plays all belong to nearly the same period: 'As You Like It' being usually referred to 1600, 'Timon' to the same year, 'Measure for Measure' to 1603, and 'Lear' to 1604. In the later plays of Shakspeare, especially in 'Macbeth' and the 'Tempest,' much of moral speculation will be found, but he has never returned to this type of character in the personages.

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Milton's Blindness and Remembrance of his Early Reading.

In the numerous imitations, and still more numerous traces of older poetry which we perceive in 'Paradise Lost,' it is always to be kept in mind that he had only his recollection to rely upon. His blindness seems to have been complete before 1654;* and I scarcely think he had begun his poem before the anxiety and trouble into which the public strife of the Commonwealth and Restoration had thrown him, gave leisure for immortal occupations. Then the remembrance of early reading came over his dark and lonely path, like the moon emerging from the clouds. Then it was that the Muse was truly his; not only as she poured her creative inspiration into his mind, but as the daughter of Memory, coming with fragments of ancient melodies, the voice of Euripides, and Homer, and Tasso; sounds that he had loved in youth, and treasured up for the solace of his age. They who, though not enduring the calamity of Milton, have known what it is, when afar from books, in solitude or in travelling, or in the intervals of worldly care, to feed on poetical recollections, to murmur over the beautiful lines whose cadence has long delighted their ear, to recall the sentiments and images which retain by association the charm that early years once gave them—they will feel the inestimable value of committing to the memory, in the prime of its power, what it will easily receive and indelibly retain. I know not, indeed, whether an education that deals much with poetry, such as is still usual in England, has any more solid argument among many in its favour, than it lays the foundation of intellectual pleasures at the other extreme of life.

P. F. TYTLER—SIR W. NAPIER—LIEUT.-COL. CURWOOD—JAMES MILL.

'The History of Scotland,' by PATRICK FRASER TYTLER, is an attempt to 'build the history of that country upon unquestionable muniments.' The author professed to have anxiously endeavoured to examine the most authentic sources of information, and to convey a true picture of the times, without prepossession or partiality. He commences with the accession of Alexander III., because it is at that period that our national annals become particularly interesting to the general reader. The first volume of Mr. Tytler's History was published in 1828, and a continuation appeared at intervals, conducting the narrative to the year 1603, when James VI. ascended the throne of England. The style of the History is plain and perspicuous, with just sufficient animation to keep alive the attention of the reader. Mr. Tytler added considerably to the amount and correctness of our knowledge of Scottish history. He took up a few doubtful or erroneous opinions on questions of fact (such as that John Knox was accessory to the murder of Rizzio, of which he failed to give any satisfactory proof); but the industry and talent he evinced entitled him to the gratitude of his countrymen. A second edition of this work, up to the period already mentioned, extends to nine volumes. Mr. Tytler was author of the 'Lives of Scottish Worthies' and a 'Life of Sir Walter Raleigh,' and he edited two volumes of Letters illustrative of the history of England under Edward VI. and Mary.

* Todd publishes a letter addressed by Milton to Andrew Marvell dated February 21, 1652-3, and assumes that the poet 'had still the use of one eye, which could direct his hand.' The editor of this work has inspected the letter to Marvel in the State Paper Office, and ascertained that it is not in Milton's handwriting. It is in a fine current clerk-like hand.

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This gentleman was grandson of Mr. William Tytler, whom Burns has characterised as

Revered defender of beauteous Stuart;

and his father, Lord Woodhouselee, a Scottish judge, wrote a popular 'Universal History.' Latterly, Mr. Patrick F. Tytler enjoyed a pension of £200 per annum. He died at Malvern, December 24, 1849. A Life of Mr. Tytler was published (1859) by the Rev. John Burgon, M.A., of Oriel College, Oxford. It represents the historian in a very prepossessing light, as affectionate, pious, and cheerful, beloved by all who knew him.

'The History of the War in the Peninsula, and in the South of France, from the year 1807 to the year 1814,' in six volumes, 1828–40, by COLONEL SIR W. F. P. NAPIER, is acknowledged to be the most valuable record of that war which England waged against the power of Napoleon. Southey had previously written a History of this period, but it was heavy and uninteresting, and is now rarely met with. Sir W. Napier was an actor in the great struggle he records, and peculiarly conversant with the art of war. The most ample testimony has been borne to the accuracy of the historian's statements, and to the diligence and acuteness with which he has collected his materials. Sir William Napier was a son of Colonel the Hon. George Napier, by Lady Sarah Lennox, daughter of the second Duke of Richmond. He was born at Castletown, in Ireland, in 1785. Besides his important History, he was author of an account of 'The Conquest of Scinde, of The Life and Opinions of Sir Charles Napier,' the celebrated military commander, and conquerer of Scinde. In defending his brother, Sir William breaks out into the following eloquent reference to the great poet of his generation:

Eulogium on Lord Byron.

But while the Lord High Commissioner, Adam, could only see in the military resident of Cephalonia a person to be crushed by the leaden weight of power without equity, there was another observer in that island who appreciated, and manfully proclaimed the great qualities of the future conqueror of Scinde. This man, himself a butt for the rancour of envious dullness, was one whose youthful genius pervaded the world while he lived, and covered it with a pall when he died. For to him mountain and plain, torrent and lake, the seas, the skies, the earth, light and darkness, and even the depths of the human heart, gave up their poetic secrets; and he told them again, with such harmonious melody, that listening nations marvelled at the sound; and when it ceased, they sorrowed. Lord Byron noted, and generously proclaimed the merits which Sir Frederick Adam marked as defects.

Sir William Napier died February 12, 1860.

Assault of Badajos.—From 'The History of the War in the Peninsula.'

Dry but clouded was the night, the air was thick with watery exhalations from the rivers, the ramparts and trenches unusually still; yet a low murmur pervaded the latter, and in the former lights flittered here and there, while the deep voices of the sentinels proclaimed from time to time that all was well in Badajos. The French, confiding in Phillipon's direful skill, watched from their lofty station the approach of enemies they had twice before baffled, and now hoped to drive a third time blasted

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and ruined from the walls. The British, standing in deep columns, were as eager to meet that fiery destruction as the others were to pour it down, and either were alike terrible for their strength, their discipline, and the passions awakened in their resolute hearts.

Former failures there were to avenge on one side: on both, leaders who furnished no excuse for weakness in the hour of trial, and the possession of Badajoz was become a point of personal honour with the soldiers of each nation: but the desire for glory on the British part was dashed with a hatred of the citizens from an old grievance, and recent toil and hardship, with much spilling of blood, had made many incredibly savage; for these things, which render the noble-minded averse to cruelty, harden the vulgar spirit. Numbers, also, like Cæsar's centurion, who could not forget the plunder of Avaricum, were heated with the recollection of Rodrigo, and thirsted for spoil. Thus every passion found a cause of excitement, the wondrous power of discipline bound the whole together as with a band of iron, and in the pride of arms none doubted their might to bear down every obstacle that man could oppose to their fury.

At ten o'clock, the castle, the San Roque, the breaches, the Pardaleras, the distant bastion of San Vincente, and the bridge-head on the other side of the Guadiana, were to be simultaneously assailed. It was hoped the strength of the enemy would quickly shrivel within that fiery girdle, but many are the disappointments of war. An unforeseen accident delayed the attack of the fifth division, and a lighted carcass, thrown from the castle, falling close to the third division, exposed its columns, and forced it to anticipate the signal by half an hour. Thus everything was suddenly disturbed, yet the double columns of the fourth and light divisions moved silently and swiftly against the breaches, and the guard of the trenches, rushing forward with a shout, encompassed the San Roque with fire, and broke in so violently that scarcely any resistance was made.

Soon, however, a sudden blaze of light and the rattling of musketry indicated the commencement of a more vehement combat at the castle. There Kempt—for Picton, hurt by a fall in the camp, and expecting no charge in the hour, was not present—there Kempt, I say, led the third division. He passed the Rivillas in single files by a narrow bridge under a terrible musketry, re-formed and ran up the rugged hill, to fall at the foot of the castle severely wounded. Being carried back to the trenches, he met Picton at the bridge hastening to take the command, but meanwhile the troops, spreading along the front, had reared their heavy ladders, some against the lofty castle, some against the adjoining front on the left, and with incredible courage ascended amidst showers of heavy stones, logs of wood and bursting shells rolled off the parapet, while from the flanks musketry was plied with fearful rapidity, and in front, with pikes and bayonets, the leading assailants were stabbed and the ladders pushed from the walls: and all this was attended with deafening shouts, the crash of breaking ladders, and the shrieks of crushed soldiers answering to the sullen stroke of the falling weights.

Still swarming round the remaining ladders, those undaunted yet rare strove who should first climb: but all were overturned, the French shouted victory, while the British, baffled, yet untamed, fell back a few paces, and took shelter under the rugged edge of the hill. There the broken ranks being re-formed, the heroic Colonel Ridge, springing forward, called with stentorian voice on his men to follow, and, seizing a ladder, raised it against the castle, to the right of the former attack, where the wall was lower, and where an embrasure offered some facility: a second ladder was placed alongside of his by the grenadier officer, Canch, and the next instant he and Ridge were on the rampart, the shouting troops pressed after them, and the garrison, amazed and in a manner surprised, were driven fighting through the double gate into the town: the castle was won. Soon a reinforcement from the French reserve came to the gate, through which both sides fired, and the enemy retired; but Ridge fell, and no man died that night with more glory—yet many died, and there was much glory.

All this time the tumult at the breaches was such as if the earth had been rent asunder, and its central fires bursting upwards uncontrolled. The two divisions reached the glacis just as the firing at the castle had commenced, and the flash of a single musket, discharged from the covered way as a signal, shewed them the French were ready; yet no stir followed, and darkness covered the breaches. Some hay-packs were then thrown, some ladders placed, and the forlorn-hopes and storming-

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parties of the light division, five hundred in all, descended into the ditch without opposition; but then a bright flame, shooting upwards, displayed all the terrors of the scene. The ramparts, crowded with dark figures and glittering arms, were on one side; on the other, the red columns of the British, deep and broad, coming on like streams of burning lava; it was the touch of the magician's wand; a crash of thunder followed, and the storming-parties were dashed to pieces by the explosion of hundreds of shells and powder-barrels.

For an instant the light division soldiers stood on the brink of the ditch, amazed at the terrific sight, but then, with a shout that matched even the sound of the explosion, they flew down the ladders, or, disdaining their aid, leaped, reckless of the depth, into the gulf below; and nearly at the same moment, amidst a blaze of musketry that dazzled the eyes, the fourth division came running in to descend with a like fury. There were only five ladders for both columns, which were close together, and the deep cut made in the bottom of the ditch, as far as the counter-guard of the Trinidad, was filled with water from the inundation; into this miry snare the head of the fourth division fell, and it is said above a hundred of the Fusileers, the men of Albuera, were there smothered. Those who followed, checked not, but, as if the disaster had been expected, turned to the left, and thus came upon the face of the unfinished ravelin, which, rough and broken, was mistaken for the breach, and instantly covered with men; a wide and deep chasm was, however, still between them and the ramparts, from whence came a deadly fire, wasting their ranks. Thus baffled, they also commenced a rapid discharge of musketry, and disorder ensued; for the men of the light division, whose conducting engineer had been disabled early, having their flank confined by an unfinished ditch intended to cut off the Santa Maria, rushed towards the breaches of the curtain and the Trinidad, which were indeed before them, but which the fourth division had been destined to storm.

Great was the confusion; the ravelin was crowded with men of both divisions, and while some continued to fire, others jumped down and ran towards the breach; many also passed between the ravelin and the counterguard of the Trinidad; the two divisions got mixed, and the reserves, which should have remained at the quarries, also came pouring in until the ditch was quite filled, the rear still crowding forward, and all cheering vehemently. The enemy's shouts also were loud and terrible; and the bursting of shells and of grenades, roaring of guns from the flanks, answered by the iron howitzers from the parallel, the heavy roll and horrid explosion of the powder-barrels, the whizzing flight of the blazing splinters, the loud exhortations of the officers, and the continual clatter of the muskets, made a maddening din.

Now a multitude bounded up the great breach as if driven by a whirlwind; but across the top glittered a range of sword-blades, sharp-pointed, keen-edged, immovably fixed in ponderous beams chained together and set deep in the ruins; and for ten feet in front the ascent was covered with loose planks studded with iron points, on which the feet of the foremost being set, the planks slipped, and the unhappy soldiers, falling forward on the spikes, rolled down upon the ranks behind. Then the Frenchmen, shouting at the success of their stratagem, and leaping forward, plied their shot with terrible rapidity, for every man had several muskets, and each musket, in addition to its ordinary charge, contained a small cylinder of wood stuck full of wooden slugs, which scattered like hail when they were discharged.

Once and again the assailants rushed up the breaches, but the sword-blades, immovable and impassable, always stopped the charge, and the hissing shells and thundering powder-barrels exploded unceasingly. Hundreds of men had now fallen, hundreds more were dropping yet the heroic officers still called aloud for new trials, and sometimes followed by many, sometimes by few, ascended the ruins; and so furious were the men themselves, that in one of these charges the rear strove to push the foremost on to the sword-blades, willing even to make a bridge of their writhing bodies; the others frustrated the attempt by dropping down, yet men fell so fast from the shot, it was hard to say who went down voluntarily, who were stricken, and many stooped unhurt that never rose again. Vain also would it have been to break through the sword-blades; for a finished trench and parapet were behind the breach, where the assailants, crowded into even a narrower space than the ditch was, would still have been separated from their enemies, and the slaughter have continued.

At the beginning of this dreadful conflict, Andrew Barnard had with prodigious efforts separated his division from the other, and preserved some degree of military

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array; but now the tumult was such, no command could be heard distinctly except by those close at hand, while the mutilated carcases heaped on each other, and the wounded, struggling to avoid being trampled upon, broke the formations: order was impossible! Nevertheless, officers of all stations, followed more or less numerously by the men, were seen to start out as if struck by a sudden madness, and rush into the breach, which, yawning and glittering with steel, seemed like the mouth of some huge dragon belching forth smoke and flame. In one of these attempts Colonel Macleod of the 43d, whose feeble body would have been quite unfit for war if it had not been sustained by an unconquerable spirit, was killed. Wherever his voice was heard, there his soldiers gathered, and with such strong resolution did he lead them up the ruins, that when one, falling behind him, plunged a bayonet into his back, he complained not, but continuing his course, was shot dead within a yard of the sword-blades. There was, however, no want of gallant leaders or desperate followers, until two hours passed in these vain efforts convinced the soldiers the Trinidad was impregnable; and as the opening in the curtain, although less strong, was retired, and the approach impeded by deep holes and cuts made in the ditch, the troops did not much notice it after the partial failure of one attack, which had been made early. Gathering in dark groups, and leaning on their muskets, they looked up with sullen desperation at the Trinidad, while the enemy stepping out on the ramparts, and aiming their shots by the light of the fire-balls which they threw over, asked, as their victims fell, *Why they did not come into Badajos!*

In this dreadful situation, while the dead were lying in heaps and others continually falling, the wounded crawling about to get some shelter from the merciless shower above, and withal a sickening stench from the burnt flesh of the slain, Captain Nicholas of the Engineers was observed, by Lieutenant Shaw of the 43d, making incredible efforts to force his way with a few men into the Santa Maria. Collecting fifty soldiers of all regiments, he joined him, and passing a deep cut along the foot of this breach, these two young officers, at the head of their band, rushed up the slope of the ruins; but ere they gained two-thirds of the ascent, a concentrated fire of musketry and grape dashed nearly the whole dead to the earth: Nicholas was mortally wounded, and the intrepid Shaw* stood alone! After this no further effort was made at any point, and the troops remained passive but unflinching beneath the enemy's shot, which streamed without intermission; for many of the riflemen on the glacis, leaping early into the ditch, had joined in the assault; and the rest, raked by a cross-fire of grape from the distant bastions, baffled in their aim by the smoke and flames from the explosions, and too few in number, had entirely failed to quell the French musketry.

About midnight, when two thousand brave men had fallen, Wellington, who was on a height close to the quarries, sent orders for the remainder to retire and re-form for a second assault; he had just then heard that the castle was taken, and thinking the enemy would still hold out in the town, was resolved to assail the breaches again. This retreat from the ditch was not effected without further carnage and confusion; for the French fire never slackened, and a cry arose that the enemy were making a sally from the flanks, which caused a rush towards the ladders. Then the groans and lamentations of the wounded, who could not move, and expected to be slain, increased; and many officers who did not hear of the order endeavoured to stop the soldiers from going back; some would even have removed the ladders, but were unable to break the crowd.

All this time the third division lay close in the castle, and either from fear of risking the loss of a point which insured the capture of the place, or that the egress was too difficult, made no attempt to drive away the enemy from the breaches. On the other side, however, the fifth division had commenced the false attack on the Pardaleras, and on the right of the Guadiana the Portuguese were sharply engaged at the bridge; thus the town was girdled with fire; for Walker's brigade had, during the feint on the Pardaleras, escaladed the distant bastion of San Vincente. Moving up the bank of the river, he reached a French guard-house at the barrier-gate undis-

* Now Major-general Shaw Kennedy. Captain Nicholas, when dying, told the story of this effort, adding that he saw Shaw while thus standing alone, deliberately pull out his watch, and repeating the hour aloud, declare that the breach could not be carried that night.

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covered, the ripple of the waters smothering the sound of the footsteps; but then the explosion at the breaches took place, the moon shone out, and the French sentinels, discovering the column, fired. The British soldiers, springing forward under a sharp musketry, began to hew down the wooden barrier at the covered way; but the Portuguese, panic-stricken, threw down the scaling ladders; the others snatched them up, and, forcing the barrier, jumped into the ditch; but there the guiding engineer was killed, there was a *cunette* which embarrassed the column, and when the foremost men succeeded in rearing the ladders, they were found too short, for the walls were generally above thirty feet high. The fire of the French was deadly, a small mine was sprung beneath the soldiers' feet, beams of wood and live shells were rolled over on their heads, showers of grape from the flank swept the ditch, and man after man dropped dead from the ladders.

Fortunately, some of the defenders were called away to aid in recovering the castle, the ramparts were not entirely manned and the assailants, having discovered a corner of the bastion where the scarp was only twenty feet high, placed three ladders under an embrasure which had no gun and was only stopped with a gabion. Some men got up with difficulty, for the ladders were still too short, but the first man, being pushed up by his comrades, drew others after him, until many had gained the summit; and though the French shot heavily against them from both flanks and from a house in front, they thickened and could not be driven back. Half the 4th Regiment then entered the town itself, while the others pushed along the rampart towards the breach, and by dint of hard fighting successively won three bastions. In the last General Walker, leaping forward sword in hand, just as a French cannoneer discharged a gun, fell with so many wounds, it was wonderful how he survived; and his soldiers, seeing a lighted match on the ground, cried out, 'A mine!' At that word, such is the power of imagination, those troops whom neither the strong barrier nor the deep ditch, nor the high walls, nor the deadly fire of the enemy could stop, staggered back appalled by a chimera of their own raising; and in that disorder a French reserve under General Veillande drove on them with a firm and rapid charge, pitching some over the walls, killing others outright, and cleansing the ramparts even to the San Vincente: but there Leith had placed a battalion of the 38th, and when the French came up shouting and slaying all before them, it arose, and with one close volley destroyed them. Then the panic ceased, and in compact order the soldiers once more charged along the walls towards the breaches; yet the French, although turned on both flanks and abandoned by fortune, would not yield.

Meanwhile the detachment of the 4th Regiment which had entered the town when the San Vincente was first carried, was strangely situated; for the streets, though empty were brilliantly illuminated, no person was seen, yet a low buzz and whisper were heard around, lattices were now and then gently opened, and from time to time shots were fired from underneath the doors of the houses by the Spaniards, while the regiment, with bugles sounding, advanced towards the great square of the town. In its progress, several mules going with ammunition to the breaches were taken; but the square was as empty and silent as the streets, and the houses as bright with lamps. A terrible enchantment seemed to prevail; nothing to be seen but light, and only low whispers heard, while the tumult at the breaches was like the crashing of thunder: there the fight raged; and quitting the square, the regiment attempted to take the enemy in reverse, but they were received with a rolling musketry, driven back with loss, and resumed their movement through the streets.

At last the breaches were abandoned by the French, other parties entered the place, desultory combats took place in various parts, and finally Veillande and Philipon, both wounded, seeing all ruined, passed the bridge with a few hundred soldiers, and entered San Christoval. Early next morning they surrendered upon summons to Lord Fitzroy Somerset, who with great readiness had pushed through the town to the drawbridge ere the French had time to organise further resistance; yet even at the moment of ruin, this noble governor had sent horsemen out from the fort in the night to carry the news to Soult's army, which they reached in time to prevent a greater misfortune.

Now commenced that wild and desperate wickedness, which tarnished the lustre of the soldier's heroism. All indeed were not alike, hundreds risked and many lost their lives in striving to stop the violence; but madness generally prevailed, and the worst men being leaders, all the diabolical passions of human nature were displayed.

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Shameless rapacity, brutal intemperance, savage lust, cruelty and murder, shrieks and piteous lamentations, groans, shouts, imprecations, the hissing of fires bursting from the houses, the crashing of doors and windows, and the reports of muskets used in violence, resounded for two days and nights in the streets of Badajos! On the third, when the city was sacked, when the soldiers were exhausted by their own excesses, the tumult rather subsided than was quelled: the wounded men were then looked to, the dead disposed of.

Five thousand men and officers fell during the siege, including seven hundred Portuguese; three thousand five hundred were stricken in the assault, sixty officers and more than seven hundred men slain on the spot. Five generals, Kempt, Harvey, Bowes, Colville, and Picton, were wounded, the first three severely; six hundred men and officers fell in the escalade of San Vincente, as many at the castle, and more than two thousand at the breaches: each division there lost twelve hundred! But how deadly the strife was at that point may be gathered from this: the 43d and 52d Regiments of the light division alone lost more men than the seven regiments of the third division engaged at the castle!

Let it be remembered that this frightful carnage took place in a space of less than a hundred yards square; that the slain died not all suddenly, nor by one manner of death; that some perished by steel, some by shot, some by water; that some were crushed and mangled by heavy weights, some trampled upon, some dashed to atoms by the fiery explosions; that for hours this destruction was endured without shrinking, and the town was won at last: these things considered, it must be admitted that a British army bears with it an awful power. And false would it be to say the French were feeble men; the garrison stood and fought manfully and with good discipline, behaving worthily. Shame there was none on either side. Yet who shall do justice to the bravery of the British soldiers? the noble emulation of the officers? Who shall measure out the glory of Ridge, of Macleod, of Nicholas, of O'Hare of the Rifles, who perished on the breach at the head of the stormers, and with him nearly all the volunteers for that desperate service. Who shall describe the springing valour of that Portuguese grenadier who was killed, the foremost man at the Santa Maria? or the martial fury of that desperate rifleman, who, in his resolution to win, thrust himself beneath the chained sword-blades, and there suffered the enemy to dash his head to pieces with the ends of their muskets? Who can sufficiently honour the intrepidity of Walker, of Shaw, of Canch, or the resolution of Ferguson of the 43d, who having at Rodrigo received two deep wounds, was here, with his hurts still open, leading the stormers of his regiment, the third time a volunteer, and the third time wounded! Nor are these selected as pre-eminent; many and signal were the other examples of unbounded devotion, some known, some that will never be known; for in such a tumult much passed unobserved, and often the observers fell themselves ere they could bear testimony to what they saw: but no age, no nation, ever sent forth braver troops to battle than those who stormed Badajos.

When the havoc of the night was told to Wellington, the pride of conquest sunk into a passionate burst of grief for the loss of his gallant soldiers.

Further light has been thrown on the Spanish war, as well as on the whole of our other military operations at the period, by the publication of 'The Despatches of Field-marshal the Duke of Wellington,' by LIEUTENANT-COLONEL GURWOOD, twelve volumes, 1836–38. The skill, moderation, and energy of the Duke of Wellington are strikingly illustrated by this compilation. 'No man ever before,' says a critic in the 'Edinburgh Review,' 'had the gratification of himself witnessing the formation of such a monument to his glory. His despatches will continue to furnish, through every age, lessons of practical wisdom which cannot be too highly prized by public men of every station; whilst they will supply to military commanders, in particular, examples for their guidance which they cannot too carefully study, nor too anxiously endeavour to emulate.' The son of the Great Captain, the present Duke of Wellington, has published

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several additional volumes of his illustrious father's correspondence.

The 'History of British India,' by JAMES MILL (1773–1836), is by far the ablest work on our Indian empire. It was published in 1817–18, in five volumes. This work led to the author being employed in conducting the correspondence of the East India Company. Mr. Mill was a man of acute and vigorous mind. He was a native of Logie Pert, near Montrose, and soon rose above his originally humble station by the force of his talents. He contributed to the leading reviews, co-operated with Jeremy Bentham and other zealous reformers, and also took a high position as an original thinker and metaphysician. He had early abandoned the creed of his youth, and become a sceptic as hard and confirmed as David Hume; and he taught his son, John Stuart Mill, to be equally unbelieving and equally decided in his unbelief. In fame and talent, however, the son eclipsed his father. Mr. Mill's History has been continued to the close of the government of Lord W. Bentinck in 1835, by Mr. Horace H. Wilson, the work then forming nine volumes, 1848.

JAMES BOSWELL.

A great number of biographical works were published during this period. The French have cultivated biography with more diligence than the English; but much has been done of late years to remedy this defect in our national literature. Individual specimens of great value we have long possessed. The Lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, and Herbert, by Izaak Walton, are entitled to the highest praise for the fullness of their domestic details, no less than for the fine simplicity and originality of their style. The 'Lives of the Poets,' by Johnson, and the occasional Memoirs by Goldsmith, Mallet, and other authors, are either too general or too critical to satisfy the reader as representations of the daily life, habits, and opinions of those whom we venerate or admire. Mason's Life of Gray was a vast improvement on former biographies, as the interesting and characteristic correspondence of the poet, and his literary diary and journals, bring him personally before us, pursuing the silent course of his studies, or mingling occasionally as a retired scholar in the busy world around him. The success of Mason's bold and wise experiment prompted another and more complete work—'The Life of Dr. Johnson,' by Boswell.

JAMES BOSWELL (1740–1795) was by birth and education a gentleman of rank and station—the son of a Scottish judge, and heir to an ancient family and estate. He had studied for the bar; but being strongly impressed with admiration of the writings and character of Dr. Johnson, he attached himself to the rugged moralist, soothed and flattered his irritability, submitted to his literary despotism and caprice, and sedulously cultivating his acquaintance and society whenever his engagements permitted, he took faithful and copious notes of his conversation. In 1773 Boswell accompanied Johnson to

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the Hebrides; and after the death of the latter, he published, in 1785, his Journal of the Tour, being a record of each day's occurrences, and of the more striking parts of Johnson's conversation. The work was eminently successful. And in 1791 Boswell gave to the world his full-length portrait of his friend, 'The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.' in two volumes quarto. A second edition was published in 1794; and the author was engaged in preparing a third when he died. A great number of editions have since been printed, the latest of which was edited by Mr. J. W. Croker. Anecdotes and recollections of Johnson were also published by Mrs. Piozzi, Sir John Hawkins, Malone, Miss Reynolds, &c. Boswell had awakened public curiosity, and shewn how much wit, wisdom, and sagacity, joined to real worth and benevolence, were concealed under the personal oddities and ungainly exterior of Johnson. Never was there so complete a portraiture of any single individual. The whole time spent by Boswell in the society of his illustrious friend did not amount to more than nine months; yet so diligent was he in writing and inquiring—so thoroughly did he devote himself to his subject, that notwithstanding his limited opportunities, and the claims of society, he was able to produce what all mankind have agreed in considering the best biography in existence. Though vain, dissipated, and conceited, Boswell had taste enough to discern the racy vigour and richness of Johnson's conversation, and he was observant enough to trace the peculiarities of his character and temperament. He forced himself into society, and neglected his family and his profession, to meet his friend; and he was content to be ridiculed and slighted, so that he could thereby add one page to his journal, or one scrap of writing to his collection. He sometimes sat up three nights in a week to fulfil his task, and hence there is a freshness and truth in his notes and impressions which attest their fidelity.

Boswell must have possessed considerable dramatic power to have rendered his portraits and dialogues so animated and varied. His work introduces us to a great variety of living characters, who speak, walk, and think, as it were, in our presence; and besides furnishing us with useful, affecting, and ennobling lessons of morality, live over again the past for the delight and entertainment of countless generations of readers. Boswell's convivial habits hastened his death. In 1856 a volume of Letters addressed by Boswell to his friend the Rev. Mr. Temple, was published, and painfully illustrated the weakness and vanity of his character.

The talents and character of Boswell have been successfully vindicated by Carlyle from the strictures of Macaulay and others, who insist so strongly on the biographer's imputed meanness of spirit, egregious vanity, folly, and sensuality, scarcely allowing him a single redeeming good quality. His *bad qualities*, as Carlyle says, lay open to the general eye; his *good qualities* belonged not to the time he lived in, were far from common then, and indeed, in such a degree, were al-

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most unexampled. 'Towards Johnson his feeling was not sycophancy, which is the lowest, but reverence, which is the highest of human feelings.' 'Consider, too, with what force, diligence, and vivacity he has rendered back all which, in Johnson's neighbourhood, his open sense had so eagerly and freely taken in. That loose-flowing, careless-looking work of his is as a picture by one of nature's own artists; the best possible resemblance of a reality; like the very image thereof in a clear mirror—which, indeed, it was. Let but the mirror be clear, this is the great point; the picture must and will be genuine. How the babbling Bozzy, inspired only by love, and the recognition and vision which love can lend, epitomises nightly the words of wisdom, and so, by little and little, unconsciously works together for us a whole *Johnsoniad*; a more free, perfect, sunlit, and spirit-speaking likeness, than for many centuries had been drawn by man of man! Scarcely since the days of Homer has the feat been equalled.'

GIBBON—LORD SHEFFIELD—DR. CURRIE.

With a pardonable and engaging egotism, which forms an interesting feature in his character, the historian GIBBON has made several sketches of his own life and studies. From these materials, and embodying *verbatim* the most valuable portions, LORD SHEFFIELD compiled a Memoir, which was published, with the miscellaneous works of Gibbon, in 1795. A number of the historian's letters were also included in this collection; but the most important and interesting part of the work is his Journal and Diary, giving an account of his literary occupations. The calm unshrinking perseverance and untiring energy of Gibbon form a noble example to all literary students: and where he writes of his own personal history and opinions, his lofty philosophical style never forsakes him. Thus he opens his slight Memoir in the following strain:

'A lively desire of knowing and of recording our ancestors so generally prevails, that it must depend on the influence of some common principle in the minds of men. We seem to have lived in the persons of our forefathers: it is the labour and reward of vanity to extend the term of this ideal longevity. Our imagination is always active to enlarge the narrow circle in which nature has confined us. Fifty or a hundred years may be allotted to an individual, but we step forwards beyond death with such hopes as religion and philosophy will suggest; and we fill up the silent vacancy that precedes our birth, by associating ourselves to the authors of our existence. Our calmer judgment will rather tend to moderate than to suppress the pride of an ancient and worthy race. The satirist may laugh, the philosopher may preach, but Reason herself will respect the prejudices and habits which have been consecrated by the experience of mankind.'

Gibbon states, that before entering upon the perusal of a book, he wrote down or considered what he knew of the subject, and afterwards examined how much the author had added to his stock of

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knowledge. A severe test for some authors! From habits like this sprung the 'Decline and Fall.'

In 1800, DR. JAMES CURRIE (1756–1805) published his edition of the Works of Burns for the benefit of the poet's family, and enriched it with an excellent Memoir, that has served for the groundwork of many subsequent Lives of Burns. It has been found that he tampered rather too freely with the poet's MSS., but generally to their advantage. The candour and ability displayed by Currie have scarcely been sufficiently appreciated. Such a task was new to him, and was beset with difficulties. He believed that Burns's misfortunes arose chiefly from his errors—he lived at a time when this impression was strongly prevalent—yet he touched on the subject of the poet's frailties with delicacy and tenderness. He estimated his genius highly as a great poet, without reference to his personal position, and thus in some measure anticipated the unequivocal award of posterity. His remarks on Scottish poetry and on the condition of the Scottish peasantry, appear now somewhat prolix and affected: but at the time they were written, they tended to interest and inform the English reader, and to forward the author's benevolent object, in extending the sale of the poet's works. By his generous, disinterested labours, Dr. Currie materially benefited the poet's family.

WILLIAM HAYLEY—LORD HOLLAND.

After the death of Cowper in 1800, every poetical reader was anxious to learn the personal history and misfortunes of a poet who had afforded such exquisite glimpses of his own life and habits, and the amiable traits of whose character shone so conspicuously in his verse. His letters and manuscripts were placed at the disposal of MR. WM. HAYLEY, whose talents as a poet were then greatly overrated, but who had personally known Cowper. Accordingly, in 1803–4, appeared 'The Life and Posthumous Works of William Cowper,' three volumes quarto. The work was a valuable contributiou to English biography. The inimitable letters of Cowper were themselves a treasure beyond price; and Hayley's prose, though often poor enough, was better than his poetry. What the 'Hermit of Eartham' left undone has since been supplied by Southey, who in 1835 gave the world an edition of Cowper in fifteen volumes, about three of which are filled with a life of the poet, and notes. The Lives of both Hayley and Southey are written in the style of Mason's Memoir, letters being freely interspersed throughout the narrative. Of a similar description, but not to be compared with these in point of interest or execution, is the Life of Dr. Beattie, by Sir William Forbes, published in 1806, in two volumes.

In the same year LORD HOLLAND published an 'Account of the Life and Writings of Lope Felix de Vega,' the celebrated Spanish dramatist. De Vega was one of the most fertile writers upon record; his miscellaneous works fill twenty-two quarto volumes, and his dra-

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mas twenty-five volumes. He died in 1635, aged seventy-three. His fame has been eclipsed by abler Spanish writers; but De Vega gave a great impulse to the literature of his nation, and is considered the parent of the continental drama. The amiable and accomplished nobleman who recorded the life of this Spanish prodigy, died at Holland House, October 22, 1840, aged sixty-seven. Lord Holland was a generous patron of literature and art. Holland House was but another name for refined hospitality and social freedom, in which men of all shades of opinion participated. As a literary man, the noble lord left few or no memorials that will survive; but he will long be remembered as a generous-hearted English nobleman, who, with princely munificence and varied accomplishments, ever felt a strong interest in the welfare of the great mass of the people; who was an intrepid advocate of popular rights in the most difficult and trying times; and who, amidst all his courtesy and hospitality, held fast his political integrity and consistency to the last.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

The 'Life of Nelson,' by SOUTHEY, published in two small volumes —since compressed into one—in 1813, rose into instant and universal favour, and may be considered as one of our standard popular biographies. Its merit consists in the clearness and beautiful simplicity of its style, and its lucid arrangement of facts, omitting all that is unimportant or strictly technical. The substance of this 'Life' was originally an article in the 'Quarterly Review;' Mr. Murray, the publisher, gave Southey £100 to enlarge the essay, and publish it in a separate form with his name; and this sum he handsomely doubled. Southey afterwards published a 'Life of John Wesley,' the celebrated founder of the Methodists, in which he evinces a minute acquaintance with the religious controversies and publications of that period, joined to the art of the biographer, in giving prominence and effect to his delineations. His sketches of field-preaching and lay-preachers present some curious and interesting pictures of human nature under strong excitement. The same author contributed a series of Lives of British Admirals to the 'Cabinet Cyclopædia,' edited by Dr. Lardner.

The Death of Nelson.—From Southey's 'Life of Nelson.'

It had been part of Nelson's prayer that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing on the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizzen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. 'They have done for me at last, Hardy,' said he. 'I hope not,' cried Hardy. 'Yes,' he replied, 'my back-bone is shot through.' Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet repaired, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately: then, that he might

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not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England perhaps would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar. The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men; over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood he felt momently within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful; 'for,' said he, 'you can do nothing for me.' All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the *Victory* hurrahed; and at every hurra, a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes, and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried: 'Will no one bring Hardy to me? he must be killed; he is surely dead!' An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound, before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence: Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment. 'Well, Hardy,' said Nelson, 'how goes the day with us?' 'Very well,' replied Hardy; 'ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and shew an intention to bear down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing.' 'I hope,' said Nelson, 'none of our ships have struck?' Hardy answered, 'There was no fear of that.' Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. 'I am a dead man, Hardy,' said he; 'I am going fast: it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me.' Hardy observed, that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. 'O no,' he replied; 'it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so.' Hardy then, once more, shook hands with him and with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone; and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him: 'You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my breast,' putting his hand on his left side, 'which tells me so.' And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied, 'So great that he wished he was dead. Yet,' said he, in a lower voice, 'one would like to live a little longer too!' And after a few minutes, in the same undertone, he added: 'What would become of poor Lady Hamilton, if she knew my situation!' Next to his country she occupied his thoughts. Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned; and, again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly: but fourteen or fifteen at least. 'That's well,' cried Nelson; 'but I bargained for twenty.' And then, in a stronger voice, he said: 'Anchor, Hardy; anchor.' Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. 'Not while I live, Hardy,' said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed: 'do you anchor.' His previous orders for preparing to anchor had shewn how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him, in a low voice, 'Don't throw me overboard;' and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order otherwise. Then reverting to private feeling: 'Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy; take care of poor Lady Hamilton. Kiss me, Hardy,' said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek; and Nelson said, 'Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty!' Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again and kissed his forehead. 'Who is that?' said Nelson; and being informed, he replied, 'God bless you, Hardy.' And Hardy then left him—for ever. Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said, 'I wish I had not left the deck; for I shall soon be gone.' Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain, 'Doctor, I have *not* been a *great* sinner' and after a short pause, 'Remember that I leave

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Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatio as a legacy to my country.' His articulation now became difficult; but he was distinctly heard to say, 'Thank God, I have done my duty!' These words he repeatedly pronounced; and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four—three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity: men started at the intelligence, and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us; and it seemed as if we had never till then known how deeply we loved and reverenced him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own and of all former times—was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part, that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end. The fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed; new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him: the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, and public monuments, and posthumous rewards, were all which they could now bestow upon him whom the king, the legislature, and the nation would have alike delighted to honour; whom every tongue would have blessed; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have wakened the church-bells, have given school-boys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and 'old men from the chimney-corner' to look upon Nelson ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy; for such already was the glory of the British navy, through Nelson's surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas; and the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security or strength; for, while Nelson was living to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy, we felt ourselves as secure as now, when they were no longer in existence.

There was reason to suppose, from the appearances upon opening his body, that in the course of nature he might have attained, like his father, to a good old age. Yet he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done; nor ought he to be lamented who died so full of honours, and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful, that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid, that of the hero in the hour of victory; and if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England—a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength. Thus it is that the spirits of the great and the wise continue to live and to act after them.

Wesley's Old Age and Death.—From 'Southey's Life of John Wesley.'

'Leisure and I,' said Wesley, 'have taken leave of one other. I propose to be busy as long as I live, if my health is so long indulged to me.' This resolution was made in the prime of life, and never was resolution more punctually observed. 'Lord, let me not live to be useless!' was the prayer which he uttered after seeing one whom he had long known as an active and useful magistrate, reduced by age to be 'a picture of human nature in disgrace, feeble in body and mind, and slow of speech and understanding.' He was favoured with a constitution vigorous beyond that of ordinary men, and with an activity of spirit which is even rarer than his singular felicity of health and strength. Ten thousand cares of various kinds he said, were no more weight or burden to his mind, than ten thousand hairs were to his head. But in truth his only cares were those of superintending the work of his ambition, which continually prospered under his hands. Real cares he had none: no anxieties, no sorrows, no griefs which touched him to the quick. His manner of life was the most favourable that could have been devised for longevity. He rose early, and lay

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down at night with nothing to keep him waking, or trouble him in sleep. His mind was always in a pleasurable and wholesome state of activity; he was temperate in his diet, and lived in perpetual locomotion: and frequent change of air is perhaps, of all things, that which most conduces to joyous health and long life. . . .

Upon his eighty-sixth birth-day, he says, 'I now find I grow old. My sight is decayed, so that I cannot read a small print, unless in a strong light. My strength is decayed; so that I walk much slower than I did some years since. My memory of names, whether of persons or places, is decayed, till I stop a little to recollect them. What I should be afraid of is, if I took thought for the morrow, that my body should weigh down my mind, and create either stubbornness, by the decrease of my understanding, or peevishness, by the increase of bodily infirmities. But thou shalt answer for me, O Lord, my God!' His strength now diminished so much, that he found it difficult to preach more than twice a day; and for many weeks he abstained from his five o'clock morning sermons, because a slow and settled fever parched his mouth. Finding himself a little better, he resumed the practice, and hoped to hold on a little longer; but, at the beginning of the year 1790, he writes: 'I am now an old man, decayed from head to foot. My eyes are dim; my right hand shakes much; my mouth is hot and dry every morning; I have a lingering fever almost every day; my motion is weak and slow. However, blessed be God! I do not slack my labours: I can preach and write still.' In the middle of the same year, he closed his cash account-book with the following words, written with a tremulous hand, so as to be scarcely legible: 'For upwards of eighty-six years I have kept my accounts exactly: I will not attempt it any longer, being satisfied with the continual conviction that I save all I can, and give all I can; that is, all I have.' His strength was now quite gone, and no glasses would help his sight. 'But I feel no pain,' he says, 'from head to foot; only, it seems, nature is exhausted, and, humanly speaking, will sink more and more, till

The weary springs of life stand still at last.

On the 1st of February 1791, he wrote his last letter to America. It shews how anxious he was that his followers should consider themselves as one united body. 'See,' said he, 'that you never give place to one thought of separating from your brethren in Europe. Lose no opportunity of declaring to all men that the Methodists are one people in all the world, and that it is their full determination so to continue. He expressed, also, a sense that his hour was almost come. 'Those that desire to write,' said he, 'or say anything to me, have no time to lose; for *Time has shaken me by the hand, and Death is not far behind:*' words which his father had used in one of the last letters that he addressed to his sons at Oxford. On the 17th of that month he took cold after preaching at Lambeth. For some days he struggled against an increasing fever, and continued to preach till the Wednesday following, when he delivered his last sermon. From that time he became daily weaker and more lethargic, and on the 2d of March, he died in peace; being in the eighty-eighth year of his age, and the sixty-fifth of his ministry.

During his illness he said, 'Let me buried in nothing but what is woollen; and let my corpse be carried in my coffin into the chapel.' Some years before, he had prepared a vault for himself, and for those itinerant preachers who might die in London. In his will he directed that six poor men should have twenty shillings each for carrying his body to the grave; 'for I particularly desire,' said he, 'there may be no hearse, no coach, no escutcheon, no pomp except the tears of them that loved me, and are following me to Abraham's bosom. I solemnly adjure my executors, in the name of God, punctually to observe this.' At the desire of many of his friends, his body was carried into the chapel the day preceding the interment, and there lay in a kind of state becoming the person, dressed in his clerical habit, with gown cassock, and band; the old clerical cap on his head, a Bible in one hand and a white handkerchief in the other. The face was placid, and the expression which death had fixed upon his venerable features was that of a serene and heavenly smile. The crowds who flocked to see him were so great, that it was thought prudent for fear of accidents, to accelerate the funeral, and perform it between five and six in the morning. The intelligence, however, could not be kept entirely secret, and several hundred persons attended at that unusual hour. Mr. Richardson, who performed the service, had been one of his preachers almost thirty years. When he came to

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that part of the service, 'Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God to take unto himself the soul of our dear *brother*,' his voice changed, and he substituted the word *father*; and the feeling with which he did this was such that the congregation, who were shedding silent tears, burst at once into loud weeping.

DR. THOMAS M'CRIE.

The most valuable historical biography of this period is the 'Life of John Knox,' by Dr. Thomas M'Crie (1732–1835), a Scottish clergyman. Dr. M'Crie had a warm sympathy with the sentiments and opinions of his hero; and on every point of his history he possessed the most complete information. He devoted himself to his task as to a great Christian duty, and not only gave a complete account of the principal events of Knox's life, 'his sentiments, writings, and exertions in the cause of religion and liberty,' but illustrated, with masterly ability, the whole contemporaneous history of Scotland. Men may differ as to the views taken by Dr. M'Crie of some of those subjects, but there can be no variety of opinion as to the talents and learning he displayed. His 'Life of Knox' was first published in 1813, and has passed through six editions. Following up his historical and theological retrospect, the same author afterwards published a 'Life of Andrew Melville' (1819), but the subject is less interesting than that of his first biography. He wrote also Memoirs of Veitch and Brysson—Scottish clergymen and supporters of the Covenant—and Histories of the Reformation in Italy and in Spain. Dr. M'Crie published in 1817, a series of papers in the 'Edinburgh Christian Instructor,' containing a vindication of the Covenanters from the distorted view which he believed Sir Walter Scott to have given of them in his tale of 'Old Mortality.' Sir Walter replied anonymously, by reviewing his own work in the 'Quarterly Review!' There were faults and absurdities on the side both of the Covenanters and the Royalists, but the cavalier predilections of the great novelist certainly led him to look with more regard on the latter—heartless and cruel as they were—than on the poor persecuted peasants.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The general demand for biographical composition tempted some of our most popular original writers to embark in this delightful department of literature. Southey, as we have seen, was early in the field; and his more distinguished poetical contemporaries, Scott, Moore, and Campbell, also joined. The first, besides his copious Memoirs of Dryden and Swift, prefixed to their works, contributed a series of Lives of the English Novelists to an edition of their works published by Ballantyne, which he executed with great taste, candour, and discrimination. He afterwards undertook a 'Life of Napoleon Bonaparte,' which was at first intended as a counterpart to Southey's 'Life of Nelson,' but ultimately swelled out into nine volumes. The hurried composition of this work, and the habits of the author, accustomed to the dazzling creations of fiction, rather than

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the sober plodding of historical inquiry and calm investigation, led to many errors and imperfections. It abounds in striking and eloquent passages; the battles of Napoleon are described with great clearness and animation; and the view taken of his character and talents is, on the whole, just and impartial, very different from the manner in which Scott had alluded to Napoleon in his 'Vision of Don Roderick.' The great diffuseness of the style, however, and the want of philosophical analysis, render the 'Life of Napoleon' more a brilliant chronicle of scenes and events than an historical memoir worthy the genius of its author. It was at first full of errors, but afterwards carefully corrected by its author. The friends of Sir Walter attributed his mental disease in great measure to the labour entailed upon him by this 'Life of Napoleon.' A 'Life of Napoleon,' in four volumes, 1828, was published by WILLIAM HAZLITT, the essayist and critic (1778–1830), but it is a partial and prejudiced work.

THOMAS MOORE.

MR. MOORE published a 'Life of Richard Brinsley Sheridan,' 1825; 'Notices of the Life of Lord Byron,' 1830; and 'Memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald,' 1831. The last has little interest. The 'Life of Byron,' by its intimate connection with recent events and living persons, was a duty of very delicate and difficult performance. This was further increased by the freedom and licentiousness of the poet's opinions and conduct, and by the versatility or *mobility* of his mind, which changed with every passing impulse and impression. 'As well,' says Moore, 'from the precipitance with which he gave way to every impulse, as from the passion he had for recording his own impressions, all those heterogeneous thoughts, fantasies, and desires that, in other men's minds, "come like shadows, so depart," were by him fixed and embodied as they presented themselves, and at once taking a shape cognisable by public opinion, either in his actions or his words, in the hasty letter of the moment, or the poem for all time, laid open such a range of vulnerable points before his judges, as no one individual ever before, of himself, presented.' Byron left ample materials for his biographer. His absence from England, and his desire 'to keep the minds of the English public for ever occupied about him—if not with his merits, with his faults; if not in applauding, in blaming him'—led him to maintain a regular correspondence with Moore and his publisher Mr. Murray. Byron also kept a journal, and recorded memoranda of his opinions, his reading, &c.; something in the style of Burns. He was a master of prose as of verse, unsurpassed in brilliant sketches of life, passion, and adventure, whether serious or comic, and also an acute literary critic.

Byron had written Memoirs of his own life, which he presented to Moore, who sold the manuscript to Murray the publisher for 2000 guineas. The friends of the noble poet became alarmed on account of the disclosures said to have been made in the Memoir, and offered

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to advance the money paid for the manuscript, in order that Lady Byron and the rest of the family might have an opportunity of deciding whether the work should be published or suppressed. The result was, that the manuscript was destroyed by Mr. Wilmot Horton and Colonel Doyle, as the representatives of Mrs. Leigh, Byron's half-sister. Moore repaid the 2000 guineas to Murray, and the latter engaged him to write the 'Life of Byron,' contributing a great mass of materials, and ultimately giving no less than £4870 for the 'Life' ('Quarterly Review,' 1853). Moore was, strictly speaking, not justified in destroying the manuscript which Byron had intrusted him with as a vindication of his name and honour. He might have expunged the objectionable passages. But it is urged in his defence, that while part of the work never could have been published, all that was valuable or interesting to the public was included in the noble poet's journals and memorandum-books. Moore's 'Notices' are written with taste and modesty, and in very pure and unaffected English. As an editor, he preserved too much of what was worthless and unimportant; as a biographer, he was too indulgent to the faults of his hero, yet who could have wished a friend to dwell on the errors of Byron?

Character and Personal Appearance of Lord Byron.—From Moore's 'Notices of the Life of Lord Byron.'

The distinctive properties of Lord Byron's character, as well moral as literary, arose mainly from those two great sources—the unexampled versatility of his powers and feelings, and the facility with which he gave way to the impulses of both. 'No men,' says Cowper, in speaking of persons of a versatile turn of mind, 'are better qualified for companions in such a world as this than men of such temperament. Every scene of life has two sides, a dark and a bright one; and the mind that has an equal mixture of melancholy and vivacity is best of all qualified for the contemplation of either.' It would not be difficult to shew that to this readiness in reflecting all hues, whether of the shadows or the lights of our variegated existence, Lord Byron owed not only the great range of his influence as a poet, but those powers of fascination which he possessed as a man. This susceptibility, indeed, of immediate impressions, which in him was so active, lent a charm, of all others the most attractive, to his social intercourse, by giving to those who were, at the moment, present, such ascendant influence, that they alone for the time occupied all his thoughts and feelings, and brought whatever was most agreeable in his nature into play. So much did this extreme mobility—this readiness to be strongly acted on by what was nearest—abound in his disposition, that, even with the casual acquaintance of the hour his heart was upon his lips, and it depended wholly upon themselves whether they might not become at once the depositaries of every secret, if it might be so called, of his whole life.

The same facility of change observable in the movements of his mind was seen also in the free play of his features, as the passing thoughts within darkened or shone through them. His eyes, though of a light gray, were capable of all extremes of expression, from the most joyous hilarity to the deepest sadness, from the very sunshine of benevolence to the most concentrated scorn or rage. But it was in the mouth and chin that the great beauty as well as expression of his fine countenance lay. 'Many pictures have been painted of him,' says a fair critic of his features, 'with various success; but the excessive beauty of his lips escaped every painter and sculptor. In their ceaseless play they represented every emotion, whether paled with anger, curled in disdain, smiling in triumph, or dimpled with archness and love.' His head was remarkably small, so much so as to be rather out of proportion with his face. The forehead, though a little too narrow, was high, and appeared more so

from his having his hair (to preserve it he said) shaved over the temples, while the glossy dark-brown curls, clustering over his head, gave the finish to its beauty. When to this is added that his nose, though handsomely, was rather too thickly shaped, that his teeth were white and regular, and his complexion colourless, as good an idea perhaps as it is in the power of mere words to convey may be conceived of his features. In height he was, as he himself has informed us, five feet eight inches and a half, and to the length of his limbs he attributed his being such a good swimmer. His hands were very white, and—according to his own notion of the size of hands as indicating birth—aristocratically small. The lameness of his right foot, though an obstacle to grace, but little impeded the activity of his movements.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

MR. CAMPBELL, besides the biographies in his 'Specimens of the Poets,' published a 'Life of Mrs. Siddons,' the distinguished actress, and a 'Life of Petrarch.' The latter is homely and earnest, though on a romantic and fanciful subject. There is a *reality* about Campbell's biographies quite distinct from what might be expected to emanate from the imaginative poet, but he was too little of a student, and generally too careless and indolent to be exact.

SIR JOHN MALCOLM, T. R. LISTER, P. FRASER TYTLER, ETC.

Amongst other additions to our standard biography may be mentioned the 'Life of Lord Clive,' by SIR JOHN MALCOLM (1836); and the 'Life of Lord Clarendon,' by MR. T. H. LISTER (1838). The 'Life of Sir Walter Raleigh,' by MR. PATRICK FRASER TYTLER (published in one volume in the 'Edinburgh Cabinet Library,' 1833), is also valuable for its able defence of that adventurous and interesting personage, and for its careful digest of state-papers and contemporaneous events. Free access to all public documents and libraries is now easily obtained, and there is no lack of desire on the part of authors to prosecute, or of the public to reward these researches. A 'Life of Lord William Russell,' by LORD JOHN RUSSELL (1819), is enriched with information from the family papers at Woburn Abbey; and from a similarly authentic private source, LORD NUGENT wrote 'Memoirs of Hampden' (1831). The Diaries and Journals of Evelyn and Pepys, so illustrative of the court and society during the seventeenth century, have already been noticed. To these we may add the 'Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson,' written by his wife, Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson, and first published in 1806. Colonel Hutchinson was governor of Nottingham Castle during the period of the Civil War. He was one of the best of the Puritans, and his devoted wife has done ample justice to his character and memory in her charming domestic narrative. Another work of the same description, published from family papers in 1822, is 'Memoirs of the Lives and Characters of the Right Hon. George Baillie of Jerviswood,' and of 'Lady Grisell Baillie,' written by their daughter, Lady Murray of Stanhope. These Memoirs refer to a later period than that of the Commonwealth, and illustrate Scottish history. George Baillie—

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whose father had fallen a victim to the vindictive tyranny of the government of Charles II.—was a Presbyterian and Covenanter, but neither gloomy nor morose. He held office under Queen Anne and George I., and died in 1738, aged seventy-five. His daughter, Lady Murray, who portrays the character of her parents with a skilful yet tender hand, and relates many interesting incidents of the times in which they lived, was distinguished in the society of the court of Queen Anne, and has been commemorated by Gay, as one of the friends of Pope, and as 'the sweet-tongued Murray.'

While the most careful investigation is directed towards our classic authors—Shakspeare, Milton, Spenser, Chaucer, &c. forming each the subject of numerous Memoirs—scarcely a person of the least note has been suffered to depart without the honours of biography. The present century has amply atoned for any want of curiosity on the part of former generations, and there is some danger that this taste or passion may be carried too far. Memoirs of 'persons of quality'—of wits, dramatists, artists, and actors, appear every season. Authors have become as familiar to us as our personal associates. Shy, retired men like Charles Lamb, and studious recluses like Wordsworth, have been portrayed in all their strength and weakness. We have Lives of Shelley, of Keats, Hazlitt, Hannah More, Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Maclean (L. E. L.), of James Smith (one of the authors of 'The Rejected Addresses'), of Monk Lewis, Hayley, and many authors of less distinction. In this influx of biographies worthless materials are often elevated for a day, and the gratification of a prurient curiosity or idle love of gossip is more aimed at than literary excellence or sound instruction. The error, however, is one on the right side. 'Better,' says the traditional maxim of English law, 'that nine guilty men should escape than that one innocent man should suffer'—and better, perhaps, that nine useless lives should be written than that one valuable one should be neglected. The chaff is easily winnowed from the wheat; and even in the Memoirs of comparatively insignificant persons, some precious truth, some lesson of dear-bought experience, may be found treasured up for 'a life beyond life.' In what may be termed professional biography, facts and principles not known to the general reader are often conveyed. In Lives like those of Sir Samuel Romilly, Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Francis Horner, and Jeremy Bentham, new light is thrown on the characters of public men, and on the motives and sources of public events. Statesmen, lawyers, and philosophers both act and are acted upon by the age in which they live, and, to be useful, their biography should be copious. In the Life of Sir Humphry Davy by his brother, and of James Watt by M. Arago, we have many interesting facts connected with the progress of scientific discovery and improvement; and in the Lives of Curran, Grattan, and Sir James Mackintosh (each in two volumes), by their sons, the public history of the country is illustrated. Sir John Barrow's Lives of Howe and Anson are excellent specimens of

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naval biography; and we have also lengthy Memoirs of Lord St. Vincent, Lord Collingwood, Sir Thomas Munro, Sir John Moore, Sir David Baird, Lord Exmouth, Lord Keppel, &c. On the subject of biography in general, we quote with pleasure an observation by Mr. Carlyle:

'If an individual is really of consequence enough to have his life and character recorded for public remembrance, we have always been of opinion that the public ought to be made acquainted with all the inward springs and relations of his character. How did the world and man's life, from his particular position, represent themselves to his mind? How did co-existing circumstances modify him from without—how did he modify these from within? With what endeavours and what efficacy rule over them? with what resistance and what suffering sink under them? In one word, what and how produced was the effect of society on him? what and how produced was his effect on society? He who should answer these questions in regard to any individual, would, as we believe, furnish a model of perfection in biography. Few individuals, indeed, can deserve such a study; and many lives will be written, and, for the gratification of innocent curiosity, ought to be written, and read, and forgotten, which are not in this sense biographies.'

We have enumerated the most original biographical works of this period; but a complete list of all the Memoirs, historical and literary, that have appeared would fill pages. Two general Biographical Dictionaries have also been published: one in ten volumes quarto, published between the years 1799 and 1815 by Dr. Aikin; and another in thirty-two volumes octavo, re-edited, with great additions, between 1812 and 1816 by Mr. Alexander Chalmers. An excellent epitome was published in 1828, in two large volumes, by John Gorton. A general Biographical Dictionary, or 'Cyclopædia of Biography,' conducted by Charles Knight (1858), with 'Supplement' (1872), has been published in seven volumes. In Lardner's 'Cyclopædia,' Murray's 'Family Library,' and the publications of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, are some valuable short biographies by authors of established reputation. The 'Lives of the Scottish Poets' have been published by David Irving (1804–1810); and a 'Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen,' by Robert Chambers, in four volumes octavo (1837), to which a supplemental volume has been added. A more extended and complete general biographical dictionary is still a desideratum.

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THEOLOGIANS AND METAPHYSICIANS.

Critical and biblical literature have made great progress within the last century, but the number of illustrious divines is not great. The early Fathers of the Protestant Church had indeed done so much in general theology and practical divinity, that comparatively little was left to their successors.

DR. PALEY.

The greatest divine of the period is DR. WILLIAM PALEY, a man of remarkable vigour and clearness of intellect, and originality of character. His acquirements as a scholar and churchman were grafted on a homely, shrewd, and benevolent nature, which no circumstances could materially alter. There was no doubt or obscurity either about the man or his works; he stands out in bold relief among his brother-divines, like a sturdy oak on a lawn or parterre—a little hard and cross-grained, but sound, fresh, and massive—dwarfing his neighbours with his weight and bulk, and his intrinsic excellence.

> He shall be like a tree that grows
> Near planted by a river,
> Which in his season yields his fruit,
> And his leaf fadeth never.

So says our old version of the Psalms with respect to the fate of a righteous man, and Paley was a righteous man whose mind yielded precious fruit, and whose leaves will never fade. This excellent author was born at Peterborough in 1743. His father was afterwards curate of Giggleswick, Yorkshire, and teacher of the grammar-school there. At the age of fifteen he was entered as sizar at Christ's College, Cambridge, and after completing his academical course, he became tutor in an academy at Greenwich. As soon as he was of sufficient age, he was ordained to be assistant curate of Greenwich. He was afterwards elected a Fellow of his college, and went thither to reside, engaging first as tutor. He next lectured in the university on Moral Philosophy and the Greek Testament. Paley's college-friend Dr. Law, Bishop of Carlisle, presented him with the rectory of Musgrave, in Westmoreland, and he removed to his country charge, worth only £80 per annum. He was soon inducted into the vicarage of Dalston, in Cumberland, to a prebend's stall in Carlisle Cathedral, and also to the archdeaconry of Carlisle. In 1785, appeared his long-meditated 'Elements of Moral and Political Philosophy;' in 1790 his 'Horæ Paulinæ;' and in 1794 his 'View of the Evidences of Christianity.' Friends and preferment now crowded in on him. The Bishop of London (Porteus) made Paley a prebend of St. Paul's; the Bishop of Lincoln presented him with the sub-deanery of Lincoln; and the

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Bishop of Durham gave him the rectory of Bishop-Wearmouth, worth about a thousand pounds per annum—and all these within six months, the luckiest half-year of his life. The boldness and freedom of some of Paley's disquisitions on government, and perhaps a deficiency, real or supposed, in personal dignity, and some laxness, as well as an inveterate provincial homeliness, in conversation, prevented his rising to the bench of bishops. When his name was once mentioned to George III., the monarch is reported to have said: 'Paley! what, *pigeon Paley?*'—an allusion to a famous sentence in the 'Moral and Political Philosophy,' on property. As a specimen of his style of reasoning, and the liveliness of his illustrations, we subjoin this passage, which is part of an estimate of the relative duties of men in society:

Of Property.

If you should see a flock of pigeons in a field of corn, and if—instead of each picking where and what it liked, taking just as much as it wanted, and no more—you should see ninety-nine of them gathering all they got into a heap, reserving nothing for themselves but the chaff and the refuse, keeping this heap for one, and that the weakest, perhaps worst pigeon of the flock; sitting round, and looking on all the winter, whilst this one was devouring, throwing about and wasting it; and if a pigeon, more hardy or hungry than the rest, touched a grain of the hoard, all the others instantly flying upon it and tearing it to pieces: if you should see this, you would see nothing more than what is every day practised and established among men. Among men, you see the ninety-and-nine toiling and scraping together a heap of superfluities for one, and this one too, oftentimes, the feeblest and worst of the whole set—a child, a woman, a madman, or a fool—getting nothing for themselves all the while but a little of the coarsest of the provision which their own industry produces; looking quietly on while they see the fruits of all their labour spent or spoiled; and if one of the number take or touch a particle of the hoard, the others joining against him, and hanging him for the theft.

There must be some very important advantages to account for an institution which, in the view of it above given, is so paradoxical and unnatural.

The principal of these advantage, are the following:

I. It increases the produce of the earth.

The earth, in climates like ours, produces little without cultivation; and none would be found willing to cultivate the ground, if others were to be admitted to an equal share of the produce. The same is true of the care of flocks and herds of tame animals.

Crabs and acorns, red deer, rabbits, game, and fish, are all which we should have to subsist upon in this country, if we trusted to the spontaneous productions of the soil; and it fares not much better with other countries. A nation of North American savages, consisting of two or three hundred, will take up and be half-starved upon a tract of land which in Europe, and with European management, would be sufficient for the maintenance of as many thousands.

In some fertile soils, together with great abundance of fish upon their coasts, and in regions where clothes are unnecessary, a considerable degree of population may subsist without property in land, which is the case in the islands of Otaheite; but in less-favoured situations, as in the country of New Zealand, though this sort of property obtain in a small degree, the inhabitants, for want of a more secure and regular establishment of it, are driven oftentimes by the scarcity of provisions to devour one another.

II. It preserves the produce of the earth to maturity.

We may judge what would be the effects of a community of right to the productions of the earth from the trifling specimens which we see of it at present. A cherry-tree in a hedgerow, nuts in a wood, the grass of an unstinted pasture, are seldom of much advantage to anybody, because people do not wait for the proper season of reaping them. Corn, if any were sown, would never ripen; lambs and

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calves would never grow up to sheep and cows, because the first person that met them would reflect that he had better take them as they are than leave them for another.

III. It prevents contests.

War and waste, tumult and confusion, must be unavoidable and eternal where there is not enough for all, and where there are no rules to adjust the division.

IV. It improves the conveniency of living.

This it does two ways. It enables mankind to divide themselves into distinct professions, which is impossible, unless a man can exchange the productions of his own art for what he wants from others, and exchange implies property. Much of the advantage of civilised over savage life depends upon this. When a man is, from necessity, his own tailor, tent-maker, carpenter, cook, huntsman, and fisherman, it is not probable that he will be expert at any of his callings. Hence the rude habitations, furniture, clothing, and implements of savages, and the tedious length of time which all their operations require.

It likewise encourages those arts by which the accommodations of human life are supplied, by appropriating to the artist the benefit of his discoveries and improvements, without which appropriation ingenuity will never be exerted with effect.

Upon these several accounts we may venture, with a few exceptions, to pronounce that even the poorest and the worst provided, in countries where property, and the consequences of property, prevail, are in a better situation with respect to food, raiment, houses, and what are called the necessaries of life, than any are in places where most things remain in common.

The balance, therefore, upon the whole, must preponderate in favour of property with a manifest and great excess.

Inequality of property, in the degree in which it exists in most countries of Europe, abstractedly considered, is an evil; but it is an evil which flows from those rules concerning the acquisition and disposal of property, by which men are incited to industry, and by which the object of their industry is rendered secure and valuable. If there be any great inequality unconnected with this origin, it ought to be corrected.

From the same work we give another short extract:

Distinctions of Civil Life lost in Church.

The distinctions of civil life are almost always insisted upon too much, and urged too far. Whatever, therefore, conduces to restore the level, by qualifying the dispositions which grow out of great elevation or depression of rank, improves the character on both sides. Now things are made to appear little by being placed beside what is great. In which manner, superiorities, that occupy the whole field of the imagination, will vanish or shrink to their proper diminutiveness, when compared with the distance by which even the highest of men are removed from the Supreme Being, and this comparison is naturally introduced by all acts of joint worship. If ever the poor man holds up his head, it is at church: if ever the rich man views him with respect, it is there: and both will be the better, and the public profited, the oftener they meet in a situation, in which the consciousness of dignity in the one is tempered and mitigated, and the spirit of the other erected and confirmed.

In 1802 Paley published his 'Natural Theology,' his last work. He enjoyed himself in the country with his duties and recreations; he was particularly fond of angling; and he mixed familiarly with his neighbours in all their plans of utility, sociality, and even conviviality. He disposed of his time with great regularity: in his garden he limited himself to one hour at a time, twice a day; in reading books of amusement, one hour at breakfast and another in the evening, and one for dinner and his newspaper. By thus dividing and husbanding his pleasures, they remained with him to the last. He died on the 25th of May 1805.

No works of a theological or philosophical nature have been so extensively popular among the educated classes of England as those of

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Paley. His perspicacity of intellect and simplicity of style are almost unrivalled. Though plain and homely, and often inelegant, he has such vigour and discrimination, and such a happy vein of illustration, that he is always read with pleasure and instruction. No reader is ever at a loss for his meaning, or finds him too difficult for comprehension. He had the rare art of popularising the most recondite knowledge, and blending the business of life with philosophy. The principles inculcated in some of his works have been disputed, particularly his doctrine of expediency as a rule of morals, which has been considered as trenching on the authority of revealed religion, and also lowering the standard of public duty. The system of Paley certainly would not tend to foster the great and heroic virtues. In his early life he is reported to have said, with respect to his subscription to the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, that he was 'too poor to keep a conscience;' and something of the same laxness of moral feeling pervades his ethical system. His abhorrence of all hypocrisy and pretence was probably at the root of this error. Like Dr. Johnson, he was a practical moralist, and looked with distrust on any high-strained virtue or enthusiastic devotion. Paley did not write for philosophers or metaphysicians, but for the great body of the people anxious to acquire knowledge, and to be able to give 'a reason for the hope that is in them.' He considered the art of life to consist in properly '*setting our habits*,' and for this no subtle distinctions or profound theories were necessary. His 'Moral and Political Philosophy' is framed on this basis of utility, directed by strong sense, a discerning judgment, and a sincere regard for the true end of all knowledge—the well-being of mankind here and hereafter. Of Paley's other works, Sir James Mackintosh has pronounced the following opinion: 'The most original and ingenious of his writings is the "Horæ Paulinæ." The "Evidences of Christianity" are formed out of an admirable translation of Butler's "Analogy," and a most skilful abridgement of Lardner's "Credibility of the Gospel History." He may be said to have thus given value to two works, of which the first was scarcely intelligible to most of those who were most desirous of profiting by it; and the second soon wearies out the greater part of readers, though the few who are more patient have almost always been gradually won over to feel pleasure in a display of knowledge, probity, charity, and meekness unmatched by an avowed advocate in a cause deeply interesting his warmest feelings. His "Natural Theology" is the wonderful work of a man who, after sixty, had studied anatomy in order to write it.' This is not quite correct. Paley was all his life a student of natural history, taking notes from the works of Ray, Derham, Nieuwentyt, and others; and to these he added his own original observations, clear expression, and arrangement.

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The World was made with a Benevolent Design.—From 'Natural Theology.'

It is a happy world after all. The air, the earth, the water, teem with delighted existence. In a spring noon or a summer evening, on whichever side I turn my eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon my view. 'The insect youth are on the wing.' Swarms of new-born flies are trying their pinions in the air. Their sportive motions, their wanton mazes, their gratuitous activity, their continual change of place without use or purpose, testify their joy and the exultation which they feel in their lately discovered faculties. A bee amongst the flowers in spring is one of the most cheerful objects that can be looked upon. Its life appears to be all enjoyment; so busy and so pleased: yet it is only a specimen of insect life, with which, by reason of the animal being half-domesticated, we happen to be better acquainted than we are with that of others. The whole winged insect tribe, it is probable, are equally intent upon their proper employments, and, under every variety of constitution, gratified, and perhaps equally gratified, by the offices which the Author of their nature has assigned to them. But the atmosphere is not the only scene of enjoyment, for the insect race. Plants are covered with aphides, greedily sucking their juices, and constantly, as it should seem, in the act of sucking. It cannot be doubted but that this is a state of gratification: what else should fix them so close to the operation and so long? Other species are running about with an alacrity in their motions which carries with it every mark of pleasure. Large patches of ground are sometimes half covered with these brisk and sprightly natures. If we look to what the waters produce, shoals of the fry of fish frequent the margins of rivers, of lakes, and of the sea itself. These are so happy that they know not what to do with themselves. Their attitudes, their vivacity, their leaps out of the water, their frolics in it—which which I have noticed a thousand times with equal attention and amusement—all conduce to shew their excess of spirits, and are simply the effects of that excess. Walking by the sea-side in a calm evening, upon a sandy shore and with an ebbing tide, I have frequently remarked the appearance of a dark cloud, or rather very thick mist, hanging over the edge of the water, to the height, perhaps, of half a yard, and of the breadth of two or three yards, stretching along the coast as far as the eye could reach, and always retiring with the water. When this cloud came to be examined, it proved to be nothing else than so much space filled with young shrimps in the act of bounding into the air from the shallow margin of the water, or from the wet sand. If any motion of a mute animal could express delight, it was this; if they had meant to make signs of their happiness, they could not have done it more intelligibly. Suppose, then, what I have no doubt of, each individual of this number to be in a state of positive enjoyment: what a sum, collectively, of gratification and pleasure have we here before our view!

The young of all animals appear to me to receive pleasure simply from the exercise of their limbs and bodily faculties, without reference to any end to be attained, or any use to be answered by the exertion. A child, without knowing anything of the use of language, is in a high degree delighted with being able to speak. Its incessant repetition of a few articulate sounds, or perhaps of the single word which it has learned to pronounce, proves this point clearly. Nor is it less pleased with its first successful endeavours to walk, or rather to run—which precedes walking—although entirely ignorant of the importance of the attainment to its future life, and even without applying it to any present purpose. A child is delighted with speaking, without having anything to say: and with walking, without knowing where to go. And, prior to both these, I am disposed to believe that the waking-hours of infancy are agreeably taken up with the exercise of vision, or perhaps, more properly speaking, with learning to see.

But it is not for youth alone that the great Parent of creation hath provided. Happiness is found with the purring cat no less than with the playful kitten; in the arm-chair of dozing age, as well as in either the sprightliness of the dance or the animation of the chase. To novelty, to acuteness of sensation, to hope, to ardour of pursuit, succeeds what is, in no inconsiderable degree, an equivalent for them all, 'perception of ease.' Herein is the exact difference between the young and the old. The young are not happy but when enjoying pleasure; the old are happy when free from pain. And this constitution suits with the degrees of animal power which

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they respectively possess. The vigour of youth was to be stimulated to action by impatience of rest; whilst to the imbecility of age, quietness and repose become positive gratifications. In one important step the advantage is with the old. A state of ease is, generally speaking, more attainable than a state of pleasure. A constitution, therefore, which can enjoy ease, is preferable to that which can taste only pleasure. This same perception of ease oftentimes renders old age a condition of great comfort, especially when riding at its anchor after a busy or tempestuous life. It is well described by Rousseau to be the interval of repose and enjoyment between the hurry and the end of life. How far the same cause extends to other animal natures, cannot be judged of with certainty. The appearance of satisfaction with which most animals, as their activity subsides, seek and enjoy rest, affords reason to believe that this source of gratification is appointed to advanced life under all or most of its various forms. In the species with which we are best acquainted, namely, our own, I am far, even as an observer of human life, from thinking that youth is its happiest season, much less the only happy one.

A new and illustrated edition of Paley's 'Natural Theology' was published in 1835, with scientific illustrations by Sir Charles Bell, and a Preliminary Discourse by Henry, Lord Brougham.

Character of St. Paul.—From the 'Horæ Paulinæ.'

Here, then, we have a man of liberal attainments and, in other points, of sound judgment, who had addicted his life to the service of the gospel. We see him, in the prosecution of his purpose, travelling from country to country, enduring every species of hardship, encountering every extremity of danger, assaulted by the populace, punished by the magistrates, scourged, beat, stoned, left for dead; expecting, wherever he came, a renewal of the same treatment, and the same dangers; yet, when driven from one city, preaching in the next; spending his whole time in the employment, sacrificing to it his pleasures, his ease, his safety; persisting in this course to old age, unaltered by the experience of perverseness, ingratitude, prejudice, desertion; unsubdued by anxiety, want, labour, persecutions; unwearied by long confinement, undismayed by the prospect of death. Such was Paul. We have his letters in our hands; we have also a history purporting to be written by one of his fellow-travellers, and appearing, by a comparison with these letters, certainly to have been written by some person well acquainted with the transactions of his life. From the letters, as well as from the history, we gather not only the account which we have stated of *him*, but that he was one out of many who acted and suffered in the same manner; and that of those who did so, several had been the companions of Christ's ministry, the ocular witnesses, or pretending to be such, of his miracles and of his resurrection. We moreover find this same person referring in his letters to his supernatural conversion, the particulars and accompanying circumstances of which are related in the history; and which accompanying circumstances, if all or any of them be true, render it impossible to have been a delusion. We also find him positively, and in appropiate terms, asserting that he himself worked miracles, strictly and properly so-called, in support of the mission which he executed; the history, meanwhile, recording various passages of his ministry which come up to the extent of this assertion. The question is, whether falsehood was ever attested by evidence like this. Falsehoods, we know, have found their way into reports, into tradition, into books; but is an example to be met with of a man voluntarily undertaking a life of want and pain, of incessant fatigue, of continual peril; submitting to the loss of his home and country, to stripes and stoning, to tedious imprisonment, and the constant expectation of a violent death, for the sake of carrying about a story of what was false, and what, if false, he must have known to be so?

DR. WATSON—DR. HORSLEY—DR. PORTEUS—GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

Dr. Richard Watson, Bishop of Llandaff (1737–1816), did good service to the cause of revealed religion and social order by his replies to Gibbon the historian, and Thomas Paine. To the former,

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he addressed a series of letters, entitled 'An Apology for Christianity,' in answer to Gibbon's celebrated chapters on the Rise and Progress of Christianity; and when Paine published his 'Age of Reason,' the bishop met it with a vigorous and conclusive reply, which he termed 'An Apology for the Bible.' Dr. Watson also published a few Sermons, and a collection of Theological Tracts, selected from various authors, in six volumes. His Whig principles stood in the way of his church preferment, and he had not magnanimity enough to conceal his disappointment, which is strongly expressed in an autobiographical Memoir published after his death by his son. Dr. Watson, however, was a man of forcible intellect and of various knowledge. His controversial works are highly honourable to him, both for the manly and candid spirit in which they are written, and the logical clearness and strength of his reasoning.

DR. SAMUEL HORSLEY, Bishop of St. Asaph (1733–1806), was one of the most conspicuous churchmen of his day. He belonged to the High Church party, and strenuously resisted all political or ecclesiastical change. He was learned and eloquent, but prone to controversy, and deficient in charity and the milder virtues. His character was not unlike that of one of his patrons, Chancellor Thurlow, stern and unbending, but cast in a manly mould. He was an indefatigable student. His first public appearance was in the character of a man of science. He was some time secretary of the Royal Society—wrote various short treatises on scientific subjects, and published an edition of Sir Isaac Newton's works. As a critic and scholar, he had few equals; and his disquisitions on the prophets Isaiah and Hosea, his translation of the Psalms, and his 'Biblical Criticisms' (in four volumes), justly entitled him to the honour of the mitre. His Sermons, in three volumes, are about the best in the language: clear, nervous, and profound, he entered undauntedly upon the most difficult subjects, and dispelled, by research and argument, the doubt that hung over several passages of Scripture. He was for many years engaged in a controversy with Dr. Priestley on the subject of the Divinity of Christ. Both of the combatants lost their temper; but when Priestley resorted to a charge of 'incompetency and ignorance,' it was evident that he felt himself sinking in the struggle. In intellect and scholarship, Dr. Horsley was vastly superior to his antagonist. The political opinions and intolerance of the bishop were more successfully attacked by Robert Hall, in his 'Apology for the Freedom of the Press.'

DR. BEILBY PORTEUS, Bishop of London (1731–1808), was a popular dignitary of the Church, author of a variety of sermons and tracts connected with church-discipline. He distinguished himself at college by a prize poem 'On Death,' which has been often reprinted; it is but a feeble transcript of Blair's 'Grave.' Dr. Porteus warmly befriended Beattie the poet (whom he wished to take orders in the

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Church of England), and he is said to have assisted Hannah More in her novel of 'Cœlebs.'

GILBERT WAKEFIELD (1756–1801) enjoyed celebrity both as a writer on controversial divinity and as a classical critic. He left the Church in consequence of his embracing Unitarian opinions, and afterwards left also the dissenting establishment at Hackney to which he had attached himself. He published translations of some of the epistles in the New Testament, and an entire translation of the same sacred volume with notes. He was also author of a work on Christian Evidence, in reply to Paine. The Bishop of Llandaff having, in 1798, written an address against the principles of the French Revolution, Wakefield replied to it, and was subjected to a crown prosecution for libel; he was found guilty, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. 'The sentence passed on him was infamous,' said Samuel Rogers: 'what rulers we had in those days!' ('Table Talk'). Wakefield published editions of Horace, Virgil, Lucretius, &c., which ranked him among the scholars of his time, though Porson thought little of his learning, and subsequent critics have been of the same opinion. Wakefield was an honest, precipitate, and simple-minded man; a Pythagorean in his diet, and eccentric in many of his habits and opinions. 'He was,' says one of his biographers, 'as violent against Greek accents as he was against the Trinity, and anathematised the final N as strongly as episcopacy.'

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

The infidel principles which abounded at the period of the French Revolution, and continued to agitate both France and England for some years, induced a disregard of vital piety long afterwards in the higher circles of British society. To counteract this, MR. WILBERFORCE, then member of parliament for the county of York, published in 1797 'A Practical View of the Prevailing Religious System of Professed Christians in the Higher and Middle Classes of this Country, contrasted with Real Christianity.' Five editions of the work were sold within six months, and it still continues, in various languages, to form a popular religious treatise. The author attested by his daily life the sincerity of his opinions. William Wilberforce was the son of a wealthy merchant, and born at Hull in 1759. He was educated at Cambridge, and on completing his twenty-first year, was returned to parliament for his native town. He soon distinguished himself by his talents, and became the idol of the fashionable world, dancing at Almack's, and singing before the Prince of Wales. In 1784, while pursuing a continental tour with some relations, in company with Dean Milner, the latter so impressed him with the truths of Christianity, that Wilberforce entered upon a new life, and abandoned all his former gaieties. In parliament, he pursued a strictly independent course. For twenty years he laboured for the abolition of the slave-trade, a question with which his

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name is inseparably entwined. His time, his talents, influence, and *prayers*, were directed towards the consummation of this object, and at length, in 1807, he had the high gratification of seeing it accomplished. The religion of Wilberforce was mild and cheerful, unmixed with austerity or gloom. He closed his long and illustrious life on the 29th July, 1833, one of those men, who, by their virtues, talents, and energy, impress their own character on the age in which they live. His latter years realised his own beautiful description—

Effects of Religion in Old Age and Adversity.

When the pulse beats high, and we are flushed with youth, and health, and vigour; when all goes on prosperously, and success seems almost to anticipate our wishes, then we feel not the want of the consolations of religion; but when fortune frowns, or friends forsake us—when sorrow, or sickness, or old age comes upon us—then it is that the superiority of the pleasures of religion is established over those of dissipation and vanity, which are ever apt to fly from us when we are most in want of their aid. There is scarcely a more melancholy sight to a considerate mind, than that of an old man who is a stranger to those only true sources of satisfaction. How affecting, and at the same time how disgusting, is it to see such a one awkwardly catching at the pleasures of his younger years, which are now beyond his reach; or feebly attempting to retain them, while they mock his endeavours and elude his grasp! To such a one, gloomily, indeed, does the evening of life set in! All is sour and cheerless. He can neither look backward with complacency, nor forward with hope; while the aged Christian, relying on the assured mercy of his Redeemer, can calmly reflect that his dismission is at hand; that his redemption draweth nigh. While his strength declines, and his faculties decay, he can quietly repose himself on the fidelity of God; and at the very entrance of the valley of the shadow of death, he can lift up an eye, dim perhaps and feeble, yet occasionally sparkling with hope, and confidently looking forward to the near possession of his heavenly inheritance, 'to those joys which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.' What striking lessons have we had of the precarious tenure of all sublunary possessions! Wealth and power and prosperity, how peculiarly transitory and uncertain! But religion dispenses her choicest cordials in the seasons of exigence, in poverty, in exile, in sickness, and in death. The essential superiority of that support which is derived from religion is less felt, at least it is less apparent, when the Christian is in full possession of riches and splendour, and rank, and all the gifts of nature and fortune. But when all these are swept away by the rude hand of time or the rough blasts of adversity, the true Christian stands, like the glory of the forest, erect and vigorous; stripped, indeed, of his summer foliage, but more than ever discovering to the observing eye the solid strength of his substantial texture.

DR. SAMUEL PARR.

Dr. Samuel Parr (1747–1825) was better known as a classical scholar than as a theologian. His sermons on Education (1786) are, however, marked with cogency of argument and liberality of feeling. His celebrated Spital sermon (1800), when printed, presented the singular anomaly of fifty-one pages of text and two hundred and twelve of notes. Sidney Smith humorously compared the sermon to Dr. Parr's wig, which, 'while it trespassed a little on the orthodox magnitude of perukes in the anterior parts, scorned even episcopal limits behind, and swelled out into boundless convexity of frizz.' Mr. Godwin attacked some of the principles laid down in this discourse, as not sufficiently democratic for his taste; for, though a stanch Whig, Parr was no revolutionist or leveller. His object was

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to extend education among the poor, and to ameliorate their condition by gradual and constitutional means. Dr. Parr was long head-master of Norwich School; and in knowledge of Greek literature was not surpassed by any scholar of his day. His uncompromising support of Whig principles, his extensive learning, and a certain pedantry and oddity of character, rendered him always conspicuous among his brother-churchmen. He died at Hatton, in Warwickshire, the perpetual curacy of which he had enjoyed for above forty years, and where he had faithfully discharged his duties as a parish pastor.

DR. EDWARD MALTBY.

EDWARD MALTBY (1770–1859), successively Bishop of Chichester and Durham, was a native of Norwich. In his eighth year he became a pupil of Dr. Parr, who was afterwards his warm friend and constant correspondent. In 1785 Dr. Parr retired from the school at Norwich, and as his pupil was too young to go to the university, Parr said to him: 'Ned, you have got Greek and Latin enough. You must go to Dr. Warton at Winchester, and from him acquire tastes and the art of composition.' In 1788 Mr. Maltby commenced his residence at Pembroke Hall, in the university of Cambridge, where he became a distinguished scholar, carrying off the highest academical honours. Having entered the Church, he received in 1794 the living of Buckden in Huntingdonshire, and Holbeach in Lincolnshire. In 1823, he was elected preacher of Lincoln's Inn; in 1831, he was promoted to the see of Chichester; and in 1836, was translated to that of Durham. After holding the see of Durham for about twenty years, his sight began to fail, with other infirmities of age, and he obtained permission to resign the see in the year 1856. Bishop Maltby is author of 'Illustrations of the Truth of the Christian Religion' (1802), several volumes of 'Sermons,' an improved edition of Morell's 'Thesaurus'—a work of great research and value—and several detached sermons, charges, &c. While Bishop of Durham, Dr. Maltby was of eminent service to the university there, and was distinguished no less for his scholastic tastes and acquirements than for his liberality towards all other sects and churches.

DR. THOMAS H. HORNE—DR. HERBERT MARSH.

One of the most useful of modern Biblical works is the 'Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures,' by THOMAS HARTWELL HORNE, D.D. (born in 1780, and one of the scholars of Christ's Hospital). The first edition of the 'Introduction' appeared in 1818, in three volumes, and it was afterwards enlarged into five volumes: the tenth edition appeared in 1856. The most competent critical authorities have concurred in eulogising this work as the most valuable introduction to the sacred writings which has ever been published. The venerable author officiated as rector of a London parish, and had a

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prebend in St. Paul's Cathedral. He was author of a vast number of theological treatises and of contributions to periodical works, and died January 27, 1862.

DR. HERBERT MARSH, Bishop of Peterborough, who died in May 1839 at the age of eighty-one, obtained distinction as the translator and commentator of Michaelis's 'Introduction to the New Testament' (in six vols. 1793–1801), one of the most valuable of modern works on divinity. In 1807 this divine was appointed Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity in the university of Cambridge, in 1816 he was made Bishop of Llandaff, and in 1819 he succeeded to the see of Peterborough. Besides his edition of Michaelis, Dr. Marsh published 'Lectures on Divinity,' and a 'Comparative View of the Churches of England and Rome.' He was author also of some controversial tracts on the Catholic question, the Bible Society, &c., in which he evinced great acuteness, tinctured with asperity. In early life, during a residence in Germany, Dr. Marsh published, in the German language, various tracts in defence of the policy of his own country in the continental wars; and more particularly a very elaborate 'History of the Politics of Great Britain and France, from the Time of the Conference at Pilnitz to the Declaration of War' (1800), a work which is said to have produced a marked impression on the state of public opinion in Germany, and for which he received a very considerable pension, on the recommendation of Mr. Pitt. As a bishop, Dr. Marsh had 'a very bad opinion of the practical effects of high Calvinistic doctrines upon the common people; and he thought it his duty to exclude those clergymen who professed them from his diocese. He accordingly devised no fewer than eighty-seven interrogatories, by which he thought he could detect the smallest taint of Calvinism that might lurk in the creed of the candidate.' His conduct upon the points in dispute, though his intentions might have been good, was considered by Sydney Smith ('Edinburgh Review') and other critics as singularly injudicious and oppressive. Dr. Marsh's Lectures on Biblical Interpretation and Criticism are valuable to theological students.

ARCHBISHOP AND BISHOP SUMNER—DR. D'OYLY—REV. C. BENSON—DR. TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

The brothers, DRS. SUMNER, earned marked distinction and high preferment in the Church. The Primate of England, DR. JOHN BIRD SUMNER, Lord-archbishop of Canterbury (born in 1780) at Kenilworth, in Warwickshire), in 1816 published an 'Examination of St. Paul's Epistles;' in 1821, 'Sermons on the Christian Faith and Character;' in 1822, 'Treatise on the Records of Creation' (appealed to by Sir Charles Lyell as a proof that revelation and geology are not discordant); in 1824, 'Evidences of Christianity,' &c. These works have all been very popular, and have gone through a great number of editions. Archbishop Sumner died in 1862.—DR. CHARLES RICHARD

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SUMNER (born in 1790) in 1822 published a treatise on the 'Ministerial Character of Christ.' In 1823 he was intrusted with the editing and translating Milton's long-lost treatise on 'Christian Doctrine;' and Macaulay and others have warmly praised the manner in which he executed his task. The charges and public appearances of this prelate have all been of a liberal evangelical character.

DR. GEORGE D'OYLY (1778–1846), in conjunction with DR. RICHARD MANT—afterwards Bishop of Down and Connor—prepared an annotated edition of the Bible, 1813–14, to be published by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge. This work has been frequently reprinted at Oxford and Cambridge, and is held in high repute as a popular library of divinity. Dr. D'Oyly published various volumes of Sermons and other theological treatises, and was a contributor to the 'Quarterly Review.' Dr. Mant was also a popular writer of sermons.—The REV. CHRISTOPHER BENSON, prebendary of Worcester, is the author of the 'Chronology of our Saviour's Life,' 1819; 'Twenty Discourses preached before the University of Cambridge,' 1820; the Hulsean Lectures for 1822, 'On Scripture Difficulties,' &c.—The Sermons of the REV. CHARLES WEBB LE BAS, Professor in the East India College, Hertfordshire (1828), have also been well received.

An American divine, DR. TIMOTHY DWIGHT (1752–1817), is author of a comprehensive work, 'Theology Explained and Defended,' which has long been popular in this country as well as in the United States. It consists of a series of 173 sermons, developing a scheme of didactic theology, founded upon moderate Calvinism. The work has gone through six or eight editions in England, besides almost innumerable editions in America. Dr. Dwight was President of Yale College from 1795 until his death, and was a voluminous writer in poetry, history, philosophy, and divinity. His latest work, 'Travels in New England and New York,' four volumes, gives an interesting and faithful account of the author's native country, its progress, and condition.

REV. ROBERT HALL.

The REV. ROBERT HALL, A.M., is justly regarded as one of the most distinguished ornaments of the body of English dissenters. He was the son of a Baptist minister, and born at Arnesby, near Leicester, on the 2d of May, 1764. He studied divinity at an academy in Bristol for the education of young men preparing for the ministerial office among the Baptists, and was admitted a preacher in 1780, but next year attended King's College, Aberdeen. Sir James Mackintosh was at the same a student of the university, and the congenial tastes and pursuits of the young men led to an intimate friendship between them. From their partiality to Greek literature, they were named by their class-fellows 'Plato and Herodotus.' Both were also attached to the study of morals and metaphysics, which they cherished

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through life. Mr. Hall entered the church as assistant to a Baptist minister at Bristol, whence he removed in 1790 to Cambridge.

He first appeared as as author in 1791, by publishing a controversial pamphlet entitled 'Christianity consistent with a Love of Freedom;' in 1793 appeared his eloquent and powerful treatise, 'An Apology for the Freedom of the Press;' and in 1799 his sermon, 'Modern Infidelity considered with respect to its Influence on Society.' The last was designed to stem the torrent of infidelity which had set in with the French Revolution, and is no less remarkable for profound thought than for the elegance of its style and the splendour of its imagery. His celebrity as a writer was further extended by his 'Reflections on War,' a sermon published in 1802; and 'The Sentiments proper to the Present Crisis,' another sermon preached in 1803. The latter is highly eloquent and spirit-stirring—possessing, indeed, the fire and energy of a martial lyric or war-song. In November 1804, the noble intellect of Mr. Hall was deranged, in consequence of severe study operating on an ardent and susceptible temperament. His friends set on foot a subscription for pecuniary assistance, and a life-annuity of £100 was procured for him. He shortly afterwards resumed his ministerial functions; but in about twelve months he had another attack. This also was speedily removed; but Mr. Hall resigned his church at Cambridge. On his complete recovery, he became pastor of a congregation at Leicester, where he resided for about twenty years. During this time he published a few sermons and criticisms in the 'Eclectic Review.' The labour of writing for the press was opposed to his habits and feelings. He was fastidious as to style, and he suffered under a disease in the spine which entailed upon him acute pain. A sermon on the 'Death of the Princess Charlotte,' in 1817, was justly considered one of the most impressive, touching, and lofty of his discourses. In 1826 he removed from Leicester to Bristol, where he officiated in charge of the Baptist congregation till within a fortnight of his death, which took place on the 21st of February 1831. The masculine intellect and extensive acquirements of Mr. Hall have seldom been found united to so much rhetorical and even poetical brilliancy of imagination. Those who listened to his pulpit ministrations were entranced by his fervid eloquence, which truly disclosed the 'beauty of holiness,' and melted by the awe and fervour with which he dwelt on the mysteries of death and eternity. His published writings give but a brief and inadequate picture of his varied talents. A complete edition of his Works has been published, with a Life, by Dr. Olinthus Gregory, in six volumes.

On Wisdom.

Every other quality besides is subordinate and inferior to wisdom, in the same sense as the mason who lays the bricks and stones in a building is inferior to the architect who drew the plan and superintends the work. The former executes only what the latter contrives and directs. Now, it is the prerogative of wisdom to preside over every interior principle, to regulate the exercise of every power, and limit

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the indulgence of every appetite, as shall best conduce to one great end. It belongs the province of wisdom to preside, it sits as umpire on every difficulty, and so gives the final direction and control to all the powers of our nature. Hence it is entitled to be considered as the top and summit of perfection. It belongs to wisdom to determine when to act, and when to cease—when to reveal, and when to conceal a matter—when to speak, and when to keep silence—when to give, and when to receive; in short, to regulate the measure of all things, as well as to determine the end, and provide the means of obtaining the end pursued in every deliberate course of action. Every particular faculty or skill, besides, needs to derive direction from this; they are all quite incapable of directing themselves. The art of navigation, for instance, will teach us to steer a ship across the ocean, but it will never teach us on what occasions it is proper to take a voyage. The art of war will instruct us how to marshal an army, or to fight a battle to the greatest advantage, but you must learn from a higher school when it is fitting, just, and proper to wage war or to make peace. The art of the husbandman is to sow and bring to maturity the precious fruits of the earth; it belongs to another skill to regulate their consumption by a regard to our health, fortune and other circumstances. In short, there is no faculty we can exert, no species of skill we can apply, but requires a superintending hand—but looks up, as it were, to some higher principle, as a maid to her mistress for direction, and this universal superintendent is wisdom.

Influence of Great and Splendid Actions.

Though it is confessed great and splendid actions are not the ordinary employment of life, but must from their nature be reserved for high and eminent occasions, yet that system is essentially defective which leaves no room for their production. They are important both from their immediate advantage and their remoter influence. They often save and always illustrate the age and nation in which they appear. They raise the standard of morals; they arrest the progress of degeneracy; they diffuse a lustre over the path of life. Monuments of the greatness of the human soul, they present to the world the august image of virtue in her sublimest form, from which streams of light and glory issue to remote times and ages; while their commemoration by the pens of historians and poets awakens in distant bosoms the sparks of kindred excellence. Combine the frequent and familiar perpetration of atrocious deeds with the dearth of great and generous actions, and you have the exact picture of that condition of society which completes the degradation of the species—the frightful contrast of dwarfish virtues and gigantic vices, where everything good is mean and little, and everything evil is rank and luxuriant; a dead and sickening uniformity prevails, broken only at intervals by volcanic irruptions of anarchy and crime.

Preparation for Heaven.

If there is a law from whose operation none are exempt, which irresistibly conveys their bodies to darkness and to dust, there is another, not less certain or less powerful, which conducts their spirits to the abodes of bliss, to the bosom of their Father and their God. The wheels of nature are not made to roll backward; everything presses on towards eternity: from the birth of time an impetuous current has set in, which bears all the sons of men towards that interminable ocean. Meanwhile, heaven is attracting to itself whatever is congenial to its nature—is enriching itself by the spoils of earth, and collecting within its capacious bosom whatever is pure, permanent and divine, leaving nothing for the last fire to consume but the objects and the slaves of concupiscence; while everything which grace has prepared and beautified shall be gathered and selected from the ruins of the world, to adorn that eternal city 'which hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it, for the glory of God doth enlighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.' Let us obey the voice that calls us thither; let us 'seek the things that are above,' and no longer cleave to a world which must shortly perish, and which we must shortly quit, while we neglect to prepare for that in which we are invited to dwell for ever. Let us follow in the track of those holy men, who have taught us by their voice, and encouraged us by their example, 'that, laying aside every weight, and the sin that most easily besets us, we may run with patience the race that is set before us.' While everything within us and around us reminds us of the approach of death, and conspires to teach us that this is not our rest, let us hasten our preparations for another

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world, and earnestly implore that grace which alone can put an end to that fatal war which our desires have too long waged with our destiny. When these move in the same direction, and that which the will of Heaven renders unavoidable shall become our choice, all things will be ours—life will be divested of its vanity, and death disarmed of its terrors.

From the Funeral Sermon for the Princess Charlotte of Wales (1817).

Born to inherit the most illustrious monarchy in the world, and united at an early period to the object of her choice, whose virtues amply justified her preference, she enjoyed (what is not always the privilege of that rank) the highest connubial felicity, and had the prospect of combining all the tranquil enjoyments of private life with the splendour of a royal station. Placed on the summit of society, to her every eye was turned, in her every hope was centred, and nothing was wanting to complete her felicity except perpetuity. To a grandeur of mind suited to her royal birth and lofty destination, she joined an exquisite taste for the beauties of nature and the charms of retirement, where, far from the gaze of the multitude, and the frivolous agitations of fashionable life, she employed her hours in visiting, with her distinguished consort, the cottages of the poor, in improving her virtues, in perfecting her reason, and acquiring the knowledge best adapted to qualify her for the possession of power and the cares of empire. One thing only was wanting to render our satisfaction complete in the prospect of the accession of such a princess; it was, that she might become the living mother of children.

The long-wished-for moment at length arrived; but, alas! the event anticipated with such eagerness will form the most melancholy part of our history.

It is no reflection on this amiable princess to suppose that in her early dawn, with the dew of her youth so fresh upon her, she anticipated a long series of years, and expected to be led through successive scenes of enchantment, rising above each other in fascination and beauty. It is natural to suppose she identified herself with this great nation which she was born to govern; and that, while she contemplated its pre-eminent lustre in arts and in arms, its commerce encircling the globe, its colonies diffused through both hemispheres, and the beneficial effects of its institutions extending to the whole earth, she considered them as so many component parts of her grandeur. Her heart, we may well conceive, would often be ruffled with emotions of trembling ecstasy when she reflected that it was her province to live entirely for others, to compass the felicity of a great people, to move in a sphere which would afford scope for the exercise of philanthropy the most enlarged, of wisdom the most enlightened; and that, while others are doomed to pass through the world in obscurity, she was to supply the materials of history, and to impart that impulse to society which was to decide the destiny of future generations. Fired with the ambition of equalling or surpassing the most distinguished of her predecessors, she probably did not despair of reviving the remembrance of the brightest parts of their story, and of once more attaching the epoch of British glory to the annals of a female reign. It is needless to add that the nation went with her, and probably outstripped her in these delightful anticipations. We fondly hoped that a life so inestimable would be protracted to a distant period, and that, after diffusing the blessings of a just and enlightened administration, and being surrounded by a numerous progeny, she would gradually, in a good old age, sink under the horizon amidst the embraces of her family and the benedictions of her country. But, alas! these delightful visions are fled; and what do we behold in their room but the funeral-pall and shroud, a palace in mourning, a nation in tears, and the shadow of death settled over both like a cloud! O the unspeakable vanity of human hopes!—the incurable blindness of man to futurity!—ever doomed to grasp at shadows; 'to seize' with avidity what turns to dust and ashes in his hands; to sow the wind, and reap the whirlwind.

REV. JOHN FOSTER.

The REV. JOHN FOSTER (1770–1843) was author of a volume of 'Essays, in a Series of Letters,' published in 1805, which was ranked among the most original and valuable works of the day. The essays are four in number—On a Man's Writing Memoirs of Himself; On Decision of Character; On the Application of the

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Epithet Romantic; and On Some of the Causes by which Evangelical Religion has been rendered less acceptable to Persons of Cultivated Taste. Mr. Foster's essays are excellent models of vigorous thought and expression, uniting metaphysical nicety and acuteness with practical sagacity and common-sense. He also wrote a volume 'On the Evils of Popular Ignorance,' 1819, and 'Contributions to the Eclectic Review,' two volumes, 1844. His 'Lectures,' delivered at Broadmead Chapel, Bristol, were collected and published 1844–47. Like Hall, Mr. Foster was pastor of a Baptist congregation. He died at Stapleton, near Bristol.

In the essay On a Man's Writing Memoirs of Himself, Mr. Foster speculates on the various phases of a changeable character, and on the contempt which we entertain at an advanced period of life for what we were at an earlier period.

Changes in Life and Opinions.

Though in memoirs intended for publication a large share of incident and action would generally be necessary, yet there are some men whose mental history alone might be very interesting to reflective readers; as, for instance, that of a thinking man remarkable for a number of complete changes of his speculative system. From observing the usual tenacity of views once deliberately adopted in mature life, we regard as a curious phenomenon the man whose mind has been a kind of caravansera of opinions, entertained a while, and then sent on pilgrimage; a man who has admired and dismissed systems with the same facility with which John Buncle found, adored, married, and interred his succession of wives, each one being, for the time, not only better than all that went before, but the best in the creation. You admire the versatile aptitude of a mind sliding into successive forms of belief in this intellectual metempsychosis, by which it animates so many new bodies of doctrines in their turn. And as none of those dying pangs which hurt you in a tale of India attend the desertion of each of these speculative forms which the soul has a while inhabited, you are extremely amused by the number of transitions, and eagerly ask what is to be the next, for you never deem the present state of such a man's views to be for permanence, unless perhaps when he has terminated his course of believing everything in ultimately believing nothing. Even then—unless he is very old, or feels more pride in being a sceptic, the conqueror of all systems, than he ever felt in being the champion of one—even then it is very possible he may spring up again, like a vapour of fire from a bog, and glimmer through new mazes, or retrace his course through half of those which he trod before. You will observe that no respect attaches to this Proteus of opinion after his changes have been multiplied, as no party expect him to remain with them, nor deem him much of an acquisition if he should. One, or perhaps two considerable changes will be regarded as signs of a liberal inquirer, and therefore the party to which his first or his second intellectual conversion may assign him will receive him gladly. But he will be deemed to have abdicated the dignity of reason when it is found that he can adopt no principles but to betray them; and it will be perhaps justly suspected that there is something extremely infirm in the structure of that mind, whatever vigour may mark some of its operations, to which a series of very different, and sometimes contrasted theories, can appear in succession demonstratively true, and which imitates sincerely the perverseness which Petruchio only affected, declaring that which was yesterday to a certainty the sun, to be to-day as certainly the moon.

It would be curious to observe in a man who should make such an exhibition of the course of his mind, the sly deceit of self-love. While he despises the system which he has rejected, he does not deem it to imply so great a want of sense in him once to have embraced it, as in the rest who were then or are now its disciples and advocates. No; in him it was no debility of reason; it was at the utmost but a merge of it; and probably he is prepared to explain to you that such peculiar cir-

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cumstances as might warp even a very strong and liberal mind, attended his considerat on of the subject, and misled him to admit the belief of what others prove themselves fools by believing.

Another thing apparent in a record of changed opinions would be, what I have noticed before, that there is scarcely any such thing in the world as simple conviction. It would be amusing to observe how reasons had, in one instance, been overruled into acquiescence by the admiration of a celebrated name, or in another into opposition by the envy of it; how most opportunely reason discovered the truth just at the time that interest could be essentially served by avowing it; how easily the impartial examiner could be induced to adopt some part of another man's opinions, after that other had zealously approved some favourite, especially if unpopular part of his, as the Pharisees almost became partial even to Christ at the moment that he defended one of their doctrines against the Sadducees. It would be curious to see how a professed respect for a man's character and talents, and concern for his interests, might be changed, in consequence of some personal inattention experienced from him, into illiberal invective against him or his intellectual performances; and yet the railer, though actuated solely by petty revenge, account himself the model of equity and candour all the while. It might be seen how the patronage of power could elevate miserable prejudices into revered wisdom, while poor old Experience was mocked with thanks for her instruction; and how the vicinity or society of the rich, and, as they are termed, great, could perhaps melt a soul that seemed to be of the stern consistence of early Rome into the gentlest wax on which Corruption could wish to imprint the venerable creed—'The right divine of Kings to govern wrong,' with the pious inference that justice was outraged when virtuous Tarquin was expelled. I am supposing the observer to perceive all these accommodating dexterities of reason; for it were probably absurd to expect that any mind should in itself be able in its review to detect all its own obliquities, after having been so long beguiled, like the mariners in a story which I remember to have read, who followed the direction of their compass, infallibly right as they thought, till they arrived at an enemy's port, where they were seized and doomed to slavery. It happened that the wicked captain, in order to betray the ship, had concealed a large loadstone at a little distance on one side of the needle.

On the notions and expectations of one stage of Life I suppose all reflecting men look back with a kind of contempt, though it may be often with the mingled wish that some of its enthusiasm of feeling could be recovered—I mean the period between proper childhood and maturity. They will allow that their reason was then feeble, and they are prompted to exclaim: 'What fools we have been!' while they recollect how sincerely they entertained and advanced the most ridiculous speculations on the interests of life and the questions of truth; how regretfully astonished they were to find the mature sense of some of those around them so completely wrong; yet in other instances, what veneration they felt for authorities for which they have since lost all their respect; what a fantastic importance they attached to some most trivial things; what complaints against their fate were uttered on account of disappointments which they have since recollected with gaiety or self-congratulation; what happiness of Elysium they expected from sources which would soon have failed to impart even common satisfaction; and how certain they were that the feelings and opinions then predominant would continue through life.

If a reflective aged man were to find at the bottom of an old chest—where it had lain forgotten fifty years—a record which he had written of himself when he was young, simply and vividly describing his whole heart and pursuits, and reciting verbatim many passages of the language which he sincerely uttered, would he not read it with more wonder than almost every other writing could at his age inspire? He would half lose the assurance of his identity, under the impression of this immense dissimilarity. It would seem as if it must be the tale of the juvenile days of some ancestor, with whom he had no connection but that of name.

DR. ADAM CLARKE.

Another distinguished dissenter was DR. ADAM CLARKE (1760–1832), a profound oriental scholar, author of a 'Commentary on the Bible' (1810–26)—a very valuable work—of various religious treatises,

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a 'Bibliographical Dictionary' (1802–4), &c. He was also editor of a collection of state-papers supplementary to Rymer's 'Fœdera' (1818). Dr. Clarke was a native of Moybeg, a village in Londonderry, Ireland, where his father was a schoolmaster. He was educated at Kingswood School, an establishment of Wesley's projecting for the instruction of itinerant preachers. In due time he himself became a preacher; and so indefatigable was he in propagating the doctrines of the Wesleyan persuasion, that he twice visited Shetland, and established there a Methodist mission. In the midst of his various journeys and active duties, Dr. Clarke continued those researches which do honour to his name. He fell a victim to the cholera when that fatal pestilence visited our shores.

REV. ARCHIBALD ALISON.

The REV. ARCHIBALD ALISON (1757–1839) was senior minister of St. Paul's Chapel, Edinburgh. After a careful education at Glasgow University and Balliol College, Oxford—where he took his degree of B.C.L. in 1784—Mr. Alison entered into sacred orders, and was presented to different livings by Sir William Pulteney, Lord Loughborough, and Dr. Douglas, Bishop of Salisbury. Having, in 1784, married the daughter of Dr. John Gregory of Edinburgh, Mr. Alison looked forward to a residence in Scotland; but it was not till the close of the last century that he was able to realise his wishes. In 1790 he published his 'Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste;' and in 1814 two volumes of Sermons, justly admired for the elegance and beauty of their language, and their gentle, persuasive inculcation of Christian duty. On points of doctrine and controversy the author is wholly silent: his writings, as one of his critics remarked, were designed for those who 'want to be roused to a sense of the beauty and the good that exist in the universe around them, and who are only indifferent to the feelings of their fellow-creatures and negligent of the duties they impose, for want of some persuasive monitor to awake the dormant capacities of their nature, and to make them see and feel the delights which providence has attached to their exercise.' A selection from the Sermons of Mr. Alison, consisting of those on the four seasons, Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, was afterwards printed in a small volume.

From the Sermon on Autumn.

There is an eventide in the day—an hour when the sun retires and the shadows fall, and when nature assumes the appearances of soberness and silence. It is an hour from which everywhere the thoughtless fly, as peopled only in their imagination with images of gloom; it is the hour, on the other hand, which, in every age, the wise have loved as bringing with it sentiments and affections more valuable than all the splendours of the day.

Its first impression is to still all the turbulence of thought or passion which the day may have brought forth. We follow with our eye the descending sun—we listen to the decaying sounds of labour and of toil; and, when all the fields are silent around us, we feel a kindred stillness to breathe upon our souls and to calm them from the agitations of society. From this first impression there is a second which

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naturally follows it: in the day we are living with men, in the eventide we begin to live with nature; we see the world withdrawn from us, the shades of night darken over the habitations of men, and we feel ours lives alone. It is an hour fitted, as it would seem, by Him who made us, to still, but with gentle hand, the throb of every unruly passion, and the ardour of every impure desire; and, while it veils for a time the world that misleads us, to awaken in our hearts those legitimate affections which the heat of the day may have dissolved. There is yet a further scene it presents to us. While the world withdraws from us, and while the shades of the evening darken upon our dwelling, the splendours of the firmament come forward to our view. In the moments when earth is overshadowed, heaven opens to our eyes the radiance of a sublimer being; our hearts follow the successive splendours of the scene; and while we forget for a time the obscurity of earthly concerns, we feel that there are 'yet greater things than these.'

There is in the second place, an 'eventide' in the year—a season, as we now witness, when the sun withdraws his propitious light, when the winds arise and the leaves fall, and nature around us seems to sink into decay. It is said, in general, to be the season of melancholy; and if by this word be meant that it is the time of solemn and of serious thought, it is undoubtedly the season of melancholy; yet it is a melancholy so soothing, so gentle in its approach, and so prophetic in its influence, that they who have known it feel, as instinctively, that it is the doing of God, and that the heart of man is not thus finely touched but to fine issues.

When we go out into the fields in the evening of the year, a different voice approaches us. We regard, even in spite of ourselves, the still but steady advances of time. A few days ago, and the summer of the year was grateful, and every element was filled with life, and the sun of heaven seemed to glory in his ascendant. He is now enfeebled in his power; the desert no more 'blossoms like the rose;' the song of joy is no more heard among the branches; and the earth is strewed with that foliage which once bespoke the magnificence of summer. Whatever may be the passions which society has awakened, we pause amid this apparent desolation of nature. We sit down in the lodge 'of the wayfaring man in the wilderness,' and we feel that all we witness is the emblem of our own fate. Such also in a few years will be our own condition. The blossoms of our spring, the pride of our summer, will also fade into decay; and the pulse that now beats high with virtuous or with vicious desire, will gradually sink, and then must stop for ever. We rise from our meditations with hearts softened and subdued, and we return into life as into a shadowy scene, where we have 'disquieted ourselves in vain.'

Yet a few years, we think, and all that now bless, or all that now convulse humanity will also have perished. The mightiest pageantry of life will pass—the loudest notes of triumph or of contest will be silent in the grave; the wicked, wherever active, 'will cease from troubling,' and the weary, wherever suffering, 'will be at rest.' Under an impression so profound we feel our own hearts better. The cares, the animosities, the hatreds which society may have engendered, sink unperceived from our bosoms. In the general desolation of nature we feel the littleness of our own passions—we look forward to that kindred evening which time must bring to all—we anticipate the graves of those we hate as of those we love. Every unkind passion falls with the leaves that fall around us; and we return slowly to our homes, and to the society which surround us, with the wish only to enlighten or to bless them.

REV. JOHN BROWN—DR. JOHN BROWN.

JOHN BROWN, of Haddington (1722–1787), was a learned and distinguished divine of the Associate Secession Church of Scotland, and author of various theological works. He was born at Carpow, Perthshire, of poor parents, both of whom died before he was eleven years of age. 'I was left,' he says, 'a poor orphan, and had nothing to depend on but the providence of God.' He was first employed as a shepherd, and afterwards undertook the occupation of a pedler or travelling merchant—the nearest approach, perhaps, ever made to the ideal pedler in Wordsworth's 'Excursion:'

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Vigorous of health, of hopeful spirits, undamped
By worldly-mindedness or anxious care,
Observant, studious, thoughtful, and refreshed
By knowledge gathered up from day to day.

Before he was twenty years of age, John Brown had taught himself Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, to which he afterwards added the modern and oriental languages. He was for some time schoolmaster of Kinross, and in 1748 entered on the study of philosophy and divinity in connection with the Associate Synod—a dissenting body subsequently merged in the United Presbyterian Church. In 1750 he was ordained pastor of the Secession Church at Haddington, and in 1768 was elected Professor of Divinity under the Associate Synod, which appointment he held for twenty years. Mr. Brown's principal works are his 'Dictionary of the Holy Bible' (1769), his 'Self-interpreting Bible' (1778)—so called from its very copious marginal references—his 'General History of the Christian Church' (1771), 'A Compendious View of Natural and Revealed Religion' (1782), 'Harmony of Scripture Prophecies' (1784), and a great number of short religious treatises and devotional works. Mr. Brown's most valuable and popular work is the 'Self-interpreting Bible,' which is still highly prized both in this country and in America, and is invaluable to Biblical students.

A grandson of the foregoing divine, Dr. JOHN BROWN (1784–1858), was also an eminent minister and professor in the Scottish Secession Church, and celebrated as a Biblical expositor. In 1806 he was ordained pastor of a church at Biggar, and in 1822 transferred to Edinburgh, where he became Professor of Pastoral and Exegetical Theology in connection with the Associate Synod. Both as a preacher and lecturer, Dr. Brown is described as a divine of the highest order, 'vigorous, pure, fervent, manly, and profoundly pathetic.' He was considered the ripest Biblical scholar of his age. He was also an extensive theological writer, and among his works are 'Expository Discourses on the Epistles of St. Peter,' the 'Epistle to the Galatians,' and the 'Epistle to the Romans.' In 1860 a Life of Dr. Brown was published by Dr. John Cairns, to which Dr. Brown's son, John Brown, M.D.—a distinguished littérateur and medical practitioner in Edinburgh—made some interesting additions, published in 'Horæ Subsecivæ,' 1861. We subjoin a brief extract:

Anecdote of the Early Life of John Brown.

For the 'heroic' old man of Haddington my father had a peculiar reverence, as indeed we all have—as well we may. He was our king, the founder of our dynasty; we dated from him, and he was hedged accordingly by a certain sacredness of divinity. I well remember with what surprise and pride I found myself asked by a blacksmith's wife, in a remote hamlet among the hop-gardens of Kent if I was 'the son of the Self-interpreting Bible.' I possess, as an heirloom, the New Testament which my father fondly regarded as the one his grandfather, when a herd-laddie, got from the professor who heard him ask for it, and promised him it if he could read a verse; and he has, in his beautiful small hand, written in it what follows: 'He (John Brown of Haddington) had now acquired so much of Greek as encouraged him to

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hope that he might at length be prepared to reap the richest of all rewards which classical learning could confer on him, the capacity of reading in the original tongue the blessed New Testament of our Lord and Saviour. Full of this hope, he became anxious to possess a copy of the invaluable volume. One night, having committed the charge of his sheep to a companion, he set out on a midnight journey to St. Andrews, a distance of twenty-four miles. He reached his destination in the morning, and went to the bookseller's shop, asking for a copy of the Greek New Testament. The master of the shop, surprised at such a request from a shepherd boy, was disposed to make game of him. Some of the professors coming into the shop questioned the lad about his employment and studies. After hearing his tale, one of them desired the bookseller to bring the volume. He did so, and, drawing it down, said: "Boy, read this and you shall have it for nothing." The boy did so, acquitted himself to the admiration of his judges, and carried off his Testament, and when the evening arrived, was studying it in the midst of his flock on the braes of Abernethy.'

I doubt not my father regarded this little worn old book, the sword of the Spirit which his ancestor so nobly won, and wore, and warred with, with not less honest veneration and pride than does his dear friend James Douglas of Cavers the Percy pennon, borne away at Otterbourne. When I read his own simple story of his life—his loss of father and mother before he was eleven, his discovering (as true a *discovery* as Dr. Young's of the characters of the Rosetta stone, or Rawlinson's of the cuneiform letters) the Greek characters, his defence of himself against the astonishing and base charge of getting his learning from the devil (that shrewd personage would not have employed him on the Greek Testament), his eager indomitable study, his running miles to and back again to hear a sermon, after folding his sheep at noon, his keeping his family creditably on never more than £50, and for long on £40 a year, giving largely in charity, and never wanting, as he said, 'lying money'—when I think of all this, I feel what a strong, independent, manly nature he must have had.*

DR. ANDREW THOMPSON—DR. CHALMERS.

Dr. Andrew Thompson (1779–1831), an active and able minister of the Scottish Church, was author of various sermons and lectures, and editor of the 'Scottish Christian Instructor,' a periodical which exercised no small influence in Scotland on ecclesiastical questions. Dr. Thompson was successively minister of Sprouston, in the presbytery of Kelso; of the East Church, Perth; and of St. George's Church, Edinburgh. In the annual meetings of the General Assembly he displayed great ardour and eloquence as a debater, and was the recognised leader of one of the church-parties. He waged a long and keen warfare with the British and Foreign Bible Society for circulating the books of the Apocrypha along with the Bible, and his speeches on this subject, though exaggerated in tone and manner, produced a powerful effect. There was, in truth, always more of the debater than the divine in his public addresses. The life of this ardent, impetuous, and independent-minded man was brought suddenly to a close—in the prime of health and vigour, he fell down dead at the threshold of his own door.

The most distinguished and able of Scottish divines during this period was Thomas Chalmers, D.D. and LL.D., one of the first Presbyterian ministers who obtained an honorary degree from the university of Oxford, and one of the few Scotchmen who have been elected corresponding members of the Royal Institute of France. He was a native of Anstruther, in the county of Fife, and born

* *Horæ Subsecivæ*. Second Series, p. 264.

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March 17, 1780. His father was a shipowner and general merchant in the town, and Thomas, when not twelve years of age was sent to college at St. Andrews. The Scottish universities have been too much regarded as elementary seminaries, and efforts are now making to elevate their character by instituting some preliminary test of admission, and improving the professorial chairs. Chalmers had little preparation, and never attained to critical proficiency as a scholar, but he had a strong predilection for mathematical studies, which he afterwards pursued in Edinburgh under Professor Playfair. He was also assistant mathematical teacher at St. Andrews. Having studied for the Church, he was, in 1803, ordained minister of Kilmany, a rural parish in his native county. Here the activity of his mind was strikingly displayed. In addition to his parochial labours, he 'lectured in the different towns on chemistry and other subjects; he became an officer of a Volunteer corps; and he wrote a book on the Resources of the Country, besides pamphlets on some of the topics of the day; and when the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia" was projected, he was invited to be a contributor, and engaged to furnish the article "Christianity," which he afterwards completed with so much ability.' At Kilmany, Dr. Chalmers received more serious and solemn impressions as to his clerical duties, and in an address to the inhabitants of the parish, there is the following remarkable passage:

Inefficacy of mere Moral Preaching.

And here I cannot but record the effect of an actual though undesigned experiment which I prosecuted for upwards of twelve years amongst you. For the greater part of that time I could expatiate on the meanness of dishonesty, on the villainy of falsehood, on the despicable arts of calumny—in a word, upon all those deformities of character which awaken the natural indignation of the human heart against the pests and the disturbers of human society. Now, could I, upon the strength of these warm expostulations, have got the thief to give up his stealing, and the evil-speaker his censoriousness, and the liar his deviations from truth, I should have felt all the repose of one who had gotten his ultimate object. It never occurred to me that all this might have been done, and yet every soul of every hearer have remained in full alienation from God; and that even could I have established, in the bosom of one who stole, such a principle of abhorrence at the meanness of dishonesty that he was prevailed upon to steal no more, he might still have retained a heart as completely unturned to God, and as totally unpossessed by a principle of love to Him, as before. In a word, though I might have made him a more upright and honourable man, I might have left him as destitute of the essence of religious principle as ever. But the interesting fact is, that during the whole of that period in which I made no attempt against the natural enmity of the mind to God, while I was inattentive to the way in which this enmity is dissolved, even by the free offer on the one hand, and the believing acceptance on the other, of the gospel salvation; while Christ, through whose blood the sinner, who by nature stands afar off, is brought near to the heavenly Lawgiver whom he has offended, was scarcely ever spoken of or spoken of in such a way as stripped him of all the importance of his character and his offices, even at this time I certainly did press the reformations of honour, and truth, and integrity among my people; but I never once heard of any such reformations having been effected amongst them. If there was anything at all brought about in this way, it was more than ever I got any account of. I am not sensible that all the vehemence with which I urged the virtues and the proprieties of social life had the weight of a feather on the moral habits of my parishioners. And it was not till I got impressed by the utter alienation of the heart in all its desires and affections from God;

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it was not till reconciliation to Him became the distinct and the prominent object of my ministerial exertions; it was not till I took the Scriptural way of laying the method of reconciliation before them; it was not till the free offer of forgiveness through the Blood of Christ was urged upon their acceptance, and the Holy Spirit given through the channel of Christ's mediatorship to all who ask him, was set before them as the unceasing object of their dependence and their prayers; it was not, in one word, till the contemplations of my people were turned to these great and essential elements in the business of a soul providing for its interest with God and the concerns of its eternity, that I ever heard of any of those subordinate reformations which I aforetime made the earnest and the zealous, but, I am afraid, at the same time the ultimate object of my earlier ministrations. Ye servants, whose scrupulous fidelity has now attracted the notice and drawn forth in my hearing a delightful testimony from your masters, what mischief you would have done had your zeal for doctrines and sacraments been accompanied by the sloth and the remissness, and what, in the prevailing tone of moral relaxation, is counted the allowable parloining of your earlier days! But a sense of your heavenly Master's eye has brought another influence to bear upon you; and while you are thus striving to adorn the doctrine of God your Saviour in all things, you may, poor as you are, reclaim the great ones of the land to the acknowledgment of the faith. You have at least taught me that to preach Christ is the only effective way of preaching morality in all its branches; and out of your humble cottages have I gathered a lesson, which I pray God I may be enabled to carry with all its simplicity into a wider theatre, and to bring with all the power of its subduing efficacy upon the vices of a more crowded population.

From Kilmany, Dr. Chalmers removed to Glasgow; to the Tron Church in 1815, and to St. John's in 1819. In both, his labours were unceasing. Here his principal sermons were delivered and published; and his fame as a preacher and author was diffused not only over Great Britain, but throughout all Europe and America. His appearance and manner were not prepossessing. Two acute observers —John Gibson Lockhart and Henry Cockburn—have described his peculiarities minutely. His voice was neither strong nor melodious, his gestures awkward, his pronunciation broadly provincial, his countenance large, dingy, and when in repose, unanimated. He also *read* his sermons, adhering closely to his manuscript. What, then, it may be asked, constituted the charm of his oratory? 'The magic,' says Cockburn, 'lies in the concentrated intensity which agitates every fibre of the man, and brings out his meaning by words and emphasis of significant force, and rolls his magnificent periods clearly and irresistibly along, and kindles the whole composition with living fire. He no sooner approaches the edge of his high region, than his animation makes the commencing awkwardness be forgotten, and then converts his external defects into positive advantages, by shewing the intellectual power that overcomes them; and getting us at last within the flame of his enthusiasm. Jeffrey's description, that he "buried his adversaries under the fragments of burning mountains," is the only image that suggests an idea of his eloquent imagination and terrible energy.'*

A writer in the 'London Magazine' gives a graphic account of Dr. Chalmers's appearance in London: 'When he visited London, the

* *Memorials of his Time*, by Henry Cockburn, 1856.

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bold that he took on the minds of men was unprecedented. It was a time of strong political feeling; but even that was unheeded, and all parties thronged to hear the Scottish preacher. The very best judges were not prepared for the display that they heard. Canning and Wilberforce went together, and got into a pew near the door. The elder in attendance stood close by the pew. Chalmers began in his usual unpromising way, by stating a few nearly self-evident propositions neither in the choicest language nor in the most impressive voice. "If this be all," said Canning to his companion, "it will never do." Chalmers went on—the shuffling of the congregation gradually subsided. He got into the mass of his subject; his weakness became strength, his hesitation was turned into energy; and, bringing the whole volume of his mind to bear upon it, he poured forth a torrent of the most close and conclusive argument, brilliant with all the exuberance of an imagination which ranged over all nature for illustrations, and yet managed and applied each of them with the same unerring dexterity, as if that single one had been the study of a whole life. "The tartan beats us," said Mr. Canning; "we have no preaching like that in England."' Chalmers, like the celebrated French divines—according to Goldsmith—assumed all that dignity and zeal which become men who are ambassadors from Christ. The English divines, like timorous envoys, seem more solicitous not to offend the court to which they are sent, than to drive home the interests of their employers.

The style of Dr. Chalmers became the rage in Scotland among the young preachers, but few could do more than copy his defects. His glowing energy and enthusiasm were wanting. In Glasgow, Chalmers laboured incessantly for the benefit of his parishioners ('excavating the practical heathenism' of the city, as he termed it), and he organised a system of Sabbath-schools and pauper management which attracted great attention. He was strongly opposed to the English system of a legal provision for the poor, and in his own district of Glasgow, voluntary contributions, well managed, were for many years found to be sufficient; but as a law of residence could not be established between the different parishes of the city, to prevent one parish becoming burdened with a pauperism which it did not create, his voluntary system was ultimately abandoned. In 1823 Dr. Chalmers removed to St. Andrews, as Professor of Moral Philosophy in the United College; and in 1828 he was appointed Professor of Divinity in the university of Edinburgh. This appointment he relinquished in 1843, on his secession from the Established Church. He continued an active and zealous member of the rival establishment, the Free Church, until his death, May 30, 1847. His death, like that of his friend, Dr. Andrew Thompson, was very sudden. He had retired to rest in his usual health, and was found

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next morning dead in bed, 'the expression of the face undisturbed by a single trace of suffering.'

The collected works of Dr. Chalmers published during his life fill twenty-five duodecimo volumes. Of these the first two are devoted to 'Natural Theology;' volumes three and four to 'Evidences of Christianity' five, 'Moral Philosophy;' six, 'Commercial Discourses,' seven, 'Astronomical Discourses;' eight, nine, and ten, 'Congregational Sermons;' eleven, 'Sermons on Public Occasions;' twelve, 'Tracts and Essays;' thirteen, 'Introductory Essays,' originally prefixed to editions of Select Christian Authors; fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen 'Christian and Economic Polity of a Nation, more especially with reference to its Large Towns;' seventeen, 'On Church and College Endowments;' eighteen, 'On Church Extension;' nineteen and twenty, 'Political Economy;' twenty-one, 'The Sufficiency of a Parochial System without a Poor-rate:' twenty-two to twenty-five, 'Lectures on the Romans.' In all Dr. Chalmers's works there is great energy and earnestness, accompanied with a vast variety of illustration. His knowledge was more useful than profound; it was extensive, including science no less than literature, the learning of the philosopher with the fancy of the poet, and a familiar acquaintance with the habits, feelings, and daily life of the Scottish poor and middle classes. The ardour with which he pursues any favorite topic, presenting it to the reader or hearer in every possible point of view, and investing it with the charms of a rich poetical imagination, is a striking feature in his intellectual character.* It gave peculiar effect to his pulpit ministrations; for, by concentrating his attention on one or two points at a time, and pressing these home with almost unexampled zeal and animation, a distinct and vivid impression was conveyed to the mind, unbroken by any extraneous or discursive matter. His pictures have little or no background—the principal figure or conception fills the canvas. The style of Dr. Chalmers is far from being correct or elegant—it is often turgid, loose, and declamatory, vehement beyond the bounds of good taste, and disfigured by a singular and by no means graceful phraseology. These blemishes are, however, more than redeemed by his piety and eloquence, the originality of many of his views, and the astonishing force and ardour

* Robert Hall seems to have been struck with this peculiarity. In some Gleanings from Hall's Conversational Remarks, appended to Dr Gregory's *Memoir*, we find the following criticism understood to refer to the Scottish divine: 'Mr. Hall repeatedly referred to Dr. ——, and always in terms of great esteem as well as high admiration of his general character, exercising, however, his usual free and independent judgment. The following are some remarks on that extraordinary individual: "Pray, sir, did you ever know any man who had that singular faculty of repetition possessed by Dr. ——? Why, sir, he often reiterates the same thing ten or twelve times in the course of a few pages. Even Burke himself had not so much of that peculiarity. His mind resembles that optical instrument lately invented: what do you call it?" "You mean, I suppose, the kaleidoscope?" "Yes, sir: an idea thrown into his mind is just as if thrown into a kaleidoscope. Every turn presents the object in a new and beautiful form, but the object presented is still the same. . . . His mind seems to move on hinges, not on wheels. There is incessant motion, but no progress. When he was at Leicester, he preached a most admirable sermon on the necessity of immediate repentance; but there were only two ideas in it, and on these his mind revolved as on a pivot."'

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of his mind. His 'Astronomical Discourses' (1817) contain passages of great sublimity and beauty. His triumphs are those of genius, aided by the deepest conviction of the importance of the truths he inculcates. After the death of this popular divine, no less than nine volumes were added to his works—'Daily Scripture Readings,' 'Sabbath Scripture Readings,' 'Sermons,' 'Institutes of Theology,' and 'Prelections on Butler's Analogy,' &c. These were edited by the son-in-law of the deceased, the Rev Mr. Hanna, who also wrote a copious and excellent Life of his illustrious relative, extending, with extracts from writings and correspondence, to four volumes (1849–52).

Picture of the Chase—Cruelty to Animals.

The sufferings of the lower animals may, when out of sight, be out of mind. But more than this these sufferings may be in sight, and yet out of mind. This is strikingly exemplified in the sports of the field. In the midst of whose varied and animating bustle that cruelty which all along is present to the senses may not for one moment have been present to the thoughts There sits a somewhat ancestral dignity and glory on this favourite pastime of joyous old England: when the gallant knighthood, and the hearty yeomen, and the amateurs or virtuosos of the chase, and the full assembled jockeyship of half a province, muster together in all the pride and pageantry of their great enprise—and the panorama of some noble landscape, lighted up with autumnal clearness from an unclouded heaven, pours fresh exhilaration into every blithe and choice spirit of the scene—and every adventurous heart is braved and impatient for the hazards of the coming enterprise—and even the high-breathed coursers catch the general sympathy, and seem to fret in all the restiveness of their yet checked and irritated fire, till the echoing horn shall set them at liberty—even that horn which is the knell of death to some trembling victim now brought forth of its lurking-place to the delighted gaze, and borne down upon with the full and open cry of its ruthless pursuers. Be assured that, amid the whole glee and fervency of this tumultuous enjoyment, there might not, in one single bosom, be aught so fiendish as a principle of naked and abstract cruelty. The fear which gives its lightning-speed to the unhappy animal; the thickening horrors, which, in the progress of exhaustion, must gather upon its flight; its gradually sinking energies, and, at length, the terrible certainty of that destruction which is awaiting it; that piteous cry which the ear can sometimes distinguish amid the deafening clamour of the blood-hounds as they spring exultingly upon their prey; the dread massacre and dying agonies of a creature so miserably torn—all this weight of suffering, we admit, is not once sympathised with; but it is just because the suffering itself is not once thought of. It touches not the sensibilities of the heart; but just because it is never present to the notice of the mind. We allow that the hardy followers in the wild romance of this occupation—we allow them to be reckless of pain, but this is not rejoicing in pain. Theirs is not the delight of the savage, but the apathy of unreflecting creatures. They are wholly occupied with the chase itself and its spirit-stirring accompaniments, nor bestow one moment's thought on the dread violence of that infliction upon sentient nature which marks its termination. It is the spirit of the competition, and it alone, which goads onward this hurrying career; and even he who in at the death is foremost in the triumph, although to him the death itself is in sight, the agony of its wretched sufferer is wholly out of mind.

Man is the direct agent of a wide and continual distress to the lower animals, and the question is, Can any method be devised for its alleviation? On this subject that Scriptural image is strikingly realised: 'The whole inferior creation groaning and travailing together in pain,' because of him It signifies not to the substantive amount of the suffering whether this be prompted by the hardness of his heart, or only permitted through the heedlessness of his mind. In either way it holds true, not only that the arch-devourer man stands pre-eminent over the fiercest children of the wilderness as an animal of prey, but that, for his lordly and luxurious appetite as well as for his service or merest curiosity and amusement, Nature must be ransacked throughout all her elements. Rather than forego the veriest gratifications of vanity,

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he will wring them from the anguish of wretched and ill-fated creatures; and whether for the indulgence of his barbaric sensuality or barbaric splendour, can stalk paramount over the sufferings of that prostrate creation which has been placed beneath his feet. That beauteous domain whereof he has been constituted the terrestrial sovereign, gives out so many blissful and benignant aspects; and whether we look to its peaceful lakes, or to its flowery landscapes, or its evening skies, or to all that soft attire which overspreads the hills and the valleys, lighted up by smiles of sweetest sunshine, and where animals disport themselves in all the exuberance of gaiety—this surely were a more befitting scene for the rule of clemency, than for the iron rod of a murderous and remorseless tyrant. But the present is a mysterious world wherein we dwell. It still bears much upon its materialism of the impress of Paradise. But a breath from the air of Pandemonium has gone over its living generations; and so 'the fear of man and the dread of man is now upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, and upon all that moveth upon the earth, and upon all the fishes of the sea; into man's hands are they delivered: every moving thing that liveth is meat for him; yea, even as the green herbs, there have been given to him all things.' Such is the extent of his jurisdiction, and with most full and wanton license has he revelled among its privileges. The whole earth labours and is in violence because of his cruelties; and from the amphitheatre of sentient nature there sounds in fancy's ear the bleat of one wide and universal suffering—a dreadful homage to the power of nature's constituted lord.

These sufferings are really felt. The beasts of the field are not so many automata without sensation, and just so constructed as to give forth all the natural signs and expressions of it. Nature hath not practised this universal deception upon our species. These poor animals just look, and tremble, and give forth the very indications of suffering that we do. Theirs is the distinct cry of pain. Theirs is the unequivocal physiognomy of pain. They put on the same aspect of terror on the demonstrations of a menaced blow. They exhibit the same distortions of agony after the infliction of it. The bruise, or the burn, or the fracture, or the deep incision, or the fierce encounter with one of equal or superior strength, just affects them similarly to ourselves. Their blood circulates as ours. They have pulsations in various parts of the body like ours. They sicken, and they grow feeble with age, and, finally, they die just as we do. They possess the same feelings; and, what exposes them to like suffering from another quarter, they possess the same instincts with our own species. The lioness robbed of her whelps causes the wilderness to ring aloud with the proclamation of her wrongs; or the bird whose little household has been stolen, fills and saddens all the grove with melodies of deepest pathos. All this is palpable even to the general and unlearned eye; and when the physiologist lays open the recesses of their system by means of that scalpel, under whose operation they just shrink and are convulsed as any living subject of our own species—there stands forth to view the same sentient apparatus, and furnished with the same conductors for the transmission of feeling to every minutest pore upon the surface. Theirs is unmixed and unmitigated pain—the agonies of martyrdom without the alleviation of the hopes and the sentiments whereof they are incapable. When they lay them down to die, their only fellowship is with suffering; for in the prison-house of their beset and bounded faculties there can no relief be afforded by communion with other interests or other things. The attention does not lighten their distress as it does that of man, by carrying off his spirit from that existing pungency and pressure which might else be overwhelming. There is but room in that mysterious economy for one inmate, and that is, the absorbing sense of their own single and concentrated anguish. And so in that bed of torment whereon the wounded animal lingers and expires, there is an unexplored depth and intensity of suffering which the poor dumb animal itself cannot tell, and against which it can offer no remonstrance—an untold and unknown amount of wretchedness of which no articulate voice gives utterance. But there is an eloquence in its silence; and the very shroud which disguises it only serves to aggravate its horrors.

Insignificance of this Earth.

Though the earth were to be burnt up, though the trumpet of its dissolution were sounded, though yon sky were to pass away as a scroll, and every visible glory which the finger of the Divinity has inscribed on it were extinguished for ever—an event so awful to us, and to every world in our vicinity, by which so many suns would be ex-

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tinguished, and so many varied scenes of life and population would rush into forgetfulness—what is it in the high scale of the Almighty's workmanship? a mere shred, which, though scattered into nothing, would leave the universe of God one entire scene of greatness and of majesty. Though the earth and the heavens were to disappear, there are other worlds which roll afar; the light of other suns shines upon them; and the sky which mantles them is garnished with other stars. Is it presumption to say that the moral world extends to these distant and unknown regions? that they are occupied with people? that the charities of home and of neighbourhood flourish there? that the praises of God are there lifted up, and his goodness rejoiced in? that there piety has its temples and its offerings? and the richness of the divine attributes is there felt and admired by intelligent worshippers?

And what is this world in the immensity which teems with them: and what are they who occupy it? The universe at large would suffer as little in its splendour and variety by the destruction of our planet, as the verdure and sublime magnitude of a forest would suffer by the fall of a single leaf. The leaf quivers on the branch which supports it. It lies at the mercy of the slightest accident. A breath of wind tears it from its stem, and it lights on the stream of water which passes underneath. In a moment of time, the life which we know by the microscope it teems with is extinguished; and an occurrence so insignificant in the eye of man, and on the scale of his observation, carries in it to the myriads which people this little leaf an event as terrible and as decisive as the destruction of a world. Now, on the grand scale of the universe, we, the occupiers of this ball, which performs its little round among the suns and the systems that astronomy has unfolded—we may feel the same littleness and the same insecurity. We differ from the leaf only in this circumstance, that it would require the operation of greater elements to destroy us. But these elements exist. The fire which rages within may lift its devouring energy to the surface of our planet, and transform it into one wide and wasting volcano. The sudden formation of elastic matter in the bowels of the earth—and it lies within the agency of known substances to accomplish this—may explode it into fragments. The exhalation of noxious air from below may impart a virulence to the air that is around us; it may affect the delicate proportion of its ingredients; and the whole of animated nature may wither and die under the malignity of a tainted atmosphere. A blazing comet may cross this fated planet in its orbit, and realize all the terrors which superstition has conceived of it. We cannot anticipate with precision the consequences of an event which every astronomer must know to lie within the limits of chance and probability. It may hurry our globe towards the sun, or drag it to the outer regions of the planetary system, or give it a new axis of revolution—and the effect, which I shall simply announce without explaining it, would be to change the place of the ocean, and bring another mighty flood upon our islands and continents.

There are changes which may happen in a single instant of time, and against which nothing known in the present system of things provides us with any security. They might not annihilate the earth, but they would unpeople it, and we, who tread its surface with such firm and assured footsteps, are at the mercy of devouring elements, which, if let loose upon us by the hand of the Almighty, would spread solitude, and silence, and death over the dominions of the world.

Now, it is this littleness and this insecurity which make the protection of the Almighty so dear to us, and bring with such emphasis to every pious bosom the holy lessons of humility and gratitude. The God who sitteth above, and presides in high authority over all worlds, is mindful of man; and though at this moment his energy is felt in the remotest provinces of creation, we may feel the same security in his providence as if we were the objects of his undivided care.

It is not for us to bring our minds up to this mysterious agency. But such is the incomprehensible fact, that the same being whose eye is abroad over the whole universe, gives vegetation to every blade of grass, and motion to every particle of blood which circulates through the veins of the minutest animal; that though his mind takes into his comprehensive grasp immensity and all its wonders, I am as much known to him as if I were the single object of his attention; that he marks all my thoughts; that he gives birth to every feeling and every movement within me; and that, with an exercise of power which I can neither describe nor comprehend, the same God who sits in the highest heaven, and reigns over the glories of the firmament, is at my right hand, to give me every breath which I draw, and every comfort which I enjoy.

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The Statute-book not necessary towards Christianity.

How comes it that Protestantism made such triumphant progress in these realms when it had pains and penalties to struggle with? and how came this progress to be arrested from the moment it laid on these pains and penalties in its turn? What have all the enactments of the statute-book done for the cause of Protestantism in Ireland? and how is it, that when single-handed Truth walked through our island with the might and prowess of a conqueror, so soon as propped by the authority of the state, and the armour of intolerance was given to her, the brilliant career of her victories was ended? It was when she took up the carnal and laid down the spiritual weapon—it was then that strength went out of her. She was struck with impotency on the instant that, from a warfare of principle, it became a warfare of politics. There are gentlemen opposed to us profound in the documents of history; but she has really nothing to offer half so instructive as the living history that is now before our eyes. With the pains and penalties to fight against, the cause of Reformation did almost everything in Britain; with the pains and penalties on its side, it has done nothing, and worse than nothing, in Ireland.

But after all, it is a question which does not require the evidence of history for its elucidation. There shines upon it an immediate light from the known laws and principles of human nature. When Truth and Falsehood enter into collision upon equal terms, and do so with their own appropriate weapons the result is infallible, *Magna est veritas, et prævalebit.* But if, to strengthen the force of Truth, you put the forces of the statute-book under her command, there instantly starts up on the side of Falsehood an auxiliary far more formidable. You may lay an incapacity on the persons, or you may put restraint and limitation on the property of Catholics; but the Catholic mind becomes tenfold more impregnable than before. It is not because I am indifferent to the good of Protestantism that I want to displace these artificial crutches from under her; but because I want that, freed from every symptom of decrepitude and decay, she should stand forth in her own native strength, and make manifest to all men how firm a support she has on the goodness of her cause, and on the basis of her orderly and well-laid arguments. It is because I count so much—and will any Protestant here present say that I count too much?—on her Bible and her evidences, and the blessing of God upon her churches, and the force of her resistless appeals to the conscience and the understandings of men—it is because of her strength and sufficiency in these that I would disclaim the aids of the statute-book, and own no dependence or obligation whatever on the system of intolerance. These were enough for her in the days of her suffering, and should be more than enough for her in the days of her comparative safety. It is not by our fears and our false alarms that we do honour to Protestantism. A far more befitting honour to the great cause is the homage of our confidence: for what Sheridan said of the liberty of the press, admits of most emphatic application to this religion of truth and liberty. 'Give,' says that great orator—'give to ministers a corrupt House of Commons; give them a pliant and a servile House of Lords; give them the keys of the treasury and the patronage of the crown; and give me the liberty of the press, and with this mighty engine I will overthrow the fabric of corruption, and establish upon its ruins the rights and privileges of the people.' In like manner, give the Catholics of Ireland their emancipation; give them a seat in the parliament of their country; give them a free and equal participation in the polities of the realm; give them a place at the right ear of Majesty, and a voice in his counsels; and give me the circulation of the Bible, and with this mighty engine I will overthrow the tyranny of Antichrist, and establish the fair and original form of Christianity on its ruins.*

DUGALD STEWART.

We have no profound *original* metaphysician in this period, but some rich and elegant commentators. PROFESSOR DUGALD STEW-

*The above forms part of a speech delivered at a public meeting in Edinburgh in March 1829, in favour of removing the Roman Catholic disabilities. The effect of Dr. Chalmers's address is described as prodigious, the audience rising to their feet and cheering vociferously.

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ART expounded and illustrated the views of his distinguished teacher, Dr. Reid; and by his essays and treatises, no less than by his lectures, gave additional grace and popularity to the system. Mr. Stewart was the son of Dr. Matthew Stewart, Professor of Mathematics in the university of Edinburgh, and was born in the college buildings, November 22, 1753. At the early age of nineteen he undertook to teach his father's mathematical classes, and in two years was appointed his assistant and successor. A more congenial opening occurred for him in 1780, when Dr. Adam Ferguson retired from the Moral Philosophy chair. Mr. Stewart was appointed his successor, and continued to discharge the duties of the office till 1810, when Dr. Thomas Brown was conjoined with him as colleague. The latter years of his life were spent in literary retirement at Kinneil House, on the banks of the Firth of Forth, about twenty miles from Edinburgh. His political friends, when in office in 1806, created for him the sinecure office of Gazette writer for Scotland, with a salary of £600 per annum. Mr. Stewart died in Edinburgh on the 11th of June 1828. No lecturer was ever more popular than Dugald Stewart—his taste, dignity, and eloquence rendered him both fascinating and impressive. His writings are marked by the same characteristics, and can be read with pleasure even by those who have no great partiality for the metaphysical studies in which he excelled. They consist of 'Philosophy of the Human Mind,' one volume of which was published in 1792, a second in 1813, and a third in 1827; also 'Philosophical Essays,' 1810; a 'Dissertation on the Progress of Metaphysical and Ethical Philosophy,' written in 1815, to which a second part was added in 1821; and a 'View of the Active and Moral Powers of Man,' published only a few weeks before his death. Mr. Stewart also published 'Outlines of Moral Philosophy,' and wrote Memoirs of Robertson the historian, and Dr. Reid. 'All the years I remained about Edinburgh,' says Mr. James Mill, himself an able metaphysician, 'I used, as often as I could, to steal into Mr. Stewart's class to hear a lecture, which was always a high treat. I have heard Pitt and Fox deliver some of their most admired speeches, but I never heard anything nearly so eloquent as some of the lectures of Professor Stewart. The taste for the studies which have formed my favourite pursuits, and which will be so to the end of my life, I owe to him.' A handsome edition of the collected Works of Dugald Stewart, edited by Sir William Hamilton, with a Memoir by Professor Veitch, was published in Edinburgh, in eleven volumes.

On Memory.

It is generally supposed, that of all our faculties, memory is that which nature has bestowed in the most unequal degrees on different individuals; and it is far from being impossible that this opinion may be well founded. If, however, we consider that there is scarcely any man who has not memory sufficient to learn the use of language, and to learn to recognise, at the first glance, the appearances of an infinite number of familiar objects; besides acquiring such an acquaintance with the laws of nature, and the ordinary course of human affairs, as is necessary for directing his

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conduct in life, we shall be satisfied that the original disparities among men, in this respect, are by no means so immense as they seem to be at first view; and that much is to be ascribed to different habits of attention, and to a difference of selection among the various events presented to their curiosity.

'It is worthy of remark, also, that those individuals who possess unusual powers of memory with respect to any one class of objects, are commonly as remarkably deficient in some of the other applications of that faculty. I knew a person who, though completely ignorant of Latin, was able to repeat over thirty or forty lines of Virgil, after having heard them once read to him—not, indeed, with perfect exactness, but with such a degree of resemblance as (all circumstances considered) was truly astonishing; yet this person (who was in the condition of a servant) was singularly deficient in memory in all cases in which that faculty is of real practical utility. He was noted in every family in which he had been employed for habits of forgetfulness, and could scarcely deliver an ordinary message without committing some blunder.

A similar observation, I can almost venture to say, will be found to apply to by far the greater number of those in whom this faculty seems to exhibit a preternatural or anomalous degree of force. The varieties of memory are indeed wonderful, but they ought not to be confounded with inequalities of memory. One man is distinguished by a power of recollecting names, and dates, and genealogies; a second by the multiplicity of speculations and of general conclusions treasured up in his intellect; a third, by the facility with which words and combinations of words (the very words of a speaker or of an author) seem to lay hold of his mind; a fourth, by the quickness with which he seizes and appropriates the sense and meaning of an author, while the phraseology and style seem altogether to escape his notice; a fifth, by his memory for poetry; a sixth, by his memory for music; a seventh, by his memory for architecture, statuary, and painting, and all the other objects of taste which are addressed to the eye. All these different powers seem miraculous to those who do not possess them; and as they are apt to be supposed by superficial observers to be commonly united in the same individuals, they contribute much to encourage those exaggerated estimates concerning the original inequalities among men in respect to this faculty which I am now endeavouring to reduce to their first standard.

As the great purpose to which this faculty is subservient is to enable us to collect and to retain for the future regulation of our conduct, the results of our past experience, it is evident that the degree of perfection which it attains in the case of different persons must vary; first, with the facility of making the original acquisition; secondly, with the permanence of the acquisition; and thirdly, with the quickness or readiness with which the individual is able, on particular occasions, to apply it to use. The qualities, therefore, of a good memory are, in the first place, to be susceptible; secondly, to be retentive; and thirdly, to be ready.

It is but rarely that these three qualities are united in the same person. We often, indeed, meet with a memory which is at once susceptible and ready; but I doubt much if such memories be commonly very retentive; for the same set of habits which are favourable to the first two qualities are adverse to the third. Those individuals, for example, who, with a view to conversation, make a constant business of informing themselves with respect to the popular topics of the day, or of turning over the ephemeral publications subservient to the amusement or to the politics of the times, are naturally led to cultivate a susceptibility and readiness of memory, but have no inducement to aim at that permanent retention of selected ideas which enables the scientific student to combine the most remote materials, and to concentrate at will, on a particular object, all the scattered lights of his experience and of his reflections. Such men (as far as my observation has reached) seldom possess a familiar or correct acquaintance even with those classical remains of our own earlier writers which have ceased to furnish topics of discourse to the circles of fashion. A stream of novelties is perpetually passing through their minds, and the faint impressions which it leaves soon vanish to make way for others, like the traces which the ebbing tide leaves upon the sand. Nor is this all. In proportion as the associating principles which lay the foundation of susceptibility and readiness predominate in the memory, those which form the basis of our more solid and lasting acquisitions may be expected to be weakened, as a natural consequence of the general laws of our intellectual frame.

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DR. THOMAS BROWN.

DR. THOMAS BROWN (1778–1820), the successor of Stewart in the Moral Philosophy chair of Edinburgh, was son of the Rev. Samuel Brown, minister of Kirkmabreck, in Galloway. His taste for metaphysics was excited by the perusal of Professor Stewart's first volume, a copy of which had been lent him by Dr. Currie of Liverpool. He appeared as an author before his twentieth year, his first work being a review of Dr. Darwin's 'Zoonomia.' On the establishment of the 'Edinburgh Review,' he became one of the philosophical contributors; and when a controversy arose in regard to Mr. Leslie, who had, in his Essay on Heat, stated his approbation of Hume's theory of causation, Dr. Brown warmly espoused the cause of the philosopher, and vindicated his opinions in an 'Inquiry into the Relation of Cause and Effect.' At this time Dr. Brown practised as a physician, but without any predilection for his profession. His appointment to the chair of Moral Philosophy seems to have fulfilled his destiny, and he continued to discharge its duties amidst universal approbation and respect till his death. Part of his leisure was devoted to the cultivation of a talent, or rather taste for poetry, which he early entertained; and he published 'The Paradise of Coquettes,' 1814; 'The Wanderer of Norway,' 1815; and 'The Bower of Spring,' 1816. Though correct and elegant, with occasionally fine thoughts and images, the poetry of Dr. Brown wants force and passion, and is now utterly forgotten. As a philosopher he was acute and searching, and a master of the power of analysis. His style wants the rich redundancy of that of Dugald Stewart, but is also enlivened with many eloquent passages, in which there is often a large infusion of the tenderest feeling. Dr. Brown quoted largely from the poets, especially Akenside; and was sometimes too flowery in his illustrations. His 'Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind' are highly popular, and form a class-book in the university. In some of his views Dr. Brown differed from Reid and Stewart. His distinctions have been pronounced somewhat hypercritical; but Mackintosh considers that he rendered a new and important service to mental science by what he calls 'secondary laws of suggestion or association—circumstances which modify the action of the general law, and must be distinctly considered, in order to explain its connection with the phenomena.'

Desire of the Happiness of Others.

It is this desire of the happiness of those whom we love, which gives to the emotion of love itself its principal delight, by affording to us constant means of gratification. He who truly wishes the happiness of any one, cannot be long without discovering some mode of contributing to it. Reason itself, with all its light, is not so rapid in discoveries of this sort as simple affection, which sees means of happiness, and of important happiness, where reason scarcely could think that any happiness was to be found, and has already by many kind offices produced the happiness of hours before reason could have suspected that means so slight could have given even

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a moment's pleasure. It is this, indeed, which contributes in no inconsiderable degree to the perpetuity of affection. Love, the mere feeling of tender admiration, would in many cases have soon lost its power over the fickle heart, and in many other cases would have had its power greatly lessened, if the desire of giving happiness, and the innumerable little courtesies and cares to which this desire gives birth, had not thus in a great measure diffused over a single passion the variety of many emotions. The love itself seems new at every moment, because there is every moment some new wish of love that admits of being gratified; or rather, it is at once, by the most delightful of all combinations, new, in the tender wishes and cares with which it occupies us, and familiar to us, and endeared the more by the remembrance of hours and years of well-known happiness.

The desire of the happiness of others though a desire always attendant on love, does not, however, necessarily suppose the previous existence of some one of those emotions which may strictly be termed love. This feeling is so far from arising necessarily from regard for the sufferer, that it is impossible for us not to feel it when the suffering is extreme, and before our very eyes, though we may at the same time have the utmost abhorrence of him who is agonising in our sight, and whose very look, even in its agony, still seems to speak only that atrocious spirit which could again gladly perpetrate the very horrors for which public indignation as much as public justice had doomed it to its dreadful fate. It is sufficient that extreme anguish is before us; we wish it relief before we have paused to love, or without reflecting on our causes of hatred; the wish is the direct and instant emotion of our soul in these circumstances—an emotion which, in such peculiar circumstances, it is impossible for hatred to suppress, and which love may strengthen indeed, but it is not necessary for producing. It is the same with our general desire of happiness to others. We desire, in a particular degree, the happiness of those whom we love, because we cannot think of them without tender admiration. But though we had known them for the first time simply as human beings, we should still have desired their happiness; that is to say, if no opposite interests had arisen, we should have wished them to be happy rather than to have any distress; yet there is nothing in this case which corresponds with the tender esteem that is felt in love. There is the mere wish of happiness to them—a wish which itself, indeed, is usually denominated love, and which may without any inconvenience be so denominated in that general humanity which we call a love of mankind, but which we must always remember does not afford, on analysis, the same results as other affections of more cordial regard to which we give the same name. To love a friend is to wish his happiness indeed, but it is to have other emotions at the same instant, emotions without which this mere wish would be poor to constant friendship. To love the natives of Asia or Africa, of whose individual virtues or vices, talents or imbecility, wisdom or ignorance, we know nothing, is to wish their happiness; but this wish is all which constitutes the faint and feeble love. It is a wish, however, which, unless when the heart is absolutely corrupted, renders it impossible for man to be wholly indifferent to man; and this great object is that which nature had in view. She has by a provident arrangement, which we cannot but admire the more, the more attentively we examine it, accommodated our emotions to our means, making our love most ardent where our wish of giving happiness might be most effectual, and less gradually and less in proportion to our diminished means. From the affection of the mother for her newborn infant, which has been rendered the strongest of all affections, because it was to arise in circumstances where affection would be most needed, to that general philanthropy which extends itself to the remotest stranger on spots of the earth which we never are to visit, and which we as little think of ever visiting as of exploring any of the distant planets of our system, there is a scale of benevolent desire which corresponds with the necessities to be relieved, and our power of relieving them, or with the happiness to be afforded, and our power of affording happiness. How many opportunities have we of giving delight to those who live in our domestic circle, which would be lost before we could diffuse it to those who are distant from us! Our love, therefore, our desire of giving happiness, our pleasure in having given it, are stronger within the limits of this sphere of daily and hourly intercourse than beyond it. Of those who are beyond this sphere, the individuals most familiar to us are those whose happiness we must always know better how to promote than the happiness of strangers, with whose particular habits and inclinations we are little if

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at all acquainted. Our love, and the desire of general happiness which attends it, are therefore, by the concurrence of many constitutional tendencies of our nature in fostering the generous wish, stronger as felt for an intimate friend than for one who is scarcely known to us. If there be an exception to this gradual scale of importance according to intimacy, it must be in the case of one who is absolutely a stranger—a foreigner who comes among a people with whose general manners he is perhaps unacquainted, and who has no friend to whose attention he can lay claim from any prior intimacy. In this case, indeed, it is evident that our benevolence might be more usefully directed to one who is absolutely unknown, than to many who are better known by us, that live in our very neighbourhood, in the enjoyment of domestic loves and friendships of their own. Accordingly we find, that by a provision which might be termed singular—if we did not think of the universal bounty and wisdom of God—a modification of our general regard has been prepared in the sympathetic tendencies of our nature for this case also. There is a species of affection to which the stranger gives birth merely as being a stranger. He is received and sheltered by our hospitality almost with the zeal with which our friendship delights to receive one with whom we have lived in cordial union, whose virtues we know and revere, and whose kindness has been to us no small part of the happiness of our life.

It is possible to perceive this general proportion of our desire of giving happiness, in its various degrees, to the means which we possess, in various circumstances, of affording it, without admiration of an arrangement so simple in the principles from which it flows, and at the same time so effectual—an arrangement which exhibits proofs of goodness in our very wants, of wisdom in our very weaknesses, by the adaptation of these to each other, and by the ready resources which want and weakness find in these affections which everywhere surround them, like the presence and protection of God himself!

SIR J. MACKINTOSH—J. MILL—DR. ABERCROMBIE—GEORGE COMBE.

The 'Dissertation on Ethical Philosophy' (already alluded to) by SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH, and his review of Madame de Staël's 'Germany' in the 'Edinburgh Review,' unfold some interesting speculations on moral science. He agrees with Butler, Stewart, and the most eminent preceding moralists, in admitting the supremacy of the moral sentiments; but he proceeds a step farther in the analysis of them. He attempts to explain the origin and growth of the moral faculty or principle, derived from Hartley's Theory of Association, and insists repeatedly on the value of utility, or beneficial tendency, as the great test or criterion of moral action. Some of the positions in Mackintosh's 'Dissertation' were combated with unnecessary and unphilosophical asperity by JAMES MILL, the author of an able 'Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind,' 1829, in an anonymous 'Fragment on Mackintosh.' Mill (already noticed as the historian of India) contributed a series of valuable articles on Law, Jurisprudence, Colonisation, &c., to the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.'—In 1830 DR. JOHN ABERCROMBIE (1781–1844) published 'Inquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers and the Investigation of Truth'—a popular metaphysical work, directed chiefly against materialism. The same author published 'The Philosophy of the Moral Feelings,' 1833, and some medical treatises.

None of these writers viewed mind in connection with organisation, but this mode of inquiry has been pursued by Dr. Gall and his followers. The leading doctrines of Gall are—that the brain is the

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organ of the mind, that various portions of the encephalon are the organs of various faculties of the mind, and that volume or size of the whole brain and its various parts is, other circumstances being equal, the measure of the powers of the mind and its various faculties in individuals. This system is founded upon observation—that is to say, it was observed that large brains, unless when of inferior quality, or in an abnormal condition, were accompanied by superior intellect and force of character; also that in a vast number of instances which were accurately noticed, a large development of a special part of the brain was accompanied by an unusual demonstration of a certain mental character, and never by the opposite. From these demonstrations the fundamental character of the various faculties was sought to be eliminated. The system is well known under the name of Phrenology; and it has been expounded and enforced, in clear and admirable English, by the late MR. GEORGE COMBE (1788–1858). Mr. Combe was a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, but strongly attached to literary and philosophical pursuits. He was much respected by his fellow-citizens, and was known over all Europe and America for his speculations on mental science, the criminal law, the currency, &c. The principal works of Mr. Combe are 'Essays on Phrenology,' 1819; 'The Constitution of Man,' 1828; 'System of Phrenology,' 1836; 'Notes on the United States of America,' three volumes, 1841; 'Phrenology applied to Painting and Sculpture;' and pamphlets on the 'Relation between Science and Religion,' on 'Capital Punishments,' on 'National Education,' the Currency Question,' &c.

Distinction between Power and Activity.—From the 'System of Phrenology.'

As commonly employed, the word power is synonymous with strength, or much power, instead of denoting mere capacity, whether much or little, to act; while by activity is usually understood much quickness of action, and great promptness to act. As it is desirable, however, to avoid every chance of ambiguity, I shall employ the words power and activity in the sense first before explained; and to high degrees of power I shall apply the terms energy, intensity, strength, or vigour; while to great activity I shall apply the terms vivacity, agility, rapidity, or quickness.

In physics, strength is quite distinguishable from quickness. The balance-wheel of a watch moves with much rapidity, but so slight is its impetus, that a hair would suffice to stop it; the beam of a steam-engine progresses slowly and massively through space, but its energy is prodigiously great.

In muscular action these qualities are recognised with equal facility as different. The greyhound bounds over hill and dale with animated agility; but a slight obstacle would counterbalance his momentum, and arrest his progress. The elephant, on the other hand, rolls slowly and heavily along; but the impetus of his motion would sweep away an impediment sufficient to resist fifty greyhounds at the summit of their speed.

In mental manifestations—considered apart from organisation—the distinction between energy and vivacity is equally palpable. On the stage, Mrs. Siddons and Mr. John Kemble were remarkable for the solemn deliberation of their manner, both in declamation and in action, and yet they were splendidly gifted with energy. They carried captive at once the sympathies and the understanding of the audience, and made every man feel his faculties expanding, and his whole mind becoming greater

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under the influence of their power. Other performers, again, are remarkable for their agility of action and elocution, who, nevertheless, are felt to be feeble and ineffective in rousing an audience to emotion. Vivacity is their distinguishing attribute, with an absence of vigour. At the bar, in the pulpit, and in the senate, the same distinction prevails. Many members of the learned professions display great fluency of elocution and felicity of illustration, surprising us with the quickness of their parts, who, nevertheless, are felt to be neither impressive nor profound. They exhibit acuteness without depth, and ingenuity without comprehensiveness of understanding. This also proceeds from vivacity with little energy. There are other public speakers, again, who open heavily in debate—their faculties acting slowly but deeply, like the first heave of a mountain wave. Their words fall like minute-guns upon the ear, and to the superficial they appear about to terminate ere they have begun their efforts. But even their first accent is one of power; it rouses and arrests attention; their very pauses are expressive, and indicate gathering energy to be embodied in the sentence that is to come. When fairly animated, they are impetuous as the torrent, brilliant as the lightning's beam, and overwhelm and take possession of feebler minds, impressing them irresistibly with a feeling of gigantic power.

As a general rule, the largest organs in each head have naturally the greatest, and the smallest the least, tendency to act, and to perform their functions with rapidity. The temperaments also indicate the amount of this tendency. The nervous is the most vivacious, next the sanguine, then the bilious, while the lymphatic is characterised by proneness to inaction. In a lymphatic brain great size may be present and few manifestations occur through sluggishness; but if a strong external stimulus be presented, energy often appears. If the brain be very small, no degree of stimulus, either external or internal, will cause great power to be manifested.

A certain combination of organs—namely, Combativeness, Destructiveness, Hope, Firmness, Acquisitiveness, and Love of Approbation, all large—is favourable to general vivacity of mind; and another combination—namely, Combativeness, Destructiveness, Hope, Firmness, and Acquisitiveness, small or moderate, with Veneration and Benevolence large—is frequently attended with sluggishness of the mental character; but the activity of the whole brain is constitutionally greater in some individuals than in others as already explained. It may even happen that, in the same individual, one organ is naturally more active than another, without reference to size, just as the optic nerve is sometimes more irritable than the auditory; but this is by no means a common occurrence. Exercise greatly increases activity as well as power, and hence arise the benefits of education. Dr Spurzheim thinks that 'long fibres produce more activity, and thick fibres more intensity.'

The doctrine, that size is a measure of power, is not to be held as implying that much power is the only or even the most valuable quality which a mind in all circumstances can possess. To drag artillery over a mountain, or a ponderous wagon through the streets of London, we would prefer an elephant or a horse of great size and muscular power; while, for graceful motion, agility, and nimbleness, we would select an Arabian palfrey. In like manner, to lead men in gigantic and difficult enterprises—to command by native greatness, in perilous times, when law is trampled under foot—to call forth the energies of a people, and direct them against a tyrant at home, or an alliance of tyrants abroad—to stamp the impress of a single mind upon a nation—to infuse strength into thoughts, and depth into feelings, which shall command the homage of enlightened men in every age—in short, to be a Bruce, Bonaparte, Luther, Knox, Demosthenes, Shakspeare, Milton, or Cromwell—a large brain is indispensably requisite. But to display skill, enterprise, and fidelity in the various professions of civil life—to cultivate with success the less arduous branches of philosophy—to excel in acuteness, taste, and felicity of expression—to acquire extensive erudition and refined manners—a brain of a moderate size is perhaps more suitable than one that is very large; for wherever the energy is intense, it is rare that delicacy, refinement, and taste are present in an equal degree. Individuals possessing moderate-sized brains easily find their proper sphere, and enjoy in it scope for all their energy. In ordinary circumstances they distinguish themselves, but they sink when difficulties accumulate around them. Persons with large brains on the other hand, do not readily attain their appropriate place; common occurrences do not rouse or call them forth, and, while unknown, they are not trusted with great undertakings. Often, therefore, such men pine and die in obscurity. When, however, they attain their proper element, they are conscious of greatness, and glory in the expansion of their

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powers. Their mental energies rise in proportion to the obstacles to be surmounted, and blaze forth in all the magnificence of self-sustaining energetic genius, on occasions when feeble minds would sink in despair.

POLITICAL ECONOMISTS.

There were in this period several writers on the science of political economy, 'treating of the formation, the distribution, and the consumption of wealth; the causes which promote or prevent its increase, and their influence on the happiness or misery of society.' Adam Smith laid the foundations of this science; and as our population and commerce went on increasing, thereby augmenting the power of the democratical part of our constitution, and the number of those who take an interest in the affairs of government, political economy became a more important and popular study. It now forms one of the subjects for lectures in the universities of Cambridge and Oxford.

BENTHAM—MALTHUS—RICARDO—SADLER, ETC.

A singular but eminent writer in this department, and in the kindred studies of jurisprudence and morals, JEREMY BENTHAM (1748–1832), was for more than half a century distinguished as an author and utilitarian philosopher. He lived in intercourse with the leading men of several generations and of various countries, and was unceasingly active in the propagation of his opinions. Bentham was the son of a wealthy London solicitor, and was educated at Westminster School and Queen's College, Oxford. He was only thirteen when he entered college, but even then he was known by the name of 'the philosopher.' He took his degree of B.A. in 1763, and afterwards studying the law in Lincoln's Inn, was called to the bar. He had a strong dislike to the legal profession, and never pleaded in public. His first literary performance was an examination of a passage in Blackstone's 'Commentaries,' and was entitled 'A Fragment on Government,' 1776. The work was prompted, as he afterwards stated, by 'a passion for improvement in those shapes in which the lot of mankind is meliorated by it.' His zeal was increased by a pamphlet which had been issued by Priestly. 'In the phrase, "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," I then saw delineated,' says Bentham, 'for the first time, a plain as well as a true standard for whatever is right or wrong, useful, useless, or mischievous in human conduct, whether in the field of morals or of politics.' The phrase is a good one, whether invented by Priestley or Bentham; but it still leaves the means by which happiness is to be extended as undecided as ever, to be determined by the judgment and opinions of

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men. To insure it, Bentham considered it necessary to reconstruct the laws and government—to have annual parliaments and universal suffrage, secret voting, and a return to the ancient practice of paying wages to parliamentary representatives. In all his political writings this doctrine of utility, so understood, is the leading and pervading principle.

In 1778 he published a pamphlet on 'The Hard Labour Bill,' recommending an improvement in the mode of criminal punishment; 'Letters on Usury,' 1787; 'Introduction to the Principles of Morals and Politics,' 1789; 'Discourses on Civil and Penal Legislation,' 1802; 'A Theory of Punishments and Rewards,' 1811; 'A Treatise on Judicial Evidence,' 1813; 'Paper relative to Codification and Public Instruction,' 1817; 'The Book of Fallacies,' 1824, &c. By the death of his father in 1792, Bentham succeeded to property in London and to farms in Essex yielding from £500 to £600 a year. He lived frugally, but with elegance, in one of his London houses—kept young men as secretaries—corresponded and wrote daily—and by a life of temperance and industry, with great self-complacency, and the society of a few devoted friends, the eccentric philosopher attained to the age of eighty-four. His various productions were collected and edited by Dr. (afterwards Sir) John Bowring and Mr. John Hill Burton, advocate, and published in eleven volumes. In his latter works Bentham adopted a peculiar uncouth style or nomenclature, which deters ordinary readers, and indeed has rendered his works almost a dead-letter. Fortunately, however, part of them was arranged and translated into French by M. Dumont. Another disciple, Mr. James Mill, made known his principles at home; Sir Samuel Romilly criticised them in the 'Edinburgh Review' and Sir James Mackintosh in the 'Ethical Dissertation,' which he wrote for the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' In the science of legislation, Bentham evinced a profound capacity and extensive knowledge: the error imputed to his speculations is that of not sufficiently 'weighing the various circumstances which require his rules to be modified in different countries and times, in order to render them either more useful, more easily introduced, more generally respected, or more certainly executed.' As an ethical philosopher, he carried his doctrine of utility to an extent which would be practically dangerous, if it were possible to make the bulk of mankind act upon a speculative theory.

One of the most celebrated of the political economists was the Rev. T. R. Malthus, an English clergyman, and Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. Mr. Malthus was born of a good family in 1766, at his father's estate in Surrey. In 1798 appeared his celebrated work, an 'Essay on the Principle of Population as it affects the Future Improvement of Society.' The principle here laid down is, that population has a tendency to increase faster than the means of subsistence. 'Population not only rises to the level of the present sup-

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ply of food, but if you go on every year increasing the quantity of food, population goes on increasing at the same time, and so fast, that the food is commonly still too small for the people.' After the publication of this work, Mr. Malthus went abroad with Dr. Clarke and some other friends; and in the course of a tour through Sweden, Norway, Finland, and part of Russia, he collected facts in illustration of his theory. These he embodied in a second and greatly improved edition of his work, which was published in 1803. The most important of his other works are, 'An Inquiry into the Nature and Progress of Rent,' 1815; and 'Principles of Political Economy,' 1820. Several pamphlets on the Corn-laws, the Currency and the Poor-laws, proceeded from his pen. Mr. Malthus was in 1805 appointed Professor of Modern History and Political Economy in Haileybury College, and he held the situation till his death in 1834.

Mr. David Ricardo (1772–1823) was author of several original and powerful treatises connected with political economy. His first was on 'The High Price of Bullion,' 1810; and he published successively 'Proposals for an Economical and Secure Currency,' 1816; and 'Principles of Political Economy and Taxation,' 1817. The last work is considered the most important treatise on that science with the single exception of Smith's 'Wealth of Nations.' Mr. Ricardo afterwards wrote pamphlets on the Funding System and on Protection to Agriculture. He had amassed great wealth as a stock-broker, and retiring from business, he entered into parliament as representative for the small borough of Portarlington. He seldom spoke in the House, and only on subjects connected with his favourite studies. He died, much regretted by his friends, at his seat, Gatcomb Park, in Gloucestershire, on the 11th of September 1823.

The 'Elements of Political Economy,' by James Mill, 1821, were designed by the author as a school-book of the science as modelled or improved by Ricardo.—Dr. Whatley (afterwards Archbishop of Dublin) published two introductory Lectures, which, as Professor of Political Economy, he had delivered to the university of Oxford in 1831. This eminent person was also author of a highly valued work, 'Elements of Logic,' which attained great popularity, and is a standard work; 'Thoughts on Secondary Punishments;' and other works, all displaying marks of a powerful intellect.—A good elementary work, 'Conversations on Political Economy,' by Mrs. Marcet, was published in 1827.—The Rev. Dr. Chalmers on various occasions supported the views of Malthus, particularly in his work 'On Political Economy in connection with the Moral Prospects of Society,' 1832. He maintains that no human skill or labour could make the produce of the soil increase at the rate at which population would increase, and therefore he urges the expediency of a restraint upon marriage, successfully inculcated upon the people as the very essence of morality and religion by every pastor and instructor in the kingdom. Few clergymen would venture on such a task!—Another

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zealous commentator was MR. J. RAMSAY M'CULLOCH, author of 'Elements of Political Economy,' and of various contributions to the 'Edinburgh Review,' which have spread more widely a knowledge of the subject. Mr. M'Culloch also edited an edition of Adam Smith's 'Wealth of Nations' and the works of Ricardo, and compiled several useful and able statistical works, the most important of which are a 'Dictionary of Commerce,' a 'Statistical Account of the British Empire,' and a 'Geographical Dictionary.' This gentleman was a native of Wigtownshire, born in 1789, and died at the Stationery Office, London, of which he was comptroller, November 11, 1864. A pension of £200 a year was conferred on Mr. M'Culloch by the administration of Sir Robert Peel.

The opponents of Malthus and the economists, though not numerous, have been determined and active. Cobbett never ceased for years to inveigh against them. Coleridge also joined in the cry. MR. GODWIN came forward in 1820, with an 'Inquiry concerning the Power of Increase in the Numbers of Mankind,' a treatise very unworthy the author of 'Caleb Williams.'—In 1830 MICHAEL THOMAS SADLER (1780–1835) published 'The Law of Population: a Treatise in Disproof of the Superfecundity of Human Beings, and developing the Real Principle of their Increase.' A third volume to this work was in preparation by the author when he died. Mr. Sadler was a mercantile man, partner in an establishment in Leeds. In 1829 he became representative in parliament for the borough of Newark, and distinguished himself by his speeches against the removal of the Catholic disabilities and the Reform Bill. He also wrote a work on the condition of Ireland. Mr. Sadler was an ardent benevolent man, an impracticable politician, and a florid speaker. His literary pursuits and oratorical talents were honourable and graceful additions to his character as a man of business, but in knowledge and argument he was greatly inferior to Malthus and Ricardo.—Among other works of this kind we may notice, 'An Essay on the Distribution of Wealth, and the Sources of Taxation,' 1831, by the REV. RICHARD JONES. This work is chiefly confined to the consideration of Rent, as to which the author differs from Ricardo.—MR. NASSAU WILLIAM SENIOR (1790–1864), Professor of Political Economy in the university of Oxford, in 1831, published 'Two Lectures on Population.' He was the ablest of all the opponents of Malthus. Mr. Senior wrote treatises on the Poor-laws, on National Education, and other public topics. In 1864 he published 'Essays on Fiction,' being a collection of articles on Scott, Bulwer Lytton, and Thackeray, contributed to the chief Reviews. He also contributed a valuable article on political Economy to the 'Encyclopædia Metropolitana.'

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MISCELLANEOUS WRITERS.

HANNAH MORE.

HANNAH MORE adopted fiction as a means of conveying religious instruction. She can scarcely be said to have been ever 'free of the corporation of novelists; nor would she perhaps have cared much to owe her distinction solely to her connection with so motley and various a band. Hannah withdrew from the fascinations of London society, the theatres and opera, in obedience to what she considered the call of duty, and we suspect 'Tom Jones' and 'Peregrine Pickle' would have been as unworthy in her eyes. This excellent woman was one of five daughters, children of Jacob More, who taught a school in the village of Stapleton, in Gloucestershire, where Hannah was born in the year 1745. The family afterwards removed to Bristol, and there Hannah attracted the attention and patronage of Sir James Stonehouse, who had been many years a physician of eminence, but afterwards took orders and settled at Bristol. In her seventeenth year she published a pastoral drama, 'The Search after Happiness,' which in a short time went through three editions. Next year she brought out a tragedy 'The Inflexible Captive.' In 1773 or 1774 she made her entrance into the society of London, and was domesticated with Garrick, who proved one of her kindest and steadiest friends. She was received with favour by Johnson, Reynolds, Burke, &c. Her sister has thus described her first interview with the great English moralist:

First Interview with Johnson.

We have paid another visit to Miss Reynolds: she had sent to engage Dr. Percy—Percy's 'Collection,' now you know him—quite a sprightly modern, instead of a rusty antique, as I expected; he was no sooner gone than the most amiable and obliging of women, Miss Reynolds, ordered the coach to take us to Dr. Johnson's very own house; yes, Abyssinian Johnson! Dictionary Johnson! Ramblers, Idlers, and Irene Johnson! Can you picture to yourselves the palpitation of our hearts as we approached his mansion? The conversation turned upon a new work of his just going to the press—the 'Tour to the Hebrides'—and his old friend Richardson. Mrs. Williams, the blind poet, who lives with him, was introduced to us. She is engaging in her manners, her conversation lively and entertaining. Miss Reynolds told the doctor of all our rapturous exclamations on the road. He shook his scientific head at Hannah, and said 'she was a silly thing!' When our visit was ended, he called for his hat, as it rained, to attend us down a very long entry to our coach, and not Rasselas could have acquitted himself more *en cavalier*. We are engaged with him at Sir Joshua's on Wednesday evening—what do you think of us? I forgot to mention, that not finding Johnson in his little parlour when we came in, Hannah seated herself in his great chair, hoping to catch a little ray of his genius: when he heard it he laughed heartily, and told her it was a chair on which he never sat. He said it reminded him of Boswell and himself when they stopped a night, as they imagined, where the weird sisters appeared to Macbeth. The idea so worked on their enthusiasm, that it quite deprived them of rest. However, they learned the next morning, to their mortification, that they had been deceived, and were quite in another part of the country.

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In a subsequent letter (1776) after the publication of Hannah's poem, 'Sir Eldred of the Bower,' the same lively writer says:

If a wedding should take place before our return, don't be surprised—between the mother of Sir Eldred and the father of my much-loved Irene; nay, Mrs Montagu says if tender words are the precursors of connubial engagements, we may expect great things, for it is nothing but 'child,' 'little fool,' 'love,' and 'dearest.' After much critical discourse, he turns round to me, and with one of his most amiable looks, which must be seen to form the least idea of it, he says: 'I have heard that you are engaged in the useful and honourable employment of teaching young ladies.' Upon which, with all the same ease, familiarity, and confidence we should have done had only our own dear Dr. Stonehouse been present, we entered upon the history of our birth, parentage, and education; shewing how we were born with more desires than guineas, and how, as years increased our appetites, the cupboard at home began to grow too small to gratify them; and how, with a bottle of water, a bed, and a blanket, we set out to seek our fortunes; and how we found a great house with nothing in it; and how it was like to remain so till, looking into our knowledge-boxes, we happened to find a little *learning*, a good thing when lard is gone, or rather none; and so at last, by giving a little of this little *learning* to those who had less, we got a good store of gold in return; but how, alas! we wanted the wit to keep it. 'I love you both,' cried the inamorato—'I love you all five. I never was at Bristol—I will come on purpose to see you. What! five women live happily together! I will come and see you—I have spent a happy evening—I am glad I came—God for ever bless you! you live lives to shame duchesses.' He took his leave with so much warmth and tenderness, we were quite affected at his manner. If Hannah's head stands proof against all the adulation and kindness of the great folks here, why, then, I will venture to say nothing of this kind will hurt her hereafter. A literary anecdote: Mrs. Medalla—Sterne's daughter—sent to all the correspondents of her deceased father, begging the letters which he had written to them; among other wits, she sent to Wilkes with the same request. He sent for answer, that as there happened to be nothing extraordinary in those he had received, he had burnt or lost them. On which the faithful editor of her father's works sent back to say, that if Mr. Wilkes would be so good as to write a few letters in imitation of her father's style, it would do just as well, and she would insert them.

In 1777 Garrick brought out Miss More's tragedy of 'Percy' at Drury Lane, where it was acted seventeen nights successively. Her theatrical profits amounted to £600, and for the copyright of the play she got £150 more. Two legendary poems, 'Sir Eldred of the Bower' and 'The Bleeding Rock,' formed her next publication. In 1779, the third and last tragedy of Hannah More was produced; it was entitled 'The Fatal Falsehood,' but was acted only three nights. At this time, she had the misfortune to lose her friend Mr. Garrick by death, an event of which she has given some interesting particulars in her letters.

Death and Character of Garrick.

From Dr. Cadogan's I intended to have gone to the Adelphi, but found that Mrs. Garrick was at that moment quitting her house while preparations were making for the last sad ceremony; she very wisely fixed on a private friend's house for this purpose, where she could be at her ease. I got there just before her; she was prepared for meeting me; she ran into my arms, and we both remained silent for some minutes; at last she whispered: 'I have this moment embraced his coffin, and you come next.' She soon recovered herself, and said with great composure: 'The goodness of God to me is inexpressible; I desire to die, but it is His will that I should live, and He has convinced me He will not let my life be quite miserable, for he gives astonishing strength to my body, and grace to my heart; neither do I deserve; but I am thankful for both.' She thanked me a thousand times for such a real act of friendship, and bade me be comforted, for it was God's will. She told me they had

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just returned from Althorp, Lord Spencer's, where he had been reluctantly dragged, for he had felt unwell for some time; but during his visit he was often in such fine spirits, that they could not believe he was ill. On his return home, he appointed Cadogan to meet him, who ordered him an emetic, the warm bath, and the usual remedies, but with very little effect. On the Sunday, he was in good spirits and free from pain; but as the suppression still continued, Dr. Cadogan became extremely alarmed, and sent for Pott, Heberden, and Schomberg, who gave him up the moment they saw him. Poor Garrick stared to see his room full of doctors, not being conscious of his real state. No change happened till the Tuesday evening, when the surgeon who was sent for to blister and to feed him made light of his illness assuring Mrs. Garrick that he would be well in a day or two, and insisted on her going to lie down. Towards morning, she desired to be called if there was the least change. Every time that she administered the draughts to him in the night, he always squeezed her hand in a particular manner, and spoke to her with the greatest tenderness and affection. Immediately after he had taken his last medicine, he softly said, 'O dear!' and yielded up his spirit with a groan, and in his perfect senses. His behaviour during the night was all gentleness and patience, and he frequently made apologies to those about him for the trouble he gave them. On opening him, a stone was found that measured five inches and a half round one way, and four and a half the other; yet this was not the immediate cause of his death; his kidneys were quite gone. I paid a melancholy visit to the coffin yesterday, where I found room for meditation till the mind 'burst with thinking.' His new house is not so pleasant as Hampton, nor so splendid as the Adelphi, but it is commodious enough for all the wants of its inhabitant; and, besides, it is so quiet that he never will be disturbed till the eternal morning, and never till then will a sweeter voice than his own be heard. May he then find mercy! They are preparing to hang the house with black, for he is to lie in state till Monday. I dislike this pageantry, and cannot help thinking that the disembodied spirit must look with contempt upon the farce that is played over its miserable relics. But a splendid funeral could not be avoided, as he is to be laid in the Abbey with such illustrious dust, and so many are desirous of testifying their respect by attending. I can never cease to remember with affection and gratitude so warm, steady, and disinterested a friend; and I can most truly bear this testimony to his memory, that I never witnessed in any family more decorum, propriety, and regularity, than in his; where I never saw a card, nor even met—except in one instance—a person of his own profession at his table, of which Mrs. Garrick, by her elegance of taste, her correctness of manners, and very original turn of humour, was the brightest ornament. All his pursuits and tastes were so decidedly intellectual, that it made the society and the conversation, which was always to be found in his circle, interesting and delightful.

In 1782, Miss More presented to the world a volume of 'Sacred Dramas,' with a poem annexed, entitled 'Sensibility.' All her works were successful, and Johnson said he thought her the best of the female versifiers. The poetry of Hannah More is now forgotten; but 'Percy' is a good play, and it is clear that the authoress might have excelled as a dramatic writer, had she devoted herself to that difficult species of composition. In 1786, she published another volume of verse, 'Florio, a Tale for Fine Gentlemen and Fine Ladies;' and 'The Bas Bleu, or Conversation.' The latter—which Johnson complimented as 'a great performance'—was an elaborate eulogy on the Bas Bleu Club, a literary assembly that met at Mrs. Montagu's.* The

* These meetings were called the Blue-stocking Club, in consequence of one of the most admired of the members, Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet, always wearing blue stockings. The appellation soon became general as a name for pedantic or ridiculous literary ladies. Hannah More's poems proceeds on the mistake of a foreigner, who, hearing of the Blue-stocking Club, translated it literally 'Bas Bleu.' Byron wrote a light satirical sketch of the 'Blues' of his day—the frequenters of the London saloons—but it is unworthy of his genius.

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following couplets have been quoted and remembered as terse and pointed:

In men this blunder still you find,
All think their little set mankind.

Small habits well pursued, betimes
May reach the dignity of crimes.

Such lines mark the good sense and keen observation of the writer, and these qualities Hannah now resolved to devote exclusively to high objects. The gay life of the fashionable world had lost its charms, and, having published her 'Bas Bleu,' she retired to a small cottage and garden near Bristol, where her sisters kept a flourishing boarding-school. Her first publication was 'Thoughts on the Importance of the Manners of the Great to General Society,' produced in 1788. This was followed in 1791 by an 'Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World.' As a means of counteracting the political tracts and exertions of the Jacobins and levellers, Hannah More, in 1794, wrote a number of tales, published monthly under the title of 'The Cheap Repository,' which attained to a sale of about a million each number. Some of the little stories—as 'The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain'—are well told, and contain striking moral and religious lessons. With the same object, our authoress published a volume called 'Village Politics.'

Her other principal works are—'Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education,' 1799; 'Hints towards forming the Character of a Young Princess,' 1805; 'Cœlebs in Search of a Wife, comprehending Observations on Domestic Habits and Manners, Religion and Morals,' two volumes, 1809; 'Practical Piety, or the Influence of the Religion of the Heart on the Conduct of Life,' two volumes, 1811; 'Christian Morals,' two volumes, 1812; 'Essay on the Character and Writings of St. Paul,' two volumes, 1815; and 'Moral Sketches of Prevailing Opinions and Manners, Foreign and Domestic, with Reflections on Prayer,' 1819. The collection of her works is comprised in eleven volumes octavo. The work entitled 'Hints towards forming the Character of a Young Princess,' was written with a view to the education of the Princess Charlotte, on which subject the advice and assistance of Hannah More had been requested by Queen Charlotte. Of 'Cœlebs' we are told that ten editions were sold in one year—a remarkable proof of the popularity of the work. The tale is admirably written, with a fine vein of delicate irony and sarcasm, and some of the characters are well depicted; but, from the nature of the story, it presents few incidents or embellishments to attract ordinary novel-readers. It has not inaptly been styled 'a dramatic sermon.' Of the other publications of the authoress, we may say, with one of her critics, 'it would be idle in us to dwell on works so well known as the 'Thoughts on the Manners of the Great,' the 'Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World,' and so on, which finally established Miss More's name as a great moral writer,

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possessing a masterly command over the resources of our language, and devoting a keen wit and a lively fancy to the best and noblest of purposes.' In her latter days there was perhaps a tincture of unnecessary gloom or severity in her religious views; yet, when we recollect her unfeigned sincerity and practical benevolence—her exertions to instruct the poor miners and cottagers—and the untiring zeal with which she laboured, even amidst severe bodily infirmities, to inculcate sound principles and intellectual cultivation from the palace to the cottage, it is impossible not to rank her among the best benefactors of mankind.

The great success of the different works of our authoress enabled her to live in ease, and to dispense charities around her. Her sisters also secured a competency, and they all lived together at Barley Grove, a property of some extent, which they purchased and improved. 'From the day that the school was given up, the existence of the whole sisterhood appears to have flowed on in one uniform current of peace and contentment, diversified only by new appearances of Hannah as an authoress, and the ups and downs which she and the others met with in the prosecution of a most brave and humane experiment—namely, their zealous effort to extend the blessings of education and religion among the inhabitants of certain villages situated in a wild country some eight or ten miles from their abode, who, from a concurrence of unhappy local and temporary circumstances, had been left in a state of ignorance hardly conceivable at the present day.'* These exertions were ultimately so successful, that the sisterhood had the gratification of witnessing a yearly festival celebrated on the hills of Cheddar, where above a thousand children, with the members of female clubs of industry—also established by them—after attending church-service, were regaled at the expense of their benefactors. Hannah More died on the 7th of September 1833, aged eighty-eight. She had made about £30,000 by her writings, and she left, by her will, legacies to charitable and religious institutions amounting to £10,000.

In 1834, 'Memoirs of the Life and Correspondence of Mrs. Hannah More,' by William Roberts, Esq., were published in four volumes. In these we have a full account by Hannah herself of her London life, and many interesting anecdotes.

SAMUEL AND WILLIAM HENRY IRELAND.

SAMUEL IRELAND, a dealer in scarce books, prints, &c., was author of several picturesque tours, illustrated by aqua-tinta engravings; but is chiefly remarkable as having been made by his son, a youth of eighteen, the unconscious instrument of giving to the world a variety of Shakspearean forgeries. WILLIAM HENRY IRELAND (1777–1835) was articled to a conveyancer in New Inn, and, like

* *Quarterly Review*, 1834.

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Chatterton, began early to imitate ancient writings. His father was morbidly anxious to discover some scrap of Shakspeare's handwriting, and this set the youth to manufacture a number of documents, which he pretended to have accidently met with in the house of a gentleman of fortune. 'Amongst a mass of family papers,' says the elder Ireland, 'the contracts between Shakspeare, Lowine, and Condelle, and the lease granted by him and Hemynge to Michael Fraser, which was first found, were discovered: and soon afterwards the deed of gift to William Henry Ireland (described as the friend of Shakspeare, in consequence of his having saved his life on the river Thames), and also the deed of trust to John Hemynge, were discovered. In pursuing this search, he (his son) was so fortunate as to meet with some deeds very material to the interests of this gentleman. At this house the principal part of the papers, together with a great variety of books, containing his manuscript notes, and three manuscript plays, with part of another, were discovered.' These forged documents included, besides the deeds, a Protestant Confession of Faith by Shakspeare, letters to Anne Hathaway, the Earl of Southampton, and others, a new version of 'King Lear,' and one entire original drama, entitled 'Vortigern and Rowena.' Such a treasure was pronounced invaluable, and the manuscripts were exhibited at the elder Ireland's house, in Norfolk Street. A controversy arose as to the genuineness of the documents, in which Malone took a part, proving that they were forged; but the productions found many admirers and believers. They were published by subscription, in a large and splendid volume, and 'Vortigern' was brought out at Drury Lane Theatre, John Kemble acting the principal character. Kemble, however, was not to be duped by the young forger, being probably, as Sir Walter Scott remarks, warned by Malone. The representation of the play completely broke up the imposture. The structure and language of the piece were so feeble, clumsy, and extravagant, that no audience could believe it to have proceeded from the immortal dramatist. As the play proceeded, the torrent of ridiculous bombast swelled to such a height to bear down critical patience; and when Kemble uttered the line,

And when this solemn mockery is o'er,

the pit rose and closed the scene with a discordant howl. We give what was considered the 'most sublime passage' in 'Vortigern:'

O sovereign Death!
That hast for thy domain this world immense;
Churchyards and charnel-houses are thy haunts,
And hospitals thy sumptuous palaces;
And when thou wouldst be merry, thou dost choose
The gaudy chamber of a dying king.
Oh, then thou dost wide ope thy bony jaws,
And with rude laughter and fantastic tricks,
Thou clapp'st thy rattling fingers to thy sides;

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With icy hand thou tak'st him by the feet,
And upward so till thou dost reach his heart,
And wrapt him in the cloak of lasting night.

So impudent and silly a fabrication was perhaps never before thrust upon public notice. The young adventurer, foiled in this effort, attempted to earn distinction as a novelist and dramatist, but utterly failed. In 1805, he published a confession of the Shaksperean forgery, 'An Authentic Account of the Shakspeare Manuscripts,' in which he makes this declaration: 'I solemnly declare, first, that my father was perfectly unacquainted with the whole affair, believing the papers most firmly the productions of Shakspeare. Secondly, that I am myself both the author and writer, and had no aid from any soul living, and that I should never have gone so far, but that the world praised the papers so much, and thereby flattered my vanity. Thirdly, that any publication which may appear tending to prove the manuscripts genuine, or to contradict what is here stated, is false; this being the true account.' Several other novels, some poems, and attempts at satire, proceeded from the pen of Ireland; but they are unworthy of notice; and the last thirty years of the life of this industrious but unprincipled littérateur were passed in obscurity and poverty.

EDMUND MALONE—RICHARD PORSON.

Edmund Malone (1741–1812), who was conspicuous in the detection and exposure of Ireland's forgeries, was an indefatigable dramatic critic and commentator, as well as a zealous literary antiquary. He edited Shakspeare (1790), wrote Memoirs of Dryden, Sir Joshua Reynolds, W. Gerard Hamilton, &c.; was the friend of Goldsmith, Burke, and Johnson, and still more emphatically the friend of Johnson's biographer, Boswell; and in nearly all literary questions for half a century he took a lively interest, and was ready always with notes or illustrations. Mr. Malone was the son of an Irish judge, and born in Dublin. After studying at Trinity College, he repaired to London, was entered of the Inner Temple, and called to the bar in 1767. His life, however, was devoted to literature, in which he was a useful and delighted pioneer.

The fame of English scholarship and classical criticism descended from Bentley to Porson. Richard Porson (1759–1808) was in 1793 unanimously elected Professor of Greek in the university of Cambridge. Besides many fugitive and miscellaneous contributions to classical journals, Porson edited and annotated the first four plays of Euripides, which appeared separately between 1797 and 1801. He collected the Harleian manuscript of the 'Odyssey' for the Grenville edition of Homer (1809) and corrected the text of Æschylus and part of Herodotus. After his death, his 'Adversaria, or Notes and Emendations of the Greek Poets,' were published by Professor Monk and Mr J. C. Blomfield—afterwards Bishop of London—and his 'Tracts and Miscellaneous Criticisms' were collected and published by the

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Rev. T. Field. The most important of these were the 'Letters to Archdeacon Travis' (1790), written to disprove the authenticity of I John, v. 7, and which are admirable specimens of learning, wit and acute argumentation. Porson as a Greek critic has never perhaps been excelled. He rose from a humble station—his father was a parish-clerk in Norfolk—solely by his talents and early proficiency; his memory was prodigious, almost unexampled, and his acuteness and taste in Greek literature were unerring. The habits of this great scholar were, however, fatal to his success in life. He was even more intemperate than Sheridan, careless of the usual forms and courtesies of society, and impracticable in ordinary affairs. His love of drink amounted to a passion, or rather disease. His redeeming qualities, besides his scholastic acquirements and natural talents, were his strict integrity and love of truth. Many of his pointed sayings were remembered by his friends. Being on one occasion informed that Southey considered his poem 'Madoc' as likely to be a valuable possession to his family, Porson answered: '"Madoc" will be read—when Homer and Virgil are forgotten.' The ornate style of Gibbon was his aversion. 'There could not,' he said, 'be a better exercise for a school-boy than to turn a page of "The Decline and Fall" into *English*.' He disliked reading folios, 'because,' said he, 'we meet with so few milestones'—that is, we have such long intervals between the turning over of the leaves. On the whole, though Porson was a critic of the highest order, and though conceding to classical literature all the respect that can be claimed for it, we must lament, with one of his friends, that such a man should have 'lived and laboured for nearly half a century, and yet have left little or nothing to the world that was truly and originally his own.'

WILLIAM COBBETT.

William Cobbett (1762–1835), by his 'Rural Rides,' his 'Cottage Economy,' his works on America, and various parts of his 'Political Register,' is justly entitled to be remembered among the miscellaneous writers of England. He was a native of Farnham, in Surrey, and brought up as an agricultural labourer. He afterwards served as a soldier in British America, and rose to be sergeant-major. He first attracted notice as a political writer by publishing a series of pamphlets under the name of Peter Porcupine. He was then a decided loyalist and high-churchman; but having, as is supposed, received some slight from Mr. Pitt, he attacked his ministry with great bitterness in his 'Register.' After the passing of the Reform Bill, he was returned to parliament for the borough of Oldham; but he was not successful as a public speaker. He was apparently destitute of the faculty of generalising his information and details, and evolving from them a lucid whole. His unfixedness of principle also operated strongly against him; for no man who is not considered honest and sincere, or who cannot be relied upon, will ever

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make a lasting impression on a popular assembly. Cobbett's inconsistency as a political writer was so broad and undisguised, as to have become proverbial. He had made the whole round of politics, from ultra-Toryism to ultra-Radicalism, and had praised and abused nearly every public man and measure for thirty years. Jeremy Bentham said of him: 'He is a man filled with *odium humani generis*. His malevolence and lying are beyond anything.' The retired philosopher did not make sufficient allowance for Cobbett: the latter acted on the momentary feeling or impulse, and never calculated the consequence to himself or others. No individual in Britain was better known than Cobbett, down to the minutest circumstance in his character, habits, and opinions. He wrote freely of himself as he did of other men; and in all his writings there was much natural freshness, liveliness and vigour. He had the power of making every one who read him feel and understand completely what he himself felt and described. The idiomatic strength, copiousness, and purity of his style have been universally acknowledged; and when engaged in describing rural subjects, or depicting local manners, he is very happy. On questions of politics or criticism he fails, because he seems resolved to attack all great names and established opinions. He remarks on one occasion that anybody could, at the time he wrote, be made a baronet, since Walter Scott and Dudley Coutts Trotter (what a classification!) had been so elevated. 'It has become,' he says, 'of late years the fashion to extol the virtues of potatoes, as it has been to admire the writings of Milton and Shakspeare;' and he concludes a ludicrous criticism on 'Paradise Lost' by wondering how it could have been tolerated by a people amongst whom astronomy, navigation, and chemistry are understood! Yet Cobbett had a taste for what may be termed the poetry of nature. He is loud in his praises of the singing-birds of England—which he missed so much in America—and he loved to write on green lanes and meadows. The following description is like the simple and touching passages in Richardson's 'Pamela:'

Boyish Scenes and Recollections.

After living within a few hundred yards of Westminster Hall, and the Abbey Church, and the Bridge, and looking from my own windows into St. James's Park, all other buildings and spots appear mean and insignificant. I went to-day to see the house I formerly occupied. How small! It is always thus: the words large and small are carried about with us in our minds, and we forget real dimensions. The idea, such as it was received, remains during our absence from the object. When I returned to England in 1800, after an absence, from the country parts of it, of sixteen years, the trees, the hedges, even the parks and woods, seemed so small! It made me laugh to hear little gutters that I could jump over called rivers! The Thames was but a 'creek!' But when, in about a month after my arrival in London, I went to Farnham, the place of my birth, what was my surprise! Everything was become so pitifully small! I had to cross, in my post-chaise, the long and dreary heath of Bagshot: then, at the end of it, to mount a hill called Hungry Hill: and from that hill I knew that I should look down into the beautiful and fertile vale of Farnham. My heart fluttered with impatience, mixed with a sort of fear, to see all the scenes of my childhood; for I had learned before the death of my father and mother. There is a

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hill not far from the town, called Crooksbury Hill, which rises up out of a flat in the form of a cone, and is planted with Scotch fir-trees. Here I used to take the eggs and young ones of crows and magpies. This hill was a famous object in the neighbourhood. It served as the superlative degree of height. 'As high as Crooksbury Hill,' meant, with us, the utmost degree of height. Therefore the first object that my eyes sought was this hill. I could not believe my eyes! Literally speaking, I for a moment thought the famous hill removed, and a little heap put in its stead; for I had seen in New Brunswick a single rock, or hill of solid rock, ten times as big, and four or five times as high! The post-boy going down hill, and not a bad road, whisked me in a few minutes to the Bush Inn, from the garden of which I could see the prodigious sand-hill where I had begun my gardening works. What a nothing! But now came rushing into my mind all at once my pretty little garden, my little blue smock-frock, my little nailed shoes, my pretty pigeons that I used to feed out of my hands, the last kind words and tears of my gentle and tender-hearted and affectionate mother! I hastened back into the room. If I had looked a moment longer I should have dropped. When I came to reflect, what a change! I looked down at my dress. What a change! What scenes I had gone through! How altered my state! I had dined the day before at a secretary of state's in company with Mr. Pitt, and had been waited upon by men in gaudy liveries! I had had nobody to assist me in the world. No teachers of any sort. Nobody to shelter me from the consequences of bad, and no one to counsel me to good behaviour. I felt proud. The distinctions of rank, birth, and wealth all became nothing in my eyes; and from that moment—less than a month after my arrival in England—I resolved never to bend before them.

There are good sense and right feeling in the following sentence:

On Field-sports.

Taking it for granted, then, that sportsmen are as good as other folks on the score of humanity, the sports of the field, like everything else done in the fields, tend to produce or preserve health. I prefer them to all other pastime, because they produce early rising; because they have a tendency to lead young men into virtuous habits. It is where men congregate that the vices haunt. A hunter or a shooter may also be a gambler and a drinker; but he is less likely to be fond of the two latter if he be fond of the former. Boys will take to something in the way of pastime; and it is better that they take to that which is innocent, healthy, and manly, than that which is vicious, unhealthy, and effeminate. Besides, the scenes of rural sport are necessarily at a distance from cities and towns. This is another great consideration: for though great talents are wanted to be employed in the hives of men, they are very rarely acquired in these hives; the surrounding subjects are too numerous, too near the eye, too frequently under it, and too artificial.

WILLIAM COMBE—JOSEPH RITSON.

WILLIAM COMBE (1741–1823) was an extensive miscellaneous writer both in prose and verse. To none of his works did he affix his name, but he had no reluctance in assuming the names of others. Among his literary frauds was a collection of 'Letters of the late Lord Lyttelton,' 1780–82. Thomas, the second or 'wicked Lord Lyttelton,' was remarkable for his talents and profligacy, and for the romantic circumstances attending his death, which, he said, had been foretold by an apparition, but which it is now believed was an act of suicide. Combe personated the character of this dissolute nobleman—with whom he had been at school at Eton—and the spurious letters are marked by ease, elegance, and occasional force of style. An attempt was made in the 'Quarterly Review,' 1852, to prove that these Letters were genuine, and that Lyttelton was the author of 'Junius's Letters.' The proof was wholly inconclusive, and there seems no

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doubt that Combe wrote the pseudo-Lyttelton epistles. In the same vein he manufactured a series of 'Letters supposed to have passed between Sterne and Eliza.' He wrote a satirical work, 'The Diaboliad,' and a continuation or imitation of Le Sage, entitled 'The Devil upon Two Sticks in England,' 1790; but the most popular of all Combe's works was 'The Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque,' which was originally published in the 'Poetical Magazine,' with humorous illustrations by Rowlandson, and afterwards (1812) printed separately in one volume. 'The Tour' went through several editions; the descriptions, in lively verse, were attractive, and the coloured engravings—in which the appearance of Syntax was well preserved—formed an excellent comment on the text. Combe wrote other poems in the style of 'Syntax'—as 'Johnny Quæ Genus,' 'The English Dance of Death,' 'The Dance of Life,' &c. None of these, though aided by humorous illustrations, had much success, and 'Syntax' itself, once so popular, is now rarely seen. A voluminous 'History of Westminster Abbey,' in two volumes quarto, was written by Combe, who, up to his eightieth year, and often in prison, continued to pour forth anonymous productions in almost every department of literature. He was well connected, and at one time rich, but a life of folly and extravagance kept him always in embarrassment.

The following is a short specimen of the Lyttelton fabrication:

Genius and Talent generally appreciated by the World—Case of Goldsmith.

I sincerely lament with you the death of Dr. Goldsmith, as a very considerable loss to the learned, the laughing, and the sentimental world. His versatile genius was capable of producing satisfaction to persons of all these varying denominations. But I shall, without hesitation, combat the opinion which you derive from the insolvent state in which he died, that talent and genius meet with an ungrateful return from mankind.

Tell me, I beg of you, in what respect Dr. Goldsmith was neglected? As soon as his talents were known, the public discovered a ready disposition to reward them; nor did he ever produce the fruits of them in vain. If your favourite author died in poverty, it was because he had not discretion enough to be rich. A rigid obedience to the Scripture demand of 'Take no thought for to-morrow,' with an ostentatious impatience of coin, and an unreflecting spirit of benevolence, occasioned the difficulties of his life and the insolvency of its end. He might have blessed himself with a happy independence, enjoyed without interruption every wish of a wise man, secured an ample provision for his old age, if he had attained it, and have made a respectable last will and testament: and all this without rising up early or sitting up late, if common-sense had been added to his other attainments. Such a man is awakened into the exertion of his faculties but by the impulse of some sense which demands enjoyment, or some passion which cries aloud for gratification, by the repeated menace of a creditor, or the frequent dun at his gate. Nay, should the necessity of to-day be relieved, the procrastinated labour will wait for the necessity of to-morrow; and if death should overtake him in the interval, it must find him a beggar, and the age is to be accused of obduracy in suffering genius to die for want! If Pope had been a debauchee he would have lived in a garret, nor enjoyed the Attic elegance of his villa on the banks of the Thames. If Sir Joshua Reynolds had been idle and drunken, he might at this hour have been acquiring a scanty maintenance by painting coach-panels and Birmingham tea-boards. Had not David Hume possessed the invariable temper of his country, he might have been the actual master of a school in the Heb-

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rides; and the inimitable Garrick, if he had possessed Shuter's character, would have acquired little more than Shuter's fame, and suffered Shuter's end.

Learning and fine talents must be respected and valued in all enlightened ages and nations; nay, they have been known to awaken a most honourable veneration in the breasts of men accustomed to spoil, and wading through blood to glory. An Italian robber not only refused the rich booty of a caravan, but conducted it under his safeguard, when he was informed that Tasso accompanied it. The great Duke of Marlborough, at the siege of Cambray, gave particular orders that the lands, &c. of the admired Fenelon, archbishop of the diocese, should not be profaned by the violence of war. Cæsar, the ambitious Cæsar, acknowledged Tully's superior character, for that the Roman orator had enlarged the limits of human knowledge, while he had only extended those of his country. But to proceed one step higher—

> The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
> The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
> Went to the ground.

Rest then assured, my friend, when a man of learning and talents does not, in this very remunerative age, find protection, encouragement, and independence, that such an unnatural circumstance must arise from some concomitant failings which render his labors obnoxious, or, at least, of no real utility.

JOSEPH RITSON (1752–1803), a zealous literary antiquary and critic, was indefatigable in his labours to illustrate English literature, particularly the neglected ballad-strains of the nation. He published in 1783 a valuable 'Collection of English Songs;' in 1790, 'Ancient Songs, from the time of Henry III. to the Revolution;' in 1792, 'Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry;' in 1794, 'A Collection of Scottish Songs;' in 1795, 'A Collection of all the Ancient Poems, &c. relating to Robin Hood,' &c. Ritson was a faithful and acute editor, profoundly versed in literary antiquities, but of a jealous, irritable temper, which kept him in a state of constant warfare with his brother-collectors. He was in diet a strict Pythagorean, and wrote a treatise against the use of animal food. Sir Walter Scott, writing to his friend Mr. Ellis in 1803, remarks: 'Poor Ritson is no more. All his vegetable soups and puddings have not been able to avert the evil day, which, I understand, was preceded by madness.' Scott has borne ample testimony to the merits of this unhappy gleaner in the by-paths of literature.

REV. GILBERT WHITE.

The REV. GILBERT WHITE (1720–1793) published a series of letters addressed by him to Pennant and Daines Barrington, descriptive of the natural objects and appearances of the parish of Selborne in Hampshire. White was rector of this parish, and had spent in it the greater part of his life, engaged in literary occupations and the study of nature. His minute and interesting facts, the entire devotion of the amiable author to his subject, and the easy elegance and simplicity of his style, render White's History a universal favourite—something like Izaak Walton's book on Angling, which all admire, and hundreds have endeavoured to copy. The retired naturalist was too full of facts and observations to have room for sentimental writing,

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yet in sentences like the following—however humble be the theme—we may trace no common power of picturesque painting.

The Rooks returning to their Nests.

The evening proceedings and manœuvres of the rooks are curious and amusing in the autumn. Just before dusk, they return in long strings from the foraging of the day, and rendezvous by thousands over Selborne down, where they wheel round in the air, and sport and dive in a playful manner, all the while exerting their voices, and making a loud cawing, which, being blended and softened by the distance that we at the village are below them, becomes a confused noise or chiding; or rather a pleasing murmur, very engaging to the imagination, and not unlike the cry of a pack of hounds in hollow echoing woods, or the rushing of the wind in tall trees, or the tumbling of the tide upon a pebbly shore. When this ceremony is over, with the last gleam of day they retire for the night to the deep beechen woods of Tisted and Ropley. We remember a little girl, who, as she was going to bed, used to remark on such an occurrence, in the true spirit of physico-theology, at the rooks were saying their prayers; and yet this child was much too young to be aware that the Scriptures have said of the Deity, that 'he feedeth the ravens who call upon him.'

The migration of the swallows, the instincts of animals, the blossoming of flowers and plants, and the humblest phenomena of ever-changing nature, are recorded by Gilbert White in the same earnest and unassuming manner.

REV. WILLIAM GILPIN—SIR UVEDALE PRICE.

Among works on the subject of taste and beauty, in which philosophical analysis and metaphysics are happily blended with the graces of refined thought and composition, are the writings of the REV. WILLIAM GILPIN (1724–1804) and SIR UVEDALE PRICE (1747–1829). The former was author of 'Remarks on Forest Scenery,' and 'Observations on Picturesque Beauty,' as connected with the English lakes and the Scottish Highlands. As vicar of Boldre, in the New Forest, Hampshire, Mr. Gilpin was familiar with the characteristics of forest scenery, and his work on this subject (1791) is equally pleasing and profound—a store-house of images and illustrations of external nature, remarkable for their fidelity and beauty, and an analysis 'patient and comprehensive, with no feature of the chilling mataphysics of the schools.' His 'Remarks on Forest Scenery' consist of a description of the various kinds of trees. 'It is no exaggerated praise,' he says, 'to call a tree the grandest and most beautiful of all the productions of the earth. In the former of these epithets nothing contends with it, for we consider rocks and mountains as part of the earth itself. And though among inferior plants, shrubs, and flowers, there is great beauty, yet, when we consider that these minuter productions are chiefly beautiful as individuals, and are not adapted to form the arrangement of composition in landscape, nor to receive the effect of light and shade, they must give place in point of beauty—of picturesque beauty at least—to the form and foliage, and ramification of the tree. Thus the splendid tints of the insect, however beautiful, must yield to the elegance and proportion of animals which range in a higher class.' Having described trees as individuals, he considers

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them under their various combinations, as clumps, park scenery, the copse, glen, grove, the forest, &c. Their permanent and incidental beauties in storm and sunshine, and through all the seasons, are afterwards delineated in the choicest language, and with frequent illustration from the kindred pages of the poets; and the work concludes with an account of the English forests and their accompaniments—lawns, heaths, forest distances, and sea-coast views; with their proper appendages, as wild horses, deer, eagles and other picturesque inhabitants. As a specimen of Mr. Gilpin's manner—though a very inadequate one—we subjoin his account of the effects of the sun, 'an illustrious family of tints,' as fertile sources of incidental beauty among the woods of the forest:

Sunrise and Sunset in the Woods.

The first dawn of day exhibits a beautiful obscurity. When the east begins just to brighten with the reflections only of effulgence, a pleasing progressive light, dubious and amusing, is thrown over the face of things. A single ray is able to assist the picturesque eye, which by such slender aid creates a thousand imaginary forms, if the scene be unknown, and as the light steals gradually on, is amused by correcting its vague ideas by the real objects. What in the confusion of twilight perhaps seemed a stretch of rising ground, broken into various parts, becomes now vast masses of wood and an extent of forest

As the sun begins to appear above the horizon, another change takes place. What was before only form, being now enlightened, begins to receive effect. This effect depends on two circumstances—the catching lights which touch the summits of every object, and the mistiness in which the rising orb is commonly enveloped.

The effect is often pleasing when the sun rises in unsullied brightness, diffusing its ruddy light over the upper parts of objects, which is contrasted by the deeper shadows below; yet the effect is then only transcendent when he rises accompanied by a train of vapours in a misty atmosphere. Among lakes and mountains, this happy accompaniment often forms the most astonishing visions, and yet in the forest it is nearly as great. With what delightful effect do we sometimes see the sun's disk just appear above a woody hill, or, in Shakspeare's language,

Stand tiptoe on the misty mountain's top

and dart his diverging rays through the rising vapour. The radiance, catching the tops of the trees as they hang midway upon the shaggy steep, and touching here and there a few other prominent objects, imperceptibly mixes its ruddy tint with the surrounding mists, setting on fire, as it were, their upper parts, while their lower skirts are lost in a dark mass of varied confusion in which trees and ground, and radiance and obscurity, are all blended together. When the eye is fortunate enough to catch the glowing instant—for it is always a vanishing scene—it furnishes an idea worth treasuring among the choicest appearances of nature. Mistiness alone, we have observed, occasions a confusion in objects which is often picturesque; but the glory of the vision depends on the glowing lights which are mingled with it.

Landscape-painters, in general, pay too little attention to the discriminations of morning and evening. We are often at a loss to distinguish in pictures the rising from the setting sun, though their characters are very different both in the lights and shadows. The ruddy lights, indeed, of the evening are more easily distinguished, but it is not perhaps always sufficiently observed that the shadows of the evening are much less opaque than those of the morning. They may be brightened perhaps by the numberless rays floating in the atmosphere, which are incessantly reverberated in every direction, and may continue in action after the sun is set; whereas in the morning the rays of the preceding day having subsided, no object receives any light but from the immediate lustre of the sun. Whatever becomes of the theory, the fact I believe is well ascertained.

The incidental beauties which the meridian sun exhibits are much fewer than those of the rising sun. In summer, when he rides high at noon, and sheds his perpe-

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ocular ray, all is illumination; there is no shadow to balance such a glare of light, no contrast to oppose it. The judicious artist, therefore, rarely represents his objects under a vertical sun. And yet no species of landscape bears it so well as the scenes of the forest. The tuftings of the trees, the recesses among them, and the lighter foliage hanging over the darker, may all have an effect under a meridian sun. I speak chiefly, however, of the internal scenes of the forest, which bear such total brightness better than any other, as in them there is generally a natural gloom to balance it. The light obstructed by close intervening trees will rarely predominate; hence the effect is often fine. A strong sunshine striking a wood through some fortunate chasm, and reposing on the tuftings of a clump, just removed from the eye, and strengthened by the deep shadows of trees behind, appears to great advantage; especially if some noble tree, standing on the foreground in deep shadow, flings athwart the sky its dark branches, here and there illumined with a splendid touch of light.

In an open country, the most fortunate circumstance that attends a meridian sun is cloudy weather, which occasions partial lights. Then it is that the distant forest scene is spread with lengthened gleams, while the other parts of the landscape are in shadow; the tuftings of trees are particularly adapted to catch this effect with advantage; there is a richness in them from the strong opposition of light and shade, which is wonderfully fine. A distant forest thus illumined wants only a foreground to make it highly picturesque.

As the sun descends, the effect of its illumination becomes stronger. It is a doubt whether the rising or the setting sun is more picturesque. The great beauty of both depends on the contrast between splendour and obscurity. But this contrast is produced by these different incidents in different ways. The grandest effects of the rising sun are produced by the vapours which envelop it—the setting sun rests its glory on the gloom which often accompanies its parting rays. A depth of shadow hanging over the eastern hemisphere gives the beams of the setting sun such powerful effect, that although in fact they are by no means equal to the splendour of a meridian sun, yet through force of contrast they appear superior. A distant forest scene under this brightened gloom is particularly rich, and glows with double splendour. The verdure of the summer leaf, and the varied tints of the autumnal one, are all lighted up with the most resplendent colours.

The internal parts of the forest are not so happily disposed to catch the effects of a setting sun. The meridian ray, we have seen, may dart through the openings at the top and produce a picture, but the flanks of the forest are generally too well guarded against its horizontal beams. Sometimes a recess fronting the west may receive a beautiful light, spreading in a lengthened gleam amidst the gloom of the woods which surround it; but this can only be had in the outskirts of the forest. Sometimes also we find in its internal parts, though hardly in its deep recesses, splendid lights here and there catching the foliage, which though in nature generally too scattered to produce an effect, yet, if judiciously collected, may be beautiful on canvas.

We sometimes also see in a woody scene corruscations like a bright star, occasioned by a sunbeam darting through an eyelet-hole among the leaves. Many painters, and especially Rubens, have been fond of introducing this radiant spot in their landscapes. But in painting, it is one of those trifles which produces no effect, nor can this radiance be given. In poetry, indeed, it may produce a pleasing image. Shakspeare hath introduced it beautifully, where speaking of the force of truth entering a guilty conscience, he compares it to the sun, which

> Fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
> And darts his light through every guilty hole.

It is one of those circumstances which poetry may offer to the imagination, but the pencil cannot well produce to the eye.

The 'Essays on the Picturesque,' by Sir Uvedale Price, were designed by their accomplished author to explain and enforce the reasons for studying the works of eminent landscape-painters, and the principles of their art, with a view to the improvement of real scen-

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ery, and to promote the cultivation of what has been termed landscape-gardening. He examined the leading features of modern gardening, in its more extended sense, on the general principles of painting, and shewed how much the character of the picturesque has been neglected, or sacrificed to a false idea of beauty. The best edition of these Essays, improved by the author, is that of 1810. Sir Thomas Dick Lauder published editions of both Gilpin and Price—the latter a very handsome volume, 1842—with a great deal of additional matter. Besides his 'Essays on the Picturesque,' Sir Uvedale has written essays on Artificial Water, on House Decorations, Architecture, and Buildings—all branches of his original subject, and treated with the same taste and elegance. The theory of the author is, that the picturesque in nature has a character separate from the sublime and the beautiful; and in enforcing and maintaining this, he attacked the style of ornamental gardening which Mason the poet had recommended, and Kent and Brown, the great landscape improvers, had reduced to practice. Some of Price's positions have been overturned by Dugald Stewart in his 'Philosophical Essays;' but the exquisite beauty of his descriptions must ever render his work interesting, independently altogether of its metaphysical or philosophical distinctions. His criticisms of painters and paintings is equally able and discriminating; and by his works we consider Sir Uvedale Price has been highly instrumental in diffusing those just sentiments on matters of taste, and that improved style of landscape-gardening, which so eminently distinguish the English artists and aristocracy of the present times.

Picturesque Atmospheric Effects.

It is not only the change of vegetation which gives to autumn its golden hue, but also the atmosphere itself, and the lights and shadows which then prevail. Spring has its light and flitting clouds, with shadows equally flitting and uncertain: refreshing showers, with gay and genial bursts of sunshine, that seems suddenly to call forth and to nourish the young buds and flowers. In autumn all is matured; and the rich hues of the ripened fruits and the changing foliage are rendered still richer by the warm haze, which, on a fine day in that season, spreads the last varnish over every part of the picture. In winter, the trees and woods, from their total loss of foliage, have so lifeless and meagre an appearance, so different from the freshness of spring, the fullness of summer, and the richness of autumn, that many, not insensible to the beauties of scenery at other times, scarcely look at it during that season. But the contracted circle which the sun then describes, however unwished for on every other consideration, is of great advantage with respect to breadth, for then, even the mid-day lights and shadows, from their horizontal direction, are so striking, and the parts so finely illuminated, and yet so connected and filled up by them, that I have many times forgotten the nakedness of the trees, from admiration of the general masses. In summer the exact reverse is the case; the rich clothing of the parts makes a faint expression, from the vague and general glare of light without shadow.

Twilight.

There are some days when the whole sky is so full of jarring lights, that the shadiest groves and avennes hardly preserve their solemnity: and there are others, when the atmosphere, like the last glazing of a picture, softens into mellowness whatever is crude throughout the landscape.

Milton, whose eyes seem to have been most sensibly affected by every accident

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and gradation of light (and *that* possibly in a great degree from the weakness, and consequently the irritability of these organs) speaks always of twilight with peculiar pleasure. He has even reversed what Socrates did by philosophy; he has called up twilight from earth and placed it in heaven.

> From that high mount of God whence light and shade
> Spring forth, the face of brightest heaven had changed
> To grateful twilight.—[*Paradise Lost*, v. 643.]

What is also singular, he has in this passage made shade an essence equally with light, not merely a privation of it; a compliment never, I believe, paid to shadow before, but which might be expected from his aversion to glare, so frequently and so strongly expressed:

> Hide me from day's *garish* eye.—
> When the sun begins to fling
> His *flaring* beams.

The peculiarity of the effect of twilight is to soften and mellow. At that delightful time, even artificial water, however naked, edgy, and tame its banks, will often receive a momentary charm; for then all that is scattered and cutting, all that disgusts a painter's eye, is blended together in one broad and soothing harmony of light and shadow. I have more than once, at such a moment, happened to arrive at a place entirely new to me, and have been struck in the highest degree with the appearance of wood, water and buildings, that seemed to accompany and set off each other in the happiest manner; and I felt quite impatient to examine all these beauties by daylight.

> At length the morn, and cold indifference came.

The charm which held them together, and made them act so powerfully as a whole, had vanished.

It may, perhaps, be said that the imagination, from a few imperfect hints, often forms beauties which have no existence, and that indifference may naturally arise from those phantoms not being realised. I am far from denying the power of partial concealment and obscurity on the imagination; but in these cases, the set of objects when seen by twilight is beautiful as a picture, and would appear highly so if exactly represented on the canvas; but in full daylight, the sun, as it were, decompounds what had been so happily mixed together, and separates a striking whole into detached unimpressive parts.

REV. A. ALISON—F. GROSE—R. GOUGH.

The REV. ARCHIBALD ALISON (1757–1839) published in 1790 'Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste,' designed to prove that material objects appear beautiful or sublime in consequence of their association with our moral feelings and affections. The objects presented to the eye generate trains of thought and pleasing emotion, and these constitute our sense of beauty. This theory, referring all our ideas of beauty to the law of association, has been disputed and condemned as untenable, but part of Mr. Alison's reasoning is just, and his illustrations and language are particularly apposite and beautiful. For example, he thus traces the pleasures of the antiquary:

Memorials of the Past.

Even the peasant, whose knowledge of former times extends but to a few generations, has yet in his village some monuments of the deeds or virtues of his forefathers, and cherishes with a fond veneration the memorial of those good old times to which his imagination returns with delight, and of which he loves to recount the simple tales that tradition has brought him. And what is it that constitutes the emotion of sublime delight, which every man of common sensibility feels upon his first prospect of Rome? It is not the scene of destruction which is before him. It is not

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the Tiber, diminished in his imagination to a paltry stream, flowing amidst the ruins of that magnificence which it once adorned. It is not the triumph of superstition over the wreck of human greatness, and its monuments erected upon the very spot where the first honours of humanity have been gained. It is the ancient Rome which fills his imagination. It is the country of Cæsar, of Cicero, of Virgil, which is before him. It is the mistress of the world which he sees, and who seems to him to rise again from her tomb to give laws to the universe. All that the labours of his youth, or the studies of his maturer age, have acquired with regard to the history of this great people, open at once upon his imagination, and present him with a field of high and solemn imagery which can never be exhausted. Take from him these associations—conceal from him that it is Rome that he sees, and how different would be his emotion!

The Effect of Sounds as modified by Association.

The howl of the wolf is little distinguished from the howl of the dog, either in its tone or in its strength; but there is no comparison between their sublimity. There are few, if any, of these sounds so loud as the most common of all sounds, the lowing of a cow. Yet this is the very reverse of sublimity. Imagine this sound, on the contrary, expressive of fierceness or strength, and there can be no doubt that it would become sublime. The hooting of the owl at midnight, or amid ruins, is strikingly sublime; the same sound at noon, or during the day, is very far from being so. The scream of the eagle is simply disagreeable when the bird is either tame or confined; it is sublime only when it is heard amid rocks and deserts, and when it is expressive to us of liberty and independence, and savage majesty. The neighing of a war-horse in the field of battle, or of a young untamed horse when at large among mountains, is powerfully sublime. The same sound in a cart-horse or a horse in the stable is simply indifferent if not disagreeable. No sound is more absolutely mean than the grunting of swine. The same sound in the wild boar—an animal remarkable both for fierceness and strength—is sublime. The low and feeble sounds of animals which are generally considered the reverse of sublime, are rendered so by association. The hissing of a goose and the rattle of a child's plaything are both contemptible sounds; but when the hissing comes from the mouth of a dangerous serpent, and the noise of the rattle is that of the rattlesnake, although they do not differ from the others in intensity, they are both of them highly sublime. . . . There is certainly no resemblance, as sounds, between the noise of thunder and the hissing of a serpent—between the growling of a tiger and the explosion of gunpowder—between the scream of the eagle and the shouting of a multitude: yet all of these are sublime. In the same manner, there is as little resemblance between the tinkling of the sheep-fold bell and the murmuring of the breeze—between the hum of the beetle and the song of the lark—between the twitter of the swallow and the sound of the curfew; yet all these are beautiful.

Mr. Alison published also two volumes of Sermons, remarkable for elegance of composition. He was a prebendary of Salisbury, and senior minister of St Paul's Chapel, Edinburgh—a man of amiable character and varied accomplishments.

FRANCIS GROSE (1731–1791) was a superficial antiquary, but voluminous writer. He published the 'Antiquities of England and Wales,' in eight volumes, the first of which appeared in 1773; and the 'Antiquities of Scotland,' in two volumes, published in 1790. To this work Burns contributed his 'Tam o'Shanter,' which Grose characterised as a 'pretty poem!' He wrote also treatises on Ancient Armour and Weapons, Military Antiquities, &c.

RICHARD GOUGH (1735–1809) was a celebrated topographer and antiquary. His 'British Topography, Sepulchral Monuments of Great Britain,' his enlarged edition of Camden's 'Britannia,' and various other works, evince great research and untiring industry. His

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valuable collection of books and manuscripts he bequeathed to the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

LORD ERSKINE.

The published Speeches of THOMAS, LORD ERSKINE (1750–1823), are among the finest specimens we have of English forensic oratory. Erskine was the youngest son of the Earl of Buchan. He served both in the navy and army, but threw up his commission in order to study law, and was called to the bar in his twenty-eighth year. His first speech, delivered in November 1778, in defence of Captain Baillie, lieutenant-governor of Greenwich Hospital (who was charged with libel), was so brilliant and successful as at once to place him above all his brethren of the bar. In 1783 he entered parliament as member for Portsmouth. The floor of the House of Commons, it has been said, is strewed with the wreck of lawyers' reputations, and Erskine's appearances there were, comparatively, failures. In 1806 he was made Lord Chancellor and created Baron Erskine. He enjoyed the Great Seal but for a short time, having retired in 1807 on the dissolution of the Whig ministry. After this he withdrew in great measure from public life, though mingling in society, where his liveliness and wit, his vanity and eccentricities, rendered him a favourite. In 1817 he published a political fragment, entitled 'Armata,' in which are some good observations on constitutional law and history. We subjoin extracts from Erskine's speech in defence of John Stockdale, December 9, 1789. Stockdale had published a defence of Warren Hastings, written by the Rev. John Logan, which, it was said, contained libellous observations upon the House of Commons.

On the Law of Libel.

Gentlemen, the question you have therefore to try upon all this matter is extremely simple. It is neither more nor less than this: At a time when the charges against Mr. Hastings were, by the implied consent of the Commons, in every hand and on every table—when, by their managers, the lightning of eloquence was incessantly consuming him, and flashing in the eyes of the public—when every man was with perfect impunity saying, and writing, and publishing just what he pleased of the supposed plunderer and devastator of nations—would it have been criminal in Mr. Hastings himself to remind the public that he was a native of this free land, entitled to the common protection of her justice, and that he had a defence in his turn to offer to them, the outlines of which he implored them in the meantime to receive, as an antidote to the unlimited and unpunished poison in circulation against him? This is, without colour or exaggeration, the true question you are to decide. Because I assert, without the hazard of contradiction, that if Mr Hastings himself could have stood justified or excused in your eyes for publishing this volume in his own defence, the author, if he wrote it *bona fide* to defend him, must stand equally excused and justified; and if the author be justified, the publisher cannot be criminal, unless you had evidence that it was published by him with a different spirit and intention from those in which it was written. The question, therefore, is correctly what I just now stated it to be—Could Mr. Hastings have been condemned to infamy for writing this book?

Gentlemen, I tremble with indignation to be driven to put such a question in England. Shall it be endured that a subject of this country may be impeached by the Commons for the transactions of twenty years—that the accusation shall spread

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as wide as the region of letters—that the accused shall stand, day after day and year after year, as a spectacle before the public, which shall be kept in a perpetual state of inflammation against him; yet that he shall not, without the severest penalties, be permitted to submit anything to the judgment of mankind in his defence? If this be law (which it is for you to-day to decide), such a man has *no trial*. That great hall, built by our fathers for English justice, is no longer a court, but an altar; and an Englishman, instead of being judged in it by *God and his country*, is *a victim and a sacrifice*.

On the Government of India.

The unhappy people of India, feeble and effeminate as they are from the softness of their climate, and subdued and broken as they have been by the knavery and strength of civilisation, still occasionally start up in all the vigour and intelligence of insulted nature. To be governed at all, they must be governed by a rod of iron; and our empire in the East would long since have been lost to Great Britain, if skill and military prowess had not united their efforts to support an authority, which Heaven never gave, by means which it never can sanction.

Gentlemen, I think I can observe that you are touched with this way of considering the subject; and I can account for it. I have not been considering it through the cold medium of books, but have been speaking of man and his nature, and of human dominion, from what I have seen of them myself amongst reluctant nations submitting to our authority. I know what they feel, and how such feelings can alone be suppressed. I have heard them in my youth, from a naked savage in the indignant character of a prince surrounded by his subjects, addressing the governor of a British colony, holding a bundle of sticks in his hand, as the notes of his unlettered eloquence. 'Who is it?' said the jealous ruler over the desert, encroached upon by the restless foot of English adventure—'who is it that causes this river to rise in the high mountains and empty itself into the ocean? Who is it that causes to blow the loud winds of winter, and that calms them again in the summer? Who is it that rears up the shade of those lofty forests, and blasts them with the quick lightning at his pleasure? The same Being who gave to you a country on the other side of the waters, and gave ours to us; and by this title we will defend it,' said the warrior, throwing down his tomahawk upon the ground, and raising the war-sound of his nation. These are the feelings of subjugated man all round the globe; and, depend upon it, nothing but fear will control where it is vain to look for affection. . . .

It is the nature of everything that is great and useful, both in the animate and inanimate world, to be wild and irregular, and we must be contented to take them with the alloys which belong to them, or live without them. Genius breaks from the fetters of criticism, but its wanderings are sanctioned by its majesty and wisdom when it advances in its path: subject it to the critic, and you tame it into dullness. Nightly rivers break down their banks in the winter, sweeping away to death the flocks which are fattened on the soil that they fertilise in the summer; the few may be saved by embankments from drowning, but the flock must perish from hunger. Tempests occasionally shake our dwellings and dissipate our commerce; but they scourge before them the lazy elements, which without them would stagnate into pestilence. In like manner, Liberty herself, the last and best gift of God to his creatures, must be taken just as she is: you might pare her down into bashful regularity, and shape her into a perfect model of severe scrupulous law, but she would then be Liberty no longer; and you must be content to die under the lash of this inexorable justice which you had exchanged for the banners of Freedom.

Justice and Mercy.

Every human tribunal ought to take care to administer justice, as we look, hereafter, to have justice administered to ourselves. Upon the principle on which the Attorney-general prays sentence upon my client—God have mercy upon us! Instead of standing before him in judgment with the hopes and consolations of Christians, we must call upon the mountains to cover us: for which of us can present for omniscient examination, a pure, unspotted and faultless course? But I humbly expect that the benevolent Author of our being will judge us as I have been pointing out for your example. Holding up the great volume of our lives in his hands, and regarding the general scope of them, if he discovers benevolence, charity, and good-

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will to man beating in the heart, where he alone can look—if he finds that our conduct, though often forced out of the path by our infirmities, has been in general well directed—his all-searching eye will assuredly never pursue us into those little corners of our lives, much less will his justice select them for punishment, without the general context of our existence, by which faults may be sometimes found to have grown out of virtues, and very many of our heaviest offences to have been grafted by human imperfection upon the best and kindest of our affections. No, gentlemen; believe me, this is not the course of divine justice, or there is no truth in the Gospels of Heaven. If the general tenor of a man's conduct be such as I have represented it, he may walk through the shadow of death, with all his faults about him, with as much cheerfulness as in the common paths of life; because he knows that instead of a stern accuser to expose before the Author of his nature those frail passages which, like the scored matter in the book before you, chequers the volume of the brightest and best-spent life, his mercy will obscure them from the eye of his purity, and our repentance blot them out for ever.

LORD THURLOW.

One short speech by the rough, vigorous lawyer and Lord Chancellor, EDWARD THURLOW (1732–1806), has been pronounced 'superlatively great' in effect. The Duke of Grafton, in the course of a debate in the House of Lords, took occasion to reproach Thurlow with his plebeian extraction and his recent admission to the peerage. The Chancellor rose from the woolsack, and, as related by an eye-witness, 'advanced slowly to the place from which the Chancellor generally addresses the House; then fixing on the duke the look of Jove when he grasped the thunder, "I am amazed," he said, in a loud tone of voice, "at the attack the noble duke has made on me. Yes, my Lords," considerably raising his voice, "I am amazed at his Grace's speech. The noble duke cannot look before him, behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble peer who owes his seat in this House to successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honourable to owe it to these, as to being the accident of an accident? To all these noble Lords the language of the noble duke is as applicable and as insulting as it is to myself. But I don't fear to meet it single and alone. No one venerates the peerage more than I do; but, my Lords, I must say, that the peerage solicited me, not I the peerage. Nay, more, I can say, and will say, that as a peer of parliament, as Speaker of this right honourable House, as Keeper of the Great Seal, as Guardian of his Majesty's Conscience, as Lord High Chancellor of England; nay, even in that character alone in which the noble duke would think it an affront to be considered—as a man—I am at this moment as respectable—I beg leave to add, I am at this moment as much respected—as the proudest peer I now look down upon."' MR. CHARLES BUTLER, an English barrister of some distinction (1750–1832), in his 'Reminiscences' says: 'The effect of this speech, both within the walls of parliament and out of them, was prodigious. It gave Lord Thurlow an ascendancy in the House which no Chancellor had ever possessed; it invested him in public opinion with a character of independence and honour; and this, though he was ever on the unpopular side in politics, made him al-

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ways popular with the people.' He was at the same time the secret and confidential adviser of the king, and the dictator of the House of Lords.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

The one speech of Thurlow's was not more popular or effective than one sentence by the Irish orator, JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN (1750–1817), in his speech in defence of Archibald Hamilton Rowan, prosecuted by the government for a seditious libel. The libel contained this declaration: 'In four words lies all our power—universal emancipation and representative legislature.'

'I speak,' said Curran, 'in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with and inseparable from British soil; which proclaims even to the stranger and sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced; no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him; no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down; no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery; the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains that burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled by the irresistible genius of UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION.'

A passage in Cowper's 'Task' (Book II.) had probably suggested this oratorical burst:

> We have no slaves at home—then why abroad?
> And they themselves once ferried o'er the wave
> That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.
> Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
> Receive our air, that moment they are free;
> They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
> That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
> And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then
> And let it circulate through every vein
> Of all your empire! that, where Britain's power
> Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

The miscellaneous writings of SOUTHEY are numerous—'Letters from England by Don Manuel Espriella,' 1807; 'Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society,' 1829; 'The Doctor,' 1834–47; a vast number of articles in the 'Quarterly Review,' and the different historical and biographical works already noticed. The 'Doctor' is his best prose work; it contains, as he said, something of 'Tristram Shandy,' something of Rabelais, more of Montaigne, and a little of old Burton, yet the predominant characteristic of the book is still his

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own. The *style* of Southey is always easy, pure, and graceful. The following extract is from the 'Chronicle of the Cid:'

Effects of the Mohammedan Religion.

Mohammed inculcated the doctrine of fatalism because it is the most useful creed for a conqueror. The blind passiveness which it causes has completed the degradation, and for ever impeded the improvement of all Mohammedan nations. They will not struggle against oppression, for the same reason that they will not avoid the infection of the plague. If from this state of stupid patience they are provoked into a paroxysm of brutal fury, they destroy the tyrant; but the tyranny remains unaltered. Oriental revolutions are like the casting of a stone into a stagnant pool; the surface is broken for a moment, and then the green weeds close over it again.

Such a system can produce only tyrants and slaves, those who are watchful to commit any crime for power, and those who are ready to endure any oppression for tranquillity. A barbarous and desolating ambition has been the sole motive of their conquering chiefs: the wisdom of their wisest sovereigns has produced nothing of public benefit: it has ended in idle moralisings, and the late discovery that all is vanity. One tyrant at the hour of death asserts the equality of mankind; another, who had attained empire by his crimes, exposes his shrond at last, and proclaims that now nothing but that is left him. 'I have slain the princes of men,' said Azzud ad Dowlah, 'and have laid waste the palaces of kings. I have dispersed them to the east, and scattered them to the west, and now the grave calls me, and I must go!' and he died with the frequent exclamation: 'What avails my wealth? my empire is departing from me!' When Mahmoud, the great Gaznevide, was dying of consumption in his Palace of Happiness, he ordered that all his treasures should be brought out to amuse him. They were laid before him, silk and tapestry, jewels, vessels of silver and gold, coffers of money, the spoils of the nations whom he had plundered: it was the spectacle of a whole day; but pride yielded to the stronger feeling of nature; Mahmoud recollected that he was in his mortal sickness, and wept and moralised upon the vanity of the world.

It were wearying to dwell upon the habitual crimes of which their history is composed; we may estimate their guilt by what is said of their virtues. Of all the Abbasides, none but Mutaded equalled Almanzor in goodness. A slave one day, when fanning away the flies from him, struck off his turban, upon which Mutaded only remarked, that the boy was sleepy; but the vizier, who was present, fell down and kissed the ground, and exclaimed: 'O Commander of the Faithful, I never heard of such a thing! I did not think such clemency had been possible!' for it was the custom of the caliph, when a slave displeased him, to have the offender buried alive.

The Mohammedan sovereigns have suffered their just punishment; they have been miserable as well as wicked. For others they can feel no sympathy, and have learned to take no interest; for themselves there is nothing but fear; their situation excludes them from hope, and they have the perpetual sense of danger, and the dread of that inevitable hour wherein there shall be no distinction of persons. This fear they have felt and confessed; in youth it has embittered enjoyment, and it has made age dreadful. A dream, or the chance words of a song, or the figures of the tapestry, have terrified them into tears. Haroun Al Raschid opened a volume of poems and read: 'Where are the kings, and where are the rest of the world? They are gone the way which thou shalt go. O thou who choosest a perishable world, and callest him happy whom it glorifies, take what the world can give thee, but death is at the end!' And at these words he who had murdered Yahia and the Bermecides wept aloud.

In these barbarous monarchies the people are indolent, because if they acquire wealth they dare not enjoy it. Punishment produces no shame, for it is inflicted by caprice, not by justice. They who are rich or powerful become the victims of rapacity or fear. If a battle or fortress be lost, the commander is punished for his misfortune; if he becomes popular for his victories, he incurs the jealousy and hatred of the ruler. Nor is it enough that wealth, and honour, and existence are at the despot's mercy; the feelings and instincts must yield at his command. If he take the son for his eunuch, and the daughter for his concubine—if he order the father to execute the child—it is what destiny has appointed, and the Mohammedan says: 'God's will be done.' But insulted humanity has not unfrequently been provoked to take vengeance; the monarch is always in danger, because the subject is never

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secure. These are the consequences of that absolute power and passive obedience which have resulted from the doctrines of Mohammed; and this is the state of society wherever his religion has been established.

Collections of English Poets.

The collections of our poets are either too scanty or too copious. They reject so many, that we know not why half whom they retain should be admitted; they admit so many, that we know not why any should be rejected. There is a want of judgment in giving Bavius a place; but when a place has been awarded him, there is a want of justice in not giving Mævius one also. The sentence of Horace concerning middling poets is disproved by daily experience; whatever the gods may do, certainly the public and the booksellers tolerate them. When Dr. Aikin began to re-edit Johnson's collection, it was well observed in the 'Monthly Magazine' 'that to our best writers there should be more commentary; and of our inferior ones less text.' But Johnson begins just where this observation is applicable, and just where a general collection should end. Down to the Restoration it is to be wished that every poet, however unworthy of the name, should be preserved. In the worst volume of elder date, the historian may find something to assist or direct his inquiries; the antiquarian something to elucidate what requires illustration; the philologist something to insert in the margin of his dictionary. Time does more for books than for wine; it gives worth to what was originally worthless. Those of later date must stand or fall by their own merits, because the sources of information, since the introduction of newspapers, periodical essays, and magazines, are so numerous, that if they are not read for amusement, they will not be recurred to for anything else. The Restoration is the great epoch in our annals, both civil and literary: a new order of things was then established, and we look back to the times beyond, as the Romans under the Empire to the age of the Republic.

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

One of the most remarkable of the miscellaneous writers of this period was WILLIAM HAZLITT (1778–1830), whose bold and vigorous tone of thinking, and acute criticism on poetry, the drama, and fine arts, found many admirers, especially among young minds. He was a man of decided talent, but prone to paradox, and swayed by prejudice. He was well read in the old English authors, and had in general a just and delicate perception of their beauties. His style was strongly tinged by the peculiarities of his taste and reading; it was often sparkling, pungent, and picturesque in expression. Hazlitt was a native of Shropshire, the son of a Unitarian minister. He began life as a painter, but failed in attaining excellence in the profession, though he retained through life the most vivid and intense appreciation of its charms. His principal support was derived from the literary and political journals, to which he contributed essays, reviews, and criticisms. He wrote a metaphysical treatise 'On the Principles of Human Action,' 1805; an abridgment of Tucker's 'Light of Nature,' 1807; 'Eloquence of the British Senate,' 1808. In 1813 Hazlitt delivered a series of Lectures on English Philosophy at the Russell Institution.

In 1817 appeared his 'View of the English Stage,' and a collection of essays entitled 'The Round Table.' In 1818 he lectured at the Surrey Institution on the English Poets. 'The English Comic Writers,' 'The Dramatic Literature of the Time of Elizabeth,' and the 'Characters of Shakspeare's Plays' were then successively produced,

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being chiefly composed of theatrical criticisms contributed to the journals of the day. He wrote also 'Table Talk,' 1821–22; 'The Spirit of the Age' (criticisms on contemporaries), 1825; 'The Plain Speaker,' a collection of essays, 1836. Various sketches of the galleries of art in England appeared from his pen, and 'Notes of a Journey through France and Italy,' originally contributed to one of the daily papers. He wrote the article 'Fine Arts,' for the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' and essays on the English novelists and other standard authors, first published in the 'Edinburgh Review.' In the 'London Magazine,' the 'New Monthly Magazine,' and other periodicals, the hand of Hazlitt may be traced. His most elaborate work was a 'Life of Napoleon,' in four volumes (1828–30), which evinces all the peculiarities of his mind and opinions, but is very ably written. Shortly before his death—which took place in London on the 18th of September 1830, he had committed to the press the 'Conversations of James Northcote, Esq.,' containing remarks on arts and artists. The toils, uncertainties, and disappointments of a literary life, and the contests of bitter political warfare, soured and warped the mind of Hazlitt, and distorted his opinions of men and things; but those who trace the passionate flights of his imagination, his aspirations after ideal excellence and beauty, the brilliancy of his language while dwelling on some old poem, or picture, or dream of early days, and the undisguised freedom with which he pours out his whole soul to the reader, will readily assign to him both strength and versatility of genius. He had felt more than he had reflected or studied; and though proud of his acquirements as a metaphysician, he certainly could paint emotions better than he could unfold principles. The only son of Mr. Hazlitt has, with pious diligence and care, collected and edited his father's works in a series of handsome portable volumes.

The Character of Falstaff.

Falstaff's wit is an emanation of a fine constitution; an exuberation of good-humour and good-nature; an overflowing of his love of laughter and good-fellowship; a giving vent to his heart's ease and over-contentment with himself and others. He would not be in character if he were not so fat as he is; for there is the greatest keeping in the boundless luxury of his imagination and the pampered self-indulgence of his physical appetites. He manures and nourishes his mind with jests, as he does his body with sack and sugar. He carves out his jokes as he would a capon or a haunch of venison, where there is cut and come again; and pours out upon them the oil of gladness. His tongue drops fatness, and in the chambers of his brain 'it snows of meat and drink.' He keeps up perpetual holiday and open house, and we live with him in a round of invitations to a rump and dozen. Yet we are not to suppose that he was a mere sensualist. All this is as much in imagination as in reality. His sensuality does not engross and stupefy his other faculties, but 'ascends me into the brain, clears away all the dull crude vapours that environ it, and makes it full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes.' His imagination keeps up the ball after his senses have done with it. He seems to have even a greater enjoyment of the freedom from restraint, of good cheer, of his ease, of his vanity, in the ideal exaggerated description which he gives of them, than in fact. He never fails to enrich his discourse with allusions to eating and drinking; but we never see him at table. He carries his own larder about with him and he is himself 'a tun of man.' His pulling

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out the bottle in the field of battle is a joke to shew his contempt for glory accompanied with danger, his systematic adherence to his Epicurean philosophy in the most trying circumstances. Again, such is his deliberate exaggeration of his own vices, that it does not seem quite certain whether the account of his hostess's bill found in his pocket, with such an out-o'-the-way charge for capons and sack, with only one halfpenny-worth of bread, was not put there by himself as a trick to humour the jest upon his favourite propensities, and as a conscious caricature of himself. He is represented as a liar, a braggart, a coward, a glutton, &c., and yet we are not offended, but delighted with him; for he is all these as much to amuse others as to gratify himself. He openly assumes all these characters to shew the humorous part of them. The unrestrained indulgence of his own ease, appetites, and convenience, has neither malice nor hypocrisy in it. In a word, he is an actor in himself almost as much as upon the stage, and we no more object to the character of Falstaff in a moral point of view, than we should think of bringing an excellent comedian who should represent him to the life, before one of the police-offices.

The Character of Hamlet.

It is the one of Shakspeare's plays that we think of the oftenest, because it abounds most in striking reflections on human life, and because the distresses of Hamlet are transferred, by the turn of his mind, to the general account of humanity. Whatever happens to him, we apply to ourselves, because he applies it to himself as a means of general reasoning. He is a great moraliser; and what makes him worth attending to is, that he moralises on his own feelings and experience. He is not a commonplace pedant. If *Lear* is distinguished by the greatest depth of passion, *Hamlet* is the most remarkable for the ingenuity, originality, and unstudied development of character. Shakspeare had more magnanimity than any other poet, and he has shewn more of it in this play than in any other. There is no attempt to force an interest: everything is left for time and circumstances to unfold. The attention is excited without effort; the incidents succeed each other as matters of course; the characters think, and speak, and act just as they might do if left entirely to themselves. There is no set purpose, no straining at a point. The observations are suggested by the passing scene—the gusts of passion come and go like sounds of music borne on the wind. The whole play is an exact transcript of what might be supposed to have taken place at the Court of Denmark at the remote period of time fixed upon, before the modern refinements in morals and manners were heard of. It would have been interesting enough to have been admitted as a by-stander in such a scene, at such a time, to have heard and witnessed something of what was going on. But here we are more than spectators. We have not only 'the outward pageants and the signs of grief,' but 'we have that within which passes show.' We read the thoughts of the heart, we catch the passions living as they rise. Other dramatic writers give us very fine versions and paraphrases of nature; but Shakspeare, together with his own comments, gives us the original text, that we may judge for ourselves. This is a very great advantage.

The character of Hamlet stands quite by itself. It is not a character marked by strength of will or even of passion, but by refinement of thought and sentiment. Hamlet is as little of the hero as a man can well be; but he is a young and princely novice, full of high enthusiasm and quick sensibility—the sport of circumstances, questioning with fortune, and reasoning on his own feelings, and forced from the natural bias of his disposition by the strangeness of his situation. He seems incapable of deliberate action, and is only hurried into extremities on the spur of the occasion, when he has no time to reflect—as in the scene where he kills Polonius; and, again, where he alters the letters which Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are taking with them to England, purporting his death. At other times, when he is most bound to act, he remains puzzled, undecided, and sceptical; dallies with his purposes till the occasion is lost, and finds out some pretence to relapse into indolence and thoughtfulness again. For this reason he refuses to kill the king when he is at his prayers; and, by a refinement in malice, which is in truth only an excuse for his own want of resolution, defers his revenge to a more fatal opportunity. . . .

The moral perfection of this character has been called in question, we think, by those who did not understand it. It is more interesting than according to rules;

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amiable, though not faultless.* The ethical delineations of 'that noble and liberal casuist'—as Shakspeare has been well called—do not exhibit the drab-coloured Quakerism of morality. His plays are not copied either from 'The Whole Duty of Man' or from 'The Academy of Comp iments!' We confess we are a little shocked at the want of refinement in those who are shocked at the want of refinement in Hamlet. The neglect of punctilious exactness in his behaviour either partakes of the 'license of the time,' or else belongs to the very excess of intellectual refinement in the character, which makes the common rules of life, as well as his own purposes, sit loose upon him. He may be said to be amenable only to the tribunal of his own thoughts, and is too much taken up with the airy world of contemplation, to lay as much stress as he ought on the practical consequences of things. His habitual principles of action are unhinged and out of joint with the time. His conduct to Ophelia is quite natural in his circumstances. It is that of assumed severity only. It is the effect of disappointed hope, of bitter regrets, of affection suspended, not obliterated, by the distractions of the scene around him! Amidst the natural and preternatural horrors of his situation, he might be excused in delicacy from carrying on a regular courtship. When 'his father's spirit was in arms,' it was not a time for the son to make love in. He could neither marry Ophelia, nor wound her mind by explaining the cause of his alienation, which he durst hardly trust himself to think of. It would have taken him years to have come to a direct explanation on the point. In the harassed state of his mind, he could not have done much otherwise than he did. His conduct does not contradict what he says when he sees her funeral:

> I loved Ophelia; forty thousands brothers
> Could not, with all their quantity of love,
> Make up my sum.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

This distinguished American ornithologist (1780–1851) was a native of Louisiana, son of an admiral in the French navy. He travelled for years collecting materials for his great work, 'The Birds of America' (1828, &c.), which was completed in 87 parts, with 448 plates of birds, finely coloured, and costing altogether £182, 14s. A second edition, in seven volumes, was published in 1844 Cuvier said: 'Audubon's works are the most splendid monuments which art has erected in honour of ornithology.'

The Humming-bird.

Where is the person who, on observing this glittering fragment of the rainbow,† would not pause, admire and instantly turn his mind with reverence toward the Almighty Creator, the wonders of whose hand we at every step discover, and of whose sublime conceptions we everywhere observe the manifestations in his admirable system of creation? There breathes not such a person, so kindly have we all been blessed with that intuitive and noble feeling—admiration!

No sooner has the returning sun again introduced the vernal season, and caused millions of plants to expand their leaves and blossoms to his genial beams, than the

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* To me it is clear that Shakspeare meant to represent the effects of a great action laid upon a soul unfit for the performance of it. In this view the whole piece seems to me to be composed. An oak-tree is planted in a costly jar, which should have borne only pleasant flowers in its bosom: the roots expand, the jar is shivered! A lovely, pure, noble, and most moral nature, without the strength of nerve which forms a hero, sinks beneath a burden which it cannot bear, and must not cast away.—GOETHE'S *Wilhelm Meister*.

† Audubon had recollected a passage in Campbell's *Gertrude of Wyoming*:

> Winglet of the fairy humming-bird,
> Like atoms of the rainbow fluttering round.

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little humming-bird is seen advancing on fairy wings, carefully visiting every opening flower-cup, and, like a curious florist, removing from each the injurious insects that otherwise would ere long cause their beauteous petals to droop and decay. Poised in the air, it is observed peeping cautiously, and with sparkling eye, into their innermost recesses; whilst the etherial motions of its pinions, so rapid and so light, appear to fan and cool the flower, without injuring its fragile texture, and produce a delightful murmuring sound, well adapted for lulling the insects to repose . . .

The prairies, the fields, the orchards and gardens, nay, the deepest shades of the forests, are all visited in their turn, and everywhere the little bird meets with pleasure and with food. Its gorgeous throat in beauty and brilliancy baffles all competition. Now it glows with a fiery hue, and again it is changed to the deepest velvety black. The upper parts of its delicate body are of resplendent changing green; and it throws itself through the air with a swiftness and vivacity hardly conceivable. It moves from one flower to another like a gleam of light—upwards, downwards, to the right, and to the left. In this manner, it searches the extreme northern portions of our country, following, with great precaution, the advances of the season, and retreats with equal care at the approach of autumn.

Descent of the Ohio.

It was in the month of October. The autumnal tints already decorated the shores of that queen of rivers, the Ohio. Every tree was hung with long and flowing festoons of different species of vines, many loaded with clustered fruits of varied brilliancy, their rich bronzed carmine mingling beautifully with the yellow foliage, which now predominated over the yet green leaves, reflecting more lively tints from the clear stream than ever landscape-painter portrayed or poet imagined.

The days were yet warm. The sun had assumed the rich and growing hue which at that season produces the singular phenomenon called there the Indian summer. The moon had rather passed the meridian of her grandeur. We glided down the river, meeting no other ripple of the water than that formed by the propulsion of our boat. Leisurely we moved along, gazing all day on the grandeur and beauty of the wild scenery around us.

Now and then a large catfish rose to the surface of the water in pursuit of a shoal of fry, which, starting simultaneously from the liquid element, like so many silvery arrows, produced a shower of light, while the pursuer with open jaws seized the stragglers, and with a splash of his tail disappeared from our view. Other fishes we heard uttering beneath our bark a rumbling noise, the strange sounds of which we discovered to proceed from the white perch, for, on casting our net from the bow, we caught several of that species, when the noise ceased for a time.

Nature, in her varied arrangements, seems to have felt a partiality toward this portion of our country. As the traveller ascends or descends the Ohio, he cannot help remarking that alternately, nearly the whole length of the river, the margin on one side is bounded by lofty hills and a rolling surface; while on the other, extensive plains of the richest alluvial land are seen as far as the eye can command the view. Islands of varied size and form rise here and there from the bosom of the water, and the winding course of the stream frequently brings you to places where the idea of being on a river of great length changes to that of floating on a lake of moderate extent. Some of these islands are of considerable size and value; while others, small and insignificant, seem as if intended for contrast, and as serving to enhance the general interest of the scenery. These little islands are frequently overflowed during great *freshets* or floods, and receive at their heads prodigious heaps of drifted timber. We foresaw with great concern the alteration that cultivation would soon produce along those delightful banks.

As night came, sinking in darkness the broader portions of the river, our minds became affected by strong emotions, and wandered far beyond the present moments. The tinkling of bells told us that the cattle which bore them were gently roving from valley to valley in search of food, or returning to their distant homes. The hooting of the great owl, and the muffled noise of its wings as it sailed smoothly over the stream, were matters of interest to us; so was the sound of the boatman's horn, as it came winding more and more softly from afar. When daylight returned, many songsters burst forth with echoing notes, more and more mellow to the listening ear. Here and there the lonely cabin of a squatter struck the eye, giving

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note of commencing civilisation. The crossing of a stream by a deer foretold how soon the hills would be covered with snow.

Many single flat-boats we overtook and passed: some laden with produce from the different head-waters of the small rivers that pour their tributary streams into the Ohio; others, of less dimensions, crowded with emigrants from distant parts, in search of a new home. Purer pleasures I never felt; nor have you, reader, I ween, unless indeed you have felt the like, and in such company. . . .

When I think of the times, and call back to my mind the grandeur and beauty of those almost uninhabited shores; when I picture to myself the dense and lofty summits of the forest, that everywhere spread along the hills, and overhung the margins of the stream, unmolested by the axe of the settler; when I know how dearly purchased the safe navigation of that river has been by the blood of many worthy Virginians; when I see that no longer any aborigines are to be found there, and that the vast herds of elks, deer, and buffaloes which once pastured on these hills and in these valleys, making for themselves great roads to the several salt-springs, have ceased to exist; when I reflect that all this grand portion of our Union, instead of being in a state of nature, is now more or less covered with villages, farms, and towns, where the din of hammers and machinery is constantly heard; that the woods are fast disappearing under the axe by day, and the fire by night; that hundreds of steamboats are gliding to and fro over the whole length of the majestic river, forcing commerce to take root and to prosper at every spot; when I see the surplus population of Europe coming to assist in the destruction of the forest, and transplanting civilisation into its darkest recesses: when I remember that these extraordinary changes have all taken place in the short period of twenty years, I pause, wonder, and—although I know all to be fact—can scarcely believe its reality.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Washington Irving (1783–1859), a native of America, commenced a career of literary exertion in this country by the publication in 1820 of 'The Sketch-book,' a series of short tales, sketches, and essays, sentimental and humorous, which were originally printed in an American periodical, but illustrative chiefly of English manners and scenery. Mr. Irving had previously published, in conjunction with others, a satirical periodical entitled 'Salmagundi' (1807–8), and in 1809 appeared his 'History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker,' being an imaginary account of the original Dutch inhabitants of that State. 'The Sketch-book' was received with great favour in Britain; its carefully elaborated style and beauties of diction were highly praised, and its portraitures of English rural life and customs, though too antiquated to be strictly accurate, were pleasing and interesting. It was obvious that the author had formed his taste upon the works of Addison and Goldsmith; but his own great country, its early state of society, the red Indians, and native traditions, had also supplied him with a fund of natural and original description. His stories of Rip Van Winkle and the Sleepy Hollow are among the finest pieces of original fictitious writing that this century has produced. In 1822 Mr. Irving continued the same style of fanciful English delineation in his 'Bracebridge Hall,' in which we are introduced to the interior of a squire's mansion, and to a number of original characters, drawn with delicacy and discrimination equal to those in his former work. In 1824 appeared another series of tales and sketches, but greatly inferior, entitled 'Tales of a Traveller.' Having gone to Spain in connection with the United States embassy, Mr. Irving studied the

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history and antiquities of that romantic country, and in 1828 published 'The Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus,' in four volumes, written in a less ornate style than his former works, but valuable for the new information it communicates. Next year appeared 'The Conquest of Granada,' and in 1832 'The Alhambra,' both connected with the ancient Moorish kingdom of Granada, and partly fictious. Several lighter works afterwards issued from his fertile pen —'Astoria,' a narrative of American adventure; 'A Tour on the Prairies;' 'Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey;' 'Legends of the Conquest of Spain;' 'Adventures of Captain Bonneville;' a 'Life of Goldsmith;' 'Mahomet and his Successors;' a 'Life of Washington;' &c. The principal works of Mr. Irving are his 'Sketch-book' and 'Bracebridge Hall;' these are the corner-stones of his fame. In all his writings, however, there are passages evincing fine taste, gentle affections, and graceful description. His sentiments are manly and generous, and his pathetic and humorous sketches are in general prevented from degenerating into extravagance by practical good sense and a correct judgment. Modern authors have too much neglected the mere matter of style; but the success of Mr. Irving should convince the careless that the graces of composition, when employed even on paintings of domestic life and the quiet scenes of nature, can still charm as in the days of Addison, Goldsmith, and Mackenzie. The sums obtained by Mr. Irving for his copyrights in England form an interesting item in literary history. Mr. Murray gave £200 for 'The Sketch-book,' but he afterwards doubled the sum. For 'Bracebridge Hall,' the same publisher gave 1000 guineas; for 'Columbus,' 3000 guineas; and for 'The Conquest of Granada,' £2000. On these last two works, the enterprising publisher lost heavily, but probably the continued sale of the earlier works formed a compensation.

Mr. Irving was born in New York; his family was originally from the island of Orkney. He died at his country-seat, 'Sunnyside,' on the banks of the Hudson.

Manners in New York in the Dutch Times.

The houses of the higher class were generally constructed of wood, excepting the gable-end, which was of small black and yellow Dutch bricks, and always faced on the street; as our ancestors, like their descendants, were very much given to outward show, and were noted for putting the best leg foremost. The house was always furnished with abundance of large doors and small windows on every floor; the date of its erection was curiously designated by iron figures on the front; and on the top of the roof was perched a fierce little weather-cock, to let the family into the important secret which way the wind blew. These, like the weather-cocks on the tops of our steeples, pointed so many different ways, that every man could have a wind to his mind; and you would have thought old Æolus had set all his bags of wind adrift pell-mell, to gambol about this windy metropolis; the most staunch and loyal citizens however, always went according to the weather-cock on the top of the governor's house, which was certainly the most correct, as he had a trusty servant employed every morning to climb up and point it whichever way the wind blew.

In those good days of simplicity and sunshine, a passion for cleanliness was the leading principle in domestic economy, and the universal test of an able housewife; a character which formed the utmost ambition of our unenlightened grandmothers.

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The front door was never opened except on marriages, funerals, New-year's days, the festival of St. Nicholas, or some such great occasion. It was ornamented with a gorgeous brass knocker curiously wrought, sometimes into the device of a dog, and sometimes of a lion's head; and was daily burnished with such religious zeal, that it was oftimes worn out by the very precautions taken for its preservation. The whole house was constantly in a state of inundation, under the discipline of mops, and brooms, and scrubbing-brushes; and the good housewives of those days were a kind of amphibious animal, delighting exceedingly to be dabbling in water, insomuch that an historian of the day gravely tells us that many of his townswomen grew to have webbed fingers like unto a duck; and some of them, he had little doubt, could the matter be examined into, would be found to have the tails of mermaids; but this I look upon to be a mere sport of fancy, or, what is worse, a wilful misrepresentation.

The grand parlour was the sanctum sanctorum, where the passion for cleaning was indulged without control. In this sacred apartment no one was permitted to enter excepting the mistress and her confidential maid, who visited it once a week for the purpose of giving it a thorough cleaning, and putting things to rights, always taking the precaution of leaving their shoes at the door, and entering devoutly on their stocking-feet. After scrubbing the floor, sprinkling it with fine white sand, which was curiously stroked into angles, and curves, and rhomboids, with a broom—after washing the windows, rubbing and polishing the furniture, and putting a new bunch of evergreens in the fireplace, the window-shutters were again closed, to keep out the flies, and the room carefully locked up until the revolution of time brought round the weekly cleaning-day.

As to the family, they always entered in at the gate, and most generally lived in the kitchen. To have seen a numerous household assembled around the fire, one would have imagined that he was transported back to those happy days of primeval simplicity which float through our imaginations like golden visions. The fire-places were of a truly patriarchal magnitude, where the whole family, old and young, master and servant, black and white, nay, even the very cat and dog, enjoyed a community of privilege, and had each a prescriptive right to a corner. Here the old burgher would sit in perfect silence, puffing his pipe, looking in the fire with half-shut eyes, and thinking of nothing for hours together; the *goede vrouw* on the opposite side would employ herself diligently in spinning her yarn or knitting stockings. The young folks would crowd around the hearth listening with breathless attention to some old crone of a negro who was the oracle of the family, and who, perched like a raven in a corner of the chimney would croak forth for a long winter afternoon a string of incredible stories about New England witches, grisly ghosts, horses without heads, and hairbreath escapes, and bloody encounters among the Indians.

In those happy days a well-regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sundown. Dinner was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burghers shewed incontestable symptoms of disapprobation and uneasiness at being surprised by a visit from a neighbour on such occasions. But though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bonds of intimacy by occasional banquetings, called tea-parties.

These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes or noblesse—that is to say, such as kept their own cows and drove their own wagons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock, and went away about six, unless it was in winter-time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. I do not find that they ever treated their company to iced creams, jellies, or syllabubs, or regaled them with musty almonds, mouldy raisins, or sour oranges, as is often done in the present age of refinement. Our ancestors were fond of more sturdy substantial fare. The tea-table was crowned with a huge earthen dish well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy. The company being seated around the genial board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest pieces of this mighty dish, in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple-pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast of an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough fried in hog's fat, and called dough-nuts, or *olu koeks;* a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in this city, except in genuine Dutch families.

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The tea was served out of a majestic delf tea-pot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses, tending pigs—with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in repienishing this pot from a huge copper tea-kettle, which would have made the pigmy macaronies of these degenerate days sweat merely to look at it. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup, and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was, to suspend a large lump directly over the tea-table by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth—an ingenious expedient, which is still kept up by some families in Albany, but which prevails, without exception, in Communipaw, Bergen, Flat-Bush, and all our uncontaminated Dutch villages.

At these primitive tea-parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coquetting—no gambling of old ladies, nor boyden chattering and romping of young ones—no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen with their brains in their pockets; nor amusing conceits and monkey divertisements of smart young gentlemen with no brains at all. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs and knit their own woollen stockings; nor ever opened their lips, excepting to say, 'Yah, Mynheer,' or 'Yah, ya Vrouw,' to any question that was asked them; behaving in all things like decent well-educated damsels. As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe, and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles with which the fireplaces were decorated; wherein sundry passages of Scripture were piously portrayed: Tobit and his dog figured to great advantage; Haman swung conspicuously on his gibbet; and Jonah appeared most manfully bouncing out of the whale, like Harlequin through a barrel of fire.

The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages—that is to say, by the vehicles nature had provided them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a wagon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them with a hearty smack at the door; which, as it was an established piece of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty of heart, occasioned no scandal at that time, nor should it at the present: if our great-grandfathers approved of the custom, it would argue a great want of reverence in their descendants to say a word against it.

Feelings of an American on First Arriving in England.— From 'Bracebridge Hall.'

England is as classic ground to an American as Italy is to an Englishman, and old London teems with as much historical association as mighty Rome.

But what more especially attracts his notice, are those peculiarities which distinguish an old country, and an old state of society, from a new one. I have never yet grown familiar enough with the crumbling monuments of past ages, to blunt the intense interest with which I at first beheld them. Accustomed always to scenes where history was, in a manner, in anticipation; where everything in art was new and progressive, and pointed to the future rather than the past; where, in short, the works of man gave no ideas but those of young existence and prospective improvement—there was something inexpressibly touching in the sight of enormous piles of architecture, gray with antiquity, and sinking to decay. I cannot describe the mute but deep-felt enthusiasm with which I have contemplated a vast monastic ruin like Tintern Abbey, buried in the bosom of a quiet valley, and shut up from the world as though it had existed merely for itself; or a warrior pile, like Conway Castle, standing in stern loneliness on its rocky height, a mere hollow yet threatening phantom of departed power. They spread a grand and melancholy, and, to me, an unusual charm over the landscape. I for the first time beheld signs of national old age and empire's decay; and proofs of the transient and perishing glories of art, amidst the ever-springing and reviving fertility of nature.

But, in fact, to me everything was full of matter; the footsteps of history were everywhere to be traced; and poetry had breathed over and sanctified the land. I experienced the delightful feeling of freshness of a child to whom everything is new,

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I pictured to myself a set of inhabitants and a mode of life for every habitation that I saw, from the aristocratical mansion, amidst the lordly repose of stately groves and solitary parks, to the straw-thatched cottage, with its scanty garden and cherished woodbine. I thought I never could be sated with the sweetness and freshness of a country so completely carpeted with verdure; where every air breathed of the balmy pasture and the honeysuckled hedge. I was continually coming upon some little document of poetry in the bloomed hawthorn, the daisy, the cowslip, the primrose, or some other simple object that has received a supernatural value from the muse. The first time that I heard the song of the nightingale, I was intoxicated more by the delicious crowd of remembered associations than by the melody of its notes; and I shall never forget the thrill of ecstasy with which I first saw the lark rise, almost from beneath my feet, and wing its musical flight up into the morning sky.

Rural Life.—From 'The Sketch-book.'

In rural occupation there is nothing mean and debasing. It leads a man forth among scenes of natural grandeur and beauty; it leaves him to the workings of his own mind, operated upon by the purest and most elevating of external influences. The man of refinement, therefore, finds nothing revolting in an intercourse with the lower orders of rural life, as he does when he casually mingles with the lower orders of cities. He lays aside his distance and reserve, and is glad to waive the distinctions of rank, and to enter into the honest heartfelt enjoyments of common life. Indeed the very amusements of the country bring men more and more together, and the sounds of hound and horn blend all feelings into harmony. I believe this is one great reason why the nobility and gentry are more popular among the inferior orders in England than they are in any other country; and why the latter have endured so many excessive pressures and extremities, without repining more generally at the unequal distribution of fortune and privilege.

To this mingling of cultivated and rustic society may also be attributed the rural feeling that runs through British literature; the frequent use of illustrations from rural life: those incomparable descriptions of nature which abound in the British poets, that have continued down from 'The Flower and the Leaf' of Chaucer, and have brought into our closets all the freshness and fragrance of the dewy landscape. The pastoral writers of other countries appear as if they had paid Nature an occasional visit, and become acquainted with her general charms; but the British poets have lived and revelled with her—they have wooed her in her most secret haunts—they have watched her minutest caprices. A spray could not tremble in the breeze, a leaf could not rustle to the ground, a diamond drop could not patter in the stream, a fragrance could not exhale from the humble violet, nor a daisy unfold its crimson tints to the morning, but it has been noticed by these impassioned and delicate observers, and wrought up into some beautiful morality.

A Rainy Sunday in an Inn.—From 'Bracebridge Hall.'

It was a rainy Sunday in the gloomy month of November. I had been detained in the course of a journey by a slight indisposition, from which I was recovering; but I was still feverish, and was obliged to keep within doors all day, in an inn of the small town of Derby. A wet Sunday in a country inn! whoever has had the luck to experience one, can alone judge of my situation. The rain pattered against the casements, the bells tolled for church with a melancholy sound. I went to the windows in quest of something to amuse the eye, but it seemed as if I had been placed completely out of the reach of all amusement. The windows of my bedroom looked out among tiled roofs and stacks of chimneys, while those of my sitting-room commanded a full view of the stable-yard. I know of nothing more calculated to make a man sick of this world than a stable-yard on a rainy day. The place was littered with wet straw that had been kicked about by travellers and stable-boys. In one corner was a stagnant pool of water surrounding an island of muck: there were several half-drowned fowls crowded together under a cart, among which was a miserable crest-fallen cock, drenched out of all life and spirit, his drooping tail matted, as it were, into a single feather, along which the water trickled from his back; near the cart was a half-dozing cow chewing the cud, and standing patiently to be rained on, with wreaths of vapour rising from her reeking hide; a wall-eyed horse, tired of the

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loneliness of the stable, was poking his spectral head out of a window, with the rain dripping on it from the eaves; an unhappy cur, chained to a dog-house, hard by, uttering something every now and then between a bark and a yelp; a drab of a kitchen wench tramped backwards and forwards through the yard in pattens, looking as sulky as the weather itself: everything, in short, was comfortless and forlorn, excepting a crew of hard-drinking ducks, assembled like boon-companions round a puddle, and making a riotous noise over their liquor.

I sauntered to the window, and stood gazing at the people picking their way to church, with petticoats hoisted mid-leg high, and dripping umbrellas. The bells ceased to toll, and the streets became silent. I then amused myself with watching the daughters of a tradesman opposite, who, being confined to the house for fear of wetting their Sunday finery, played off their charms at the front windows, to fascinate the chance tenants of the inn. They at length were summoned away by a vigilant vinegar-faced mother, and I had nothing further from without to amuse me.

The day continued lowering and gloomy; the slovenly, ragged, spongy clouds drifted heavily along; there was no variety even in the rain; it was one dull, continued, monotonous patter, patter, patter, excepting that now and then I was enlivened by the idea of a brisk shower, from the rattling of the drops upon a passing umbrella. It was quite refreshing—if I may be allowed a hackneyed phrase of the day—when in the course of the morning a horn blew, and a stage-coach whirled through the street with outside passengers stuck all over it, cowering under cotton umbrellas, and seethed together, and reeking with the steams of wet box-coats and upper benjamins. The sound brought out from their lurking-places a crew of vagabond boys and vagabond dogs, and a carroty-headed hostler and that nondescript animal yclept Boots, and all the other vagabond race that infest the purlieus of an inn; but the bustle was transient; the coach again whirled on its way; and boy and dog, and hostler and Boots, all slunk back again to their holes; the street again became silent, and the rain continued to rain on.

The evening gradually wore away. The travellers read the papers two or three times over. Some drew round the fire, and told long stories about their horses, about their adventures, their overturns, and breakings-down. They discussed the credits of different merchants and different inns, and the two wags told several choice anecdotes of pretty chamber-maids and kind landladies. All this passed as they were quietly taking what they called their nightcaps—that is to say, strong glasses of brandy and water or sugar, or some other mixture of the kind; after which they one after another rang for Boots and the chamber-maid, and walked off to bed in old shoes cut down into marvellously uncomfortable slippers. There was only one man left—a short-legged, long-bodied, plethoric fellow, with a very large, sandy head. He sat by himself with a glass of port-wine negus and a spoon, sipping and stirring, and meditating and sipping, until nothing was left but the spoon. He gradually fell asleep bolt upright in his chair, with the empty glass standing before him; and the candle seemed to fall asleep too, for the wick grew long and black, and cabbaged at the end, and dimmed the little light that remained in the chamber. The gloom that now prevailed was contagious. Around hung the shapeless and almost spectral box-coats of departed travellers, long since buried in deep sleep. I only heard the ticking of the clock, with the deep-drawn breathings of the sleeping toper, and the drippings of the rain—drop, drop, drop—from the eaves of the house.

JAMES KIRKE PAULDING.

Associated with Washington Irving in the 'Salmagundi' papers was JAMES KIRKE PAULDING (1778–1860), a voluminous writer. In 1819, Mr. Paulding commenced a second series of 'Salmagundi' essays, but without much success. His novels of 'The Dutchman's Fireside' (1831) and 'Westward Ho!' (1832) are said to contain faithful historical sketches of the early settlers of New York and Kentucky: of the former, six editions were published within a year. Among the other works of Mr. Paulding are 'The Diverting History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan' (1813); 'Letters from the South'

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(1817); 'The Backwoodsman,' a poem (1818); 'A Sketch of Old England' (1822); 'Koningsmarke' (1823); 'The New Mirror for Travellers (1828); 'Chronicles of the City of Gotham' (1830); a 'Life of Washington' (1835); and various other slight novels and satirical sketches. A Life of Paulding by his son was published in 1867, and about the same time his 'Select Works,' in four volumes, were issued by a New York publishing house.

REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

One of the most witty, popular, and influential writers of the age was the REV. SYDNEY SMITH, born at Woodford in Essex, in 1771. He was one of the three sons of a somewhat eccentric and improvident English gentleman, who out of the wreck of his fortune was able to give his family a good education, and place them in positions favourable for their advancement. The eldest, Robert—best known by the name given by his school-fellows at Eton, of Bobus—was distinguished as a classical scholar, and adopted the profession of the law. Sydney, the second son, was educated at Winchester and Oxford, and entered the Church. Courtenay, the youngest son, went to India, and acquired great wealth, as well as reputation as a judge and oriental scholar. The opinion or hypothesis that men of genius more generally inherit their intellectual eminence from the side of the mother than that of the father, is illustrated by the history of this remarkable family, for the mother of the young Smiths, the daughter of a French emigrant, was a woman of strong sense, energy of character, and constitutional vivacity or gaiety. Sydney having gained a fellowship at New College, Oxford, worth about £100 per annum, was cast upon his own resources. He obtained a curacy in a small village in the midst of Salisbury Plain. The Squire of the Parish, Mr. Beach, two years afterwards, engaged him as tutor to his eldest son, and it was arranged that tutor and pupil should proceed to the university of Weimar, in Saxony They set out; but 'before we could get there,' said Smith, 'Germany became the seat of war, and in stress of politics we put into Edinburgh, where I remained five years.' He officiated in the Episcopal chapel there. After two years' residence in Edinburgh, he returned to England to marry a Miss Pybus, daughter of a deceased banker. The lady had a brother, one of the Lords of the Admiralty, under Pitt, but he was highly incensed at the marriage of his sister with a decided Whig without fortune, and the prospects of the young pair were far from brilliant. The lady, however, had a small fortune of her own, and she realized £500 by the sale of a fine necklace which her mother had given her. The Salisbury squire added £1000 for Sydney's care of his son, and thus the more sordid of the ills of poverty were averted. Literature also furnished an additional source. The 'Edinburgh Review' was started in 1802, and Sydney Smith was the original projector of the scheme.

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'The principles of the French Revolution,' he says, 'were then fully afloat, and it is impossible to conceive a more violent and agitated state of society. Among the first persons with whom I became acquainted were Lord Jeffrey, Lord Murray—late Lord Advocate for Scotland—and Lord Brougham; all of them maintaining opinions upon political subjects a little too liberal for the dynasty of Dundas, then exercising supreme power over the northern division of the island. One day we happened to meet in the eighth or ninth story or flat in Buccleuch Place, the elevated residence of the then Mr. Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a Review; this was acceded to with acclamation. I was appointed editor, and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number of the "Edinburgh Review." The motto I proposed for the Review was:

"Tenui musam meditamur avena"—

We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal.

But this was too near the truth to be admitted, and so we took our present grave motto from Publius Syrus, of whom none of us had, I am sure, ever read a single line;* and so began what has since turned out to be a very important and able journal. When I left Edinburgh, it fell into the stronger hands of Lord Jeffrey and Lord Brougham, and reached the highest point of popularity and success.'

One feature in the scheme, important to Smith, as to all the others, was, that the writers were to receive for their contributions ten guineas a sheet, or sixteen printed pages. In 1804, Mr. Smith sought the wider field of London. He officiated for some time as preacher of the Foundling Hospital at £50 per annum, and obtained another preachership in Berkeley Square. His sermons were highly popular, and a course of lectures on Moral Philosophy, which he delivered in 1804, 1805, and 1806, at the Royal Institution—and which were published after his death—still more widely extended his reputation. In Holland House and in other distinguished circles, his extraordinary conversational powers had already made him famous. His contributions to the 'Edinburgh Review' also added to his popularity, though their liberality of tone and spirit rendered him obnoxious to the party in power. During the short period of the Whig administration in 1806–7, he obtained the living of Foston-le-Clay, in Yorkshire, and here he wrote a highly amusing and powerful political tract, entitled 'Letters on the Subject of the Catholics, to my Brother Abraham, who lives in the Country, by Peter Plymley.' The success of the 'Letters' was immense—they have gone through twenty-one editions. Since the days of Swift, no such masterly political irony, combined with irresistible argument, had been wit-

Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur—The judge is condemned when the guilty are absolved. The young adventurers, it was said, had hung out the bloody flag on their title-page!

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nessed. In ridiculing the idea prevalent among many timid though excellent persons at the time, that a conspiracy had been formed against the Protestant religion, headed by the pope, Mr. Smith places the subject in a light highly ludicrous and amusing:

The Pope has not Landed.

The pope has not landed—nor are there any curates sent out after him—nor has he been hid at St. Albans by the Dowager Lady Spencer—nor dined privately at Holland House—nor been seen near Dropmore. If these fears exist—which I do not believe—they exist only in the mind of the Chancellor of the Exchequer [the late Mr. Spencer Perceval]: they emanate from his zeal for the Protestant interest; and though they reflect the highest honour upon the delicate irritability of his faith, must certainly be considered as more ambiguous proofs of the sanity and vigour of his understanding. By this time, however, the best informed clergy in the neighborhood of the metropolis are convinced that the rumour is without foundation: and though the pope is probably hovering about our coast in a fishing-smack, it is most likely he will fall a prey to the vigilance of the cruisers; and it is certain he has not yet polluted the Protestantism of our soil. Exactly in the same manner the story of the wooden gods seized at Charing Cross, by an order from the Foreign Office, turns out to be without the shadow of a foundation: instead of the angels and archangels mentioned by the informer, nothing was discovered but a wooden image of Lord Mulgrave going down to Chatham as a head-piece for the *Spanker* gun-vessel: it was an exact resemblance of his lordship in his military uniform; and therefore as little like a god as can well be imagined.

The effects of the threatened French invasion are painted in similar colours. Mr. Smith is arguing that, notwithstanding the fears entertained in England on this subject, the British rulers neglected the obvious means of self-defence:

Fears of Invasion Ridiculed.

As for the spirit of the peasantry in making a gallant defence behind hedgerows, and through platoon-racks and hen-coops, highly as I think of their bravery, I do not know any nation in Europe so likely to be struck with panic as the English; and this from their total unacquaintance with the science of war. Old wheat and beans blazing for twenty miles round; cart mares shot; sows of Lord Somerville's breed running wild over the country; the minister of the parish wounded sorely in his hinder parts; Mrs Plymley in fits, all these scenes of war an Austrian or a Russian has seen three or four times over; but it is now three centuries since an English pig has fallen in a fair battle upon English ground, or a farm-house been rifled, or a clergyman's wife been subjected to any other proposals of love than the connubial endearments of her sleek and othodox mate. The old edition of Plutarch's 'Lives,' which lies in the corner of your parlour-window, has contributed to work you up to the most romantic expectations of our Roman behaviour. You are persuaded that Lord Amherst will defend Kew Bridge like Cocles; that some maid of honour will break away from her captivity and swim over the Thames; that the Duke of York will burn his capitulating hand; and little Mr. Sturges Bourne give forty years' purchase for Moulsham Hall while the French are encamped upon it. I hope we shall witness all this, if the French do come; but in the meantime I am so enchanted with the ordinary English behaviour of these invaluable persons, that I earnestly pray no opportunity may be given them for Roman valour, and for those very un-Roman pensions which they would all, of course, take especial care to claim in consequence.

In Yorkshire, Mr. Smith became a farmer, as well as zealous parish minister, and having in his youth applied himself to the occasional study of medicine, he was useful among his rural neighbours. To make the most of his situation in life was always his policy, and no man, with a tithe of his talents, was ever more of a contented

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practical philosopher. Patronage came slowly. About 1825 the Duke of Devonshire presented him with the living of Londesborough, to hold till the duke's nephew came of age; and in 1828 Lord Lyndhurst, disregarding mere party considerations, gave him a prebend's stall at Bristol. 'Moralists tell you,' he said, 'of the evils of wealth and station, and the happiness of poverty. I have been very poor the greatest part of my life, and have borne it as well, I believe, as most people, but I can safely say that I have been happier every guinea I have gained.' Lord Lyndhurst conferred another favor: he enabled Mr. Smith to exchange Foston for Combe Florey, near Taunton, and the rector and his family removed from Yorkshire to Somersetshire. In 1831 the advent of the Whigs to power procured for Mr. Smith a prebendal stall at St. Paul's in exchange for the inferior one he held at Bristol. The political agitation during the unsettled state of the Reform Bill elicited from his vigourous pen some letters intended for circulation amongst the poor, and some short but decidedly liberal speeches. In one of these, delivered at Taunton in 1831, he introduced the famous episode of Mrs. Partington, which is one of the happiest specimens of his peculiar humour:

Story of Mrs. Partington.

I do not mean to be disrespectful, but the attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm of Sidmouth, and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon that town—the tide rose to an incredible height—the waves rushed in upon the houses—and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, and squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused. Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest.

Illustrations of this kind are highly characteristic of their author. They display the fertility of his fancy and the richness of his humour, at the same time that they drive home his argument with irresistible effect. Sydney Smith, like Swift, seems never to have taken up his pen from the mere love of composition, but to enforce practical views and opinions on which he felt strongly. His wit and banter are equally direct and cogent. Though a professed joker and convivial wit—'a diner-out of the first lustre,' as he has himself characterised Mr. Canning—there is not one of his humorous or witty sallies that does not seem to flow naturally, and without effort, as if struck out or remembered at the moment it is used. In his latter years, Sydney Smith waged war with the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in a series of Letters addressed to Archdeacon Singleton. He considered that the Commission had been invested with too much power, and that the interests of the inferior clergy had not been sufficiently regarded. The rights of the Dean and Chapter he

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defended with warmth and spirit, and his tone was at times unfriendly to his old Whig associates. The Letters contain some admirable portrait-painting, bordering on caricature, and a variety of rich illustration. In 1839, the death of his youngest brother, Courtenay, in India, put him in possession of a considerable fortune: 'in my grand climacteric,' he said, 'I became unexpectedly a rich man.' This wealth enabled him to invest money in Pennsylvanian bonds; and when Pennsylvania and other States sought to repudiate the debt due to England, the witty canon of St. Paul's took the field, and by a petition and letters on the subject, roused all Europe against the repudiating States. His last work was a short treatise on the use of the Ballot at elections, and this shewed no diminution in his powers of ridicule or reasoning. His useful and distinguished life was closed on the 22d of February, 1845. Sydney Smith was a fine representative of the intellectual Englishman—manly, fearless and independent. His talents were always exercised on practical subjects; to correct what he deemed abuses, to enforce religious toleration to expose cant and hypocrisy, and to inculcate timely reformation. No politician was ever more disinterested or effective. He had the wit and energy of Swift without his coarseness or cynicism, and if inferior to Swift in the high attribute of original inventive genius, he had a peculiar and inimitable breadth of humour and drollery of illustration that served as potent auxiliaries to his clear and logical argument. Shortly after Mr. Smith's death, a paper was published entitled 'A Fragment on the Irish Roman Catholic Church,' which he had left in an incomplete state. A Memoir of his life, with a selection from his Letters, was given to the world in 1855, by his daughter, Lady Holland.

Wit the Flavour of the Mind.

When wit is combined with sense and information; when it is softened by benevolence and restrained by principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it—who can be witty and something more than witty—who loves honour, justice, decency, good-nature, morality, and religion ten thousand times better than wit—wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. Genuine and innocent wit like this is surely the flavour of the mind. Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food: but God has given us wit, and flavour, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to charm his pained steps over the burning marl.

Difficulty of Governing a Nation.

It would seem that the science of government is an unappropriated region in the universe of knowledge. Those sciences with which the passions can never interfere, are considered to be attainable only by study and by reflection; while there are not many young men who doubt of their ability to make a constitution, or to govern a kingdom; at the same time there cannot, perhaps, be a more decided proof of a superficial understanding than the depreciation of those difficulties which are inseparable from the science of government. To know well the local and the natural man; to track the silent march of human affairs; to seize, with happy intuition, on those great laws which regulate the prosperity of empires; to reconcile principles to circumstances, and be no wiser than the times will permit; to anticipate the effects of every speculation upon the entangled relations and awkward complexity of real

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life; and to follow out the theorems of the senate to the daily comforts of the cottage, is a task which they will fear most who know it best—a task in which the great and the good have often failed, and which it is not only wise, but pious and just in common men to avoid.

Means of Acquiring Distinction.

It is natural to every man to wish for distinction; and the praise of those who can confer honour by their praise, in spite of all false philosophy, is sweet to every human heart; but as eminence can be but the lot of a few, patience of obscurity is a duty which we owe not more to our own happiness than to the quiet of the world at large. Give a loose, if you are young and ambitious, to that spirit which throbs within you; measure yourself with your equals; and learn, from frequent competition, the place which nature has allotted to you; make of it no mean battle, but strive hard; strengthen your soul to the search of truth, and follow that spectre of excellence which beckons you on beyond the walls of the world to something better than man has yet done. It may be you shall burst out into light and glory at the last; but if frequent failure convince you of that mediocrity of nature which is incompatible with great actions, submit wisely and cheerfully to your lot; let no mean spirit of revenge tempt you to throw off your loyalty to your country, and to prefer a vicious celebrity to obscurity crowned with piety and virtue. If you can throw new light upon moral truth, or by any exertions multiply the comforts or confirm the happiness of mankind, this fame guides you to the true ends of your nature; but in the name of God, as you tremble at retributive justice, and in the name of mankind, if mankind be dear to you, seek not that easy and accursed fame which is gathered in the work of revolutions; and deem it better to be for ever unknown, than to found a momentary name upon the basis of anarchy and irreligion.

Locking in on Railways.

Railway travelling is a delightful improvement of human life. Man is become a bird; he can fly longer and quicker than a solan goose. The mamma rushes sixty miles in two hours to the aching finger of her conjugating and declining grammar-boy. The early Scotchman scratches himself in the morning mists of the north, and has his porridge in Piccadilly before the setting sun. The Puseyite priest, after a rush of a hundred miles, appears with his little volume of nonsense at the breakfast of his bookseller. Everything is near, everything is immediate—time, distance, and delay are abolished. But, though charming and fascinating as all this is, we must not shut our eyes to the price we shall pay for it. There will be every three or four years some dreadful massacre—whole trains will be hurled down a precipice, and two hundred or three hundred persons will be killed on the spot. There will be every now and then a great combustion of human bodies, as there has been at Paris; then all the newspapers up in arms—a thousand regulations, forgotten as soon as the directors dare—loud screams of the velocity whistle—monopoly locks and bolts as before.

The locking plea of directors is philanthropy; and I admit that to guard men from the commission of moral evil is as philanthropical as to prevent physical suffering. There is, I allow, a strong propensity in mankind to travel on railways without paying; and to lock mankind in till they have completed their share of the contract is benevolent, because it guards the species from degrading and immoral conduct; but to burn or crush a whole train, merely to prevent a few immoral insides from not paying, is, I hope, a little more than Ripon or Gladstone will permit.

We have been, up to this point, very careless of our railway regulations. The first person of rank who is killed will put everything in order, and produce a code of the most careful rules. I hope it will not be one of the bench of bishops; but should it be so destined, let the burnt bishop—the unwilling Latimer—remember that, however painful gradual concoction by fire may be, his death will produce unspeakable benefits to the public. Even Sodor and Man will be better than nothing. From that moment the bad effects of the monopoly are destroyed; no more fatal deference to directors; no despotic incarceration, no barbarous inattention to the anatomy and physiology of the human body; no commitment to locomotive prisons with warrant. We shall then find it possible *voyager libre sans mourir*.

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A Model Bishop.

A grave elderly man, full of Greek, with sound views of the middle voice and preterperfect tense, gentle and kind to his poor clergy, of powerful and commanding eloquence: in parliament, never to be put down when the great interests of mankind were concerned; leaning to the government when *it* was right, leaning to the people when *they* were right; feeling that, if the Spirit of God had called him to that high office, he was called for no mean purpose, but rather that, seeing clearly, and acting boldly, and intending purely, he might confer lasting benefits on mankind.

All Curates hope to draw Great Prizes.

I am surprised it does not strike the mountaineers how very much the great emoluments of the church are flung open to the lowest ranks of the community. Butchers, bakers, publicans, schoolmasters, are perpetually seeing their children elevated to the mitre. Let a respectable baker drive through the city from the west end of the town, and let him cast an eye on the battlements of Northumberland House; has his little muffin-faced son the smallest chance of getting in among the Percies, enjoying a share of their luxury and splendour, and of chasing the deer with hound and horn upon the Cheviot Hills? But let him drive his alum-steeped loaves a little further, till he reaches St. Paul's Churchyard, and all his thoughts are changed when he sees that beautiful fabric; it is not impossible that his little pony-roll may be introduced into that splendid oven. Young Crumpet is sent to school—takes to his books—spends the best years of his life, as all eminent Englishmen do in making Latin verses—knows that the *crum* in crumpet is long, and the *pet* short—goes to the university—gets a prize for an Essay on the Dispersion of the Jews—takes orders—becomes a bishop's chaplain—has a young nobleman for his pupil—publishes a useless classic, and a serious call to the unconverted—and then goes through the Elysian transitions of prebendary, dean, prelate, and the long train of purple, profit, and power.

FRANCIS JEFFREY.

FRANCIS JEFFREY, who exercised greater influence on the periodical literature and criticism of this century than any of his contemporaries, was a native of Edinburgh, born on the 23d of October 1773. His father was a depute-clerk in the Court of Sessions. After education at the High School of Edinburgh, two sessions at the university of Glasgow, and one session—from October to June 1791-92—at Queen's College, Oxford, Mr. Jeffrey studied Scots law, and passed as an advocate in 1794. For many years his income did not exceed £100 per annum, but his admirable economy and independent spirit kept him free from debt, and he was indefatigable in the cultivation of his intellectual powers. He was already a Whig in politics. His literary ambition and political sentiment found scope in the 'Edinburgh Review,' the first number of which appeared in October 1802. We have quoted Sydney Smith's account of the origin of this work; the following is a statement on the subject made by Jeffrey to Mr. Robert Chambers in 1846:

'I cannot say exactly where the project of the 'Edinburgh Review' was first talked of among the projectors. But the first serious consultations about it—and which led to our application to a publisher—were held in a small house, where I then lived, in Buccleuch Place (I forget the number). They were attended by S. Smith, F. Horner, Dr. Thomas Brown, Lord Murray (John Archibald Murray,

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a Scottish advocate, and now one of the Scottish judges*), and some of them also by Lord Webb Seymour, Dr. John Thomson, and Thomas Thomson. The first three numbers were given to the publisher—he taking the risk and defraying the charges. There was then no individual editor, but as many of us as could be got to attend used to meet in a dingy room of Willison's printing-office, in Craig's Close, where the proofs of our own articles were read over and remarked upon, and attempts made also to sit in judgment on the few manuscripts which were then offered by strangers. But we had seldom patience to go through with this; and it was soon found necessary to have a responsible editor, and the office was pressed upon me. About the same time, Constable (the publisher) was told that he must allow ten guineas a sheet to the contributors, to which he at once assented; and not long after the *minimum* was raised to sixteen guineas, at which it remained during my reign. Two thirds of the articles were paid much higher—averaging, I should think, from twenty to twenty-five guineas a sheet on the whole number. I had, I might say, an unlimited discretion in this respect, and must do the publishers the justice to say that they never made the slightest objection. Indeed, as we all knew that they had—for a long time, at least—a very great profit, they probably felt that they were at our mercy. Smith was by far the most timid of the confederacy, and believed that, unless our incognito was strictly maintained, we could not go on a day; and this was his object for making us hold our dark divans at Willison's office, to which he insisted on our repairing singly, and by back-approaches or different lanes. He had also so strong an impression of Brougham's indiscretion and rashness, that he would not let him be a member of our association, though wished for by all the rest. He was admitted, however, after the third number, and did more work for us than anybody. Brown took offence at some alterations Smith had made in a trifling article of his in the second number, and left us thus early; publishing at the same time, in a magazine, the fact of his secession—a step which we all deeply regretted, and thought scarcely justified by the provocation. Nothing of the kind occurred ever after.'

Jeffrey's memory had failed him as respects the first number of the 'Review,' for Brougham wrote six of the articles in that number. In the Autobiography of the latter, it is stated that Jeffrey's salary as editor was for five or six years £300 a year, and afterwards £500. We have always understood that it was £50 each number from 1803 to 1809, and afterwards £200 each number. The youth of the Edinburgh reviewers was a fertile source of ridicule and contempt, but the fact was exaggerated. Smith, its projector, was thirty-one; Jeffrey, twenty-nine; Brougham, Horner, and Brown, twenty-four each

* This gentleman, distinguished for his liberality and munificence, died in Edinburgh, on the 7th of March 1859, aged eighty-one.

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—'excellent ages for such work,' as Henry Cockburn, the biographer of Jeffrey, has remarked. The world was all before the young adventurers! The only critical journal of any reputation was the 'Monthly Review,' into which Mackintosh, Southey, and William Taylor of Norwich, occasionally threw a few pages of literary or political speculation, but without aiming at such lengthy disquisitions or severe critical analysis as those attempted by the new aspirants.

The chief merit and labour attaching to the continuance and the success of the 'Edinburgh Review' fell on its accomplished editor. From 1803 to 1829 Mr. Jeffrey had the sole management of the 'Review;' and when we consider the distinguished ability which it has uniformly displayed, and high moral character it has upheld, together with the independence and fearlessness with which from the first it has promulgated its canons of criticism on literature, science, and government, we must admit that few men have exercised such influence as Francis Jeffrey on the whole current of contemporary literature and public opinion. Besides his general superintendence, Mr. Jeffrey was a large contributor to the 'Review.' The departments of poetry and elegant literature seem to have been his chosen field; and he constantly endeavoured, as he says, 'to combine ethical precepts with literary criticism, and earnestly sought to impress his readers with a sense both of the close connection between sound intellectual attainments and the higher elements of duty and enjoyment, and of the just and ultimate subordination of the former to the latter.'

This was a vocation of high mark and responsibility, and on the whole the critic discharged his duty with honour and success. As a moral writer he was unimpeachable. In poetical criticism he sometimes failed. This was conspicuously the case as regards Wordsworth and Coleridge, whose originality and rich imaginative genius he would not or could not appreciate. To Montgomery, Lamb, and other young authors he was harsh and unjust. Flushed with success and early ambition, Jeffrey and his coadjutors were more intent on finding fault than in discovering beauties, and were more piqued by occasional deviation from old established conventional rules than gratified by meeting with originality of thought or traces of true inventive genius. They improved in this respect as they grew older, and Jeffrey lived to express regret for the undue severity into which he was occasionally betrayed. Where no prejudice or prepossession intervened, he was an admirable critic. If he was not profound, he was interesting and graceful. His little dissertations on the style and works of Cowper, Crabbe, Byron and Scott (always excepting the review of 'Marmion,' which is a miserable piece of nibbling criticism), as well as his observations on moral science and the philosophy of life, are eloquent and discriminating, and conceived in a fine spirit of

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humanity. He seldom gave full scope to the expression of his feelings and sympathies, but they do occasionally break forth and kindle up the pages of his criticism. At times, indeed, his language is poetical in a high degree. The following glowing tribute to the universal genius of Shakspeare is worthy of the subject:

On the Genius of Shakspeare.

Many persons are very sensible of the effect of fine poetry upon their feelings, who do not well know how to refer these feelings to their causes; and it is always a delightful thing to be made to see clearly the source from which our delight has proceeded, and to trace the mingled stream that has flowed upon our hearts to the remoter fountains from which it has been gathered; and when this is done with warmth as well as precision, and embodied in an eloquent description of the beauty which is explained, it forms one of the most attractive, and not the least instructive, of literary exercises. In all works of merit, however, and especially in all works of original genius, there are a thousand retiring and less obtrusive graces, which escape hasty and superficial observers, and only give out their beauties to fond and patient contemplation; a thousand slight and harmonizing touches, the merit and the effect of which are equally imperceptible to vulgar eyes; and a thousand indications of the continual presence of that poetical spirit which can only be recognised by those who are in some measure under its influence, and have prepared themselves to receive it, by worshipping meekly at the shrines which it inhabits.

In the exposition of these there is room enough for originality, and more room than Mr. Hazlitt has yet filled. In many points, however, he has acquitted himself excellently; particularly in the development of the principal characters with which Shakspeare has peopled the fancies of all English readers—but principally, we think, in the delicate sensibility with which he has traced, and the natural eloquence with which he has pointed out, that familiarity with beautiful forms and images—that eternal recurrence to what is sweet or majestic in the simple aspects of nature—that indestructible love of flowers and odours, and dews and clear waters—and soft airs and sounds, and bright skies, and woodland solitudes, and moonlight bowers, which are the material elements of poetry—and that fine sense of their undefinable relation to mental emotion, which is its essence and vivifying soul—and which, in the midst of Shakspeare's most busy and atrocious scenes, falls like gleams of sunshine on rocks and ruins—contrasting with all that is rugged and repulsive, and reminding us of the existence of purer and brighter elements—which *he alone* has poured out from the richness of his own mind without effort or restraint, and contrived to intermingle with the play of all the passions, and the vulgar course of this world's affairs, without deserting for an instant the proper business of the scene, or appearing to pause or digress from love of ornament or need of repose; *he alone* who, when the subject requires it, is always keen, and worldly, and practical, and who yet, without changing his hand, or stopping his course, scatters around him, as he goes, all sounds and shapes of sweetness, and conjures up landscapes of immortal fragrance and freshness, and peoples them with spirits of glorious aspect and attractive grace, and is a thousand times more full of imagery and splendour than those who, for the sake of such qualities, have shrunk back from the delineation of character or passion, and declined the discussion of human duties and cares. More full of wisdom, and ridicule, and sagacity, than all the moralists and satirists in existence, he is more wild, airy, and inventive, and more pathetic and fantastic, than all the poets of all regions and ages of the world; and has all those elements so happily mixed up in him, and bears his high faculties so tenderately, that the most severe reader cannot complain of him for want of strength or of reason, nor the most sensitive for defect of ornament or ingenuity. Everything in him is in unmeasured abundance and unequalled perfection; but everything so balanced and kept in subordination as not to jostle or disturb or take the place of another. The most exquisite poetical conceptions images, and descriptions we given with such brevity, and introduced with such skill, as merely to adorn without loading the sense they accompany. Although his sails are purple, and perfumed, and his prow of beaten gold, they waft him on his voyage, not less, but more rapidly and

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directly, than if they had been composed of baser materials. All his excellences, like those of Nature herself, are thrown out together; and instead of interfering with, support and recommend each other. His flowers are not tied up in garlands, nor his fruits crushed into baskets, but spring living from the soil, in all the dew and freshness of youth; while the graceful foliage in which they lurk, and the ample branches, the rough and vigorous stem, and the wide-spreading roots on which they depend, are present along with them, and share, in their places, the equal care of their creator.

Of the invention of the steam-engine, Jeffrey remarks, with a rich felicity of illustration:

It has become a thing stupendous alike for its force and its flexibility—for the prodigious power which it can exert, and the ease, and precision, and ductility with which it can be varied, distributed and applied. The trunk of an elephant, that can pick up a pin or rend an oak, is as nothing to it. It can engrave a seal, and crush masses of obdurate metal before it—draw out, without breaking, a thread as fine as gossamer, and lift up a ship of war like a bauble in the air. It can embroider muslin and forge anchors, cut steel into ribbons, and impel loaded vessels against the fury of the winds and waves.

How just, also, and how finely expressed, is the following refutation of a vulgar error that even Byron condescended to sanction—namely, that genius is a source of peculiar unhappiness to its possessors:

Men of Genius Generally Cheerful.

Men of truly great powers of mind have generally been cheerful, social, and indulgent; while a tendency to sentimental whining or fierce intolerance may be ranked among the surest symptoms of little souls and inferior intellects. In the whole list of our English poets we can only remember Shenstone and Savage—two certainly of the lowest—who were querulous and discontented. Cowley, indeed used to call himself melancholy; but he was not in earnest, and at anyrate was full of conceits and affectations, and has nothing to make us proud of him. Shakspeare, the greatest of them all, was evidently of a free and joyous temperament; and so was Chaucer, their common master. The same disposition appears to have predominated in Fletcher, Jonson, and their great contemporaries. The genius of Milton partook something of the austerity of the party to which he belonged, and of the controversies in which he was involved; but even when fallen on evil days and evil tongues, his spirit seems to have retained its serenity as well as its dignity; and in his private life, as well as in his poetry, the majesty of a high character is tempered with great sweetness, genial indulgences, and practical wisdom. In the succeeding age our poets were but too gay; and though we forbear to speak of living authors, we know enough of them to say with confidence, that to be miserable or to be hated is not now, any more than heretofore, the common lot of those who excel.

Innumerable observations of this kind, remarkable for ease and grace, and for original reflection, may be found scattered through Lord Jeffrey's critiques. His political remarks and views of public events are equally discriminating, but of course will be judged according to the opinions of the reader. None will be found at variance with national honour or morality, which are paramount to all mere party questions. In his office of literary critic, when quite impartial, Lord Jeffrey exercised singular taste and judgment in making selections from the works he reviewed, and interweaving them, as it were, with the text of his criticism. Whatever was picturesque, solemn, pathetic, or sublime, caught his eye, and was thus

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introduced to a new and vastly extended circle of readers, besides furnishing matter for various collections of extracts and innumerable school exercises. The chief defect of his writing is the occasional diffuseness and carelessness of his style. He wrote as he spoke, with great rapidity and with a flood of illustration.

At the bar, Jeffrey's eloquence and intrepidity were not less conspicuous than his literary talents. In 1829 he was, by the unanimous suffrages of his legal brethren, elected Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, and he then resigned the editorship of the 'Review' into the hands of another Scottish advocate, MR. MACVEY NAPIER (1777-1847). In 1830, on the formation of Earl Grey's ministry, Jeffrey was nominated to the first office under the crown in Scotland—Lord Advocate—and sat for some time in parliament. In 1834 he gladly exchanged the turmoil of politics for the duties of a Scottish judge; and as Lord Jeffrey, he sat on the bench until within a few days of his death, on the 26th of January, 1850. As a judge he was noted for undeviating attention, uprightness, and ability; as a citizen, he was esteemed and beloved. He practised a generous though unostentatious hospitality, preserved all the finer qualities of his mind undiminished to the last, and delighted a wide circle of ever-welcome friends and visitors by his rich conversational powers, candour, and humanity. The more important of Jeffrey's contributions to the 'Edinburgh Review' were collected by him in 1844, and published in four volumes, since reprinted in one large volume. We add part of a review of Campbell's 'Specimens of the British Poets,' 1819.

The Perishable Nature of Poetical Fame.

Next to the impression of the vast fertility, compass, and beauty of our English poetry, the reflection that recurs most frequently and forcibly to us in accompanying Mr. Campbell through his wide survey, is the perishable nature of poetical fame, and the speedy oblivion that has overtaken so many of the promised heirs of immortality. Of near two hundred and fifty authors, whose works are cited in these volumes, by far the greater part of whom were celebrated in their generation, there are not thirty who now enjoy anything that can be called popularity—whose works are to be found in the hands of ordinary readers, in the shops of ordinary booksellers, or in the press for republication. About fifty more may be tolerably familiar to men of taste or literature; the rest slumber on the shelves of collectors, and are partially known to a few antiquaries and scholars. Now the fame of a poet is popular, or nothing. He does not address himself, like the man of science, to the learned, or those who desire to learn, but to all mankind; and his purpose being to delight and to be praised, necessarily extends to all who can receive pleasure, or join in applause. It is strange, and somewhat humiliating, to see how great a proportion of those who had once fought their way successfully to distinction, and surmounted the rivalry of contemporary envy, have again sunk into neglect. We have great deference for public opinion; and readily admit that nothing but what is good can be permanently popular. But though its *vivat* be generally oracular, its *pereat* appears to us to be often sufficiently capricious; and while we would foster all that it bids to leave, we would willingly revive much that it leaves to die. The very multiplication of works of amusement necessarily withdraws many from notice that deserve to be kept in remembrance; for we should soon find it labour, and not amusement, if we were obliged to make use of them all, or even to take all upon trial. As the materials of enjoyment and instruction accumulate around us, more and more must thus be daily rejected and left to waste: for while our tasks

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lengthen, our lives remain as short as ever; and the calls on our time multiply, while our time itself is flying swiftly away. This superfluity and abundance of our treasures, therefore, necessarily renders much of them worthless; and the veriest accidents may, in such a case, determine what part shall be preserved, and what thrown away and neglected. When an army is *decimated*, the very bravest may fall; and many poets, worthy of eternal remembrance, have been forgotten, merely because there was not room in our memories for all.

By such a work as the 'Specimens,' however, this injustice of fortune may be partly redressed—some small fragments of an immortal strain may still be rescued from oblivion—and a wreck of a name preserved, which time appeared to have swallowed up for ever. There is something pious, we think, and endearing, in the office of thus gathering up the ashes of renown that has passed away; or rather, of calling back the departed life for a transitory glow, and enabling those great spirits which seemed to be *laid* for ever, still to draw a tear of pity, or a throb of admiration, from the hearts of a forgetful generation. The body of their poetry, probably, can never be revived; but some sparks of its spirit may yet be preserved, in a narrower and feebler frame.

When we look back upon the havoc which two hundred years have thus made in the ranks of our immortals—and, above all, when we refer their rapid disappearance to the quick succession of new competitors, and the accumulations of more good works than there is time to peruse—we cannot help being dismayed at the prospect which lies before the writers of the present day. There never was an age so prolific of popular poetry as that in which we now live; and as wealth, population, and education extend, the produce is likely to go on increasing. The last ten years have produced, we think, an annual supply of about ten thousand lines of good staple poetry—poetry from the very first hands that we can boast of—that runs quickly to three or four large editions—and is as likely to be permanent as present success can make it. Now, if this goes on for a hundred years longer, what a task will await the poetical readers of 1919! Our living poets will then be nearly as old as Pope and Swift are at present, but there will stand between them and that generation nearly ten times as much fresh and fashionable poetry as is now interposed between us and those writers; and if Scott, and Byron, and Campbell have already cast Pope and Swift a good deal into the shade, in what form and dimensions are they themselves likely to be presented to the eyes of their great-grandchildren? The thought, we own, is a little appalling; and, we confess, we see nothing better to imagine than that they may find a comfortable place in some new collection of specimens—the centenary of the present publication. There—if the future editor have anything like the indulgence and veneration for antiquity of his predecessor—there shall posterity still hang with rapture on the half of Campbell, and the fourth part of Byron, and the sixth of Scott, and the scattered tithes of Crabbe, and the three per cent. of Southey; while some good-natured critic shall sit in our mouldering chair, and more than half prefer them to those by whom they have been superseded! It is an hyperbole of good-nature, however, we fear, to ascribe to them even those dimensions at the end of a century. After a lapse of two hundred and fifty years, we are afraid to think of the space they may have shrunk into. We have no Shakspeare, alas! to shed a never-setting light on his contemporaries; and if we continue to write and rhyme at the present rate for two hundred years longer, there must be some new art of short-hand reading invented, or all reading must be given up in despair.

HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM.

Of the original contributors to the 'Edinburgh Review,' the most persevering, voluminous, and varied was HENRY BROUGHAM, also, like Jeffrey, a native of Edinburgh. His family, however, belonged to the north of England. The father of the future Lord Chancellor came to reside in Edinburgh, and lodged with the widow of a Scottish minister, a sister of Dr. Robertson the historian. This lady had a daughter, and Eleanora Syme became the wife of Henry Brougham, younger, of Brougham Hall in Westmoreland. The first offspring of

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the marriage was a son, born September 19, 1778, and named Henry Peter. The latter name he seems early to have dropped. At an early age, Henry Brougham was sent to the High School of Edinburgh, and his contemporary, Lord Cockburn, in his 'Memorials of his Time,' relates a characteristic anecdote, typical of Brougham's future career. 'Brougham,' he says, 'made his first public explosion in Fraser's (the Latin) class. He dared to differ from Fraser, a hot, but good-natured old fellow, on some small bit of Latinity. The master, like other men in power, maintained his own infallibility, punished the rebel, and flattered himself that the affair was over. But Brougham reappeared next day, loaded with books, returned to the charge before the whole class, and compelled honest Luke to acknowledge he had been wrong. This made Brougham famous throughout the whole school. I remember having had him pointed out to me as the fellow who had beat the master.' From the High School, Brougham entered the university, and applied himself so assiduously to the study of mathematics, that in 1796 he was able to contribute to the Philosophical Transactions a paper on 'Experiments and Observations on the Inflection, Reflection, and Colours of Light.'

In 1798 he had another paper in the same work, 'General Theorems, chiefly Porisms in the Higher Geometry.' Thomas Campbell, who then lived in Edinburgh, said the best judges there regarded these theorems, as proceeding from a youth of twenty, 'with astonishment.' Having finished his university course, Henry Brougham studied for the Scottish bar, at which he practised till 1807. In 1803, besides co-operating zealously in the 'Edinburgh Review,' he published an elaborate work in two volumes, 'An Inquiry into the Colonial Policy of the European Powers,' in which he discussed the colonial systems of America, France, Spain, and England. His unwearied application, fearlessness, and vehement oratory made him distinguished as an English barrister, and in 1810 he entered the House of Commons and joined the Whig opposition. There he rose to still greater eminence. His political career does not fall within the scope of this work, but it strikingly illustrates the sagacity of his friend, Francis Horner, who said of him in January 1810: 'I would predict that, though he may very often cause irritation and uncertainty about him to be felt by those with whom he is politically connected, his course will prove, in the main, serviceable to the true faith of liberty and liberal principles.' In the course of his ambitious career, Henry Brougham fell off from his early friends. We have no trace of him in the genial correspondence of Horner, Sydney Smith, or Jeffrey. Politicians neither love nor hate, according to Dryden; but though Brougham could not inspire affection, and was erratic and inconsistent in much of his conduct amidst all his personal ambition, rashness, and indiscretion, he was the steady friend of public improvement, of slave abolition, popular education, religious toleration, free trade, and law reform. Here were ample grounds for public admi-

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ration; and when in 1830 he received the highest professional advancement, by his elevation to the office of Lord Chancellor, and the name of the great commoner, Henry Brougham, was merged in that of Lord Brougham and Vaux, the nation generally felt and acknowledged that the honours were well won, and worthily bestowed. Lord Brougham held the Great Seal for four years, retiring with his party in November 1834. This terminated his official life, but he afterwards laboured unceasingly as a law reformer. His withdrawal from office also left him leisure for those literary and scientific pursuits which he had never wholly relinquished.

Subsequent to that period he brought out a variety of works—'Memoirs of the Statesmen of the Reign of George III.;' 'Lives of Men of Letters and Science in the Reign of George III.;' 'Political Philosophy;' 'Speeches, with Historical Introductions, and Dissertation upon the Eloquence of the Ancients;' 'Discourse on Paley's Natural Theology;' 'Analytical View of Sir Isaac Newton's Principia;' 'Contributions to the Edinburgh Review;' and several pamphlets on Law Reform. A cheap collected edition of these works, in ten volumes, was issued in 1855–6. In his youth, Brougham is said to have written a novel, and to have tried his hand at poetry! There is, perhaps, no department of science or literature into which he did not make incursions. He only, however, reaped laurels on the fields of forensic and senatorial eloquence. As an essayist or critic, he must rank below his youthful associates, Francis Jeffrey and Sydney Smith. His liveliest contribution (which he never openly acknowledged) was his critique on Lord Byron's 'Hours of Idleness.' In the first twenty numbers of the 'Review' he wrote eighty articles! Brougham's style is generally heavy, verbose, and inelegant; and his time was, during the better part of his life, too exclusively devoted to public affairs to enable him to keep pace with the age, either in exact scientific knowledge or correct literary information. In his sketches of modern statesmen, however, we have occasionally new facts and letters, to which ordinary writers had not access, illustrative of interesting and important events. Lord Brougham died at Cannes (where he had built a villa, and resided part of every year), on the 7th of May 1868. Seven years before this, in his eighty-fourth year, the veteran statesman commenced writing notices of his 'Life and Times,' which were published in three volumes, 1871. These volumes abound in errors and inaccuracies, easily accounted for by the great age of the writer; his vanity and prejudices are also very conspicuous; but the work has the merit of disclosing many of the springs of political movements, and includes a number of valuable letters and other papers.

Studies in Osteology.—From 'Discourse on Natural Theology.'

A comparative anatomist, of profound learning and marvellous sagacity, has presented to him what to common eyes would seem a piece of half-decayed bone, found in a wild, in a forest, or in a cave. By accurately examining its shape, particularly

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the form of its extremity or extremities (if both ends happen to be entire), by close inspection of the texture of its surface, and by admeasurement of its proportions, he can with certainty discover the general form of the animal to which it belonged, its size as well as its shape, the economy of its viscera, and its general habits. Sometimes the investigation in such cases proceeds upon chains of reasoning where all the links are seen and understood; where the connection of the parts found with other parts and with habitudes, is perceived, and the reason understood—as that the animal had a trunk, because the neck was short compared with its height; or that it ruminated, because its teeth were imperfect for complete mastication. But frequently the inquiry is as certain in its results, although some links of the chain are concealed from our view, and the conclusion wears a more empirical aspect—as gathering that the animal ruminated, from observing the print of a cloven hoof; or that he had horns, from his wanting certain teeth; or that he wanted the collar-bone, from his having cloven hoofs.

The discoveries already made in this branch of science are truly wonderful, and they proceed upon the strictest rules of induction. It is shewn that animals formerly existed on the globe, being unknown varieties of *species* still known; but it also appears that *species* existed, and even *genera*, wholly unknown for the last five thousand years. These peopled the earth, as it was, not before the general deluge, but before some convulsion long prior to that event had overwhelmed the countries then dry, and raised others from the bottom of the sea. In these curious inquiries, we are conversant, not merely with the world before the flood, but with a world which, before the flood, was covered with water and which, in far earlier ages, had been the habitation of birds, and beasts, and reptiles. We are carried, as it were, several worlds back, and we reach a period when all was water, and slime, and mud, and the waste, without either man or plants, gave resting-place to enormous beasts like lions and elephants, and river-horses, while the water was tenanted by lizards the size of a whale, sixty or seventy feet long, and by others with huge eyes having shields of solid bone to protect them, and glaring from a neck ten feet in length, and the air was darkened by flying reptiles covered with scales, opening the jaws of the crocodile, and expanding wings, armed at the tips with the claws of the leopard. No less strange, and yet no less proceeding from induction, are the discoveries made respecting the former state of the earth, the manner in which those animals, whether of known or unknown tribes, occupied it, and the period when, or at least the way in which, they ceased to exist.

Peroration of the Speech at Conclusion of the Trial of Queen Caroline, October 4, 1820.*

Let me call on you, even at the risk of repetition, never to dismiss for a moment from your minds the two great points upon which I rest my attack upon the evidence; first, that the accusers have not proved the facts by the good witnesses who were within their reach, whom they had no shadow of pretext for not calling; and, secondly, that the witnesses whom they have ventured to call are, every one of them, irreparably damaged in their credit. How, I again ask, is a plot ever to be discovered, except by the means of these two principles? Nay, there are instances in which plots have been discovered through the medium of the second principle, when the first had happened to fail. When venerable witnesses have been brought forward—when persons above all suspicion have lent themselves for a season to impure plans—when no escape for the guiltless seemed open, no chance of safety to remain—they have almost providentially escaped from the snare by the second of those two principles; by the evidence breaking down where it was not expected to be sifted; by a weak point being found where no provision, the attack being unforeseen, had been made to support it. Your Lordships recollect that great passage—I say great, for it is poetically just and eloquent, even were it not inspired—in the sacred writings, where the Elders had joined themselves in a plot which had appeared to have succeeded; 'for that,' as the Book says, 'they had hardened their hearts, and had turned away their eyes, that they might not look at Heaven, and that they might do the purposes of unjust judgments.' But they, though giving a clear, consistent, un-

* Lord Brougham is said to have written this peroration fifteen times over, 'in order to render it as perfect and effective as possible.'

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contradicted story, were disappointed, and their victim was rescued from their gripe by the trifling circumstance of a contradiction about a tamarisk tree. Let not men call these contradictions or those falsehoods which false witnesses swear to from needless and heedless falsehood, not going to the main body of the case, but to the main body of the credit of the witnesses—let not men rashly and blindly call these things accidents. They are just rather than merciful dispensations of that Providence which wills not that the guilty should triumph, and which favourably protects the innocent.

Such, my Lords, is the case now before you! Such is the evidence in support of the measure—evidence inadequate to prove a debt—impotent to deprive of a civil right—ridiculous to convict of the lowest offence—monstrous to ruin the honour, to blast the name of an English queen! What shall I say, then, if this is the proof by which an act of judicial legislation, a parliamentary sentence, an *ex post facto* law, is sought to be passed against this defenceless woman? My Lords, I pray you to pause. I do earnestly beseech you to take heed! You are standing upon the brink of a precipice. then beware! It will go forth your judgment, if sentence shall go against the queen. But it will be the only judgment you ever pronounced, which, instead of reaching its object, will return and bound back upon those who gave it. Save the country, my Lords, from the horrors of this catastrophe—save yourselves from this peril; rescue that country of which you are the ornaments, but in which you can flourish no longer, when severed from the people, than the blossom when cut off from the roots and the stem of the tree. Save that country, that you may continue to adorn it; save the Crown, which is in jeopardy; the Aristocracy, which is shaken; save the Altar, which must stagger with the blow that rends its kindred Throne. You have said, my Lords, you have willed—the Church and the King have willed—that the queen should be deprived of its solemn service. She has, instead of that solemnity, the heartfelt prayers of the people. She wants no prayers of mine. But I do here pour forth my humble supplications at the throne of mercy, that that mercy may be poured down upon the people in a larger measure than the merits of their rulers may deserve, and that your hearts may be turned to justice!

Law Reform.—From 'Speech in the House of Commons,' Feb. 7, 1828.

The course is clear before us; the race is glorious to run. You have the power of sending your name down through all times, illustrated by deeds of higher fame, and more useful import, than ever were done within these walls. You saw the greatest warrior of the age—conqueror of Italy—humbler of Germany—terror of the North—saw him account all his matchless victories poor, compared with the triumph you are now in a condition to win—saw him contemn the fickleness of Fortune, while, in despite of her, he could pronounce his memorable boast: 'I shall go down to posterity with the Code in my hand.' You have vanquished him in the field; strive now to rival him in the sacred arts of peace! Outstrip him as a lawgiver, whom in arms you overcame! The lustre of the Regency will be eclipsed by the more solid and enduring splendour of the Reign. The praise which false courtiers feigned for our Edwards and Harrys, the Justinians of their day, will be the just tribute of the wise and the good to that monarch under whose sway so mighty an undertaking shall be accomplished. Of a truth, the holders of sceptres are most chiefly to be envied for that they bestow the power of thus conquering, and ruling. It was the boast of Augustus—it formed part of the glare in which the perfidies of his earlier years were lost—that he found Rome of brick and left it of marble; a praise not unworthy a great prince, and to which the present also has its claims. But how much nobler will be the sovereign's boast, when he shall have it to say, that he found law dear and left it cheap; found it a sealed book, left it a living letter; found it in the patrimony of the rich, left it the inheritance of the poor; found it the two-edged sword of craft and oppression, left it the staff of honesty and the shield of innocence!

ISAAC D'ISRAELI.

A taste for literary history and anecdote was diffused by Mr. Isaac D'Israeli (1766–1848), author of the 'Curiosities of Literature,' and a long series of kindred works and compilations. After some abortive

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poetical efforts, Mr. D'Israeli in 1791 published the first volume of his 'Curiosities of Literature;' a second was added in 1792, and a third in 1817. A second series in three volumes was published in 1823. During the progress of this *magnum opus* of the author, he issued essays on 'Anecdotes,' on the 'Manners and Genius of the Literary Character,' a volume of 'Miscellanies or Literary Recreations,' and several volumes of novels and romances long since forgotten. At length, in 1812, he struck into his natural vein with 'Calamities of Authors,' 'Quarrels of Authors,' 1814; the 'Literary and Political Character of James I.,' 1816; 'Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles I.,' 1828–31; 'Eliot, Hampden, and Pym,' 1832, &c. Though labouring under partial blindness, Mr. D'Israeli in 1841 issued three volumes entitled 'The Amenities of Literature,' consisting, like the 'Curiosities' and 'Miscellanies,' of detached papers and dissertations on literary and historical subjects, written in a pleasant philosophical style, which presents the fruits of antiquarian research and study—not, however, always well digested or accurately stated—without their dryness and general want of connection. Few authors have traversed so many fields of literature, and gleaned such a variety of curious and interesting particulars. After a long life spent in literary research and composition, Mr. D'Israeli died at his seat of Brandenham House, Bucks, in 1848, aged eighty-two. In the following year a new edition—the fourteenth—of the 'Curiosities of Literature' was published, accompanied with a memoir from the pen of his son, the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, who has since published a collected edition of his father's works in seven handsome portable volumes. The family of D'Israeli settled in England in 1748. The father of Isaac was an Italian descendant of one of the Hebrew families whom the Inquisition forced to emigrate from the Spanish peninsula at the end of the fifteenth century, and who found a refuge in the Venitian republic. 'His ancestors,' says Mr. Benjamin Disraeli, 'had dropped their Gothic surname on their settlement in the Terra Firma, and, grateful to the God of Jacob who had sustained them through unprecedented trials, and guarded them through unheard of perils, they assumed the name of Disraeli [more correctly D'Israeli, for so it was written down to the time of its present political owner] a name never borne before or since by any other family, in order that their race might be for ever recognised.' This seems a poetical genealogy. Benjamin D'Israeli, the first English settler of the race, entered into business in London, made a fortune while still in middle life, and retired to Enfield, where he died in 1817, at the age of ninety. Isaac, his son, was wholly devoted to literature. His parents considered him moon-struck, but after various efforts to make him a man of business, they acquiesced in his determination to become a man of letters. He wrote a poem against Wolcot, a satire 'On the Abuse of Satire,' and then entered on that course of antiquarian literary research which

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has made his name known to the world. His fortune was sufficient for his wants, his literary reputation was considerable, and he possessed a happy equanimity of character. 'His feelings,' says his son, 'though always amiable, were not painfully deep, and amid joy or sorrow, the philosophic vein was ever evident.' His thoughts all centred in his library! The 'Curiosities of Literature' still maintain their place. Some errors—chiefly in boasted discoveries and second-hand quotations—have been pointed out by Mr. Bolton Corney, in his amusing and sarcastic volume of 'Illustrations' (1838), but the labours of D'Israeli are not likely to be soon superseded. He was not the first in the field. 'Among my earliest literary friends,' he says, 'two distinguished themselves by their anecdotical literature; James Petit Andrews, by his "Anecdotes Ancient and Modern," and William Seward, by his "Anecdotes of Distinguished Persons." These volumes were favourably received, and to such a degree, that a wit of that day, and who is still (1839) a wit as well as a poet, considered that we were far gone in our "anecdotage."'* D'Israeli's work, 'The Literary Character, or the History of Men of Genius drawn from their own Feelings and Confessions,' is his ablest production. It was a favourite with Byron—'often a consolation, and always a pleasure.'

REV. CALEB C. COLTON.

An excellent collection of apophthegms and moral reflections was published in 1820, under the title of 'Lacon, or Many Things in Few Words; addressed to those who think.' Six editions of the work were disposed of within a twelvemonth, and the author in 1822 added a second volume to the collection. The history of the author of 'Lacon' conveys a moral more striking than any of his maxims. The REV. CALEB C. COLTON was vicar of Kew and Petersham; gambling and extravagance forced him to leave England, and he resided some time in America and in Paris. In the French capital he is said to have been so successful as a gamester that in two years he realised £25,000. He committed suicide at Fontainebleau in 1832. We subjoin a few of the reflections from 'Lacon.'

True Genius always united to Reason.

The great examples of Bacon, of Milton, of Newton, of Locke, and of others, happen to be directly against the popular inference, that a certain wildness of eccentricity and thoughtlessness of conduct are the necessary accompaniments of talent, and the sure indications of genius. Because some have united these extravagances

* Those works are now rarely met with. The *Anecdotes* of JAMES PETIT ANDREWS (1737–1797) were published in (1789-90). He wrote also a *Continuation of Henry's History of England* and other historical and antiquarian works.—WILLIAM SEWARD (1747–1799) published his *Anecdotes of some Distinguished Persons*, in two volumes, in 1794. He added three more volumes, and afterwards another work of the same kind, *Biographiana*, two volumes, 1799. Mr. Seward was the son of a wealthy brewer, partner in the firm of Calvert & Co. Notices of him will be found in Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.

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with great demonstrations of talent, as a Rousseau, a Chatterton, a Savage, a Burns, or a Byron, others, finding it less difficult to be eccentric than to be brilliant, have therefore adopted the one, in the hope that the world would give them credit for the other. But the greatest genius is never so great as when it is chastised and subdued by the highest reason; it is from such a combination, like that of Bucephalus reined in by Alexander, that the most powerful efforts have been produced. And be it remembered, that minds of the very highest order, who have given an unrestrained course to their caprice, or to their passions, would have been so much higher, by subduing them; and that, so far from presuming that the world would give them credit for talent, on the score of their aberrations and their extravagances, all that they dared hope or expect has been, that the world would pardon and overlook those extravagances, on account of the various and manifold proofs they were constantly exhibiting of superior acquirement and inspiration. We might also add, that the good effects of talent are universal, the evil of its blemishes confined. The light and heat of the sun benefit all, and are by all enjoyed; the spots on his surface are discoverable only to the *few*. But the lower order of aspirers to fame and talent have pursued a very different course; instead of exhibiting talent in the hope that the world would forgive their eccentricities, they have exhibited only their eccentricities in the hope that the world would give them credit for talent.

Error only to be Combated by Argument.

We should justly ridicule a general, who, just before an action, should suddenly disarm his men, and putting into the hands of all of them a Bible, should order them, thus equipped, to march against the enemy. Here we plainly see the folly of calling in the Bible to support the sword; but is it not as great a folly to call in the sword to support the Bible? Our Saviour divided force from reason, and let no man presume to join what God hath put asunder. When we combat error with any other weapon than argument, we err more than those whom we attack.

Mystery and Intrigue.

There are minds so habituated to intrigue and mystery in themselves, and so prone to expect it from others, that they will never accept of a plain reason for a plain fact, if it be possible to devise causes for it that are obscure, far-fetched, and usually not worth the carriage. Like the miser of Berkshire, who would ruin a good horse to escape a turnpike, so these gentlemen ride their high-bred theories to death, in order to come at truth, through by-paths, lanes, and alleys; while she herself is jogging quietly along, upon the high and beaten road of common-sense. The consequence is, that those who take this mode of arriving at truth, are sometimes before her, and sometimes behind her, but very seldom with her. Thus the great statesman who relates the conspiracy against Doria, pauses to deliberate upon, and minutely to scrutinise into divers and sundry errors committed, and opportunities neglected, whereby he would wish to account for the total failure of that spirited enterprise. But the plain fact was, that the scheme had been so well planned and digested, that it was victorious in every point of its operation, both on the sea and on the shore, in the harbour of Genoa no less than in the city, until that most unlucky accident befell the Count de Fiesque, who was the very life and soul of the conspiracy. In stepping from one galley to another, the plank on which he stood upset, and he fell into the sea. His armour happened to be very heavy—the night to be very dark—the water to be very deep—and the bottom to be very muddy. And it is another plain fact, that water, in all such cases, happens to make no distinction whatever between a conqueror and a cat.

Magnanimity in Humble Life.

In the obscurity of retirement, amid the squalid poverty and revolting privations of a cottage, it has often been my lot to witness scenes of magnanimity and self-denial, as much beyond belief as the practice of the great; a heroism borrowing no support either from the gaze of the many or the admiration of the few, yet flourishing amidst ruins, and on the confines of the grave; a spectacle as stupendous in the

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moral world as the falls of the Missouri in the natural; and, like that mighty cataract, doomed to display its grandeur only where there are no eyes to appreciate its magnificence.

Avarice.

Avarice begets more vices than Priam did children, and, like Priam, survives them all. It starves its keeper to surfeit those who wish him dead; and makes him submit to more mortifications to lose heaven than the martyr undergoes to gain it. Avarice is a passion full of paradox, a madness full of method; for although the miser is most mercenary of all beings, yet he serves the worst master more faithfully than some Christians do the best, and will take nothing for it. He falls down and worships the god of this world, but will have neither its pomps, its vanities, nor its pleasures for his trouble. He begins to accumulate treasure as a mean to happiness, and by a common but morbid association, he continues to accumulate it as an end. He lives poor, to die rich, and is the mere jailer of his house, and the turnkey of his wealth. Impoverished by his gold, he slaves harder to imprison it in his chest, than his brother-slave to liberate it from the mine. The avarice of the miser may be termed the grand sepulchre of all his other passions as they successively decay. But, unlike other tombs, it is enlarged by repletion, and strengthened by age. This latter paradox, so peculiar to this passion, must be ascribed to that love of power so inseparable from the human mind. There are three kinds of power—wealth, strength, and talent; but as old age always weakens, often destroys the two latter, the aged are induced to cling with the greater avidity to the former. And the attachment of the aged to wealth must be a growing and a progressive attachment, since such are not slow in discovering that those same ruthless years which detract so sensibly from the strength of their bodies and of their minds, serve only to augment and to consolidate the strength of their purse.

JOHN NICHOLS—ARTHUR YOUNG.

One of the most industrious of literary collectors and editors was JOHN NICHOLS (1745–1826), who for nearly half a century conducted the 'Gentleman's Magazine.' Mr. Nichols was early put apprentice to WILLIAM BOWYER, an eminent London printer (1699–1778), who, with scholarship that reflected honour on himself and his *craft*, edited an edition of the New Testament, with notes, and was author of several philological tracts. On the death of Bowyer, Mr. Nichols carried on the printing business—in which he had previously been a partner—and became associated with David Henry, the brother-in-law of Cave, the original proprietor of the 'Gentleman's Magazine.' Henry died in 1792, and the whole labours of the magazine and business devolved on Mr. Nichols, whose industry was never relaxed. The most important of his numerous labours are his 'Anecdotes, Literary and Biographical, of William Bowyer,' 1782; 'The History and Antiquities of Leicester,' 1795–1811; 'Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century,' eight volumes, 1812–14; and 'Illustrations of the Literature of the Eighteenth Century'—supplementary to the 'Anecdotes'—three volumes octavo. Additions have from time to time been made to these works by Mr. Nichol's son and successor, so that the 'Anecdotes' form nine large volumes, and the 'Illustrations' eight volumes, the seventeenth—completing the series—having been issued in 1859. Mr. Nichols edited the correspondence of Atterbury and Steele, Fuller's 'Worthies,' Swift's works, &c., and compiled accounts

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of the 'Royal Progresses and Processions of Queen Elizabeth and James I.' each in three volumes quarto.

ARTHUR YOUNG (1741–1820) was eminent for his writings and services in the promotion of agriculture. He was one of the first who succeeded in elevating this great national interest to the dignity of a science, and rendering it popular among the higher classes of the country. He was for many years an unsuccessful theorist and experimenter on a small paternal estate in Suffolk to which he succeeded, but the knowledge thus acquired he turned to good account. In 1770 he commenced a periodical, entitled 'The Farmer's Calendar;' and he afterwards edited another periodical, 'The Annals of Agriculture,' to which King George III. was an occasional contributor. A list of his published letters, pamphlets, &c. on subjects of rural economy, would fill two of our pages; but the most important of Young's works are a 'Tour in Ireland,' 1776–79, and 'Travels in France,' 1787–89. These journeys were undertaken by the recommendation and assistance of government, with a view of ascertaining the cultivation, wealth, resources, and prosperity of Ireland and France. He was author also of surveys of the counties of Suffolk, Norfolk, Lincoln, Hertford, Essex and Oxford; with reports on waste lands, inclosures, &c. The French Revolution alarmed Young with respect to its probable effects on the English lower classes, and he wrote several warning treatises and political tracts. Sir John Sinclair—another devoted and patriotic agriculturist—having prevailed on Pitt to establish a Board of Agriculture, Arthur Young was appointed its secretary, with a salary of £400 per annum, and he was indefatigable in his exertions to carry out the views of the association. To the end of his long life, even after he was afflicted with blindness, the attention of Mr. Young was devoted to pursuits of practical utility. Some of his theories as to the system of large farms—for which he was a strenuous advocate—and other branches of agricultural labour, may be questioned; but he was a valuable pioneer, who cleared the way for many improvements since accomplished.

SIR JOHN CARR.

A series of light descriptive and gossiping tours, by SIR JOHN CARR (1772-1832), made considerable noise in their day. The first and best was 'The Stranger in France,' 1803. This was followed by 'Travels Round the Baltic,' 1804–5; 'The Stranger in Ireland,' 1806; 'Tour through Holland,' 1807; 'Caledonian Sketches,' 1809; 'Travels in Spain,' 1811. Sir John was also author of some indifferent poems and dramas. This indefatigable tourist had been an attorney in Dorsetshire, but the success of his first work on France induced him to continue a series of similar publications. In Ireland he was knighted by the Lord-lieutenant (the Duke of Bedford), and his Irish

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tour was ridiculed in a witty jeu d'esprit, 'My Pocket-book,' written by Mr. E. Dubois of the Temple. Sir John prosecuted the publishers of this satire, but was non-suited. His 'Caledonian Sketches' were happily ridiculed by Sir Walter Scott in the 'Quarterly Review;' and Byron—who had met the knight-errant at Cadiz, and implored 'not to be put down in black and white'—introduced him into some suppressed stanzas of 'Childe Harold,' in which he is styled 'Green Erin's knight and Europe's wandering star.'

REV. JAMES BERESFORD.

A humorous work, in the form of dialogues, entitled 'The Miseries of Human Life,' 1806–7, had great success and found numerous imitators. It went through nine editions in a twelvemonth—partly, perhaps, because it formed the subject of a very amusing critique in the 'Edinburgh Review,' from the pen of Sir Walter Scott. 'It is the English only,' as Scott remarks, 'who submit to the same tyranny, from all the incidental annoyances and petty vexations of the day, as from the serious calamities of life;' and it is these petty miseries which in this work form the subject of dialogues between the imaginary interlocutors, Timothy Testy and Samuel Sensitive. The jokes are occasionally heavy, and the classical quotations forced, but the object of the author was attained—the book sold, and its readers laughed. We subjoin two short 'groans.'

After having left a company in which you have been galled by the raillery of some wag by profession, thinking at your leisure of a repartee, which, if discharged at the proper moment, would have blown him to atoms.

Rashly confessing that you have a slight cold in the hearing of certain elderly ladies 'of the faculty,' who instantly form themselves into a consultation upon your case, and assail you with a volley of nostrums, all of which, if you would have a moment's peace, you must solemnly promise to take off before night—though well satisfied that they would retaliate by 'taking you off' before morning.

The author of this jeu d'esprit was a clergyman, the REV. JAMES BERESFORD, Fellow of Merton College, Oxford (1764–1840). Mr. Beresford was author of several translations and essays.

BRYDGES—DOUCE—FOSBROOKE—ETC.

In the style of popular literary illustration, with imagination and poetical susceptibility, may be mentioned SIR EGERTON BRYDGES (1762–1837), who published the 'Censura Literaria,' 1805–9, in ten volumes; the 'British Bibliographer,' in three volumes; an enlarged edition of Collin's 'British Peerage;' 'Letters on the Genius of Lord Byron,' &c. As principal editor of the 'Retrospective Review,' Sir Egerton Brydges drew public attention to the beauties of many old writers, and extended the feeling of admiration which Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, and others had awakened. In 1835 this veteran au-

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thor edited an edition of Milton's poetical works in six volumes. A tone of querulous egotism and complaint pervades most of the works of this author, but his taste and exertions in English literature entitle him to high respect. Sir Egerton's original works are numerous—'Sonnets and Poems,' 1785–95; 'Imaginary Biography,' 1834; 'Autobiography,' 1834; with several novels, letters, &c. Wordsworth praised highly the following sonnet by Brydges:

Echo and Silence.

In eddying course when leaves began to fly,
And Autumn in her lap the stores to strew,
As mid wild scenes I chanced the muse to woo
Through glens untrod, and woods that frowned on high
Two sleeping nymphs with wonder mute I spy;
And lo! she's gone—in robe of dark-green hue
'Twas Echo from her sister Silence flew:
For quick the hunters' horn resounded to the sky.
In shade affrighted Silence melts away.
Not so her sister. Hark! For onward still
With far-heard step she takes her listening way,
Bounding from rock to rock, and hill to hill;
Ah! mark the merry maid, in mockful play,
With thousand mimic tones the laughing forest fill!

The 'Illustrations of Shakspeare,' published in 1807, by MR. FRANCIS DOUCE (1762–1834), and the 'British Monachism,' 1802, and 'Encyclopædia of Antiquities,' 1824, by the REV. T. D. FOSBROOKE (1770–1842), are works of great research and value as repositories of curious information. Works of this kind illustrate the pages of our poets and historians, besides conveying pictures of national manners.

A record of English customs is preserved in Brand's 'Popular Antiquities,' published, with additions, by SIR HENRY ELLIS, in two volumes, quarto, in 1808; and in 1842 in two cheap portable volumes. The work relates to the customs at country wakes, sheep-shearings, and other rural practices, and is an admirable delineation of olden life and manners. Mr. Brand (1743–1806) was a noted collector and antiquary.

ROBERT MUDIE (1777–1842), an indefatigable writer, self-educated, was a native of Forfarshire, and for some time connected with the London press. He wrote and compiled altogether about ninety volumes, including 'Babylon the Great, a picture of Men and Things in London;' 'Modern Athens,' a sketch of Edinburgh society; 'The British Naturalist;' 'The Feathered Tribes of Great Britain;' 'A Popular Guide to the Observation of Nature;' two series of four volumes each, entitled 'The Heavens, the Earth, the Sea, and the Air,' and 'Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter;' and next, 'Man, Physical, Moral, Social, and Intellectual;' 'The World Described,' &c. He furnished the letterpress to Gilbert's 'Modern Atlas,' the natural History to the 'British Cyclopædia, and numerous other

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contributions to periodical works. Mudie was a nervous and able writer, deficient in taste in works of light literature and satire, but an acute and philosophical observer of nature, and peculiarly happy in his geographical dissertations and works on natural history. His imagination could lighten up the driest details; but it was often too excursive and unbridled. His works were also hastily produced, 'to provide for the day that was passing over him;' but, considering these disadvantages, his intellectual energy and acquirements were wonderful.

END OF VOLUME VI.

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